

MARITIME HERITAGE ASSOCIATION JOURNAL

Volume 28, No. 1. March 2017

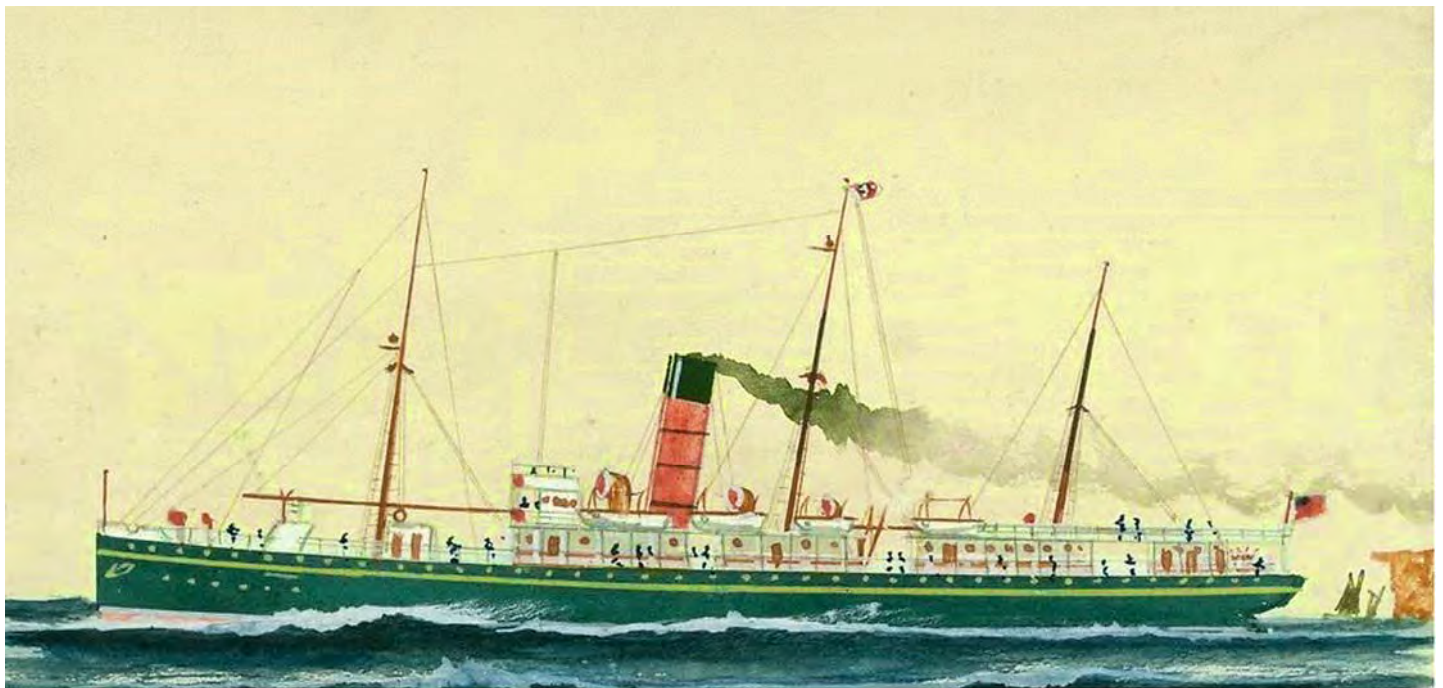
Website: www.maritimeheritage.org.au

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

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The steamer Warrimoo which registered a bizarre set of coincidences.

See article page 8





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

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Annual General Meeting

Where: 12 Cleopatra Drive, MANDURAH

When: 10.00am, Sunday 2 April 2017

How: Don't forget the train option

(For details contact Peter and Jill,
or Julie Taylor on 0432 618 879)

Come for morning tea and stay for lunch



**For catering purposes please let Jill or Peter know at:
mha.editor@gmail.com or 9586 9003**



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!)



Between 1947 and 1971, the Montrose Chemical Company dumped residue from sloppy manufacturing that averaged 600 pounds of raw DDT a day into the ocean off Los Angeles. Parts of the ocean floor still have over 300 parts per million—the world's greatest known DDT hot spot.

Rowell, G., 2001.

The famous author of books on the sea, Joseph Conrad, was born in Poland in 1857 and named Jozef Teodor Konrad Nalecz Korzenlowski.

According to Alexander Starbuck, writing in 1878, for every barrel of oil a right whale yielded it would average 8–10lbs of whalebone.

In the 16 years 1799–1815, 150 Royal Navy ships were damaged by lightning. One out of eight strikes set fire to rigging and sails, 70 men were killed and 130 wounded by the lightning. Ten ships had been completely disabled. In 1798 HMS *Resistance* had been blown up by lightning. As a consequence Sir William Snow Harris introduced lightning conductors on masts.

The amphibious 6-wheeled army truck used during World War II and known as a DUKW was designed by Sparkman & Stephens in conjunction with General Motors. The name DUKW comes from an old General Motors naming terminology; D for the initial model year of 1942, U for utility, K for all-wheel drive and W for dual rear axles. Over 21,000 were built between 1942 and 1945.

The massive Mount Toba volcanic eruption of 74,000 years ago unleashed a 40-m tidal wave that even had an effect in the English Channel.

A generalized outline of the Australian coast shows about 15,000 km of coast, but if measured much more accurately the coastline is over 130,000 km in length. This gives it one of the longest coastlines of any country in the world. If

the many islands are included, these add another 24,000 km.

The USS *Constitution* carried 48,600 gallons of fresh water for the 475 crew. On 27 July 1798 it sailed from Boston and on 6 October took on 68,300 gallons of rum at Jamaica. On 12 November it took on 64,300 gallons of Portuguese wine at the Azores. On 26 January 1799 it sailed into the Firth of Clyde, Scotland, and a landing party captured a whisky distillery. 40,000 gallons of single malt whisky was taken on board. The *Constitution* arrived back in Boston on 20 February 1799 with 38,600 gallons of fresh water on board.

One reason why the East Indiamen were so slow was that the practice prevailed, and was encouraged by the Company, of making all snug for the night. No matter how fine the weather might be, or how favourable the wind, the royals and in some cases the topgallant sails were taken in, and the ship dawdled along under easy canvas till daylight came and the sails could be set again.

Fletcher, R.A., 1928

John Lort Stokes writing in his journal of the arrival of HMS *Beagle* off Fremantle on 15 November 1837 noted:

The only landmark visible in approaching the anchorage is the Jail: rather a singular pharos for a settlement in Australia, which boasts its uncontaminated state. This building I afterwards induced the Governor to have white-washed, and it now forms an excellent mark to point out the river, as well as the town.

