

MARITIME HERITAGE ASSOCIATION JOURNAL

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Maritime Heritage Association, Inc.*

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Annual General Meeting

at

12 Cleopatra Drive
MANDURAH

on

Sunday 22 March 2009 — 10.00am

Come for morning tea and stay for lunch

Spouses and friends may be interested in seeing the latest textiles, artefacts and photos which Peter and Jill have brought home from recent trips to Asia



School children paddling home for lunch across the Khon River, Laos



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.)

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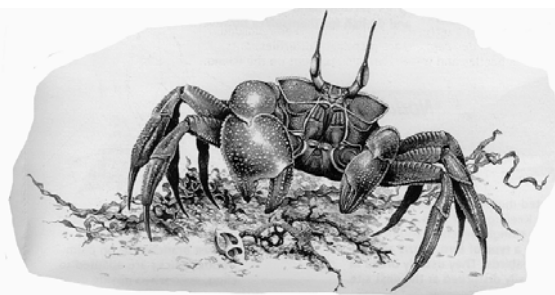
EDITORIAL

It has been pointed out to me with great glee by MHA member Tony Duvollet, Darwin, that the photo on page 13 of the last journal is probably not that of *Gertie*. This was also considered to be the case by the author of the article, Rod Dickson, also Ross Shardlow and the editor, but we could not come up with an alternative, hence the "possibly" in the caption. However, Tony has come up with a valid candidate. He says it looks very similar to one of R.W. Miller's sixty-milers called ss *Ayrfield*. Tony worked on this vessel as an apprentice in the mid-60s, as she was continuously springing rivets, and he was involved in removing the ceiling so that access could be gained to remedy the situation.

Note: The sixty-milers were so called because these small (200-500 ton) steamers plied the coast between Sydney and Newcastle.

Please keep sending in comments, corrections and articles to me. It is by doing this that we can all increase our knowledge of maritime history. It is nice to know that the journal is read so carefully!

Jill and I are looking forward to having as many MHA members and partners as possible come to the AGM in Mandurah. In particular we would welcome the new members and those who have been members for some time, but who do not often make social contact with the group.



Things They Would Rather Have Not Said

She should approach as near as possible a 100 percent fireproof ship.

Chantier de Penhoet shipyard, builders of the liner *Normandie*

On 9 February 1942 the *Normandie* caught fire in in the Hudson River. Because of the smoke, her engines were shut down and, as a consequence, none of her fire-fighting equipment worked. The vessel rolled on to her side and sank. After spending US\$19,200,000 on unsuccessful salvage attempts she was sold for US\$161,680 as scrap.



Ocean Ghosts

This article appeared in the Australian Maritime Historical Society's *Shipping Record*, Volume 38, No. 1, January-March 2007.

Just where the following item originated is unknown, apparently in the USA during the 1890s but it circulated throughout the world for years, and has the appearance of being accurate, despite our copy coming from an Australian provincial newspaper of 1905. It says:

Drifting ghosts of the sea. This phrase is no misnomer as applied to the stealthy, dissociated phantom ships which, to the number of between 150 and 200 are moving day and night, now in storm, now in calm, across the lanes of travel, and up and down the Atlantic, with only the wind or the wave for a pilot.

One of the most remarkable derelicts in point of longevity and the distance she drifted was the Wyer G. Sargeant, which was destroyed on March 31, 1890, having in 615 days, drifted 5,500 miles. During the two year cruise, piloted only by the breezes and currents, the Wyer G Sargeant was seen and reported 34 times.

Another celebrated derelict, with, it is believed, more victims to her credit - or discredit - than any other sea ghost, on record, was the barque Countess of Dufferin. Between December 30, 1891, when she was first reported, and April 9, 1892, when she was last reported, she had come into collision with 11 vessels. This is partially explained by the fact that the ill-omened Countess had been shorn of every spar and bit of rigging, so that only her solid hull remained half-filled with water, and floating some four feet above water in a calm. It being impossible for the sharpest eye to see her when the sea and wind waltzed her ever so lightly, the Countess of Duf-

ferin soon became a terror to all mariners on the ocean highways and within a period of 90 days this famous derelict traveled 1,880 miles before disappearing.

The case of the derelict English barque Siddartha was an example of a derelict getting too familiar and being caught napping. The Siddartha sailed from Jacksonville, (probably the port in Florida) and was abandoned by her crew when she was nearly a month out. Then the barque began wandering in the lanes of transatlantic commerce, being seen first in one place and then 100 miles away, in the most surprising manner. She was reported no fewer than 50 times, but managed to circumvent all vessels sent especially to dynamite her. Finally, one day she went merrily sailing up the Irish coast. This was her concluding exploit, for a British man-of-war went out and towed her into port, where she was broken up.

This report provides a brief insight into the difficulties to be encountered at sea especially in the days of sail. These wandering derelicts undoubtedly caused the disappearance of many vessels in the days of sail after colliding with them.

Although I have not found the details of the Wyer G. Sargeant, apparently an American vessel which was not included in Lloyd's Register, the two British ships are listed; *Countess of Dufferin*, a wooden barque 582/540 tons, 147 feet long, built in 1872 at Quebec and seemingly owned in Canada, and *Siddartha*, wood barque 492/468 tons, 146 feet long, built 1880 at Sackville, New Brunswick, and owned in that port.

220-TON (about) KETCH, classed 13 A1; saloon and 5 cabins; has just been thoroughly overhauled and re-decorated, when owner spent a lot of money on her; nearly new liquid fuel steam launch included; owner going in for steam sole reason for selling. Price £2,300 for prompt sale.



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!)



“The sailing cocklers went in for speed. To that end the bottom of the boats were blackleaded, i.e. a coat of tar applied, and, whilst still wet, plum-bago (one shillings-worth) mixed with a “touch” of stale beer made an efficient anti-fouling and looked very smart with black topsides above.” (Edward Wigfull, *Yachting Monthly*, April 1910: 88)

Being a “greenie” is not new. During the reign of Richard II (1381-82) the fishermen of Essex petitioned for a closed time for oyster dredging from 1 May to 20 September, to enable stocks to rejuvenate.

During World War I some of the Thames sailing barges were taken over by the Royal Navy and converted into Q-ships to operate against German U-boats. One, the *Bolham*, was fitted with two 3-inch guns, depth charges and machine guns, plus a Royal Navy crew of 4 officers, 3 engineers, 2 wireless operators, 3 petty officers, a signalman and a number of other ratings and guns’ crews. On 3 June 1917 she was fired on by a U-boat, one of whose shells hit a leeboard, thereby saving the hull from serious damage. The barge crew returned fire and badly damaged the submarine. The Commanding Officer, Lieutenant C.W. Walters, RNR, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, and two of the crew received Distinguished Service Medals for the action.

The first sailing lifeboat in England was built in 1809 by Beechings of Yarmouth and was stationed at Lowestoft.

“We pray Thee, Lord, not that wrecks will happen; but that if they happen, Thou wilt guide them into the Scilly Islands for the benefit of the poor inhabitants thereof.”

In 1886 Grimsby in England had a fleet of 820 sailing fishing smacks. The first two steam trawl-

ers had appeared four years earlier, in 1882, and by 1902 there were 405 steam trawlers, and no sailing smacks left.

The first iron steam trawlers ever built were the *Cormoran* and the *Heron*, built by John Elder & Co., Govan, Scotland, in 1866.

Bentinck boom: A spar to extend the foot of the course in small square-rigged vessels sailing near the coast to save the complication of hauling tacks and sheets as well as braces when going about in short tacks. It was hauled up below the foreyard when the course was clewed up.

In the year 1865-66 no less than 535 laden colliers were lost in the UK.

