

# MARITIME HERITAGE ASSOCIATION JOURNAL

Volume 19, No. 1. March 2008

Website: [www.maritimeheritage.org.au](http://www.maritimeheritage.org.au)

*A quarterly publication of the  
Maritime Heritage Association, Inc.*

C/o: The Secretary (Ross Shardlow),  
23 State Street,  
Victoria Park, W.A. 6100.



Editor: Peter Worsley. 12 Cleopatra Drive, Mandurah, W.A. 6210

## Annual General Meeting

at

12 Cleopatra Drive  
MANDURAH

on

Sunday 6 April 2008 — 10.00am

**Come for morning tea and stay for lunch**

Spouses and friends may be interested in seeing the latest collection of textiles and silver which Peter has brought home from China, Nepal & Bhutan

### Note

A motion will be put at the AGM “that the annual subscription fee for associate members be raised from ten dollars (\$10) to fifteen dollars (\$15)”



The Maritime Heritage Association Journal is the official newsletter of the Maritime Heritage Association of Western Australia, Incorporated.

All of the Association's incoming journals, newsletters, etc. are now archived with Ross Shardlow who may be contacted on 9361 0170, and are available to members on loan. Please note that to access the videos, journals, library books, etc it is necessary to phone ahead.

(If you have an unwanted collection of magazines of a maritime nature, then perhaps its time to let others enjoy reading it. Contact the Association; we may be interested in archiving the collection.)

Material for publishing or advertising should be directed, preferably typed or on disk, to:  
The Editor, 12 Cleopatra Drive, MANDURAH, Western Australia, 6210.

Except where shown to be copyright, material published in this Journal may be freely reprinted for non-profit purposes provided suitable acknowledgment is made of its source.

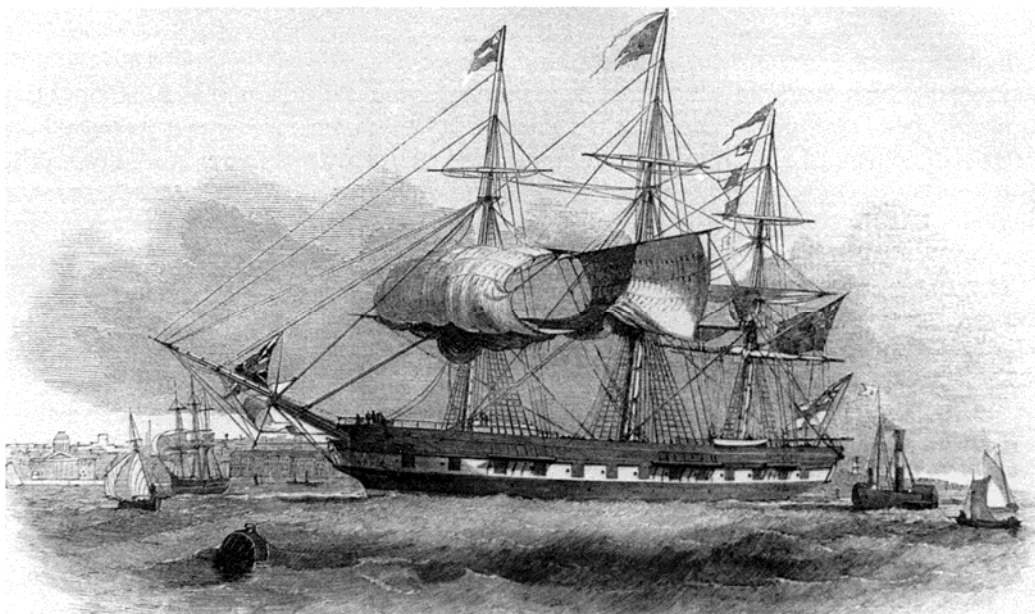
[www.maritimeheritage.org.au](http://www.maritimeheritage.org.au)

## EDITORIAL

I thought that a small article (to appear in a future edition) on nautical terms that have a human anatomical counterpart might be of interest to members; such things as knees, head, sole and so on. Can anybody help with some appropriate words and/or ideas? Don't forget to include in your note to me what the word refers to, in case I don't know!

Although nothing to do with anatomy, the sort of thing I am looking for is the fact that in a vessel you can nail the ceiling to the floor—difficult to do in a house!

I had a great trip at the end of last year to China, Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan. I didn't see many boats, but lots of mountains.



## Things They Would Rather Have Not Said

A perfect tub – having neither shape nor comeliness.

Melbourne shipping agent for the White Star Line, 1853

Said of the clipper ship *Marco Polo* which, under the command of Captain James Nicol "Bully" Forbes, sailed from Liverpool to Melbourne in 60 days, returning via Cape Horn in 76 days. The vessel made three complete voyages from Liverpool to Melbourne and return, including time in the ports, in the space of only 17 months and 25 days. (See illustration above)



## A BOATING PASSION

Clare Webster & Nick Burningham

A recent exhibition at South Perth's Heritage House, entitled "Abiding Passions" featured the paintings of May Gibbs (of Gumnuts fame) and her father Herbert Gibbs. The paintings by Herbert Gibbs in the exhibition all had nautical subjects – various types of working boats.

Herbert Gibbs was a painter, draftsman and cartoonist, also a skilled amateur sailor and boatbuilder; born 1852, in Hardway near Portsmouth England. His father, a successful merchant, owned three yachts, one of which won the Queens Cup (later known as the Americas Cup). However, his business failed and in 1868 the family, in reduced circumstances, moved to London. There Herbert trained at the Slade School of Art (where he met his wife) as well as the Royal College of Art.

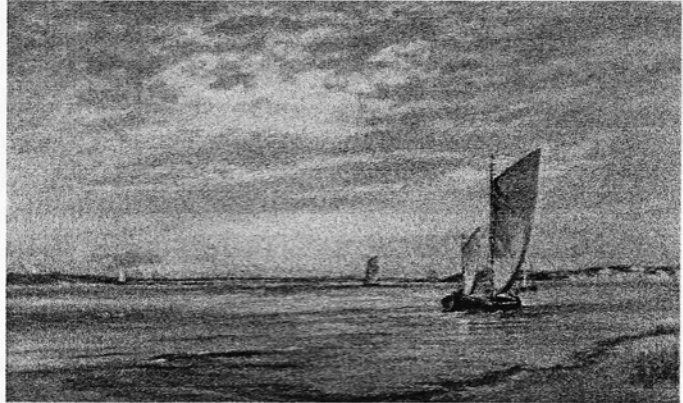
In 1880 he became a civil servant, but he had lost the sight of his left eye in a game of darts at fourteen and he was advised that the clerical work was straining his remaining eye. In 1881 he left for Adelaide, South Australia, with his brother George. His wife and eldest son followed on another ship – his second son was born on the voyage.

Pre-purchased land in SA proved unprosperous, so they moved to Harvey in WA in 1885. Herbert and his brother George formed a pastoral company with partners but this also failed. In 1887 he leased land at Butler's Swamp in Claremont, and soon began contributing weekly cartoons to *The Possum* and *The W.A. Bulletin*. In search of more income the Gibbs moved to William Street, Perth, then to 'The Dune' on the corner of Suburban Road (now Mill Point Rd) and Harper Terrace. Living there he took a job with the Lands Department in 1891.

He often sailed on the Swan with friends and family. Sadly, his son Bertie died of pneumonia after a particularly grueling yacht race on the Swan at the age of eighteen.

It has been said that Herbert, as a painter, was fascinated by the effects of light on sky and water, but he was also fascinated by working sailing craft. His paintings show the lug and gaff rigged fishing craft that worked from the beaches of the south coast of England; the sprit rigged sailing barges on the London river, and also scenes that he probably never witnessed such as sailing barges on the canals of Belgium and the Netherlands

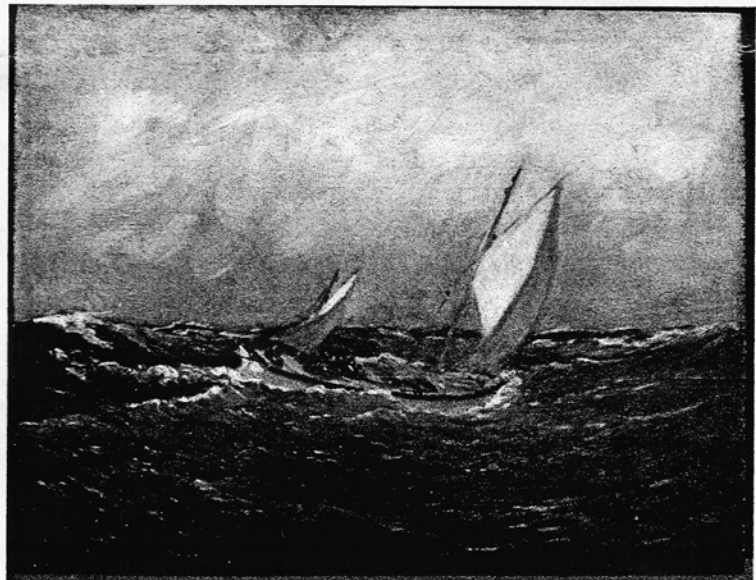
Herbert was clearly concerned with the accuracy of his renditions – he wrote to Lawrence



Bros., ship builders, to check their specifications of a boat he was painting. Lawrence's reply confirmed Gibbs accuracy.

Relatively few of his surviving works represent watercraft on the Swan or elsewhere in WA, but among those works exhibited recently are a watercolour sketch of the steam dredge BLACK SWAN, an oil painting of lighters and other craft at the old Perth jetty, a spirited oil showing the Rottneest pilot boat under reefed dipping lug sail and small mizzen sailing hard in big Indian Ocean swell, and another oil showing the reach of the Swan where Fremantle harbour was created with a large ketch-rigged barge or flat sailing towards other anchored barges waiting for the high tide to cross the bar and off-load the various square riggers in the roadstead.

South Perth library services have those and other Herbert Gibbs paintings and sketches in their collection. Private viewings can be arranged for researchers. Please contact: Juhasz Rhee <[RheeJ@southperth.wa.gov.au](mailto:RheeJ@southperth.wa.gov.au)> tel. 9474 0811





# The Ditty Bag

**An occasional collection of nautical trivia to inform, astound, amuse and inspire.**

*(The inspiration could take the form of contributions to this page!)*



On 31 May 1916 at the battle of Jutland the battle-cruiser HMS *Invincible* was struck by a shell from the German battle-cruiser *Derfflinger*. The *Invincible* exploded and only six of her crew of over 1,000 survived. The incident was almost identical to that of HMS *Hood* twenty five years later. The interesting thing is that the name of the commander of the *Invincible* was Rear-Admiral Sir Horace Lambert Alexander Hood.