Winds are named from whence they blow,
And currents named from where they go.

Francis Drake's voyage round the world from 1577 to 1580 was very profitable, paying investors £47 for every £1 invested.



My Time on *Singa Betina*

The eighth episode of Ted Whiteaker's story, continued from December 2016.

Approaching Macquarie Strait, the passage separating South Goulburn Island and the mainland, we noted the concrete ramp and fuel tanks of the island landing, used by barges on routine monthly deliveries of food and supplies from Darwin. Warruwi, the small community township, is located in Mardbal Bay on the south-eastern side of the island, but the bay is very shallow and studded with rocks, so we dropped anchor outside the entrance at 5.30pm. As the billy was being boiled, a dinghy approached from the mainland side with a local couple on board. We gave them a friendly wave, and they came on board for a chat and shared a cup of tea. The Goulburn Island people, of the Maung clan, are unusual in Australian Aboriginal culture in having a matrilineal society. Females handle the powers of governance here, and our visitors were Peggy, the Council chairperson, and her husband John. They had been turtle hunting, unsuccessfully on this occasion, and were returning home to Warruwi. They gave us a pannikin full of milky oysters they had collected, and we gave them our freshly salted mackerel in return. During a convivial conversation, they advised us to anchor back at the barge landing, since where we were was relatively exposed water, and said that they would drive over to pick us up around nine o'clock next morning to show us over the community.

After they had left, we motored back to anchor off the barge landing, well pleased with our fortuitous meeting. It looked as if we had shaken off the poor receptions at our previous community stops, and we were looking forward to the next morning's adventure.

Next day we waited for our visitors. Nine o'clock came and went, as did ten, and at eleven we decided something was wrong and that we would walk to the community. I thought the most direct route would be along the main dirt road that stretched away from the barge landing and seemed a logical path to follow, but Ken wanted to walk a secondary track that appeared to follow the coast. Our charts did not show any roads, which was not surprising since they were largely a result of Matthew Flinders' cartography during his 1802-1803 circumnavigation of Australia, with relatively minor updates over the intervening centuries. Some minor domestic discord arose between Jude and me, and coincidentally between Ken and Ros, and the resulting scenario saw Ros and me striking off on the main road, with Ken and Jude wandering off along their coastal track.

In the usual hot and muggy Wet Season midday conditions, Ros and I were relieved to find ourselves at the community fringes after what turned out to be a sweaty two-mile walk. There was no sign of Ken and Jude, so we wandered along through the sleepy community, getting directions to Peggy and John's house. As I stepped onto their concrete verandah, I noticed a lifeless newborn pup lying on the ground, obviously recently expired. A little perturbed by this, I knocked on the door, which was shortly opened by Peggy. She appeared surprised by our presence, and said; "Just wait there; I'll get John for you", and started to close the door. I blurted out that there was a dead puppy, and she took a quick look at it before disappearing again back into the house. After a couple of minutes, a vehicle started up around the back of the house, and John drove around in a twin-cab council truck. He stopped the truck, leaning over to open the passenger side door, and sat there without a word while we climbed in. He then drove off, not saying anything. My mind was in overdrive trying to decipher what was happening. As we approached the outer limits of the town, I mentioned that Ken and Jude were coming around the outer road, and we swung off along that track to find them not far away. They were hot and tired (their choice of route was a five mile slog), and joined us in the confused silence as we set off again down the road directly to the barge landing. We arrived, got out of the truck in silence, and John gave us a wry smirk as he disappeared again in a cloud of dust.

Those bloody permit problems seemed to be dogging our wake. The only conclusion we could reach about the strange situation was that there had been some radio contact between Goulburn and Croker, and our undesirability as visitors was becoming part of the bush telegraph. We spent another day at the landing, attending to minor maintenance, and left the following day. The next community, Maningrida, was sixty miles away at the mouth of the Liverpool River, followed by Milingimbi in the Crocodile Islands group forty-five miles further on, but we had lost our taste for community explorations and bypassed their unknown delights, heading directly for Elcho Island instead. Elcho was 135nm away and lay beyond the geography of Ken's previous permit enquiries; perhaps far enough to escape the terrible reputation we seemed to have attracted.

We arrived at Galiwin'ku, the settlement at the south-western end of Elcho Island, at 3pm on New Year's Eve, and I was pleasantly surprised to find Cabbage and Shan anchored there with *Tu Do*. They had left



Darwin a year or two beforehand, heading east, and I had heard on the grapevine that they were hanging out in the Gove area. We caught up with the latest news and got advice on the layout of the land, and next morning went to see the Council. Permits were issued forthwith for a stay of several weeks, much to our pleasant surprise. There were probably six hundred residents at Galiwin'ku, and maybe twenty or thirty white fellas – schoolteachers, health workers, the power station operator and a few other administrative types. The people were generally friendly, and it was a pleasant place to be.

Tu Do had been wandering around between Elcho and Gove, and Cabbage had been carrying food supplies and fuel to some of the outstations around the coast in his usual laid back fashion. We discussed the prospects of using our boats to shift small-scale cargo around the area.

A few years before this, the Australian Government had been strongly criticised by the World Council of Churches for their neglect of Aborigines generally, and the Government was attempting to redress the situation. The settlements along the northern coast of Arnhem Land had been established by the Methodist Overseas Mission, with Goulburn Island being the first in 1916, followed by Milingimbi in 1924. Yirrkala, located just outside the current township of Nhulunbuy (as Gove became known when Aboriginal place names became officially recognised), commenced in 1935. Croker Island started in 1941 as a place for mixed-blood children to be segregated from both Aboriginal and European societies, and Elcho Island was founded in 1942. Maningrida, at the mouth of the Liverpool River, was not a church settlement, being established in 1949 as a Department of Native Affairs trading post in an attempt to focus the surrounding tribes on a central location.

After the Whitlam Government gained office in Australia in 1972, a policy of self-determination was pursued in matters of Indigenous affairs. An “outstation” (or “homeland centre”) movement had begun at Maningrida in 1970 when some people left the community and returned to a preferred traditional way of life on their homelands. The movement gained momentum, and in 1972 there were many such establishments dotted around the country surrounding the settlements. When we arrived at Elcho, there was a groundswell of outstation support and funding, and because of the general isolation of the coastal homelands, there were logistic problems with transport. Road access was abysmal, if there was any at all, and airstrips were being established, and it seemed there was an opportunity to become involved in small-scale cargo carrying of building materials, fuel and food.