For blacking ship’s standing rigging:
To a half barrel of tar add 6 gallons of whiskey, 4 lbs of litharge, 4 lbs lamp-black, 2 buckets of beef-pickle, or hot salt water out of the coppers, if the other cannot be had conveniently; mix well together and apply immediately.

Mr Hodgebaughan was a gentleman officer wounded during the early stages of a sea battle in the 1600s. He was carried below, and forgotten for a few hours while the battle raged. When things quietened down, his fellow officers went to check on him. They found few remains. He had, it seemed, to have been eaten alive by the ship’s supply of starving pigs kept below decks. His equals may have mourned him: the other ranks were possibly less distressed. The two classes seldom had any great regard for each other.

11 June 1940: The Italian motor ship *Remo* was seized in Fremantle Harbour as a prize of war following Italy’s declaration of war.

The P&O liner *Canberra* was driven by electric motors run from steam turbine driven alternators.



Ships Of The State Shipping Service

by Jeff Thompson

No. 15 *Dulverton* Official Number: 179875

To further meet the demands of the post war expansion additional shipping tonnage was required to service the North West of the State. A newly built 'D' class cargo ship, *Dulverton* was chartered from the Australian Shipping Board in 1948.

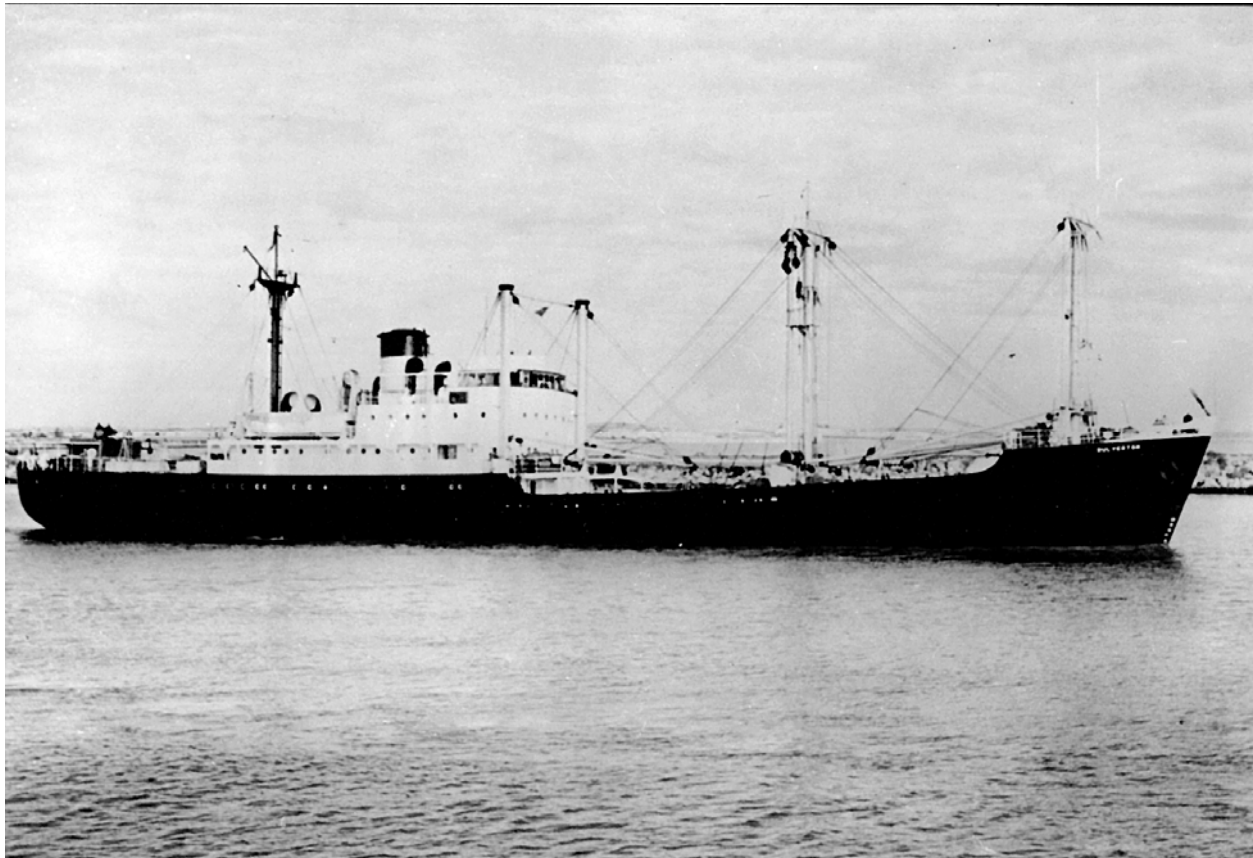
The *Dulverton* was built by Evans Deakin & Co Ltd , Brisbane on order from the Australian Shipbuilding Board under a wartime shipbuilding programme as the 8th vessel to be completed of the 'D' class general cargo ships. She was delivered in June 1948 of 2,280 gross registered tons, 2,851 deadweight tons, and being 85.02 metres overall , 14.1 metres breadth with 6.0 metres draft. Fitted with an oil fired 4 cylinder Lentz compound steam engine of 1,800 indicated horse power and having a single screw.

In July 1954 the *Dulverton* was purchased by the State Shipping Service. In the early 1960's the ship transported much equipment and cement for the Ord River Diversion Dam then under con-

struction. Being fitted out in 1961 to carry bulk cement, the first Australian flagged vessel to do so. Between February and June 1966 extensive alterations , including the formation of a shelter deck forward, new electric generators and winches were carried out at Fremantle. This increased the gross tonnage to 2,845. *Dulverton* continued to operate on the northern coastal service.

In September 1971 *Dulverton* was sold to Wan Lung Navigation Co, Hong Kong and renamed *Wan Chang*. In early 1973 it was sold to Goodwill Navigation Co Ltd and renamed *Goodwill*. In 1975 sold to Union Pacific Navigation Co Ltd and Liengkui Navigation S.A. , Panama and renamed *Liengkui* and later that year sold to Summit Shipping Line, Panama.

On the 29th June 1975 the vessel developed leaks in the engine room in the Straits of Malacca on voyage Penang to Khorramshahr with general cargo. The next day the ship was abandoned and subsequently disappeared and presumably sank.





Airborne Lifeboats

During World War II a great number of British airmen were shot down and landed in the sea. At the beginning of the war they relied solely on circular inflatable rubber rafts that were capable of keeping them afloat, but impossible to use to travel to a safe destination. As a consequence many were picked up by the Germans or perished because no one could find them to rescue them. The famous naval architect, Uffa Fox, was helping design the life-raft when he realised that what was required was a proper life-boat.

His initial design was for a folding boat that could be dropped by parachute. The parachute, on opening, would unfold the boat and struts would lock it open. However his idea for this was to no avail as the only aircraft then available to drop the boat, a Hudson, had insufficient room in the bomb-bay due to the struts that operated the bomb-bay doors. He immediately decided that what was required would have to be a rigid boat, shaped to be streamlined and to be slung on a bomb hook underneath the aircraft, much like an aerial torpedo. It had to be capable of being dropped from the aircraft, land on the water undamaged, and then take the crew of a downed bomber (who may not have any idea of sailing) safely to land, sustaining them with food, water and shelter on the way.

The start of the design process was to put chalk marks beneath a Hudson and then take off its lines in the area of the bomb-bay. The necessity for this was that the boat had to fit hard against the fuselage so that the air would not force it off, and to ensure the best streamlining so that it would not impede the plane's flight. Fox took the measurements back to his office on the Isle of Wight, arriving there late at night. He started work straight away and by the time his draughtsmen came to work the next morning he had designed the boat and they commenced drawing the plans. Later that day the lines, offsets, displacement and overall weight when loaded had been calculated and the builders commenced building the prototype only 24 hours after taking the lines off the Hudson.