The greatest US naval disaster was the sinking of the USS *Indianapolis* by the Japanese submarine I-58 on 30 July 1945. 880 members of her crew perished, most because nothing was done to commence searching for her for almost four days, and the survivors endured five days in the water before the first rescue craft arrived.

Cruise ships are getting bigger. Currently under construction is Royal Caribbean Project *Genesis*, a vessel of 220,000 tons. She will be 1,181 feet (360 metres) x 213 feet (65 metres) and carry 5,400 passengers.

Congestion is so bad at the Panama Canal that up to 100 ships have to wait up to six days to transit. The authorities have introduced an auction system whereby one transit slot a day goes to the highest bidder. This is to be increased to two slots per day after a trial period.

In September 2006 the wave-rider buoy off Cape Sorell, on the west coast of Tasmania at the entrance to Macquarie Harbour, registered a wave 23 metres (75½ feet) high.

There are at present 143 Liquefied Natural Gas carriers on the order books of various companies around the world.

During 2006 the remains of an unknown sailor were exhumed from Christmas Island and taken to Sydney for examination. It was believed that the

sailor, whose body was washed ashore in a life raft, was from HMAS *Sydney*, sunk off the WA coast in November 1941, and the hope is that he may be identified.

The first Australian merchant ships to be equipped with wireless were the three steamships *Ulimarua*, *Riverina* and *Zeelandia* of the Huddart Parker Line in 1910.

The Coastal Radio Service's first station in Western Australia, at Perth, came into service on 30 September 1912.

At the end of 1914 there were 2,500 square-rigged sailing ships of over 1,000 tons registered with Lloyds. In Lloyds' Weekly List for April 1921 there were only 450 named in the reports of movements.

Between 1900 and 1910 at least 10,000 seamen lost their lives in sailing ships. A study of only some of the logs for 1905 shows 600 seamen lost that year, just in the logs studied. These included 33 masters and 72 apprentices.

In 1900 Boston, USA, received 4,708,247 tons of coal; all of it brought to the port by schooners of various sizes.

Captain Crowell of the schooner *Edwin R Hunt* was in to the habit of letting the mate take the vessel when she was ready for sea. Captain Crowell would relax for a few more days in his Cape Cod home, then ensure that he was in the next port just ahead of the *Edwin R Hunt*'s arrival. This fraud went undetected for years until the vessel, blown off the coast by a storm, fetched up in the West Indies, short of sails and provisions and with Captain Crowell definitely not on board.

HMAS *Westralia* steamed 458,254 nautical miles while in RAN service.





# Ships Of The State Shipping Service

By Jeff Thompson

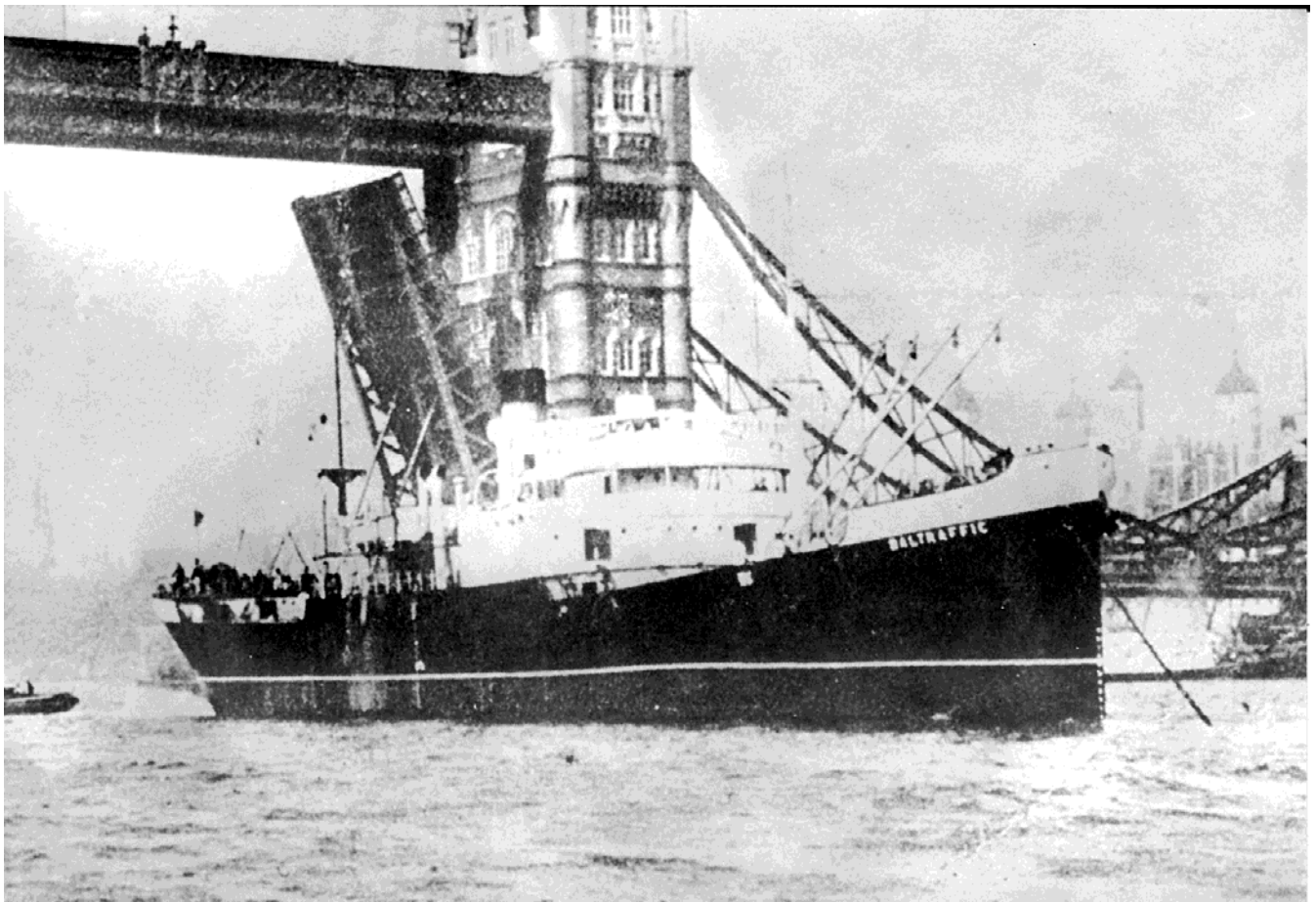
## No. 13 *Baltraffic* Official Number 142597

To alleviate a backlog of cargo from the North West, a further vessel was chartered in November 1945 for 3 voyages to take frozen meat from Wyndham to Fremantle. This was the *Baltraffic*, which was operated on an agency basis from the Australian Shipping Control Board and taken over in Darwin.

The *Baltraffic* was built as the *War Coppice* as a World War I Standard Type "C" cargo vessel by J Blumer & Co, Sunderland being delivered in July 1918. She was 4,350 gross registered tons, 5,050 deadweight tons, 101.5 metres long, 14.3metres breadth , with a coal fired triple expansion engine and a single screw. In 1919 the vessel was sold to France and renamed *Nord*. In 1920 the ship was

sold to Compagnie Maritime de Transport Frigorifiques, Paris and renamed *Refrigerant*. In 1922 in France, the ship was fitted with 152,000 cubic feet of refrigerated cargo space. *Refrigerant* was sold to the United Baltic Corporation Ltd, London in 1933 and renamed *Baltraffic*.

Whilst in Darwin in November 1945 the *Baltraffic* was taken over and operated on an agency basis from the Australian Shipping Control Board by the State Shipping Service for 3 voyages from Wyndham to Fremantle to transport frozen meat. The vessel was returned to the Australian Shipping Control Board in March 1946. In 1951 the *Baltraffic* was sold to Pan-Islamic S.S. Co Ltd, Karachi, Pakistan and renamed *Safina E Tariq*. In January 1957 the vessel was sold for scrapping at Karachi.





# Early Swan River Yachts



*Phryne*

## Running Home

[Does anyone know  
the name of this  
yacht?]





## HISTORICAL GUN IDENTIFIED

Thanks to the Western Australian Museum for the following article

Museum Maritime archaeologists have identified a hand gun found embedded in the seafloor north of Carnarvon as a 1934 German navy issue wooden handled Mauser.

The weapon was found by Tom Goddard, 19, of Geraldton who was diving off Red Bluff looking for fishing lures when his eye caught the glint of brass that turned out to be bullets in the corroded barrel of a gun.

Museum conservator Richard Garcia suspected the weapon dated back to World War II and might have been of German make, so he began comparing the structure of hand guns and pistols used by the Japanese, German and Italian troops with the remains.

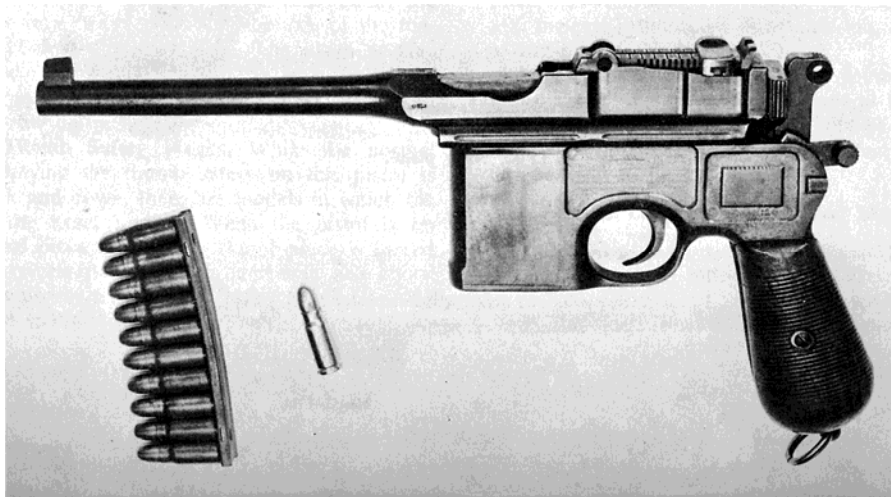
"We know these countries shared supplies during the war and we had both the piece of the weapon Tom pro-

vided us with as well as the outline of the rest of the weapon on the sea floor," Mr Garcia said.

"We took photographs of the remains on the seafloor, which gave us a good picture of the shape of the stock and the material it was made from.

"We also took photographs of the piece we had at the Museum and then began overlaying the pictures with transparencies of other weapons such as the German Luger."