The immediate future was beginning to look promising.

We met one of the teachers, Greg Jarvis, who asked us if we would take him and his partner, Trish, and a visiting friend, Graham Kirby, on a charter up to Raragala Bay in the Wessel Islands. Ken and Ros had flown off for a week in Gove, and since the charter meant a few dollars and a new exploration, we readily agreed. Raragala Bay is roughly in the centre of the eastern side of Raragala Island; a hooked bay that offers good shelter from any outside weather, about fifty miles from Wapuruwa.



Cadell Strait, the passage between Elcho and the mainland leading up to the bottom end of the Wessel Islands chain, is tricky to navigate, with sand bars, foul ground and strong tidal flows. Cabbage had given us a mud map of the twists and turns required to negotiate the strait, and information on tidal movements.

The Wet Season was late starting that year, and had been a non-event thus far on our voyaging, with little rain and no winds of any consequence. However, on the morning of our departure, the breeze had freshened to ten knots from the west-northwest, and Cabbage told me there was a low-pressure system somewhere east-southeast of Gove, currently stationary, with winds of twenty to thirty knots within fifty miles of the centre. There was a low possibility of the system becoming cyclonic. We discussed the situation between us and decided to set off anyway – we could always turn back if conditions looked bad after



leaving sheltered waters at the top of the strait. We pulled the anchor at 3pm and off we went. We had timed our departure to arrive at the shallow mudflats at the end of the strait at the peak of the late afternoon tide. There were two poles topped with triangular radar markers that indicated the passage over the mudflat, and there was only enough water to traverse the passage for a half-hour either side of high water. We had no radar, and it was difficult to pick out the first marker in the gathering dusk, especially as the triangle top mark was not much above sea level at high tide. We eventually found it, and set the mud map course for the next pole. The wind had increased to fifteen to twenty knots, and we did not see the second pole, but managed to make our way over the alarmingly shallow bottom towards Point Napier, an outreaching finger of the mainland beyond which lay the exposed waters of Donington Sound.

We reached the tip of Point Napier as darkness fell, and the seas were quite rough, with a westerly wind of twenty knots. We discussed the prospects, with the realisation that there was no way we could return to Wapuruwa in the darkness with an unfavourable tide. To press on towards the Wessels was out of the question, given the vagaries of the low-pressure system. It was now time to look for whatever shelter was available, preferably as far south as possible in the lee of the coast. We rounded the point and headed southwest into Buckingham Bay, until well clear of the point, and dropped anchor at 8pm in the lee of the high ground of Point Napier. We hung about until we tuned in to a weather broadcast on our transistor radio around midnight, and learned that the low-pressure system was estimated to be 150nm east of Gove.

Although we were relatively protected from the wind, the state of the sea made conditions uncomfortable, so we motored off at one o'clock in the morning to head further down into the bay, with an eye to entering the Buckingham River the following morning if conditions worsened. This river, twenty miles away in the southeast corner of the bay, has an entrance that winds over another tricky mudflat, but we were short on options and plugged on into the darkness with some trepidation.

The centre of Buckingham Bay is free of navigational obstacles and shelves gently and inexorably upwards into the shallow fringes to the south. At 5am, we anchored in twelve metres of water for the remainder of the night. At 9am next morning, we caught an ABC weather report, indicating that the system was stationary and no gales were being experienced in coastal areas. The wind gradually lessened, and at 2pm, we set off again in a seven-knot breeze to return to Wapuruwa. Greg and Trish had a time limit, and Raragala Bay was now off the menu. Half an hour later we hauled in a big Queenfish that had struck at a lure, and shortly afterwards a small tuna, then a big strike severed the wire trace (rated at 150lbs breaking strain) and we lost the lure.

We rounded Point Napier again at 5pm, and the wind picked up again to fifteen knots. We idled about waiting for the high tide before attempting to cross the mud bank, and looking for the outer pole that we had missed on the way out. I lined up all the visual reference points Cabbage had mentioned, but we could not find the pole. The sun had set, when by a stroke of luck the supply barge, *Glenda Lee*, appeared from the east behind us and nonchalantly sped over the mud bank, with us in hot pursuit. There was not much water showing underneath us on the depth sounder, but we found the inner pole in darkness with the aid of our spotlight, and as soon as we were in safe enough waters to do so, anchored for the night.

At 10pm, we picked up another weather report on the radio that placed the low-pressure system still active around 140nm east-southeast of Gove. The wind had picked up to twenty knots, and despite the perils of navigating Cadell Strait in the dark, we pulled the anchor and moved further on. With the tide approaching low, if we went aground we would be able to float off on the incoming without too much drama. It was difficult navigation in the dark, and we overshot a turn required to thread our way between two sandbars. We were towing the dinghy behind, and while reversing out of the shallows, the dinghy painter wrapped itself around the propeller and stopped the engine. There are times when immediate action is called for, despite the circumstances, and there was no time to consider the crocodiles, sea wasps, and other denizens of the deep that always seem to be more prevalent in one's imagination in the dark. I leapt overboard with a pair of swimming goggles



and frantically disentangled the rope, breaking the surface occasionally for air. Lack of visibility in the underwater darkness was not a problem, surprisingly. Abundant phosphorescence outlined anything that moved, and I was working in such a panic that there was plenty of light available.

We had been towing the Walker Log to get accurate readings of distance travelled, and the log impeller cord was also caught up in the tangle. The impeller had been lost altogether. The lines were finally unravelled, and we anchored again for the remainder of the night. We arrived back at Wapuruwa, after a couple of hours motoring, around midday the next day. Greg, Trish and Graham felt they had got their money's worth of adventure, and I concurred. Raragala Bay was relegated to the bucket list of future destinations.

Ken and Ros arrived back from Gove a few days later, and we resumed our onward voyage on the 17 January 1983. I wanted to investigate Cadell Strait, and the mud bank at the northern end, in some detail, so we left early in the morning, catching the outgoing tide for a swift passage up the strait. We anchored at the southern edge of the mud bank two hours later, waiting for low tide to observe the layout of the channel. Ken and I decided to investigate the dense mangroves lining the shore with a view to maybe catching a mud crab, which were prolific in this area, and motored over in the dinghy to a small beach clearing. After entering the mud and mangroves, we were instantly attacked by massive hordes of vicious mosquitos. Having a long history of experience with this nuisance, I thought I could persevere by ignoring them. However, they were around in such thick clouds, attacking us on every exposed inch of skin (we were wearing shorts and short-sleeved shirts that did not offer much protection), that after a brief ten minutes or so we gave up on the idea of mud crabs for the menu and fled their domain for the comparative comfort of *Singa Betina*.