The finished craft had a length overall of 23 feet, was 22 feet on the waterline, a beam of 5 feet 6

inches and a draught of 9 inches. It weighed half a ton and had clothing and food for ten men. Fitted with a mast with mainsail and jib, and two Britannia inboard-outboard engines, each of 4 h.p., the boat was capable of 8 knots under sail and 7 knots under power. The boat was divided into twenty-four water-tight compartments, which also acted as storage units for the food, water, clothing, oars, signalling lamp, waterproof torch, signal pistol & cartridges, heliograph, radio transmitter, two kites, cups, cigarettes, fishing kits, matches, drogue, repair outfit, knife, charts, first aid kit, and, most importantly, an instruction book.

To prevent breaking up when the boat hit the sea after being dropped from a height of 700 feet and a speed of 110 knots, the parachute was attached in such a way that the boat hit the water in a 30° bow down angle. The speed at which the boat hit the water was eighteen knots. Just prior to hitting the water an explosion fired a drogue out on a long line. The drogue entered the water before the boat and helped ensure the boat faced into the wind as it hit, and also that it did not drift away from the men awaiting rescue. After landing another explosion blew the parachute free, and then a further explosion blew lines out in a radiating pattern so that men could grab them and pull themselves towards the craft. The boat was self-righting, as immediately it left the plane carbon dioxide cartridges inflated a turtle deck fore and aft, 6 feet long, which rose 2 feet 6 inches above the gunwale. These two chambers also made little cabins in which to shelter wounded men.

The complete project from initial idea, the scrapping of that idea and re-thinking the design, through final design, and then prototype building and sea trials (rowing, self-righting, sailing and engine trials), was completed within three weeks; while the time for actual drop testing and the commencement of full production was less than a further week. The first use of the boat was when the entire crew of eight from a Halifax bomber shot down near the Dutch coast were saved.

A little later a larger and more powerful plane, a Vickers Warwick, was produced and Uffa Fox designed a 30-foot lifeboat to be carried by this aircraft. It had a 30-foot waterline length, a beam of

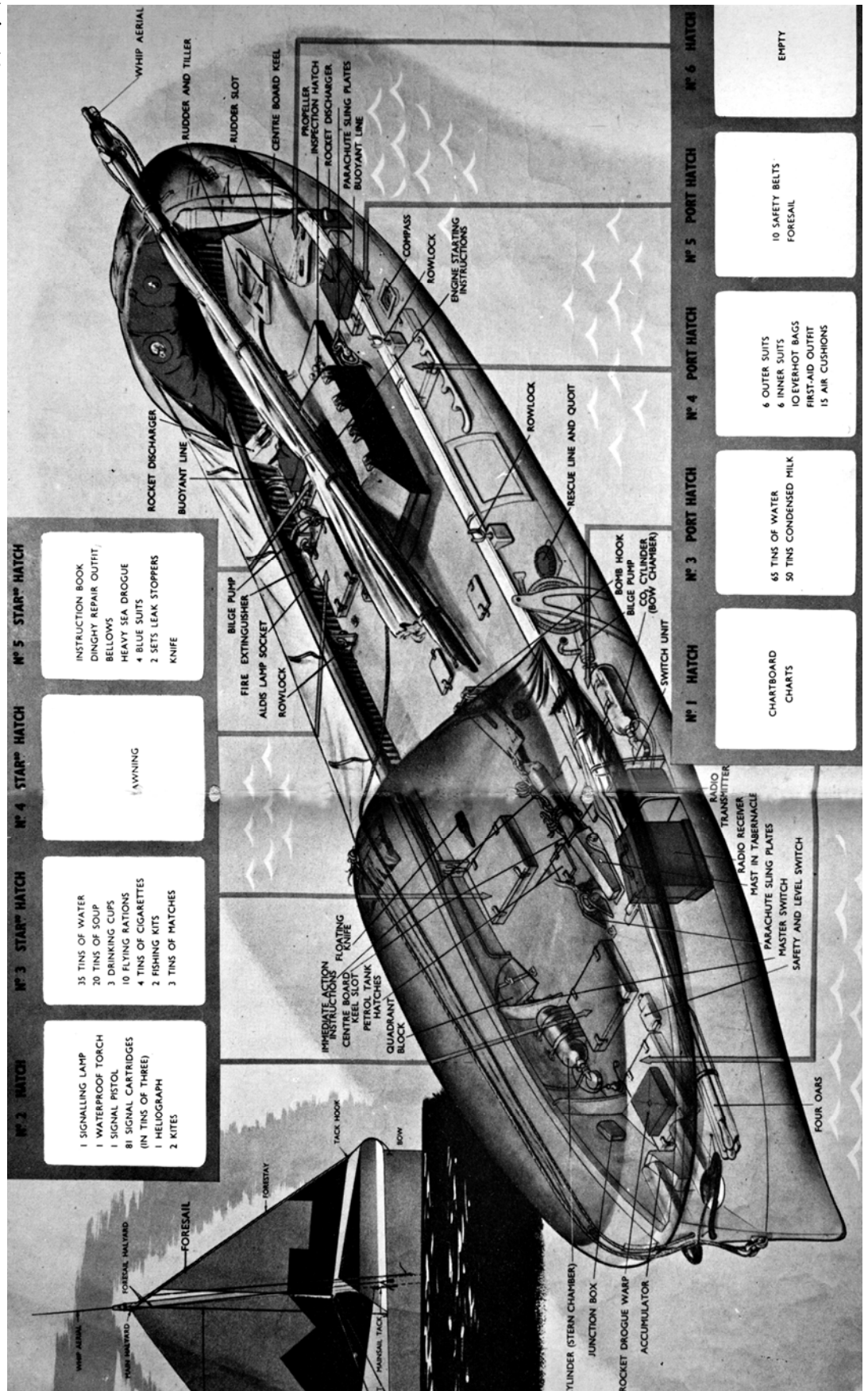


6 feet, a displacement of three-quarters of a ton, and, with a 16h.p. Austin engine, a range of 500 miles under power. This boat was even equipped with a waterproof set of playing cards! These Airborne Lifeboats saved many, many allied lives during the war, but very little has ever been told regarding their design and development.

Reference

Fox, U 1968, *Seamanlike Sense in Powercraft*. Peter Davies, London.

Peter Worsley





MESSING ABOUT IN SMALL BOATS

Part 10 of Nick Burningham's Memoir

Nick is staying in unlovely Surabaya waiting for perahu from the island of Jinato, onto which he will load sea chests and chandlery.

I spent my days hanging around other *perahu* and talking to the crews. With not much to do, particularly in the evenings, I started keeping a sporadic diary. After a few days I removed to a hill resort.

Sept 26th I'm in Malang waiting for a boat. Since Malang is 440 metres above sea-level and about 100 miles inland it might appear that I'm wasting my time. The vessel I'm waiting for is HATI SANTALIA from Jinato. She should have arrived in Surabaya last week. Rather than wait in hot, teeming Surabaya I'm living cheaply in the hills from where I can telephone to the shipping agent in Surabaya.

The plan is that with the help of Syaharir, the captain, I should buy several hundred bolts, a coil of steel cable, boat nails, sail cloth, anchors, chain, rope, and heaps of other stuff. This pile of cheap chandlery will be loaded onto HATI SANTALIA along with Dan's sea chest and mine which I have brought here from Bali. In the event that SANTALIA does not arrive, I'll be in a right mess, stuck in Surabaya with more luggage than three people can carry.

On Monday I went to the harbour to look for HATI SANTALIA. I asked aboard two vessels that I recognised as being built in Jampea. On both vessels the crew knew SANTALIA and spoke highly of her speed and of Haji Pehiring's expertise in building fast and powerful sailing vessels.