Museum maritime archaeologist Dr Michael McCarthy said it was known that a party of navy officers from the German raider HSK *Kormoran* came ashore in the area where the gun was found after the battle that resulted in the loss of the HMS *Sydney* with all hands.



*A Mauser pistol similar to that found north of Carnarvon*

## *Kormoran* Life Boats – Sale 1946

In 1946 two steel lifeboats from the *Kormoran* were moored in the Swan River near HMAS *Leeuwin*. Tenders were called to purchase them, tenders closing at 9.00am Wednesday, 8 May 1946. Purchase subject to Customs Duty - 42½% ad valorem, Primage – 10% ad valorem, and Special War Duty being 10% of the total amount of Customs Duty and Primage (total duty of 57¾%).

Dimensions of life boats were given as:  
Length – 28', beam – 9' 4", depth – 3' 6".

Successful (and possibly only tenderer) was G.J. Baker, 6 Collins Street, Nedlands. His tender was £51/10/- for the two, or, as he really only wanted one boat, he also tendered £36/10/- for one boat. His tender of £51/10/- was accepted on 8 May 1946. He paid £54/2/3 duty and sales tax.

### Reference:

National Archives of Australia, Series Accession No. K1150/1, Control Symbol A205, Barcode 1374270.



## Episode Six of Nick Burningham's MESSING ABOUT IN OTHER PEOPLE'S BOATS SRI JUMBUK 1978

SRI JUMBUK was not an Indonesian-built perahu. She was said to be Singapore-built from Burmese teak. My friend Dan Dwyer discovered her being being incorporated in a compost heap by a battery chicken farmer in a suburb of Darwin, and he bought her for a few hundred dollars. She was a sharp, shallow drafted, double ender, thirty feet long, rather like a large naval whaler. She had been called TIZZY and used as a fishing boat for some years before falling into disuse. Most of her planking was sound but some of the frames were rotten and there was a soft spot in the middle of the keel.

In late 1977, Dan had her transported to Dinah Beach, a muddy graveyard for old boats and romantic dreams of voyaging, situated up the creek from Darwin's port, and there he started sistering the doubtful floors with large sawn timbers. (To a shipwright or boatbuilder, the "floors" are the timbers that form the bottom parts of the frames in a timber hull. Since the ceiling is a lining of planking inside the frames, a boatbuilder may nail the ceiling to the floors without attracting ridicule, but it should never be attempted by house carpenters.)

Dan applied for a sailing permit for Indonesian waters, for the months August to December of 1978, and invited me to join him in restoring the boat he had renamed SRI JUMBUK. Sri the honorific used in all perahu names in parts of Malaysia and Indonesia. "Jumbuk" is a word from an aboriginal language meaning "flying cloud" and metaphorically used to indicate sheep. "Flying Cloud" was also the name of the Customs cutter based in Darwin in the late 19th century, aboard which the raconteur and braggart Alfred Searcy used to chase and persecute Makassan perahus that were about their legitimate business in the long tradition of collecting and processing beche de mer on Australia's north coast.

We did a lot of work on SRI JUMBUK. We replaced some planks, put an "RSJ" steel joist on the bottom of the keel, built a cabin, a rudder, mast and spars, sewed sails. We did a complete recaulk using traditional oakum, putty and no *Hippyseal*. We spliced up the standing and running rigging, and very crudely fitted out SRI JUMBUK for cruising. Most of the work was done in about five months. We worked long hours and seven day weeks, almost never stopping to eat but guzzling litres of Iced Coffee every hour or two. During the several weeks that I did nothing but caulk and pay the seams with putty I felt that I was becoming a very dull person. You don't have much to talk about after twelve hours of caulking.

An old friend from England, Rob Paulet, joined the restoration and sailed with us to Bali. We gave SRI



JUMBUK a traditional gaff cutter rig with a tall fidded topmast. The second-hand topmast we used was a bit brittle and we didn't get around to making a topsail before sailing from Darwin. In July and August, in Darwin, the southeast trades are so reliably fresh that one doesn't often think about setting topsails.

For aesthetic reasons we sailed with the topmast standing and learned a lesson about fidded topmasts. We were on the third night out, rolling downwind, when the fid worked its way out of the heel of the topmast and the topmast came spearing down through the open hatch in the coach roof just forward of the mast. Rob who was on the bunk there said that it missed his scrotum by only a few inches. The topmast had left all its standing rigging behind where it went through the lower mast cap, so it just bounced over the side and was lost. Topmast fids should be well secured.

On the fourth night out, towards dawn, it blew up hard. We were approaching the shallow ridge on the edge of the Australian continental shelf and the seas were standing up pretty high. We were running dead before the wind and SRI JUMBUK was starting to surf as the waves passed under her. She was getting heavy to steer and required a lot of anticipation to get her just right as she caught each wave. I had the dawn watch and handed over to Rob, who was an excellent helmsman, with some misgivings about the way we were sailing.

SRI JUMBUK had two dead lights in the forward face of the cabin. Dan and I sat on the bunks staring out of those deadlights. Each time we surged down the face of a wave the foam at the bow seemed to





crest a little higher and more spume and water washed across the foredeck. Looking aft we could see the tiller bending slightly as Rob hauled on it (we usually steered with a gun tackle lanyard on the tiller). After about half an hour of that disquieting scene we decided to get the mainsail down and run under twin headsails for a while. We probably should have done it an hour or so earlier. A long, sharp, flat-sheered vessel like SRI JUMBUK could have run herself under quite easily if we'd caught the wrong wave.

We arrived safely in Kupang and went through the Immigration and Customs procedures with no problems. We anchored among the Indonesian sailing trading boats at Tenau, the port to the southwest of Kupang in Semaui Strait. The perahu lambo anchored there were all engaged in distributing forty-four gallon drums of fuel from the fuel-depot at Tenau to the Lesser Sunda Islands of Eastern Indonesia. The sloop anchored closest to us, a particularly battered example of those local trading vessels was from the island of Solor. Her topsides showed patches of at least five different colours that she had been painted over the years. Her crew were dark, curly-haired men, with wiry muscular bodies; friendly but more shy than most Indonesian sailors. After sunset, as a full moon rose over the limestone hills behind the port, one of the men brought out onto the aft deck a gambus (a small stringed instrument like a mandolin) to accompany a plaintive folk song which he sang quietly. The rest of the crew joined him singing harmonies on the refrain. Later in the evening, with a single hurricane lamp burning, the crew performed a slow shuffling dance while singing a rhythmic chant. Then they staged a very entertaining mime of a boxing match. At one point the referee separated the boxers by dropping an old truck tyre over the head of one of the combatants. On a quiet moonlit night, it was a beautiful scene, showing some of the best aspects of the simple, self-sufficient lives of the men who sailed some of last engineless cargo-carrying vessels in the world.

Very early one morning Dan went on deck to take a pee and saw a large and unusually sharp lambo come sweeping in at great speed. With scarcely a word spoken, a canoe was dropped over the side and speared away from the perahu as she rounded up metres from the reef — the canoe took an anchor and quickly dropped it in the shallows while HATI NORMAL came up into the wind, sails sliding down, and dropped a bow anchor over the edge of the fringing reef, then hauled back towards the stern anchor that the men in the canoe had dropped, to be moored bow and stern amongst the row of kerosene-carrying perahus. At a more leisurely pace the canoe took out two more anchors, bow and stern, to hold her when the tide turned; but the essential manoeuvre had been done in a few seconds with absolute precision and no fuss. We later learned that her captain Abdul Rahman was regarded as something of a tyrant by Indonesian

perahu standards, but Dan was most impressed by the lack of shouted orders and the coordination. Also HATI NORMAL was no ordinary kerosene perahu. She was larger than most at about 17m length on deck, she was elegant and sharp lined.

We spent a lot of time sitting on board HATI NORMAL under the awning on her spacious aft deck talking to Abdul and his crew. We didn't disguise our admiration for HATI NORMAL and Abdul didn't neglect to tell us that there wasn't a perahu in Tenau that would accept the challenge of a race even if Abdul gave his tiller to the other perahu because HATI NORMAL self-steered and sailed so well. Abdul also told us once "If ever you want to get a perahu built, go and see Haji Pehiring, the owner of HATI NORMAL, and ask him to build you a perahu at Bonerate."

We met up with Fritz Matita who had helped me recaulk SIOLA TAU the previous year. He was now komprador (supercargo) on Pastor Franz's new motor sailer RATU DAMAL. (Fritz was always good company and knew how to buy and sell things, but he proved too inclined to spend RATU DAMAL's meager profits on beer.) He invited us to dinner at his new wife's home in Kupang and it was agreed that we would try a dish of dog meat.

Dog meat is OK. I didn't notice that it made me very itchy or uncontrollably randy as some people had said it would. What I did learn is that dog has to be very carefully butchered. The meat is quite palatable, but the skin tastes rather like wet-dog-in-the-back-of-the-car smells.

From Kupang we sailed down to Baa, Rote where Franz Lackner was most hospitable even though we weren't carrying a ton of tinned food for Rote. I imagine he was relieved at our officially sanctioned and low key arrival in a relatively small vessel. Though SRI JUMBUK wasn't a perahu, her double ended shape, and dark painted hull, in conjunction with her gaff rig, caused most non-maritime Rotenese to assume she was a lambo from the neighbouring island of Rai Jua.

While we were at Baa a proper yacht arrived, sailed by a German-American, called Wolfgang, with his wife and a younger woman who Rob fell in love with on first sight. (He unfailingly fell in love at first sight with any vaguely nubile female.) We were sailing for the island of Sabu on the same night as Wolfgang and his crew and challenged them to a race. Their yacht was about the same length as SRI JUMBUK; it was a slightly enlarged version of the Herreschoff 28 if I remember correctly. We left Baa slightly before them and drifted out with a light following breeze. They motored out and got ahead of us, but they stopped motoring with their stern light showing not too far ahead. Once the breeze picked up we seemed to sail at about the same speed through the night. At dawn they were a mile or so ahead and slightly to the north of our course. Sabu appeared dimly through the dry season haze away to the southwest. We altered



course to round a headland called Dimo and go into the bay where the village and anchorage of Seba lay. Wolfgang held his course westwards. He just sailed right past Sabu. Rob was heartbroken. We sailed in, tacked up the bay, and were anchored by midday.

We'd done the formalities with local officials, been inland, and drunk Sabunese laru (which is distinctly better than the excellent Rotenese product) when we met Wolfgang and party on the main bridle-path of Seba (horse and foot were the only transport on Sabu on those days).

"Where've you been?" we asked.

"Oh, we decided to go fishing," said Wolfgang.

"Tell the truth Wolfgang," said his wife.