It was the peak of the new moon spring tides, and at low water the massive mud bank in front of us was totally exposed, with a skinny little channel

allowing a dribble of water to keep the flow going. The first pole was a crucial landmark for the channel and was reasonably easy to locate, and after a lot of searching with the binoculars we could identify the second pole at the outer end. It had lost its top marker, which explained our previous difficulties with finding it. A bare four-inch diameter steel post rammed into the mud and surrounded by a few square miles of water presents a lousy visual target, and on my frequent future traverses of the area, finding the outer pole always remained a nerve-wracking experience.

We stayed put overnight, and crossed the area on the high tide the following morning. I plotted numerous bearing lines on the mud map of the channel for future reference, and we sailed on in a light northwesterly for Astell Island, twenty miles away to the east in the English Company Islands group.

The English Company Islands, along with the Wessels, are the ancient remains of a land connection between Australia and New Guinea in the long distant past. The island chains are composed of rugged sandstone plateaus and hills that contrast sharply with the relatively flat and featureless coastal areas to the west. Most of the islands have a sparse cover of low vegetation, including grasses, heaths, coastal thickets and patches of eucalypt woodlands. There are also some small areas of paperbark forest and mangroves. Apart from a small outstation on Marchinbar Island in the outer Wessels, all were uninhabited when we arrived in the area. Due to their proximity to the open ocean, these islands are surrounded by clear seas, with a lot of fringing reef, in generally deep waters, and have an aura of mystical beauty, emphasised by their isolation from humanity.

The weather was kind to us, and we spent two days on the southern side of Astell Island, anchored in thirteen metres of water, 100 metres offshore. Fish were plentiful and easy to catch with small lures trailed from the dinghy. It was a nice place to be, and it was with a degree of reluctance that we set off to cover the final thirty-five miles of our journey to Gove.





A Fluke of Navigation

The following story is a contribution from MHA member Ken Wiggins

The passenger steamer SS *Warrimoo* (3,326 tons, Captain J.D.S. Phillips) was quietly knifing its way through the waters of the mid-Pacific on its way from Vancouver to Australia. The navigator had just finished working out a star fix and brought the master, Captain John Phillips, the result. The ship's position was Latitude 0° 31' N and Longitude 179° 30' W. The date was 30 December 1899.

“Know what this means?” First Mate Payton broke in “We are only a few miles from the intersection of the Equator and the International Date Line.”

Captain Phillips was prankish enough to take full advantage of the opportunity for achieving the navigational freak of a lifetime. He called his navigators to the bridge to check and double check the ship's position. He changed course slightly so as to bear directly on his mark. Then he adjusted the engine speed. The calm weather and clear night worked in his favour.

At midnight the SS *Warrimoo* lay on the Equator at exactly the point where it crossed the International Date Line!

The consequences of this bizarre position were many. The forward part of the ship was in the Southern Hemisphere and the middle of summer. The stern was in the Northern Hemisphere and in the middle of winter. The date in the aft part of the ship was 31 December 1899. Forward it was 1 January 1900.

The ship was therefore not only in two different days, two different months, two different seasons and two different years, but in two different centuries all at the same time.

In late 1914 *Warrimoo* was taken up as a troopship. On 17 May 1918 when on a convoy from Bizerta to Marseille she collided with the escorting French destroyer *Catapulte*. In the collision the destroyer's depth-charges were dislodged; they exploded in the water blowing out the bottom plates of both ships, causing them both to sink with some loss of life.

N.B. In 1895 Mark Twain travelled to Australia on board the *Warrimoo*.

See also:
<http://www.mastermariners.org.au/2014-01-17-01-18-06/stories-from-the-past-2/2304-strange-story-of-the-ss-warimoo>



Warrimoo
in New Zealand



Light House Tender *Cape Otway*

The first of a number of articles by Pat Rodriguez on notable ships.



two years she carried out her role as a light-house tender with consistent reliability. In 1946 Captain D.J. Growth took command to

Official No: 157597
Owner: Commonwealth Department of Transport
Built: 1930 by Commonwealth Shipping Board, Cockatoo Docks, Sydney, NSW
Tonnage: 996gross, 341net
Length: 184ft
Breadth: 38.4ft
Depth: 12.6ft
Machinery: Triple expansion steam engine, single oil-fired boiler
Service speed: 10 knots

become only her third matter since 1931. He remained her Captain until she was withdrawn from service in 1963.

In 1963 *Cape Otway* was replaced by a new ship *Cape Don* and was subsequently put up for tender, as is where is, at her mooring at Garden Island. The successful tenderer was a local scrap merchant J. Krasnostein & Co. who by mid-1965 had cut her down to a hulk which was towed to sea and sunk off Rottnest Island. A sad end for such a stout little ship.

In 1928 the Department of Transport order three new purpose built ships to supply and service the one hundred and thirty three manned lighthouses and automatic lights around the Australian coastline. The ships, *Cape Leeuwin* and *Cape York* were delivered in 1928 with *Cape Otway* being delivered in early 1931. Named after Cape Otway on the Southern Coast of Victoria which was then the second most southern light house on the Australian mainland (Lat 38° 50 Long 143° 32).

Cape Otway in Victoria after which the light house tender was named. It is the oldest surviving light house on mainland Australia having been built in

For almost all her working life the ship was based on Fremantle, supplying personnel, stores and fuel to seven manned lighthouse as well as inspecting, repairing and maintaining twenty unmanned lights on the cost of Western Australia and the Northern Territory. For thirty





Ships of the State Shipping Service

By Jeff Thompson

No. 40 *Alice Riis* I M O No. 8700993

The re-routing of the chartered ship *Irene Greenwood* on her final voyage via Darwin in lieu of the southern route via Burnie, caused the vessel *Alice Riis* to be chartered for one voyage from Burnie to Fremantle with newsprint.

The *Alice Riis* was built in 1987 by Svenbdorg Skibsvaerft A/S, Svendborg, Denmark (Yard No 182) for Rederi A/S 'Alice Riis'. As built the vessel was 1,167 gross registered tons, 1,210 deadweight tons, 67.39 metres overall, 11.42 metres breadth, 3.5 metres draft with one 6 cylinder MWM TBD440-6 diesel of 815 bhp to give a speed of 11.5 knots.