I'm looking forward to returning to Jinato. By the time I get there I'll have to go straight to Ujung Pandang to get a visa extension. We are very lucky to have had the opportunity to live on Jinato. Much is written about such idyllic societies, but few of us have the chance to experience them. Jinato is an island that is entirely free of government and law enforcement authorities. There is no crime on Jinato. Some of the fishing techniques are illegal, but in the absence of law enforcement they are not criminal. Theft would be very difficult. On an island of perhaps a quarter of a square mile and a maximum elevation of about six feet there is nowhere to hide. There are no shops and almost no money in regular circulation on the island. Any thief would have to flee the island and the people of Jinato are too content to trade their island home for a haul of gold. It would be quite possible to make off with a large haul. The two Hajjis have plenty of gold, several thousand dollars worth adorn the young children.

{Because our project was the construction of a gaff-rigged *perahu lambo* I was interested in the few that remained in use.}

The ketch rigged *lambo* is not quite extinct. I saw a new ketch in Ujung Pandang and again in Surabaya. A fairly long vessel of about fifty or sixty tons. She might have

been started as a small *lambo-pinis* (carrying a standing gaff and topsail ketch rig). She was in fact rigged with jib and staysail, and gunter sails on both masts. The relatively high aspect ratio sails have to be cut slightly differently, the bolt rope down the leach must be slack and the head of the sail cut hollow. Without a headboard such a sail becomes very full at the head.

The crew acknowledged that with the gunter sails on the ketch rig the sail area was necessarily small and the tops of the sails pull very little. The rig was slow in light winds and not good to windward. I asked if gaff rig would give better results. The captain said he would like a gaff main and gunter mizzen. I didn't really ascertain why they had chosen the ketch rig. They said she was much better in heavy weather which would certainly be true. But if that is a real consideration in Indonesian conditions why do so few boats carry such a rig.

The question of performance in heavy conditions could be one that Indonesians unwisely ignore. . . There were two dismantled *lambo* and two with their masts carried away at the hounds in Ujung Pandang in August. I believe it is not an unusual situation for dismantled *lambo* to be fitting new masts in any large port during the east monsoon as well as during the more violent west monsoon.

One of the dismantled vessels was HATI NORMAL [previously owned by Haji Pehiring]. She had loaded forty tonnes of flour in sacks. They left the hold empty forward of the mast but filled her up to the top of the cabin roof midships. Sailing with no more than 450mm of freeboard at the lowest point of the sheer she is a powerful vessel and able to point, perhaps, higher than any other *lambo*. She was beating very hard and pitching violently into steep head seas in the tide race off Tana Keke when her samson post splintered under sheering load from the bowsprit. [The heel of the bowsprit was tenoned into the samson post.] As she pitched the bowsprit flew aft, the mast snapped at deck level and crashed down, flung aft by the pitching and dragged down by the backstays and the mainsail. It struck the lee side of the boom-crutch/canopy support structure. The lee upright was driven down through the massive beam that it was tenoned into, splitting the beam and shattering the planking where the beam passed through the hull. Luckily they found the hole in the planking before too much water got in. No other structural damage was done. She was lucky too in being spotted by JINATO JAYA and towed back to Ujung Pandang.

The mast was re-stepped in a new tabernacle on deck, and she was rerigged within a week. No change of rig was considered for HATI NORMAL

[QUOTE FROM JOURNAL ENDS]



Both HATI SANTALIA and HATI GEMBIRA arrived in Surabaya eventually. Freights to Surabaya were high at that time, but there was an extra risk involved in sailing to Surabaya in 1979 because longshore pirates were operating in Madura Strait, the approach to Surabaya. HATI GEMBIRA was pirated; the pirates took all the cash on board as well as the crew's watches, gold rings and best shirts. The pirates were armed with a semi-automatic rifle so the crew of HATI GEMBIRA did not attempt to resist. The captain of a Buton lambo who tried to prevent man-handling of his daughter had his lower arm almost severed by a blow from a machete. When the two Jinato perahu left Surabaya they sailed in convoy with an armed soldier on board HATI GEMBIRA and military uniforms and dummy guns issued to half the crew of both vessels. The soldier was put ashore at the eastern end of Java. My sailing back to Sulawesi on either perahu was impossible.

I wrote in my journal.

8th October Back in Ujung Pandang after a quick vacation in Bali and a short cruise on an Indonesian liner.

My intention was to sail back to Jinato with HATI SANTALIA, however, she wasn't ready to sail until 4th October which left me unable to sail to Jinato and then to up to Ujung Pandang before visa extension time. Therefore, I decided to take a cruise to Ujung Pandang on one of Pelni Line's marvelous ships. The TOBELO isn't actually a liner, it's a rusted out old freighter, probably a prototype Liberty ship. I cruised deck class with a couple of hundred Indonesians. I was adopted by a young Buginese man who decided it was unbecoming for me to have to queue for my meals. Whenever I did queue he would grab my meal ticket and rush to the head of the queue with it. When I wouldn't let him have the ticket he just went to counter and got the meal, then he got the ticket from me and took it to the counter. The meals were not great: gritty rice, chilly sauce, and a little square of salted fish skin, slightly rotten.

Dan and Vicky flew to Ujung Pandang. Obtaining our third visa extensions there involved unpleasant dealings with a haughty and corrupt Immigration officer of Balinese origins. Once that was sorted out we looked in the perahu harbour for a means of getting back to Jinato.

We came across the motor-sailer OMEGA III from Mola, a Bajo "Sea Gypsy" community in the Tukang Besi islands. I knew her captain and owner Haji Idris who sometimes carried live turtles to Benoa, Bali. Idris was happy to take us to Jinato, and, typically Bajo he was happy to shout loudly about it to everyone in Pao Tere. He and his Bajo crew were so noisy that sometimes it seemed as if the cabin of their small perahu was an amplifier turned up loud. They weren't going to sail for a few days so we hung around Ujung Pandang and visited Pao Tere harbour each day.

One day when we went down to Pao Tere we found JINATO JAYA tied up next to OMEGA III with Haji Syukri and Haji Pehiring on board. Haji Syukri always seemed a larger than life character — there were stories about his superhuman feats in circulation in those days — but alongside Haji Idris he seemed a little demure. We took passage to Jinato on JINATO JAYA rather than OMEGA III.

And a day or two after getting back to Jinato, Dan and I took passage down to Bonerate to check progress on our perahu. We went on a very small motor-sailing perahu leaving Jinato in the night and navigating by something like Braille. In those days, a small perahu carried no compass. The course for Bonerate was steered using star bearings, guess and physical contact with everything between Jinato and Bonerate. We touched the bottom crossing the sandbank at the southern end of Jinato, then bumped across the sandbank called Bungikamassi about 15 miles to the south showing that we were right on course for Bonerate. Before dawn we reached Bonerate and went aground on the edge of the anchorage there.

HATI SENANG [Contented Heart] as we intended to call our new perahu, was progressing well. The hull was planked almost to the sheer and many of the frames were already fitted. Djumain was having difficulty finding some of the very bent and twisted shapes for the planks around the stern. At Bonerate planks are cleft from trees, not sawn, and any shape in the plank should be natural grown shape, not induced by bending the plank.

Back at Jinato we decided that we would soon have to return to Australia to earn some more funds. We would return to Jinato the following dry season. Our plan was to fly back to Darwin from Bali. However, one morning, seeing a very small but shapely double-ended lambo on the beach at Jinato, and being told she was for sale, I had another idea. Within a day or two we had bought SEJARAH ISLAM ("History of Islam") for Rp 210,000 (about \$300).