"We sailed right past and didn't see Sabu till we got to Rai Jua" said Wolfgang. Earlier that afternoon a dukun (shaman) had explained to us that Sabu could be invisible to you if you weren't a good person.

On the beach at Seba I found the finely-made cabin from ANTARTIKA, the little perahu lambo I had once owned. I was told that she had been bought by two Arab brothers and brought to Seba where she got driven ashore and only the cabin was salvaged.

We stayed for some days. I was buying up local *ikat* cloths to sell back in Australia. One day while we were anchored there, the swell suddenly got much bigger. Luckily we were on board and heard the shouting from other perahu. I looked out through the forward hatch and saw a breaker arched over us like a giant cobra about to strike. The next moment we were deluged. The anchor held and so did the dinghy's painter. But the plywood pram-bow dinghy didn't — there was only the bow transom and port side still attached to the painter. The rest went surfing into the beach. We shortened up anchor, broke it out and rowed SRI JUMBUK out into deeper water immediately. The next morning we nailed the bits of dinghy back together. It was always a leaky dinghy after that.

RATU DAMAI (Pastor Franz Lackner's auxilliary cargo perahu) came into Seba while we were there. We joined her for a day on a short voyage down the coast for a "picnic" and a bit of speleology. And also to unload some sacks of cement. We were taken into a limestone cave where there were cold and very clear pools. In one of them you could dive under a curtain of rock and come up on the other side in absolute darkness. No one had a waterproof torch or any other means of getting light in there so the dimensions of the cavern could only be guessed from the acoustics. We were advised to keep a hand on the wall we'd come through at all times so we could find our way back. It was a distinctly unnerving experience.

Back on RATU DAMAI we ate a goat, drank Surabaya Malaga wine, and listened to stories about how RATU DAMAI had nearly foundered off Sabu in a wet season storm earlier that year.

Before we left Seba, a lady from whom I'd bought a number of fine *ikat* cloths came to the boat and presented us very graciously with a fine cockerel

which Rob christened Eric. Eric lived for a few days tethered on the foredeck before taking a leading role in a chicken curry. Many perahu used to carry chickens and roosters in those days. It was said that a rooster could be used as a compass if the crew became confused as to direction. Almost no perahus carried compasses, and if a compass was carried it was usually locked away and kept as a talisman rather than a device to steer by. On a dark cloudy night, with no stars visible, one could put a cloth bag over a rooster's head so that it would face east and crow, or so I was told. Sometimes towards dawn, sitting nearly becalmed on a quiet sea in Indonesian waters, one would hear cocks crowing all around. Because perahus carried no navigation lights one would not know they were there until the cocks started calling their challenges to each other.

From Sabu we had a slow light-wind passage to Waingapu, Sumba. I was feverish for a day or two, bringing back bad memories of my last entry to Waingapu. According to Dan, who remembers those days better than I do, I was unusually irritable and accused the gangs that roamed the boat of eating the peanut butter from the jar with their fingers.

I was better on the morning that we sailed gently into Waingapu bay where there were huge blue whales surfacing in the smooth, dark waters.

In Waingapu we were visited by Customs officers. There was a very large chest on the port side of the cabin which formed a bunk. It contained the carpentry tools and the duty-free crate of whisky.

The Customs officer asked "What's in the chest?"

"Senjata" (weapons) I replied, smiling.

"Senjata!" he queried.

"Bukan. Mayat, orang mati." (No. The corpse of the deadman) I joked.

He laughed at the joke and no more was said about the chest. Regrettably, there aren't many places where Customs officers are polite enough to let you get away with that sort of smart-arseism.

HATI NORMAL came into Waingapu with a load of kerosene drums while we were there and the crew warned us about the crocodiles that had recently eaten someone in the creek.

From Waingapu we sailed to Benoa, Bali. The wind was light as we ran along the south coast of Lombok and I was concerned about being swept away to the south by the currents of the Lombok Strait. We crossed to Nusa Penida while the tide was high and tucked in under that island, almost becalmed. The counter current drew us northwest along the coast of Nusa Penida and, in spite of some valiant rowing, we were drawn into Badung Strait and then sent spinning south through the night, becalmed. We were well south of Benoa by dawn when the breeze started up again and it took all day to run into Benoa. To some extent I lost my nerve. I knew a jukung sailor would tuck right in under the Bali shore and sail just outside



*Hati Normal at Waingapu*

the reef to avoid the current, but there was a big swell running and I didn't want to sail close to the surf in case we got becalmed.

We stayed for a month or two in Benoa and had a generally jolly time. We made a beautiful new suit of green and turquoise tetron sails and a big lug-headed topsail using the new polypropylene sail cloth. I also made new sails for junk-rigged SINGA BETINA which was being restored back in Darwin. Two warm-hearted New Zealand girls took a liking to us or to SRI JUMBUK and I went travelling with them for a few days. Someone who met up with them later said they were wearing t-shirts emblazoned "SRI JUMBUK SLUTS". I think they were overly censorious of themselves — we never hired them out.

Peter Walker was in Benoa with his newly purchased perahu BINTANG MAS. He'd removed her original livery and painted her all-white making her look a bit fat, thus belying her exceptional speed.

Rob Paulette left us at Benoa: he was travelling back to Britain. Before we sailed, another friend, Frank Brewster, flew out to replace Rob for our voyage back to Darwin.

The damaged dinghy was increasingly leaky. One blustery evening I was about to row out to SRI JUMBUK (Dan was away) when I was hailed by an American who needed to get out to Wolfgang's boat. His name was something like Zop or Potz — one of those New York contractions. I told him he might get a bit wet in our dinghy. About halfway out to Wolfgang's boat it appeared we might both be going for a swim. The dinghy was leaking fast. I eased my rowing which seemed to help, but Zoppo had become extremely agitated and was screaming for Wolfgang. I told him it was OK, there was a shallow mud bank a short distance to leeward, but he was shouting and holding his Adidas bag on his shoulder though the water in the dinghy was only up to his ankles.

We got to Wolfgang's boat without sinking. Neither Wolfgang or my passenger were at all friendly or grateful for my ferry service. A few days later an altogether more genial acquaintance named Link ex-

plained his suspicion that Zip was dealing in significant quantities of narcotics and the contents of his bag might have been highly soluble.

We replaced the dinghy with a very fine planked-up dugout canoe which my friend Wayan Kerig gave us in repayment of a loan I'd made to him the previous year. It was from the Tabora area of Sumbawa where the very best dugouts are made. It was a delight to paddle or sail.

Not only did we look after drug dealers at Benoa. The inaugural Fremantle-Benoa yacht race competitors arrived while we were there. Most of the crews wanted to go and stay at hotels in Sanur or Kuta so we were asked to keep an eye on their boats and were shown how they were ballasted with cartons of Emu Bitter. We were invited to help ourselves to a beer or two so long as we prevented others from helping themselves to the radios, depth sounders, etc.

I think it was October when we sailed again. We tacked out of Benoa early one morning and sailed up the Badung strait, against the inevitable current, with a strengthening southeasterly over our starboard quarter. We had everything set including our big new topsail. The wind increased and we surged over the current. Soon the topmast was showing quite a bend. Dan and I were both about to say "Time to hand the topsail" when the topmast snapped just above the lowermast cap. Down came all the topsail gear. This was a spare topmast that we'd carried from Darwin — it had a bad flaw.

We were lucky going up the strait against the current. I don't remember that we found ourselves going backwards at any stage. At dusk the breeze was really piping up as we stood out from the end of Bali towards the Trewangan islands off the northwest tip of Lombok. It was a reach with the wind just aft of the beam and there was a big swell running up from the Indian Ocean. SRI JUMBUK was going fast and at times seemed to be tearing along the faces of a waves, momentarily at a very great angle of heel. I remember thinking "You wouldn't get away with being here in any smaller a boat" which is a delusion you can get in any size vessel.

In three hours we crossed the strait and passed the Trewangan group having made seven to eight knots for the whole crossing. It was SRI JUMBUK's top speed and any boat is exhilarating when pushed to its maximum speed whatever that speed is.

From Trewangan eastwards I don't remember there being much exhilaration. We rowed along a good part of Sumbawa's coast to help SRI JUMBUK's progress against light easterlies and sloppy head seas. For a day or two we had a small lambo from Benoa in company. She too had a crew of only three, and like us they were young men. Unlike us they were stopping at every group of huts and every hidden village they knew along the coast, trying to buy Tabora dugout canoes — we already had a large one and that was all we needed. The troubling thing was they could keep



pace with us despite anchoring and going ashore half the time, and they didn't need to row when the wind was light. A larger high-sterned palari that had brought turtles to Benoa and was returning to eastern Sumbawa caught up with us. She had huge baggy sails that projected way beyond her stem and sternpost. We first saw her in the moonlight when she had come rustling up from astern on a catspaw of breeze and stopped right beside us when the breeze had died. She lay there rising and falling, and rolling a little on the slight swell, her strongly raked stem and sternpost giving an exotic profile as she sat on the top of swell and her great blowzy sails filling and falling slack as she rolled. In silhouette she seemed as if she was breathing, like an hallucinogenic caricature of a perahu. But she was faster than us and we only kept up with her by doing more rowing than her crew did through the night.

During the next day we found ourselves among a whole menagerie of exotic perahu that got becalmed and held up by a choppy head sea off a low headland. We all anchored and waited for a better breeze. Eventually it came and a small double-ended lambo-soppe from Maluku with about twenty people on board took off at twice the speed of the rest of us. We all began beating eastwards, tack and tack against a gradually strengthening easterly. By mid-afternoon we had to deep reef our mainsail. A couple of hours later the wind had eased slightly and, since we were racing the rest of the fleet, we had to shake the reef out. Frank and I undid the reef points while Dan kept the helm. As I worked aft to the clew outhaul which was tied around the boom (we didn't rig a proper reef tackle) Frank went forward to be ready to haul on the halliards. I was untying the outhaul and holding it to control what happened when it was untied so that it wouldn't chaff the sail. I had my hand inside the outhaul when Frank started to haul on the peak halyard. It was a nasty experience which I remember when I see old engravings of people strung up by their thumbs. Fortunately Frank was distracted by the screaming war dance I was doing at the end of the boom and stopped hauling.

There was a small, low-freeboard bago that had got ahead of us when we reefed. She'd kept going by easing her mainsail and sailing mainly on her jib, but as we tacked up to the last headland before the entrance to Bima harbour we saw her anchored under the point. It was getting dark so we anchored too.