The *Alice Riis* departed Burnie for Fremantle on 24th June 1989 with a load of newsprint having been chartered from Rederi A/S 'Alice Riis' for the single voyage. Arriving at Fremantle on 4th July 1989.

In 1994 the vessel was sold by Rederi A/S 'Alice Riis' to Townevold & Clausen Rederi A/S, Denmark and renamed *Thor Alice*. During 1996 she was renamed *Southern Amedee* by the same owners. In 1997 the vessel was renamed *Thor Alice* by the same owners. Still listed in 2005/06 Lloyds Register.

Editor's note: Renamed *Solfjord* in 2007.



The Alice Riis renamed Thor Alice



The Heart of Ernest Shackleton

The following article is from *The Independent*.

Medical experts believe findings could explain why a man of astounding stamina sometimes collapsed on expeditions. Sir Ernest Shackleton is celebrated as the polar explorer who braved three expeditions to the Antarctic and sailed 800 miles in a tiny boat to save his crew when their ship, the *Endurance*, was smashed to pieces by the ice. But it has now emerged that he may have had a secret that he kept hidden from the men who followed him to the end of the earth and back.

New medical research suggests that the Anglo-Irish adventurer who came within 97 miles of reaching the South Pole did it all while suffering from a hole in the heart. Experts have studied diaries kept by doctors on board Shackleton's ships and have deduced that he suffered from an atrial septal defect. It could explain why a man of astounding stamina sometimes collapsed on expeditions. It is thought that Shackleton may have known he had a heart condition, but kept it secret. But the doctors who have made the discovery insist it only adds to the wonder of Shackleton's courage and in no way tarnishes the legend.

"In our health-and-safety-conscious world, Shackleton would never have been allowed to travel," said Dr Ian Calder, a retired anaesthetist who carried out the research with Dr Jan Till, a consultant cardiologist at the Royal Brompton Hospital in London. "Some people may feel that Sir Ernest was irresponsible in undertaking the leadership of Antarctic expeditions if he suspected a problem, but we cannot judge him by modern standards. Nothing was going to stop Shackleton. He was a brave man and a great leader, who kept his men together when they needed him most after the *Endurance* sank. It is astonishing to think that he did it all with a congenital heart condition."

Expedition documents show that Shackleton suffered a physical breakdown during his first Antarctic expedition on the *Discovery* in 1903, when he was unable to pull a sledge due to a weakness attributed to "a sort of asthma". Concerns about his health were raised again by Dr Eric Marshall, medical officer on Shackleton's second expedition to the Antarctic. He diagnosed a heart murmur. He later wrote after Shackleton returned from his failed attempt on the Pole how he "collapsed after dinner",

but just days later was the strongest in the party and performed a forced march of 30 miles.

Dr James McIlroy, the medical officer on Shackleton's third expedition on the *Endurance*, also described how he "changed colour very badly", but refused to let the doctor listen to his heart. It was during this expedition that Shackleton and his crew spent months stranded on the ice, which led to him sailing for 16 days through rough seas to rescue them from Elephant Island without loss of life in 1916.

Shackleton died of a heart attack aged just 47 in 1922, a few hours after arriving in South Georgia at the beginning of his fourth expedition.

Dr Calder and Dr Till reveal in a paper published today in the *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine* that the evidence suggests he had an "underlying cardiac abnormality". Shackleton regularly refused to see doctors and it is thought he kept his suspicions of a heart condition secret in case benefactors stopped funding his expeditions. Dr Till said: "Shackleton regularly avoided doctors who may have listened to his heart, perhaps knowing they would have been able to hear there was a problem. He was a man of tremendous courage and determination. I just find him amazing."

Ernest Shackleton's granddaughter, Alexandra Shackleton, told *The Independent*: "I think he did suspect he had a heart condition. He never saw a doctor. He was afraid of being told he couldn't go South. The Shackleton family motto is 'By Endurance We Conquer'. His ship was called *Endurance*. They just got on with it in those days."

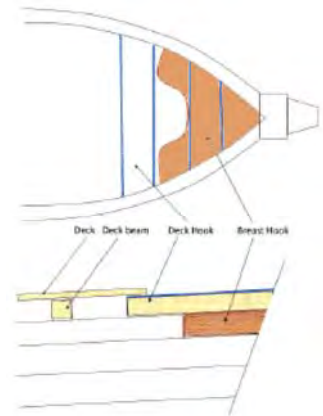




QUIZ

Answers to December

1. The American whaler that took George Grey north in February 1839 was the *Russell* (302 tons, Captain George B. Long) of New Bedford.
2. A breast hook is a knee placed internally across the rear of the stem post to strengthen the bow. *See drawing.*
3. The bust is of the French explorer Post Captain Nicolas Baudin. He explored parts of Australia, including Western Australia, from 1801-1803, and died at Mauritius on the homeward voyage. The two vessels under his command were the *Gèographe* and *Naturaliste*. Two southern WA capes are named after his vessels.



Quiz

1. What is the name of the CSIRO's deep ocean research vessel?
2. The anchorage at Fremantle is named Gage Roads. Who was Gage?
3. In the early morning of 26 November 1816 a Portuguese ship was wrecked off the Western Australian coast. What was its name?



Loading casks onto a lighter

Continued from page 13...

Albatross, built by Lawrence and Son in 1902, as the paddle steamer *Sandow*, might have been seen until quite recently hauling her charges up and down Fremantle Harbour, while *Eagle* was moored in a quiet river bend at North Fremantle ready for a call into active commission. *Dunskey* went to Bunbury, afterwards to Albany, where she was wrecked. *Koori*

was towed to Sydney. The first tug was *Victoria*, built originally as a river gunboat. Remains of an early tug, *Emu*, are still to be seen in the river off Lawrence's boatshed, and *Amy*, another old-timer, finished her days off the Rocky Bay slip.



The Lightering Fleet

By Q.C.

① few years ago you could read in the *West Australian* a paragraph somewhat like this: 'Perth cargo from the s.s. ... which reached Fremantle yesterday will be discharged today from lighters at the wharf at the foot of William-street.' Today no such paragraph is printed because there is no river transport of cargo – the motor truck has superseded the lighter.

In those not-so-far-off days a string of barges behind a fussy tug was a common sight on the river. The thought revives memory of a silhouette - a lighterman in oilskins against a background of storm clouds shrouding the setting sun, as he steered his clumsy craft in the wake of a tug.