Then Dan and I went up to the mainland to buy a stove, a lamp, torch batteries and other gear we would need for a voyage down to Australia. We took passage



on HARAPAN JAYA, a larger double-ended lambo from Jinato owned by Haji Syukri's cousin Onseng. She was taking a load of salt-dried fish to Bulukumba. As far as I can remember we had an easy passage up to the mainland, calling at Kayuadi on the way, but we had a little difficulty getting up the silted river to Bulukumba. We sailed into the river near the top of the tide, passing the wreck of a small Bonerate perahu that had missed the un-marked entrance in heavy weather. The river ran parallel to the beach for a mile or so giving us a run with the wind dead astern up to Bulukumba. (The following year the heavily silted river broke through the beach much closer to the town of Bulukumba. South Sulawesi has a very rapidly changing coastline: oral history records a time when South Sulawesi was an island separate from the rest of Sulawesi.) A couple of hundred metres into the river, the deep laden perahu started bumping along the bottom and soon stopped. Most of the crew, including Dan and me, jumped overboard to lighten her and started pushing. We got her over the sandbank and then held on, dragging astern, as she sailed to the next bank where we pushed again. Eventually we got HARAPAN JAYA, up to Bulukumba, whence Dan and I set off on our shopping expedition.

I still have the shopping list — the complete list of everything we thought necessary for fitting out and provisioning a cruising yacht. The first five items on the list were the gifts needed for Djumain to perform the ceremony of drilling HATI SENANG's *poci* (navel) which gives life to a newly built perahu.

Songkok [black Indonesian hat]

sarong

gold ring

white shirt

3 metres of white cloth

4 ring bolts [for HATI SENANG]

nylon thread for sailmaking

sailmaking needles

a brace and bit

a hand saw

hammer

10kg of 8cm galvanised nails

paint brushes

2 plastic buckets

dammar [resin from *Shorea* sp. trees used for paying deck seams]

kerosene stove

jerry cans

funnels

cooking pots

wok

knife

machete

mugs

transistor radio [for time signals]

torch

batteries

plastic sheet

kerosene lamp

matches and lighters

rice

sticky rice

palm sugar

sugar

cooking oil

tea

spoons

powdered milk

dried fruit

peanuts

fishing lines

paint [for HATI SENANG]

kerosene

eggs

When we returned to Bulukumba we found Onseng's perahu fairly deep laden with bricks that Haji Syukri had ordered — he wanted to build a school on Jinato for his children. After a day or two Onseng and his crew sailed out of the river on the top of a spring tide and sailed round the coast to the beach west of Bulukumba where Dan and I could embark without alarming the harbourmaster. Onseng also wanted to load some more bricks. He hadn't been able to take on the full load in the river because he wouldn't have been able to get out of the river deep laden. We spent an afternoon lightening bricks off the beach in the dugout canoe. By the time the hold was completely full the aft deck was at the waterline — there was zero freeboard.



Dan and I were not the only passengers. Also taking passage were a woman from Jinato and her teenage daughter. In order that there could be no suggestion of impropriety, the ladies slept in the cabin and



everyone else slept on deck. The cook, who was about the same age as the daughter, was obviously smitten with love. He crooned tuneless love songs into the cabin at night and walked around with an obvious tumescence bulging his thin cotton shorts for much of the day. Probably for that reason, the ladies chose to stay in the hot stuffy cabin all day as well as at night.

Living on deck was uncomfortable. The first night out, in a rain squall, we dropped the plastic mainsail and lay under folds of it, feeling the cold rainwater trickling through. It was a very slow and difficult passage: nothing but dead calms and short sharp squalls that left us soaked. On the sixth night, still less than a hundred miles from our departure, there was a prolonged and violent squall which kicked up quite a sea. HARAPAN JAYA's aft deck was surrounded by gunwales which had inadequate clearing ports (although she was a double-ended lambo her stern was built in the style of a perahu bago – see part 1 for a bago) and, because she was overladen, the aft deck became flooded with water that sloshed back and forth, across the deck, with each roll. And with each roll some of it sloshed into the cabin, and thus down into the hold. The cargo of low-fired clay bricks soaked up much of the water that got into the hold, so the cargo got heavier and heavier and the perahu settled even deeper in the water. When the squall passed, it was still raining and miserable on deck, and HARAPAN JAYA, was rolling heavily. The night was very dark with lightning portending further squalls. It seemed likely that we would sink within a few hours or during the next squall unless we jettisoned part of the cargo. At that point, Onsen, the captain and owner who would incur the financial loss if part of the cargo was jettisoned, shrugged his shoulders and went to lie down in the dry cabin, soon followed by most of the crew. We were a few miles off the southeast coast of Salayar, an isolated area where, Onsen believed, we would be killed if we went ashore.

We were lucky that there were no more squalls. In the morning the weather changed and we beam-reached away from Salayar, on course for Jinato with a gentle southwesterly breeze, and without having to jettison any cargo.

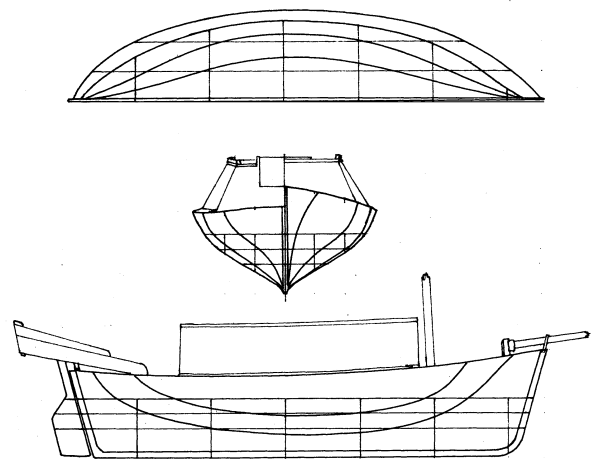
Back on Jinato we made new sails for SEJARAH ISLAM, somewhat smaller than the racing rig that she was equipped with. We caulked the cabin roof and made preparations for our voyage down to Darwin: a voyage that would be made in December, during the first weeks of the wet northwest monsoon.

SEJARAH ISLAM needed plenty of ballast. She would only just stand up at anchor without ballast. Haji Syukri suggested that rather than ballast with coral or sand we should take a cargo of timber. He had a cubic metre of baulks of kayu merbau (Intsia bijuga) available. Merbau (also known as “kwila” in Australia)

is a dark, dense timber, very highly regarded for furniture making in Indonesia.

Before we departed the women of Jinato asked if we could take SEJARAH ISLAM for a picnic trip to the neighbouring islet of Lantigian. On the morning of the picnic about a dozen women arrived carrying pots of food, rope and machetes. We sailed over to the uninhabited island where the ladies waded ashore and strode off in all directions into the scrub chopping away with their machetes. In an hour or two they had amassed far more firewood than SEJARAH ISLAM appeared capable of loading. Then we ate the picnic. We also searched the rocks exposed at low tide for oysters, carrying dried palm fronds. The fronds are used as torches to briefly scorch the oysters so that they opened.

After we'd eaten and tea had been brewed, we began loading. Soon SEJARAH ISLAM was full up to the top of the cabin roof. Ropes were then made fast on either side of the cabin to secure huge bundles projecting outboard. The only space left for the ladies and their picnic gear was on top of the cabin. With the huge load and the passengers all up top SEJARAH ISLAM was hopelessly unstable. It was lucky that we had a following wind for the return to Jinato because we were only able to set the jib and even then SEJARAH almost lay on her side.



Haji Syukri's cubic metre of timber was rather more ballast than we needed. By the time it was all loaded there wasn't much room left in the cabin and there was only a few inches of freeboard on the aft deck. In retrospect I don't know why we didn't leave some of the timber behind, we were definitely overladen. Indeed the cabin sole was closer to the cabin roof than intended, and it had never given more than sitting headroom.



Emma C Berry

An article by Brian Lemon, which first appeared in *Model Shipwright* No. 138, on the building of a model of a fishing smack.