The next day we got under way earlier than she did and after a slow start we had a pleasant run before a sea breeze into Bima harbour. As we got through the narrows the breeze came up very strong and we had trouble preventing SRI JUMBUK from broaching as we ran into the crowded anchorage. About half an hour later the bago ran in under jib only while the crew were busy fishing (splinting) her broken main boom with spare battens and paddles.

One of the great attractions of anchoring off the main wharf at Bima was the chariot race every morning at 8:00am when the port gates were opened. Much of the cargo was still carried to and from the wharf in horse-drawn carts, known locally as Benhur after the film Ben Hur which had been enormously popular at Bima.

I think we were about a week in Bima. We spent a lot of that time talking to the crews from the perahus anchored around us. Several were from Binongko, a small, dry and particularly desolate island in Eastern Indonesia. They were loading salt which was brought from the salt flats further up the harbour in decrepit open boats, some of them tanja rigged like Makassan perahu of the 19th century. The Binongko lambo carried their salt cargoes very slowly up to Singapore, fishing and salting fish all the way. At Singapore they sold most of the salt and the salted fish, and then bought cheap consumer goods such as plastic buckets and jerry cans, kerosene lanterns, and sometimes second-hand clothes which it was then illegal to import into Indonesia. They would sail the plastics cargo back to Binongko at the start of the northwest monsoon, arriving in time to plant a wet-season corn crop. Then, when the monsoon was over, they would trade the plastics around Eastern Indonesia collecting products such as copra.

One afternoon, as we sat on the aft deck of SRI JUMBUK drinking deplorably vinegary palm-wine, we saw a vessel with a western-looking rig running up the harbour towards the anchorage. As it got closer it was apparent that it was a catamaran, and looked much like a very familiar Wharram catamaran. Dan owned a Wharram catamaran back in Darwin, in partnership with Jenni Knox (Jamie Munro's consort). They had bought it half-built and finished the construction with the intention of selling it. But before putting it on the market, Jenni and Jamie had decided to take it on a trial sail around Eastern Indonesia for a few months. For Jamie it was the start of a successful career borrowing other people's boats and sailing away in them, sometimes for years.

Leaving Bima we were hit by a little whirlwind that fell down out of a mountain valley and reversed the wind direction just as had happened on ANTARTIKA three years before.

It was a fairly slow and hot voyage along the north coast of Flores to Maumere Bay. Flores is a long chain of high mountains and volcanoes but it narrows to a relatively low isthmus at Maumere, and for that reason a strong wind often streams out from Maumere Bay when the southeast trades are blowing. As we opened up the bay, one afternoon, we started to feel a stronger southeaster than we'd experienced for a few weeks. It was blowing exactly from Maumere where we were trying to go. The wonderfully annoying thing about tacking into Maumere is that as you stand a tack across the wide bay the wind gradually veers allowing you to head further into the bay, but always





*Market boats from Paloe island anchored at Maumere*

blowing precisely from the direction of Maumere. When you get to the other side of the bay and go about you find yourself heading back to where you entered the bay. It took a whole night to tack in to the anchorage at Maumere.

From there we sailed to Larentuka and across the Sabu Sea back to Tenau, Kupang. By then westerly squalls were starting to become a risk in the anchorage at Tenau. All the perahus were ready to slip their anchor lines and sail at any time. One squall did come down from the northwest while we were there but it didn't look too bad and only a couple of perahu sailed out to get rained on and then drift away down Semau Strait becalmed.

One afternoon when the wind was blowing very fresh up the strait from the south a brand new Bonerate-built lambo came tacking in from the north,



*A kerosene carrier tacking into Tenau*

sailing very lightly ballasted, heeling over, luffing through the gusts and tearing along at a terrific speed. She raced into the narrow anchorage making at least six knots, rounded up and got her anchors set bow and stern in one splendidly orchestrated piece of seamanship.

On the day we sailed from Tenau the wind was light, we tacked slowly down the strait. At one stage the heavy fishing line we were trolling caught on some reef we had tacked over and it stopped us like a stern anchor. The wind and current were against us when we tried to sail east out of Rote Strait. We crossed over to the Rote shore and spent most of a day tacking every minute or two to keep out of the current and rowing to keep SRI JUMBUK heading into the light wind and moving through the water. It was a hot exhausting day, and I think it was then that Dan proposed "Lets build some thing too big to row."

Once clear of the land, we had a fairly easy crossing of the Timor Sea helped by southwesterlies some mornings. As we approached Darwin the weather was very hazy; as it often is in the dry season when the southeast trades carry smoke from bush fires that burn all across northern Australia. We had sailed right into Darwin's outer harbour, according to my celestial navigation, and still couldn't see any land. Then the afternoon sea breeze came in, clearing the haze, and there we were in Darwin harbour. That night, after clearing Customs and Quarantine, we anchored in Fanny Bay and I had my first experience of post-voyage somnambulism. I was asleep but got up saying "There's a squall coming, get the mainsail down." and I was on the cabin roof trying to furl the already furled mainsail when Dan woke me and I saw that it was a calm clear night.

We brought into Australia a jerry can of Rotinese sopi kepala which we had bought in Kupang. Sopi is the local name of the spirit distilled from palm wine, and sopi kepala is the top quality stuff, triple distilled. On Christmas eve most of the household where we were staying went out, but a visitor — Laid-back Lenny, a kindly old junky who had once been a boxer — preferred to stay in the house. We showed him the jerry can of hooch and invited him to help himself.

When we returned later in the evening there was no sign of Lenny and it was not until well into Christmas day that he was discovered cowering under a blanket trying to keep the light from his bloody eyes and losing a fight with the worst hang-over he'd ever had. He'd drunk a litre or two of the sopi.

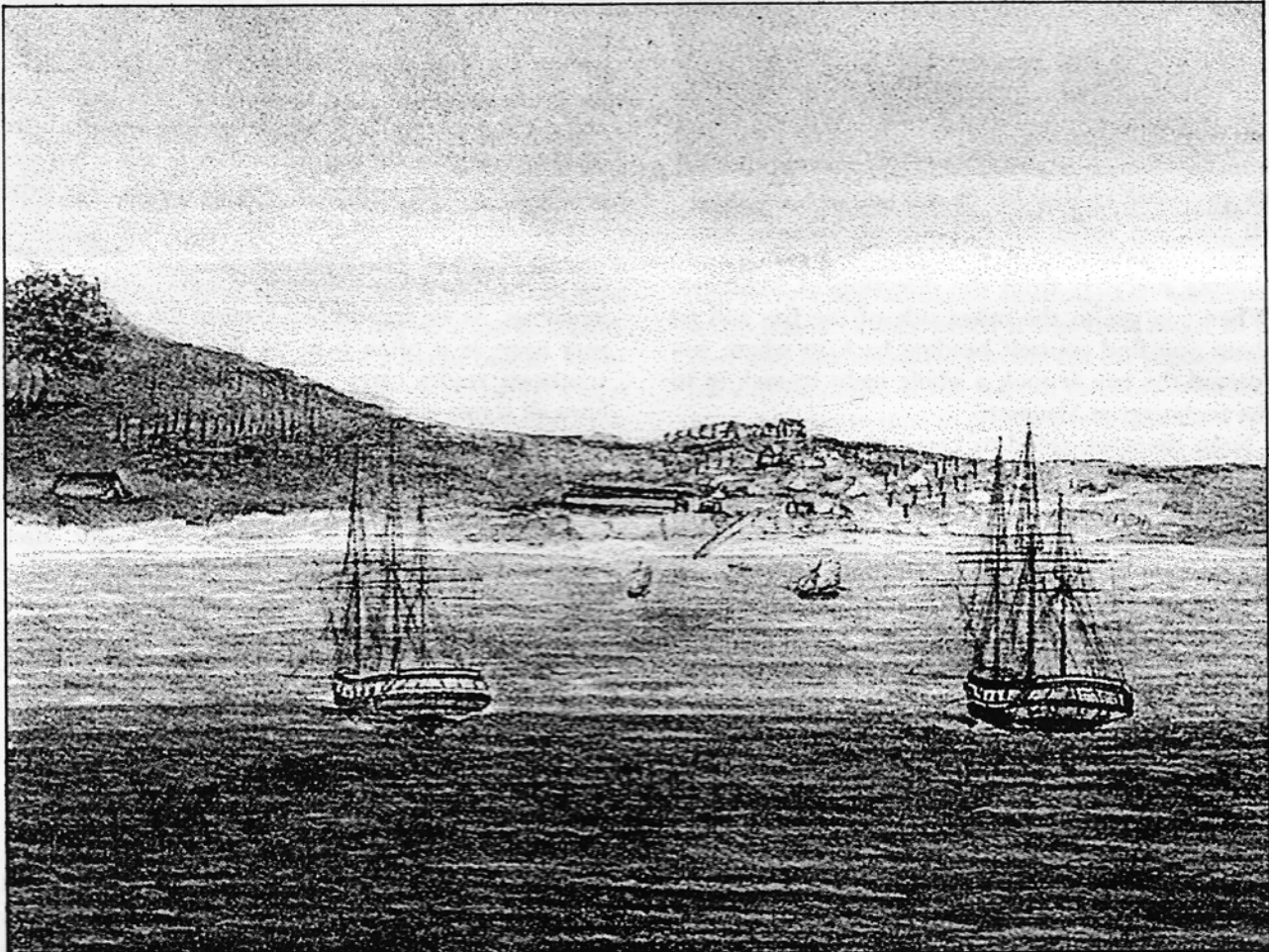


# CLARENCE - A Report on the Site of Clarence Town, 1830

## Part II

by Ross and Barbara Shardlow

Following Fremantle Ports' announcement that a new Outer Harbour Port Project is planned for Cockburn Sound, the Maritime Heritage Association prepared a report disclosing that the abandoned town of Clarence may lie within the proposed port development area. Part II of the report examines further evidence to support the claim that Clarence Town was near Mt Brown, not Woodman Point as previously believed.



*The Hooghly and the Gilmore off Clarence Town, watercolour by George Bayly 1830. (Hocken Library, University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand)*

GEORGE BAYLY, the second officer on board the *Hooghly*, made this watercolour painting sometime during *Hooghly*'s stay in Cockburn Sound between 17 February and 20 March 1830. The painting shows the ships *Hooghly* and *Gilmore* at anchor (*Hooghly* is on the right), with Clarence Town in the background. Rocky cliffs are shown running from the left and meet a sandy beach spreading to the right. Peel's Storehouse, the largest building in the settlement, is depicted near where the cliffs meet the beach. In the background, to the left, a prominent hill slopes down to a group of buildings running up and over a rise from the beach.