The environment on board a lighter is calculated to induce day dreams. Step on to this relic of the picturesque and romantic old-time industry of lightering on the Swan; go down the steep, narrow companion into what was the lighterman's 'cabin.' If you are susceptible to environment, you will look around for a barge pole – surely this is a barge; if romantic, you will sense the urge in W. W. Jacobs to write *The Lady of the Barge*.

Before the Railway

But this is not a barge, and the wharf timbers overhead are not the banks of a canal, however greatly the smooth water alongside, turgid and discoloured by freshets from the hills, may suggest the enchanting canals of travel and fiction.

Lightering on the Swan goes back to the very early days of the colony when Randell, Knight and Co. established the first shipping venture, lightering of cargoes between Fremantle, Perth and Guildford. That was before the railway, and it is said that the project for a railway from Perth to Guildford was stoutly opposed because of the feared danger that a railway would kill the transport of goods by water.

Between Fremantle and Perth steam tugs were always used for towing, but beyond the Causeway the barges were "poled" over the sandbanks. Poles also were used on the barges which made periodic trips up the Canning River to bring firewood to Perth.

The last of a long line of river lighters were in commission until quite recent years. They were: *Molly*,

Nirimba, *Guildford*, *Enterprise*, *Jarrahdale*, *Rockingham*, *Kalaroo*, *Dragon* and *Kentish Lass*. All of those veteran craft were in service on the river for 30 years and more.

Molly was built in 1892 by A. E. Brown, of Fremantle, and *Nirimba* was built as a tug in 1895 by Lawrence and Son, at Perth. *Guildford* and *Enterprise* were built in 1896 as "flats" or barges, and were later fitted with topsides to enable them to carry large cargoes. *Jarrahdale* and *Rockingham*, as their names imply, were built for the timber trade in 1903 by Millar Brothers (now Millar's T. and T. Co.) and were used first in the ocean carriage of timber between Rockingham and Fremantle. *Kentish Lass* was built as a stern-wheeler for lightering ships in Gage Roads as long ago as 1890. She once went to the bottom of the harbour fully laden as the result of a collision. In her late years she transported cement from the Belmont works.

The man on the lighter was generally a sailor before he became a riverman, a "deep-water" man of the windjammer days who had tired of the wanderlust which had taken him all over the seven seas. But ships were in his blood; so he compromised by taking a job on a harbour tug - and from a tug to a lighter was only a short step.

A Lighterman's Life

One such was Nils Andersen, doyen of the Swan River men, to whom I talked a few years ago while he held the tiller of *Kalaroo*. For close on 40 years he travelled up stream and down, in fine weather and foul. A lighter-man's life, he said, was not a bad life, though the industry was not what it used to be. He talked of peaceful river voyages and of others less tranquil; of dark winter nights when his yawing lighter at the end of 60 fathoms of towline gave him the devil of a job to keep off the sandbanks; of long hours on duty stretching from dawn until sunset on the following day; of the hazards of shooting the bridges against strong tides, and of other incidents in the life of a lighterman.

Indispensable contemporaries of those veterans were the tugs of yesterday - *Gannet*, *Koori*, *Dunskey*, *Albatross*, *Eagle* and others. What of them?

Continued opposite



Yachting World—8 February 1895

The whole of the stalls having now been got into something like a ship-shape state, the visitor to the third annual Yachting Exhibition at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, will find much to interest him, all classes of enthusiasts being catered for in a manner which places the present exhibition a long way ahead of its predecessors.

At Stand 56, Messrs. Laing, Bingham & Co., of 27, Leadenhall Street, London, are showing amongst other novelties a model of a wonderful patent combined ship's buoy, which is designed to register the name, date, time and position of a vessel when lost. It also fires automatically rockets and blue lights the moment a ship becomes submerged. Among its many little appliances it is surmounted by a bell with swinging hammers, and also a light.

In the case of a collision at night, or when the

weather is very thick, such an appliance becomes simply invaluable, as, should one of the vessels sink, the buoy instantly comes into action, and the other party to the disaster is at once able to locate the spot and devote its energies to the task of saving life. Should a vessel be completely lost, the buoy, which has the name of the vessel painted on it, becomes positive evidence of the wreck, and as soon as it is picked up all doubt as to the fate of the missing vessel is placed at rest, and the long delay in posting it at Lloyd's is prevented. At this stall is also to be seen a quick-firing gun, which two men can work at the rate of 80 rockets a minute. As a signal-gun for yachts this appliance is one of the simplest and best ever introduced, and every one visiting the Exhibition should make a point of calling at the stand to witness a practical exhibition of its action. The gun can also be rifled for firing shells.

Lloyd's List of Casualties to British Shipping for 4 years ending 1850

12,363 disasters. 204 ships left UK ports and disappeared.

SAIL

Driven ashore by stress of weather (vessels & cargo partially or totally lost)	5,117
Collision (obliged to run into port in a sinking state)	665
Wrecked	2,295
Foundered	883
Abandoned (waterlogged, dismasted, on fire – crew taken to boats)	697
Burnt by accident	87
Damaged by ice	51
Burnt by cargoes igniting	16
Struck by lightning	15
Blown up by coal dust, spontaneous combustion, gas, powder	13
Plundered by pirates	18
Taken possession of by convicts & wrecked	1
Struck by whale and abandoned	1
Struck by a waterspout	1
TOTAL	12,041

STEAM

Driven ashore but got off again	108
Collision at sea	146
Wrecked	17
Foundered	30
Burnt	8
Partially burnt	7
Abandoned at sea	2
Capsized	1
Put into port in a sinking state	2
Sunk and raised again	5
Sailed and never heard of again	1
TOTAL	322



The Ghost of the *Alkimos*

While researching for his painting of the stranded Liberty ship *Alkimos* (see pages 19–20), Pat Rodriguez found this article by Ian Stewart in *Sea Breezes*, Vol. 66, No. 554, February 1992.

Ghostly footsteps pacing the deck at night belong to the realm of nautical fiction but just maybe the wraith of a Norwegian patriot does haunt the wreck of the 'Liberty' ship which once bore his name.

The story of the ghost of the *Alkimos* begins one spring day in April, 1940, when German forces invaded Norway and occupied the southern part of the country. Two months later, King Haakon VII and his family, together with the Norwegian Government, left for England. From there in exile the King inspired the people of his country to resist the German invaders and remain loyal to the Allied cause.