The *Emma C Berry* was built in 1866 as a sloop-rigged 'well' smack for Mackerel Fisheries in Noank, Connecticut, USA. Back in those days such vessels carried a large gaff mainsail and a single jib as working sails. A gaff topsail and jib topsail were set in light weather. The *Emma* was converted later to schooner rig, as were many of these craft after the middle of the nineteenth century. She was a very good representative of her type, measuring 47 feet

was left on the outside of the finished line to use for clamping and holding during construction. The eleven frames were set up at their stations on the keel, and a number of 6mm square stringers, spaced 1in apart, were set into the frames from transom to stem post, with the final one being at deck level. This framework was sanded smooth, and then 'plated' with 0.8mm three-ply, as opposed to longitudinal planking. Each plate was glued in position, with the edges covering half the



0 inches in length overall, with a beam of 14 feet 0 inches, and a draught of 6 feet.

The model

The model, built to a scale of 1:24 (1/2in = 1ft) from plans and photographs, shows the *Emma* as she was in 1866. The keel, stem and sternpost were cut as one piece from 6mm thick twelve-ply marine quality plywood. An extra 1in of material

width of a stringer and frame as appropriate. When fully plated it was smoothed off. The deck was laid, leaving areas clear in way off the 'well' grating and for the companionway and hand winch. After staining the deck, the deckhouses, etc., and the mast and its fittings, were made but not fixed permanently in place. Next the rudder and the tiller arm were made. Following this the gunwale was made and fitted. The model was now at a stage when the 1in of surplus material on



the keel and stempost could be cut away, and this was done.

The hull was given four coats of white undercoat, each being rubbed down before the next was applied. With the underwater body masked off, the upper part of the hull was given three coats of green. The underwater part of the hull after unmasking, was given three coats of anti-fouling red. As before, each coat was rubbed down before the next was put on. Self-adhesive narrow white 'pin striping' was used for the two white ribbands on the bulwark, and self-adhesive white letters for the name. The mast and bowsprit were secured permanently in position and rigged.

The finished model was mounted on a base of pitch pine, and two small engraved plaques giving some essential details of the *Emma* were added.

Background and history

Mackerel smacks from Noank and New London after the Civil War caught fish by hook and line or by using seine-nets (seining). These 'well' smacks like the *Berry* were able to keep their catch alive for several weeks. The hook and line vessels were specially fitted out for this task. Decks were cleared for the fishermen, who worked from the starboard side of the vessel.

As the lobster trade was gradually expanding, more and more of these boats changed over to this industry, and it is likely that the *Emma* was also caught up in this trade. A smack of her size would generally carry a crew of three or four when lobster fishing. It was around the 1880s that she was changed to schooner rig for easier handling. In 1894 she was sold to an owner in Maine, and worked there for many years. During this time she gradually deteriorated, and in 1924 she appeared to be 'fished out' and was abandoned on the mud flats of Beales Island. About two years later in 1926, she was saved by a new owner, who patched her up and she started a new career as a coaster, hauling coal, salt and dried fish along the coast of Maine. In 1931 she was once more left in a rather neglected state. However, *Emma* was saved again by a new owner, Mr Wade Dale, who had been attracted by her

fine lines. He sailed her sometimes as a yacht, and on other occasions as a freighter along the New Jersey coast. In 1969 he gave her to the Marine Historical Society as the last of her type, both as a Noank sloop and as a mackerel hook-and-line vessel. It is hard to believe, but in the years between 1820 and 1870 some 600 to 900 of these vessels were employed in the mackerel fishing industries. The *Emma C Berry* is the last of all these hundreds of craft. After being presented to the society in 1969 the ship carpenters, caulkers, painters and riggers have carefully and painstakingly worked to restore her to her original condition as a Noank 'well' smack of the 1860s.

As far as I am aware the *Emma C Berry* is still moored opposite the famous whale *Charles W Morgan* at Mystic Seaport Museum.



Deck detail on Brian's model of the *Emma C Berry*

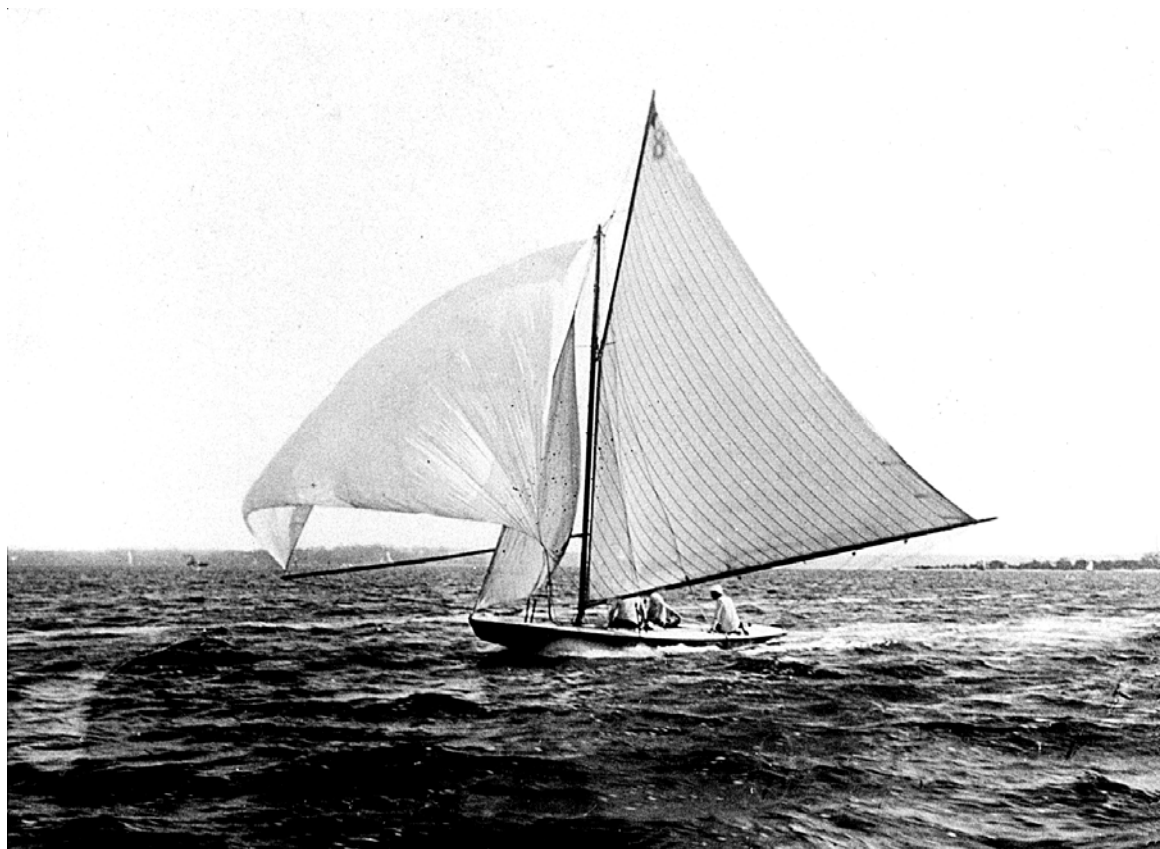


Early Swan River Yachts



The West

Westra





Lisbeth Coming to Anchor

An extract from *The Windjammers* by Oliver E. Allen (Time-Life Books, 1980).

To a windjammer man the very idea of being hauled around by a chuffing, smoking little tug was anathema. It was obviously necessary, of course, when entering a narrow, twisting harbor channel or when shunting around a congested harbor. But whenever and wherever humanly possible the windjammers did things on their own.

The sight of a great four-master sweeping into harbor, with all sails set, maneuvering under perfect control, was a spectacle that no one who had witnessed it, seaman or landlubber, was ever likely to forget. A flawless demonstration by the German *Lisbeth* in a port in Chile during the early years of the 20th century could still be recalled in every detail years later by an observer:

“Tocopilla Bay forms the segment of a circle, with a bluff headland at its northern extremity and an ugly reef of rocks stretching out to seaward from its southern end. The ships in port lay in a single tier, reaching from close under the lee of the reef to within a quarter of a mile of the headland, and at no great distance from the shore.