The group of buildings running up the rise is significant; they may be that part of Clarence, set up by the labourers and tradesmen, known as 'Hooghly Town'. Edward Watterton, in a letter dated 15 May 1830, and published in the *Sydney Gazette* 20 May 1830, described these buildings:

I ought to mention the novel appearance of the "New Town of the *Hooghly* people," as the residents denominate the settlement of the passengers who came from England by that ship. Unprovided with wooden houses, and finding none prepared for them, they erected two rows of cabins, two or three hundred yards above the situation of the first settlers.

Bayly's own journal entry for 28 February 1830 adds, "I obtained liberty to spend the day ashore ... started away for Hooghly Town (as our passengers have called the huts they have erected)." His narrative includes a description that may well concur with the 'broad road' on Peel's villa grant shown on Smythe's map:

The cottages were built in a line on each side of a broad road which had been marked out by the surveyor and their fires for cooking were made in the middle of this road.



Two or three carpenters and a Ship sailmaker had built themselves comfortable residences, but none of them seemed to think they would stay long in the place, as they found there was not much chance of employment.

Returning towards the beach I fell in with a party of our sailors ... Being Sunday, one of our passengers, a shoemaker, mounted on an old beef cask on the top of the hill and having collected round him a few hearers he held forth for some time. The principal part of his sermon seemed to be a violent declamation against Mr Peel for bringing them out to such a barren country where they could not even get a drink of good water.

Going ashore again in the afternoon of 15 March 1830, Bayly made the following poignant observation:

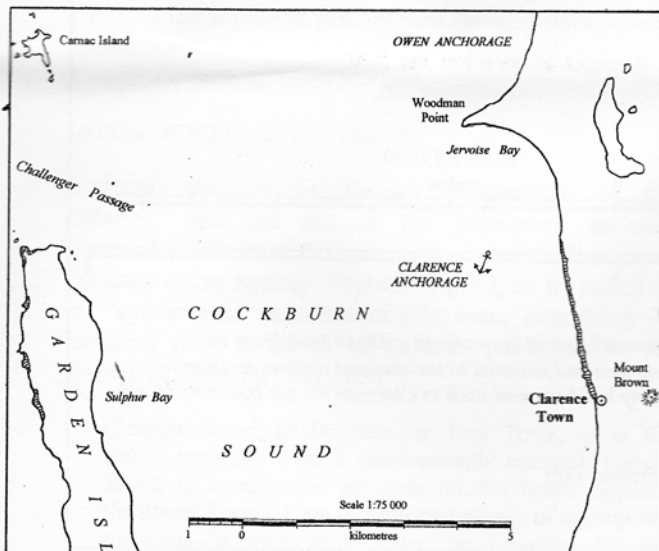
When I walked up to Hooghly Town I found most of the people quite in despair. A great many of the women and children were ill and there was no sort of nicety to be procured for them, not even a little oatmeal. The only provisions to be procured were salt beef and pork, musty flour and rice.

Another point of interest in the painting is the solitary tent to the left (north) of Peel's Store. Though not referred to in Bayly's account, it is likely this is the hospital tent mentioned in Dr Collie's medical report; its location places it close to the grave yard shown on Smythe's Map. Collie describes:

The Hospital is small, covered with canvas and contains two patients slowly recovering from Dysentery. It is appropriated alone for the reception of single men not provided with proper habitations elsewhere. All the other patients are treated in their own dwellings.

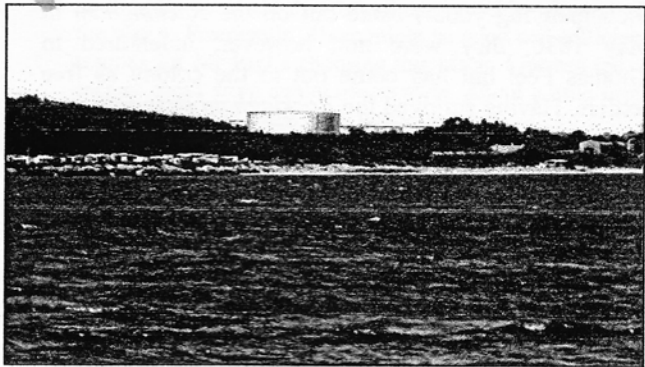
### PHOTO SURVEY

WE ENDEAVOURED to determine the position from which Bayly painted his picture. Enlisting capable assistance from skipper Gary Sprunt, we tracked Cockburn Sound until the juxtaposition of the painting, the survey maps and key landmarks concurred with each other. We also plotted several other viewing

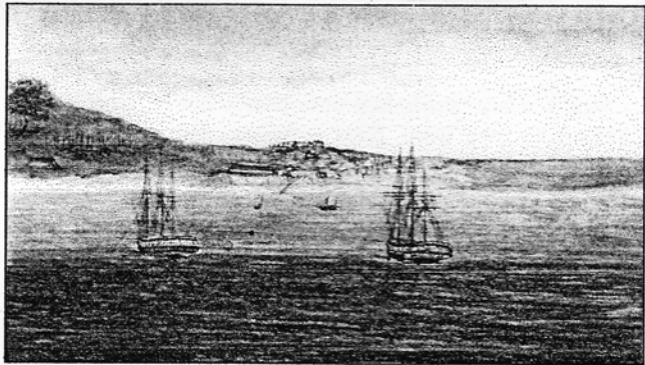


Map by Ross Shardlow showing the Clarence anchorage.

corridors to eliminate the possibility that the scene could be reconstructed by other means. Seventy-five photographs were taken from different angles to establish the viewpoint.



Photograph believed to be from where Bayly made his watercolour painting of Clarence. (Shardlow Marine Art)



Comparison with Bayly's painting of Clarence. (Hocken Library, University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand)

The complete absence of the Darling Range in the painting gave us a clue as to how far offshore Bayly must have been. Viewed from a reasonable distance, the Darling Range looms prominently over the landscape; by moving inshore, it appears to drop down from view until disappearing altogether.

The north-south orientation was determined by aligning the hill shown in the painting with the point where we knew Peel's Store to be (from the 1830 surveys). Where the cliffs meet the beach was also used to reconstruct the composition. The view before us bore a remarkable resemblance to the painting. The first and obvious observation was that the hill in the painting was not Mt Brown as we first anticipated, but the hill that stands alone to the right (south) of the Mt Brown range as depicted in the coastline profile. Alcoa's storage tank now stands on the lower slopes of this hill. There seems little doubt that the cottages in Bayly's painting swept up the same hill to about where Alcoa's storage tank now stands. We discovered, while interviewing a resident of the Naval Base Caravan Park, that this hill is known locally as 'Clarence Hill'.

The second observation made was that we were much further north than expected. We were delighted, however, to discover we were right over the anchorage described in the documentary accounts – "three quarters of a mile off the mainland in the Sound, east of the north end of Garden Island."





## DIARIES, JOURNALS and LETTERS

### DIARY OF JANE DODDS

THE DODDS FAMILY (James, Jane, five children, and an accompanying youth) came out on the *Rockingham* in May 1830; they were not, however, indentured to Thomas Peel but had come out to the colony as free settlers. Having survived the *Rockingham* stranding, and staying a short while at Clarence, they set out for Fremantle aboard a small coastal vessel. They had only proceeded a short distance when they were cast up on the cliffs just north of Clarence. Jane wrote:

In this extremity I was at a loss what course to adopt but I had determined not to go by sea. Therefore as we were so far on our way, it was better to go on, for if we returned to Clarence we had no dry clothing to put on, so we agreed we should proceed despite apprehensions of wild dogs etc... we had not walked more than three miles, when I was compelled to declare my inability to move a step further.

Jane and her family had little choice but to spend the night where they were. Next morning, with no food or water, and with limbs that "all but refused to support my feeble frame," Jane pressed on:

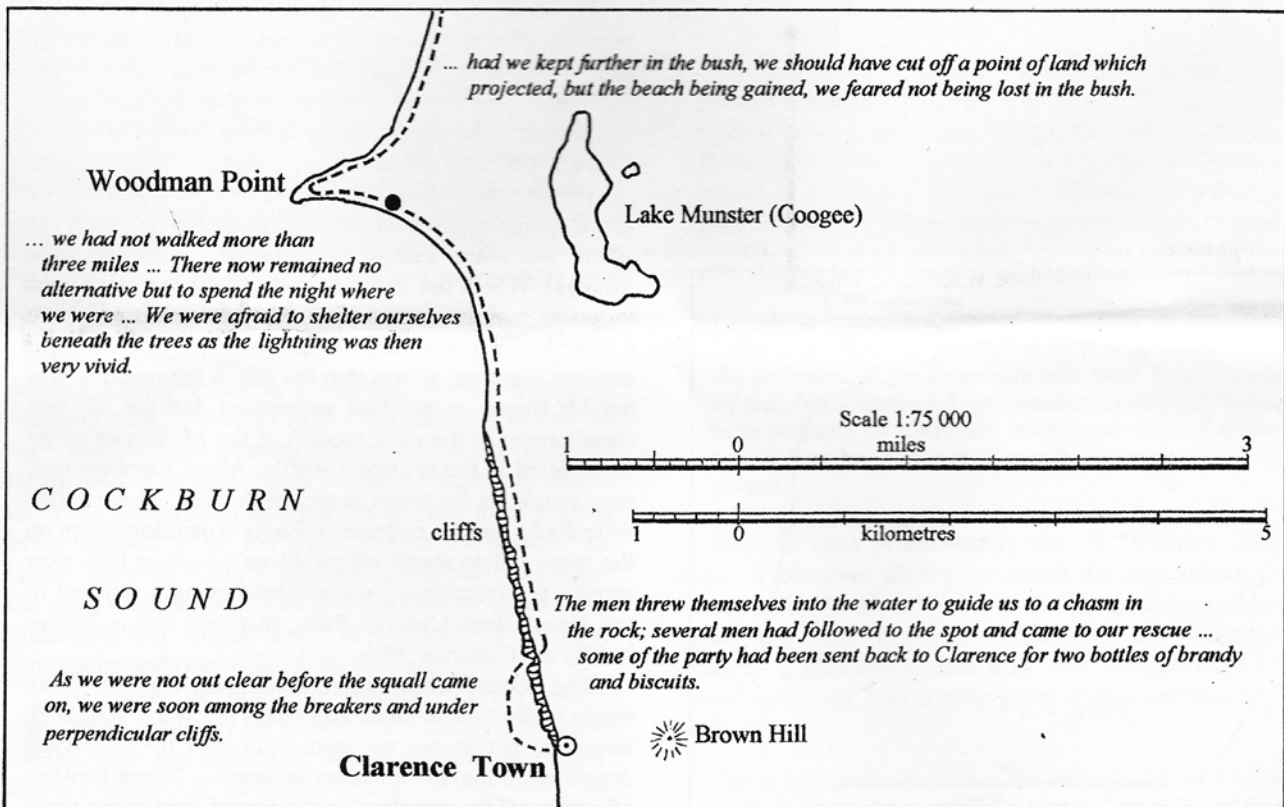
On this momentous occasion I, in my anxiety to regain the sea beach, prolonged our journey sadly, which I found to my cost for had we kept further in the bush, we should have cut off a point of land which projected, but the beach being gained, we feared not being lost in the bush. What a scene of desolation and horror did that beach present! Strewn with wrecks as far as we could see ...