From the summer of 1940 Norwegian Government's sole the asset was its ships, the only means by which it could demonstrate the continuance of the country's national existence and of preserving its self-respect. Masters of Norwegian ships in international waters were not deceived by orders from the Germans to turn their vessels over to the Axis powers, and none did so where escape was possible. At the time, Norway had a large merchant fleet, disproportionate to the size of her population, and the result was that of Norway's 3,308,000 tons of shipping at the outbreak of the war in September, 1939, only 28 per cent was captured by the enemy, most being taken in Norwegian ports. Once in London, the Norwegian Government set up the Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission (Nortraship) which, by the end of the war, had managed some 1,000 of their country's ships of all sizes and types in the Allied cause. But losses of ships and their crews took a heavy toll, and vessels had to somehow be replaced at a time when shipyards in Norway were in the hands of the enemy.

Even before the attack on Pearl Harbour in December, 1941, and while still neutral, the government of the United States had foreseen the need to replace the tonnage which the Allies were losing in their fight against Germany. With war looking almost inevitable, the US Government decided to embark on an 'emergency' shipbuilding programme in addition to the huge programme they already had in place to rebuild America's peacetime merchant fleet. As a direct result of this, many 'Liberty' ships

were loaned to friendly Allied nations under the Lend-Lease Agreement which was subsequently enacted. Several which were originally intended for operation by the US War Shipping Administration were handed over to the Norwegian Government in London. This was done under a barefoot charter agreement whereby Nortraship took over the vessel, gave her their own name, placed her under the Norwegian flag and operated her with their own crew as if they owned her themselves. One of these ships, the *Viggo Hansteen*, now lies as the ghost ship *Alkimos* north of Fremantle, Western Australia, offshore from the Eglinton Rock.

The principal dimensions of the standard 'Liberty' ship, and those of the *Viggo Hansteen* when built, were: Length, 441ft; breadth, 57ft; draft, 27ft 9 in; gross tonnage; 7,176 tons; deadweight tonnage, 10,547 tons; speed, 10–10½knots. They were not big ships by today's standards but nevertheless formed the backbone of the invasion of Europe.

The *Viggo Hansteen* was launched by the Bethlehem-Fairfield shipyard, Baltimore, as the *George M. Shriver*. She was powered by a 2,500 ihp steam reciprocating engine, a simple means of propulsion compared with the machinery installed in ships today. Her boilers were oil fired.

The identity of George M. Shriver after whom she was initially named is not known. Generally speaking, 'Liberty' ships were called after eminent Americans from all walks of life who had made notable contributions to the history or culture of the American people, some forgotten, others heroic or even mythical. Some were called after those lost in action during the Second World War and the main guideline was that the name had to be of a deceased person. This rule was followed virtually without exception.

Between the time she was launched and her completion in October, 1943, which may well have only been a matter of a few days, the vessel passed to Nortraship. Renamed *Viggo Hansteen*, the new vessel was handed over to her Norwegian crew at Baltimore on October 20, 1943. It was the practice of the Norwegian Government to name the ships they



took over after the war-torn country's patriots and resistance leaders and the new ship took her name from Viggo Hansteen, a barrister who, from 1935, was the legal adviser to the country's National Federation of Trade Unions. Hansteen stayed with the Norwegian Government until its departure for England in June, 1940, whereupon he returned to Oslo and became a key figure in the trade unions' fight to keep the organisation free from Nazi encroachment. During negotiations with the Germans, Hansteen rejected all their approaches and on September 10, 1941, he was arrested by the Nazis and shot, to become one of the first two Norwegians to be executed in their own country by the Germans.

Under the management of Nortraship, London the *Viggo Hansteen* served the Allied cause until the end of hostilities, although she could never return to Oslo, her port of registry. On April 19, 1944, she formed part of convoy UGS38 bound for North Africa. The convoy comprised 87 ships and 18 escorts, sailing in eight columns about 1,000 yards apart. When first attacked that night off the Algerian coast near Bougie, all guns on the *Viggo Hansteen* opened fire but in the darkness the enemy could not be seen and firing ceased after four minutes. Shortly afterwards a heavy undersea explosion was felt close by but an inspection of the ship found no leakage.

Next day, when three miles off Cape Bengut, some 50 miles east of Algiers, the convoy was attacked again, first by a submarine, then suddenly by 60 torpedo-carrying aircraft in three waves. The attackers missed the *Viggo Hansteen* but the torpedoes from one aircraft struck the American-flag 'Liberty' ship *Paul Hamilton* in the next column, a vessel identical to the Norwegian ship. At the time the *Paul Hamilton* was bound from Norfolk, Virginia, to Bizerta with a cargo of ammunition and 504 American servicemen, the majority of whom formed part of a special demolition squad on its way to the Anzio beach-head. In the explosion which followed, witnessed by those on board the *Viggo Hansteen*, there were no survivors from the servicemen and crew on board the *Paul Hamilton*. This represented the greatest single loss of life at sea among the 4½ million US troops which embarked during the Second World War for Europe and North Africa.

At the end of the war the *Virgo Hansteen* was technically returned to the US Government but this may or may not have happened because in October, 1946, she was sold to the Norwegian Government

who, in turn, allocated her to the private ownership of S. Ugelstad & Co, of Oslo, a tramp company established in 1929, for whom she traded world-wide without change of name until 1948.

In September that year she was sold to another Norwegian firm, A/S Asplund, a company founded in Moss in 1930 and managed by Ronneburg & Galtung. At the time she was their only ship and she continued in world-wide tramping. On the morning of April 24, 1952, when 57 days out from London bound for Port Chalmers, New Zealand, via Curacao and the Panama Canal, the *Viggo Hansteen* ran on a reef about two miles north-east of Moeraki lighthouse, some 28 miles north-west of Taiaroa Head, at the entrance to Otago harbour for which she was steaming. She was heading towards the Otago coast, with a lookout posted, when land was sighted dead ahead. The vessel was put full-speed astern but had too much way on and she slid gently onto the reef, about 100 yards from the shore. Attempts were made to work the vessel off with her own engines, and to kedge her with both anchors placed about 20ft behind the bow on the seabed, but both proved fruitless and with the falling tide she was found to be stuck fast. The Otago Harbour Board's tug *Dunedin* arrived on the scene and she was towed free the same afternoon and berthed safely at Port Chalmers. While aground the *Viggo Hansteen* made no water despite being held on the reef from her bow to the bridge, with her stern unsupported in deep water at a time when the ship was loaded almost to her maximum draft of 27ft. No significant hull damage could be found on inspection in port and this was attributed to the relatively slow speed at which she took the ground; also, Moeraki Reef is made up of round, boulder-shaped rock, heavily covered in kelp which to this day makes it a tourist feature. If there had been a heavy sea running during the period she was stranded she would almost certainly have broken in two and become a total loss. On this occasion she was lucky. It would appear the stranding came about through the master mistaking Taiaroa Head light, and its safe anchorage for which he was looking, for Moeraki light; both are very similar and only 17 miles apart. At the time the *Viggo Hansteen* was on time charter to Port Line, London. Of her 10,000-ton cargo, about 3,000 tons, comprising 247 cars and 30 tractors, were for discharge at Port Chalmers. The remaining 7,000 tons was cement in bags for discharge at Wellington, from whence she was to proceed to North America to load lumber for the United Kingdom.