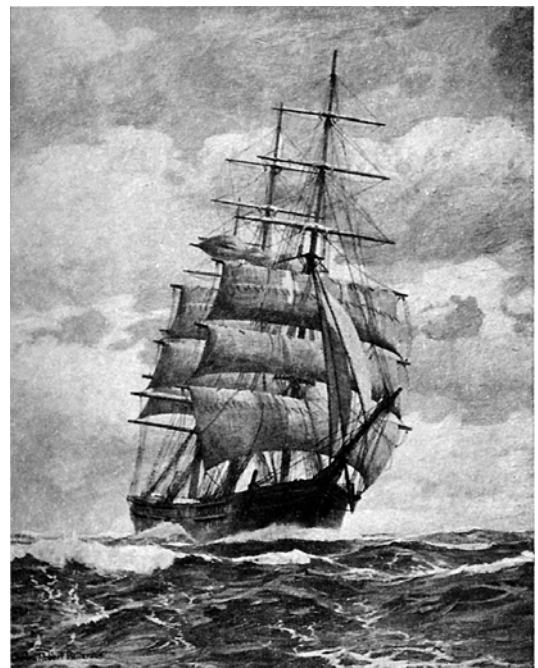
“One afternoon we saw a bark not far out in the offing standing boldly into the anchorage with every stitch of canvas set. She was heading straight in for the line of shipping before the town and coming along grandly, leaning steeply over, with a flashing bow-wave curling away on either side of her. To an onlooker from the port, it appeared as though she were determined to pile herself up.

“On she came, with never a sheet or a tack started. The men on the nearest ship ran out, thinking there would be a collision. The bark still came on, with no sign of shortening sail. Only, as she approached, she was observed to alter course slightly in order to head between the endmost vessel and the headland. It was magnificent, or monstrous foolhar-

diness, just precisely which was not apparent.

“The stranger stood unwaveringly in till she was within a few hundred yards of the nearest ship, and not more than a cable's length from the headland. Then we heard a whistle aboard her. Down went her helm, hard-a-port, topsail and topgallant halliards whined in the sheaves, staysail hanks tinkled swiftly down the stays, and the bark swept boldly down under the stern of the anchored shipping. With lessening momentum she stood straight down the narrow fairway between them and the shore. A minute or two more, and she ported again. Then, passing between the end ship and the southern reef, with her bows pointing fair out to sea, and her men furling sail like heroes, she let go her anchor and brought up, in the best berth in the harbor.”

Showmanship? No doubt. But that performance also took skill and nerve. It took men of singular devotion to sail, tough men with pride in great, powerful ships of swift, high loveliness that has not been matched since windjammers passed from the seas.





Sunk!!...By a Whale

The loss of the schooner *Pet* by Rod Dickson.

On the morning of November 20, 1820, aboard the American whaleship *Essex* commanded by Captain George Pollard; the crew were, as normal, called just before daylight to begin the days monotonous searching for the elusive sperm whales.

The ship had sailed from her home port of Nantucket, Massachusetts bound for the Pacific Ocean. Captain Pollard took her south through the Atlantic and rounded the Cape of Good Hope to cross the Indian Ocean. She passed south of Tasmania and then steered north-east towards the equator, to what was known as the Line Grounds. Once there the ship and her crew meandered around the ocean, not steering any particular course. Her position on this day is given as 0° 40' South; 119° 00' West.

As dawn broke the crew breakfasted and then went to their various jobs about the ship. Three men went aloft to their lookout stations on the fore and main mast tops, where iron hoops were positioned at chest height for the lookouts to lean into.

Early in the forenoon the for'ard lookout saw spouts in the distance and watched for them to appear again before hailing the deck with - "There She Blows, She Blows !"

There was instant motion on deck as the Captain ordered all hands to the boats. Six men stood by each of the three whale boats in the davits and began putting in the whaleline tubs, harpoons, lances, knives, hatchets, bailers, water breaker, food bag and etc. Everything that was required.

As the ship ran down towards the whales Captain Pollard ordered the main topsail aback to slow the progress. As soon as all was ready it was boats away. Each boat picked a particular whale in the pod to chase rather than have all three boats crowding after just one whale. The Mate, Owen Chase, was the first to sink his iron. He had chosen a large bull sperm whale and as it rose right under his bows he threw the iron with all his power. The six men in the boat all heard the dull

thud as it penetrated the whale's vitals. The whale made a whistling sound and began to dive to escape the men. As it did its mighty flukes rose up and as they came down smashed into the side of Chase's boat making a large hole in the starboard side. Quickly taking off their shirts and jackets the men plugged the hole and began bailing the water out. The line had been cut and the whale was freed so the men began the long row back to the *Essex*.

When they arrived alongside the boat was hoisted out of the water to effect repairs. The other two boats, led by Captain Pollard and the 2nd Mate were almost out of sight on the horizon still in chase.

Owen Chase was about to put a canvas patch over the hole in his boat when one of the seamen yelled urgently. Looking over the starboard side he could see a massive bull sperm whale spouting only a matter of a hundred yards away. All of a sudden the whale charged the ship Chase ordered the helm to be put up but too late the whale smashed into the side of the *Essex*. All the men could hear the timbers breaking apart and then the water pouring into the hole. But the whale was not finished! It was hurt and maddened by the blow and lay on the surface shaking its head.

Chase ordered the men to the pumps but before they could be got going the helmsman cried in alarm, "She's coming back." And back she came like an express train !

The second collision occurred on the starboard bow and once again the whale drove through the timbers, opening up another huge hole. The *Essex*, now doomed began to settle quickly. The spare boat was got over the side and some gear put into it. The men boarded the boat and pulled away just as the *Essex* rolled onto her beam ends and began to go down. Captain Pollard and the 2nd Mate having lost their whale were making their way back to the ship, not realising the drama that had unfolded before them. Owen Chase and his crew were already in the boats alongside the capsized vessel with what they could save of their



belongings when the other boats arrived. They were shocked at the news of what had happened to the ship in just a few short minutes.

After some of the most severe ordeals known to man just a few of the crew of the *Essex* were finally rescued and returned to their homes !

The story of the *Essex* is just one of a number where whales have deliberately attacked and sunk or badly damaged whaling ships.

What is generally not known is that 52 years after the above story a small West Australian built and registered schooner was also sunk by a rogue bull sperm whale.

PET; O/No. 75293 89.92 tons.
2 Masted Topsail Schooner. Dimensions - 85.58 x 19.5 x 8.17 feet. Built at Fremantle by Robert Wrightson during 1876.

In 1882 she was owned by Wrightson, W.D. Moore and Simpson as partners.

On March 7, 1882 Charles Howard, Inspector of Police of the Vasse Sub District sent a report to his Superiors in Perth, as follows :-

I have to report that on Sunday 5th Inst, William Henrietta, Mate: William Bull, Ernest Moore, Henry Green, William Muldoon and Benjamin Nelson of the Schooner Pet bound for Adelaide laden with timber, arrived at Hamelin Harbour at 2½ pm in an open boat and boarded the Barque Agincourt.

William Henrietta, the Mate, reports as follows - The Schooner Pet, Peter Littlejohn, Master, went down 50 miles South West from the Leeuwin at 4½ pm on March 4, 1882.

It appears the vessel was struck by a large Sperm Whale on the star-board bow and went down almost immediately. The Master, Peter Littlejohn rushed into the cabin to procure something but did not return as the vessel was almost under water when he entered. The above seamen took to the long boat and

pulled about where the Pet went down in the hope of seeing Littlejohn's body afloat but no success.