By these statements, Clarence and Woodman Point are *not* one and the same. Jane states that they left Clarence to travel north to Fremantle; after the boating accident they walked three miles before camping out the night; the next morning they rounded a "point of land" before gaining the beach on the other side. This is a description of leaving Clarence, following the Henderson Cliffs, then walking around Woodman Point instead of taking a short cut through the bush. Woodman Point is three and a half miles from Clarence. If the boating accident happened within half a mile from Clarence (it was close enough such that "several men had followed to the spot and came to our rescue"), then the distances given by Jane Dodds places Clarence at the south end of the Henderson Cliffs. The scene of "desolation and horror" on the beach was the wrecks of other ships blown ashore in the same gale that claimed the *Rockingham* – all of which were on the north side of Woodman Point.

### ROCKINGHAM TOWN PETITION

ON 30 AUGUST 1830, a group of settlers petitioned the Governor with a complaint about Mr Peel:

... we were sent by Mr Peel's order about five Miles South West of Clarence Town to Build our Houses and turn up as much Land as thought proper, we have done this without receiving any pay or having any Proper Seeds to Sow on the Land we have been Labouring at; and can get no satisfactory answer from Mr. Peel, and we are not allowed from the Stores sufficient Food to support our Familys and only have fresh Provisions twice since we landed and the last we could not eat being so bad.



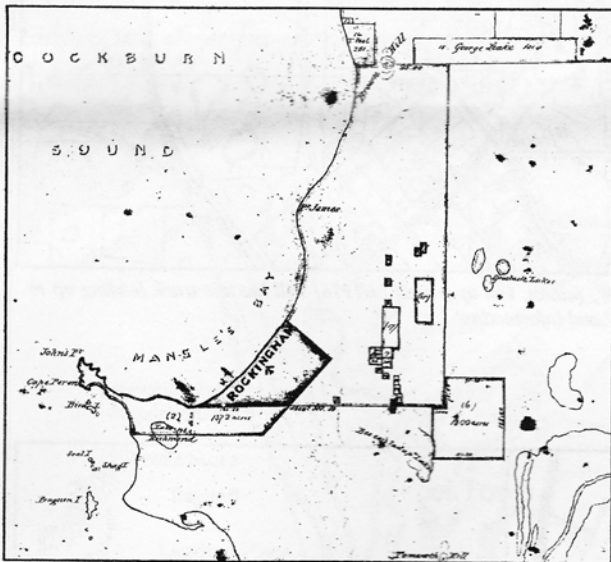
Map drawn by Ross Shardlow showing the presumed path of the Dodd's family after leaving Clarence.





The petitioners headed their letter 'Rockingham Town'. It is the first recorded use of the name and refers to an area of fertile ground where a group of some twelve families under Thomas Peel's charge established a rural community. Today the area is referred to as East Rockingham. As most of these settlers came out on the ship *Rockingham*, they, like the *Hooghly* people, named their area after the ship that brought them to the colony. The petitioners described their town being "five Miles South West of Clarence".

An undated map (c.1855) showing the Estate of Thomas Peel Esq., Cockburn Location 16, shows a cluster of grants that mark the fertile ground in the Rockingham area. The grants are five miles from Mt Brown – not Woodman Point.



Though dated from around 1855, the land grants on this map show where the fertile ground was around the Rockingham area, five miles south of Brown Hill. (Battye Library 3/7/13)

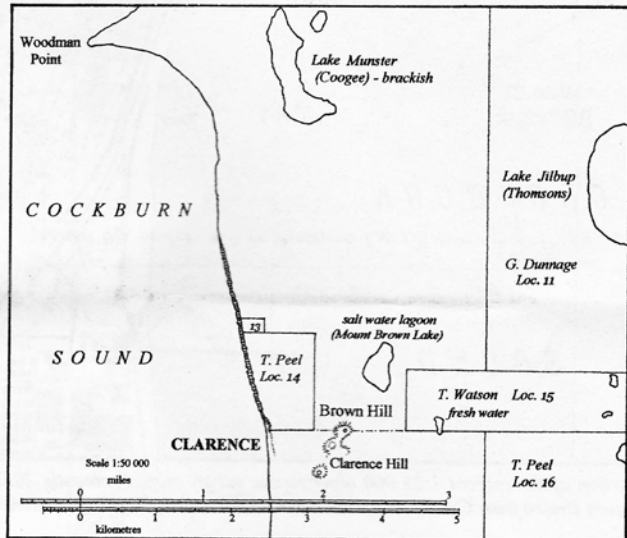
John Septimus Roe surveyed the Rockingham Town Reserve at Mangles Bay in 1842. The reserve was marked up for town lots in 1847. The Mangles Bay site (today's Rockingham) took its name from the nearby (non-gazetted) rural settlement of Rockingham Town – not from the supposed place where the ship *Rockingham* ran ashore.

LETTER OF EDWARD WATTERTON

EDWARD WATTERTON, though a passenger on the *Gilmore*, was not one of the indentured servants assigned to Thomas Peel; he (very wisely) decided to continue on to Sydney. Watterton gave, as he called it, an "eye-witness" account of Clarence, describing its isolation (and location) in a letter published in the *Sydney Gazette*, 20 May 1830:

Clarence Town, or Brighton, or Peel Town, or as the sailors generally term it (appropriately enough), Canvas Town, is a collection of tents on the beach opposite Cockburn Sound. I know little or nothing of appropriate situations for towns in Australia. Yet, I confess, I would not willingly have fixed on this spot as the site of a new

town. The adjacent country is very barren and rocky in many places, owing to which the difficulty and expense of roads must necessary be very great. Had Mr Peel selected a situation about 4 or 5 miles nearer Swan River, off Woodmans Point, this hindrance would have been done away with: he might then have had a good beach-road all the way to Fremantle. There might be good and sufficient reasons for Mr Peel's choosing this place; I cannot tell. I merely speak from casual observation. About a mile from the tents, there is a fine fresh water lagoon ...

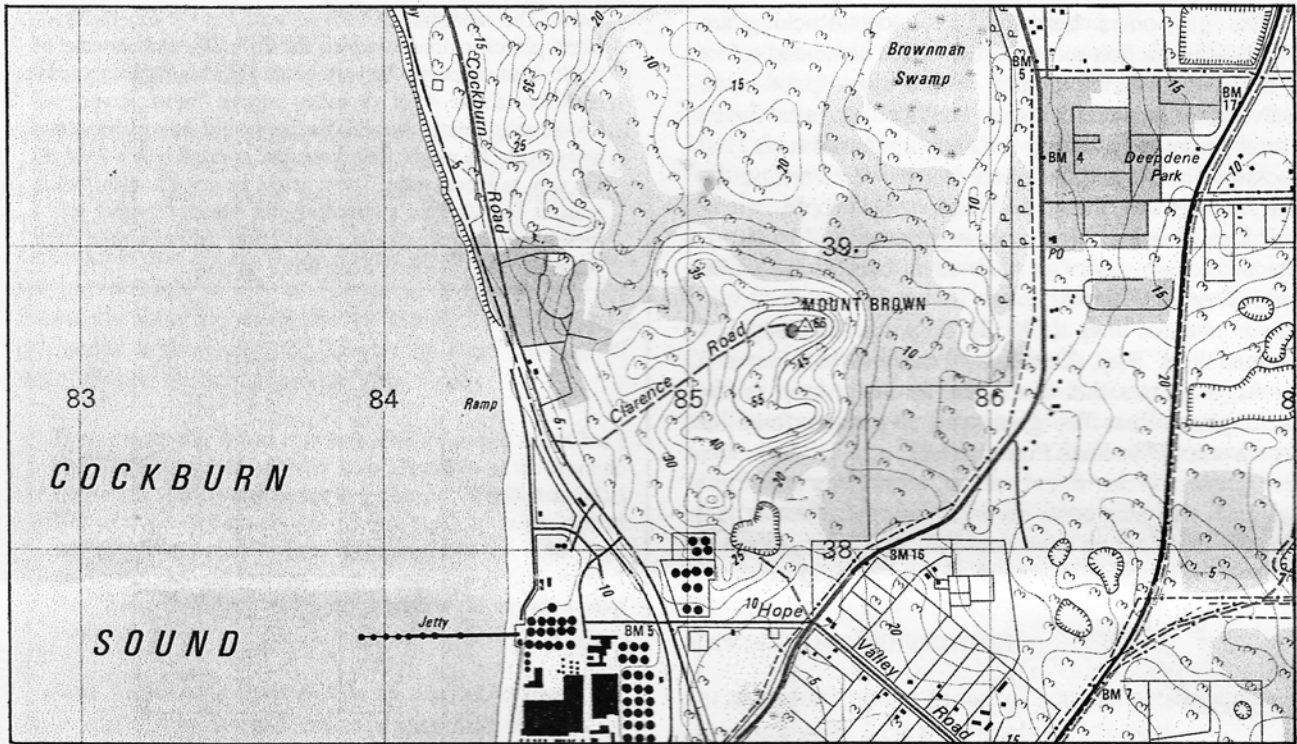


Map compiled by Ross Shardlow from maps of the period showing the lagoons around Woodman Point and Brown Hill.

Clarence, by Watterton's reckoning, was "4 or 5 miles" south of Woodman Point. His account of "a fine fresh water lagoon" about a mile from the tents, probably refers to the lagoon, one and a quarter miles east of Clarence, marked 'Fresh Water' on Smythe's map. Thomas Watson's cottage was situated on the eastern bank of the lagoon. Today's Mount Brown Lake is one mile north-east of the settlement but was described as a 'Salt Water Lagoon' in 1830.