They picked up two live sheep which floated out of the Pet and took them into the boat. This was all they had in the shape of food. They did not make use of them but brought them alive on board the Agincourt; so that they were without food and water until their boarding the Agincourt at Hamelin Harbour

*Signed - Thomas Carroll; Lance Corporal
Hamelin Sub Station; 6/3/1882.*

The Pet a schooner of 90 tons, bound from Bunbury to Adelaide with TU-ART. She was loaded down to within 20 inches of her topsides with green tuart, which sinks like lead and is the heaviest timber grown here.

Charles Howard; Inspector; Vasse District.

Subsequently on March 13 and 14 an Inquiry was held at the Busselton Court House to establish the cause of the sinking of the schooner *Pet* and to inquire into the death of Captain Peter Littlejohn. Each of the survivors was individually questioned by the presiding Board of Inquiry, whose members were, J. S. Harris, esq.; Sub Collector and Doctor Bompas, J.P. Following is the evidence given by the Mate, William Henrietta.

Preliminary Inquiry held at Busselton, W.A. This 13th Day of March, 1882 into the loss of the Schooner Pet before J. S. Harris, esq; Acting Collector of Customs and C. S. Bompas, J. P.

William Henrietta sworn, saith, I was Mate of the Pet. I joined her on the 9th February last at Fremantle. I have been Master of the Dolphin; Jessie; Annie; Agnes and other vessels on this coast. We loaded the Pet with Tuart at Fatfields and finished



loading at Bunbury and sailed from Bunbury on the 1st inst - we had quite sixty loads of timber on board, all Tuart.

At noon on the 1st inst; Cape Naturaliste bore SE distant about 5 miles - we stood off SSW until Friday afternoon then went about and stood to the eastward at about 4 pm. Light winds were prevailing from 4 pm until Saturday. On the afternoon of Saturday we shaped our course SEbyE about 4.25 pm. I was below and my attention was called by the man at the wheel crying out - "here is a large whale close to us."

I ran on deck and saw the wake of the whale about ten fathoms on our starboard bow. I intended to go forward and before I reached the end of the poop. he struck us. I knew by the crash of the timber some serious damage had occurred to the vessel.

I gave orders to sound the pumps, all the men were on deck with the exception of the Captain. I saw the whale lying alongside the vessel apparently stunned, also pieces of planking belonging to the vessel floating about. I gave orders to cut the lashings of the boat. We had two boats on the main hatch. I went forward to inspect the damage and found that the whole of the starboard bow from the cat-head to the starboard fore rigging was stove in and the water rushing in.

I immediately ran aft and said "never mind the pumps", we must get the boat over the side. I assisted to get them over, while doing so the Captain came out of his cabin, which was a house on deck and asked what all the noise was about. I replied, "we have been struck by a whale and are foundering." He disbelieved it so I requested him to look for himself. The bowsprit and windlass being under water at this time. We had been going at the rate of 6 knots.

The Captain appeared stupified. We launched the boat, all the crew were present helping, we put oars into the boat. I instructed the four men who were in her to get clear of the vessel. I threw several more oars overboard. About this time the water was a foot over the main hatch. One of the men called out I have got the row-locks. I then jumped onto the poop. The Captain had hold of a lifeline and was looking forward at the vessel going down.

I called to him, "you had better jump into the boat." but he made no answer. I repeated this to him and he turned around and looked aft and said. "bring the boat here." I called to the Cook to bring the boat alongside to enable the Captain to get in, but the men in the boat said, "No, we shall be drawn down by the sinking vessel." I walked aft and got out on the stern.

Her rudder and about 8 or 10 feet of the keel was out of the water at this time, looking forward her fore topsail had taken aback as she was going down and broke off at the fore topmast - short at the cap. I dived right astern as far as I could from the vessel - Green also did the same. When I got to the surface the vessel had disappeared.

I did not see the Captain after speaking to him. We were out of sight of land and according to my reckoning about 50 miles SW of Cape Leeuwin. The vessel foundered about 4.30 pm. We remained at the spot for some time amongst the wreckage which continually came up, looking for the Captain. We took two sheep into the boat.

I was aware that the course to be steered was NE and I steered that course by the moon as nearly as I could. We sighted land at daylight, Cape Leeuwin and I think we were



quite 20 miles away. I told the men I would make for Port Hamelin where we arrived about 2.30 pm on Sunday. There was a very nasty sea running all night and rain squalls from the SW, the wind favourable for us.

I should say the whale was 60 or 70 feet long, the largest whale I have seen of the sort, we had seen no sign of whales before this one.

Before the whale struck I had been below reading. I stowed the vessel myself and she was well stowed. The Tuart was green timber and the vessel was very deep, I consider deeper laden than I like to see. She showed nineteen or twenty inches from her covering board to the water. She was not lively after we passed the Naturaliste. She was a good weatherly vessel.

The Captain never had been in any difficulty and I know positively that he held his certificate.

I have been off and on a Master of Coasters for 8 years. I can take bearings in the ordinary way and have been to sea for eighteen years. I was in charge and took two vessels to the pearling grounds and could have taken the Pet to Adelaide myself.

I believe green Tuart weighs two tons to the load and we had about 120 tons on board, 450 pieces.

The Pet had a half poop with a house on deck, half on the main deck and half on the poop. I believe the whale did not know we were in his road, he struck us with his head. I do not consider that from the time the whale struck until the vessel went down was more than three minutes. I cannot say whether Captain Littlejohn could swim.

Signed - William Henrietta.

Before - J. S. Harris; R.M.

C. S. Bompas J.P.



Kobenhaven Wreck

From the *Daily Commercial News & Shipping List* for 24 April 1934

Wreckage which is believed to be from the lost Danish training ship *Kobenhaven* has been sighted 350 miles south of Cape Leeuwin by the master of the 4-m barque *Lawhill*, which is now loading wheat at Port Adelaide for the United Kingdom. The *Kobenhaven*, which was a five-masted vessel, and was said to be the largest sailing ship in the world, was manned by a crew of cadets. She was lost while sailing from Buenos Aires to Melbourne, no trace of her having been discovered. The distance direct from Buenos Aires to Cape Leeuwin is 8,500 miles.

Editor's note: The British built five-masted barque *Kobenhaven* was launched in 1921, and with a length of 354' 2" and a displacement of 3,965 tons was the largest sailing vessel ever built in Britain. She carried a crew of 17 plus 60 apprentices or cadets.



QUIZ

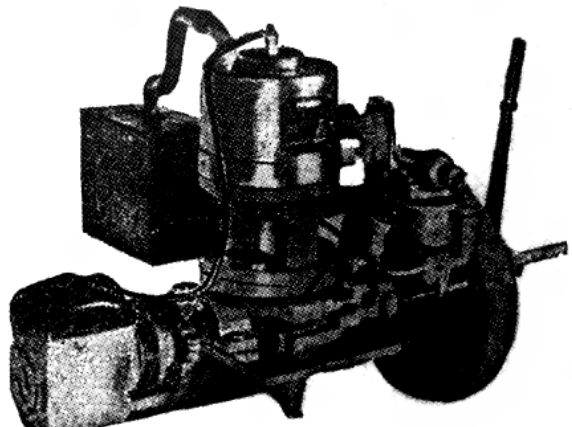
Answers to December

1. The cruiser HMAS *Australia* defeated the *Emden* on 9 November 1914 at the Cocos Keeling Islands
2. Hawley Shoal was named for the vessel that struck there in 1883.
3. The nock of a sail is the foremost upper corner of a trapezoidal shaped sail.

Questions

1. On what date did Ensign Mingault on behalf of Francois Alesno St Allouarn (commander of the *Gros Ventre*) lay claim to Western Australia?
2. What is a snotter?
3. How many masts has a brigantine?

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