ORAL HISTORY

WHILE INTERVIEWING LOCAL RESIDENTS, fishermen and holidaymakers familiar with the area, we learnt about a well near the Sutton Road turn-off still being used by holidaymakers and travellers within living memory. There are descriptions of the well having a handpump and a small roadside shelter being nearby. Maps from the 1950s still show the well situated by Cockburn Road. Lieutenant Henry Wray, in charge of the 20<sup>th</sup> Company of Royal Engineers, supervised the establishment of a convict out-station at Clarence in 1853. The road gang of thirty convicts re-surveyed and reformed the old Fremantle to Clarence track; various wells were repaired or relined along the road including the well on Meares's old grant (Location 13) and the well at Clarence. The Fremantle to Clarence Road was also known as Rockingham Road, the Coast Road, Naval Base Road and now, Cockburn Road. When the new Rockingham Road was put through behind Mount Brown, another site, at Wattleup, acquired the name 'Ten Mile Well' and is still known as such today.



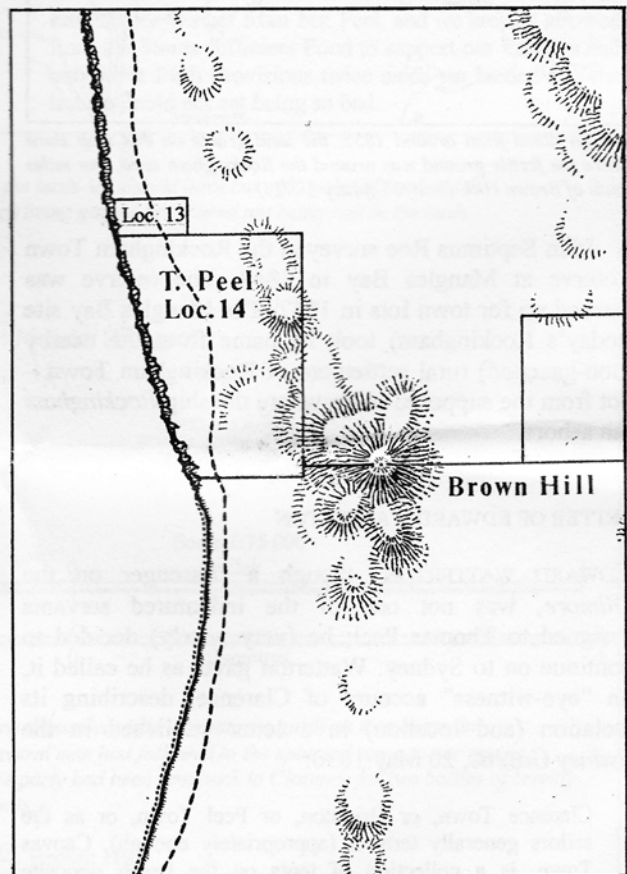
Portion of the current 1:25 000 topographic survey map, Fremantle 2033-1 SW, (albeit, last upgraded in 1976) still has the track leading up to Mount Brown from Cockburn Road named as 'Clarence Road'. (Department of Land Information)

### MAPPING CLARENCE TOWN

FROM THE HISTORICAL MAPS located to date, we compiled all the information into one map (see next page) to show as complete a picture as possible of Clarence Town. It includes the details from Bayly's painting, which have been back-referenced from the photo-survey. It should be kept in mind that the reconstruction does not include the influx of some 180 people from the *Rockingham*. Other than the settlers that set up 'Rockingham Town', five miles to the south, we do not yet know how or where the *Rockingham* people fitted in with the existing population at Clarence.

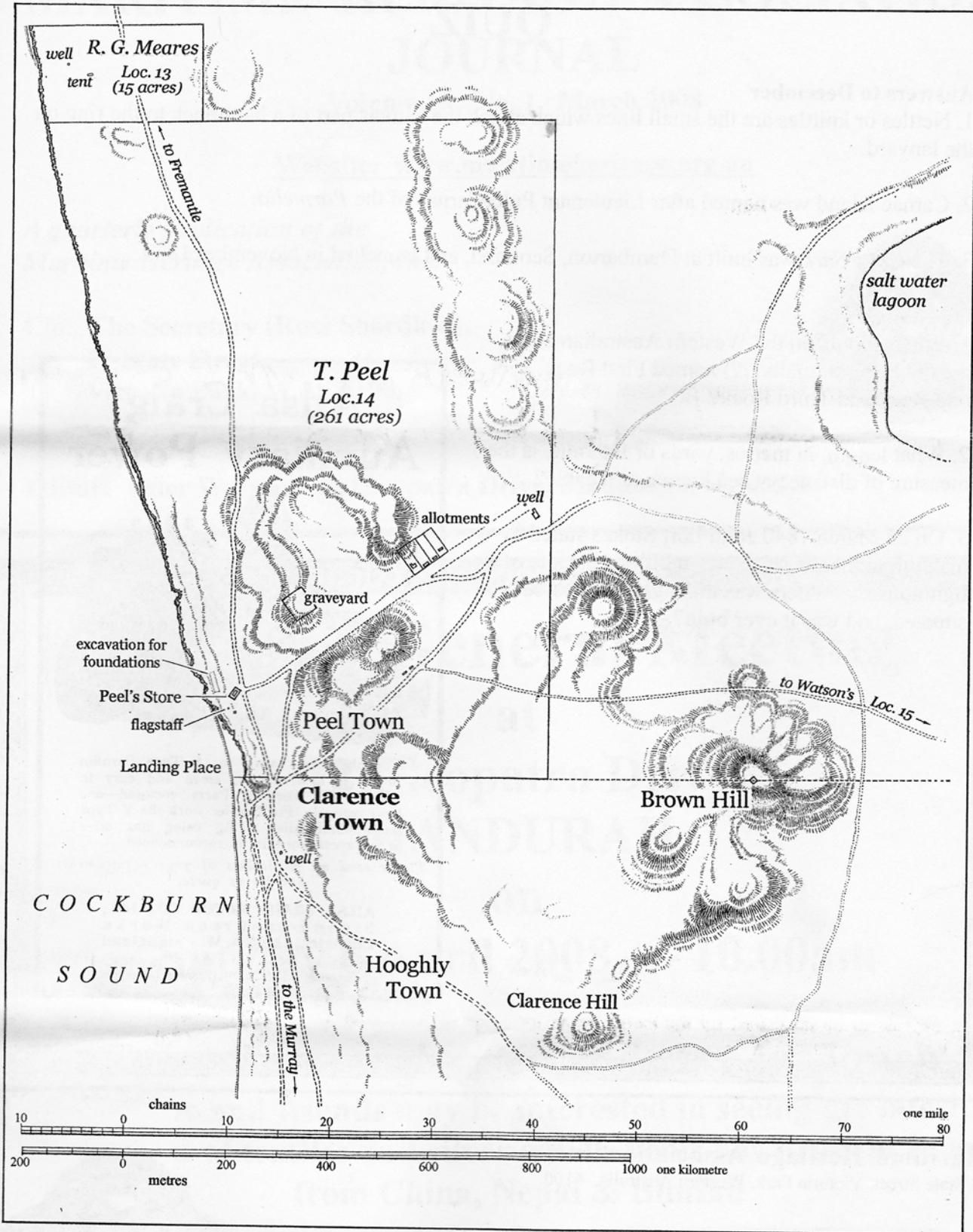
The original boundary between the estates ran through Brown Hill. We noticed when we fixed all the maps to the same scale, that the true summit of Brown Hill appears to be misplaced on the earlier maps by about seventy five metres. As Brown Hill was the datum point, and with no confirmation of longitude and latitude given on the map, we could not easily determine where the error lay - whether Brown Hill had been placed too far south, or the cliffs too far north. A map of the area from 1839 exposed the misplacement, or misalignment, of the villa grant boundary through Brown Hill. Instead of both villa and estate grants running along a straight east-west orientation, they were now staggered, such that the villa grant boundary now lay further south, while the estate grant boundary (Location 16) retained its original alignment through the summit of Mt Brown.

We believe Peel Town was regarded as the 'upper' part of town on Peel's villa estate, where the favoured people might set up their dwelling places. Hooghly Town, on the other hand, was where the more 'common' tradesmen and labourers set up their houses. According



In 1839, the southern boundary of Peel's villa grant (Location 14) no longer aligned with the summit of Brown Hill. Plan redrawn by Ross Shardlow from a map of 'Early land grants and colonial tracks, 1839', in Cockburn: the making of a community, Michael Berson, 1978.





Reconstruction map drawn by Ross Shardlow compiling information from various contemporary sources to show Clarence Town and surrounding area. The faint tracks behind Brown Hill are conjectural. The name Clarence Hill is from recent sources.

to Edward Watterton's letter of 15 May 1830, Hooghly Town swept up a hill "two or three hundred yards above the situation of the first settlers". The main settlement, however, marked 'Clarence Town' on the reconstruction map, appears to have been just off the beach behind the

sand dunes, immediately south of Peel's villa grant boundary.

In the next issue, we will look at the reasons that led other researchers to believe Clarence was at Woodman Point.



# QUIZ

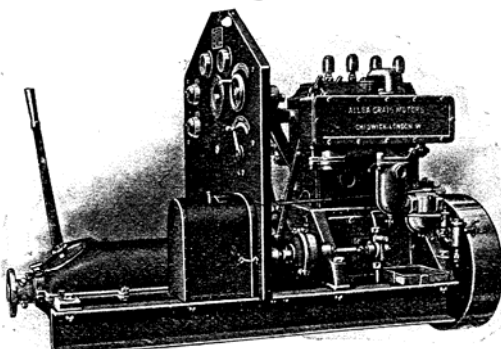
## Answers to December

1. Nettles or knittles are the small lines which attach the canvas part of a hammock to the ring on the lanyard.
2. Carnac Island was named after Lieutenant Pulo Carnac of the *Parmelia*.
3. The *Cutty Sark* was built at Dumbarton, Scotland, and launched in November 1869.

## Questions

1. Whereabouts on the Western Australian coast are the inspirationally(?) named First Rock, Second Rock and Third Rock?
2. What length, in metres, yards or fathoms, is the measure of distance at sea known as a cable?
3. On 25 March 1840 John Lort Stokes stated in his journal that he selected "a hill for the site of a lighthouse." Where was this lighthouse to be situated, and was it ever built?

**Ailsa Craig  
Auxiliary Power**



For high class work the S Type Paraffin Motor is ideal—Quiet, clean and easy to handle—all Working Parts enclosed—one lever control. For heavier work the Y Type Semi-Diesel Ailsa Craig using gas oil—or cheapest paraffin is recommended. . . .

*Please send us particulars of your requirements and let us quote.*

**AILS CRAIG MOTOR CO., Ltd.,  
Strand-on-Green Works  
Chiswick, London, W. - - England**

Telephone - - - - - 606 CHISWICK.  
Telegrams "AILSOTOR, Gunners, London"

## Maritime Heritage Association Inc.

23 State Street, Victoria Park, Western Australia, 6100.