In 1953, the year following her stranding, the *Viggo Hansteen* was sold by her Norwegian owners to the Alkimos Shipping Co SA, a company managed by the London-Greek Faros Shipping Co Ltd. Her sale price is not known but 'Liberty' ships at that time were changing hands for about £250,000, a price still possibly inflated by the Korean War which saw the record for one of these ships reach £575,000 in 1951. Having been maintained in good condition in accord with Norwegian shipping tradition, the *Virgo Hansteen* could have attracted a top price. During the years which followed, particularly the period of the Suez Canal crisis in 1956, when the shortage of shipping again inflated the price of 'Liberty' ships, she would have brought a good return to her owners.

The ship was given the name *Alkimos* and was initially registered at the port of Puerto Limon under the Costa Rican flag. In 1959 she was transferred to the Greek flag when Costa Rica fell out of favour as a "flag of convenience" country following reforms in her ship registration laws.

her master reported to Fremantle that the vessel's No 4 and 5 double bottoms were leaking and asked for tug assistance; if the wind were to freshen there was every likelihood she could become a total loss.

On March 25, however, the ship refloated herself without tug assistance and proceeded south to Fremantle under her own steam. There, her master received instructions from his owners that the vessel was to undergo repairs at Hong Kong. This was quite remarkable considering the damage she had received and the fact she was now 20 years old. Under these circumstances, the possibility cannot be ruled out that the vessel may well have been destined for the shipbreakers.

On May 30 she departed Fremantle towed by the Panamanian-flag tug *Pacific Reserve* but on the following day the towline parted in heavy weather and the vessel drifted ashore about 31 miles north of the port, in position 31° 38'S, 115° 41'E. Broadside to a rock-studded sandy beach, within a line of reefs, with water in her engine and boiler rooms, and three holds showing traces of water, the hopes of salvaging her looked fairly slim.



The wreck of the Alkimos takes a pounding from the heavy seas

Photo: The late Jack Wong Sue

Her service with her Greek owners appears to have been relatively uneventful until March 20, 1963, when, bound in ballast from Indonesia to Bunbury, Western Australia, to load wheat, she struck Beagle Island Reef, some 170 miles north of Fremantle, and badly damaged her propeller. On the following day

Despite the pounding she took from the winter storms which followed, the vessel remained very much intact. By mid-June, 1963, most water in the holds and engine-room had been pumped out and water entering through a holed shaft tunnel had been brought under control. On June 18, the *Alkimos's*



main engine was restarted and with a towline to the Pacific Reserve an attempt began to pull her free. She moved forward a few feet under her own power, then stopped, and it was only then discovered that the vessel's fuel tanks were empty. The vessel refused to budge.

Further attempts were made to refloat her but after having spent thousands of pounds without success it was decided no further effort would be made until the return of better weather in the spring. To hold her position during the winter gales which could be expected to follow, some of her holds were deliberately flooded with sea water.

Nothing further was done until the end of 1963 when two salvage experts from Manila arrived. Their assessment was that an attempt should be made to refloat the *Alkimos* early in the New Year and for this purpose a second Panamanian-flag tug arrived, the *Pacific Star*. Using the stranded ship's own winches, and pulling on two anchors set down in the seabed, the partly-flooded vessel was refloated on February 11, 1964, pumped dry, patched and made ready for the voyage to Hong Kong. The voyage started on February 28 with the *Alkimos* towed by the *Pacific Star*. Both had only covered two to three miles when a party boarded the tug and placed her under arrest, allegedly for monies owing

board to await the return of their tug from Fremantle, where she had been anchored to await the outcome of the legal proceedings taken against her. After months of waiting the crew of the *Pacific Star*, except those on the *Alkimos*, were repatriated to Manila.

On May 2, 1964, the *Alkimos* snapped the anchor chain by which she was held and in the swell which was running she grounded on a rocky bottom 400m off shore from Eglington Rocks, still almost fully intact and with her crew of two still on board. From the moment the *Alkimos* first grounded on Beagle Island on March 20, 1963, it appeared her final resting place was almost destined to be on the west Australian coast, for in one way or another all efforts to save her seemed fated. Now aground once more, as if she had found her final place, the two Filipinos left on board began to feel and see the presence of an apparition. Despite being affectionately named 'Henry' the ghost brought fear to them both, causing them to hurriedly leave the ship. Footsteps were heard at night and when the men had to leave their cabin, they did so together. The steps would follow them but would stop when they turned round to investigate. Noises and the smell of cooking came from an empty galley. Similar experiences were reported by other caretakers who followed the Filipinos and they too could not be persuaded to live on board. In the days which followed many people claimed to have seen, or at heard, 'Henry' walking the decks of the *Alkimos*. They described a tall figure, wearing rubber boots and a dark-grey seaman's coat. Others associated with attempting to save the ship suffered ill fortune which may or may not have been associated with the task in which they were involved.



Alkimos in the late 1970s

Photo: Elaine Teague

on her in the Philippines to the Bank of America. The tug could no longer continue the tow so the *Alkimos* was anchored between the reefs off Eglington Rocks, about 4km south of Yanchep Beach. Here, two of the Filipino salvage crew were left on

In July, 1965, the ship was declared a constructive total loss and after she was battered once more by winter gales her owners decided to abandon her for breaking up in situ. During the same year, 1965, cray-fishermen tending to their pots on the reef near the Eglington Rocks claimed they had seen an oilskin-clad figure on board the wreck. This was confirmed by other groups, some of whom claimed it was not a ghost but a hermit using the wreck as his shelter.



But 'Henry' could have been on board the ship well before her grounding on the west Australian coast for according to her Greek crew at the time they, too, had heard footsteps but each time there was nothing there. Many times in the middle of the night the smell of cooking would come from the galley but would disappear when the door was opened, the same as the Filipinos described although neither crew had met.

The task of demolishing the hull of the *Alkimos* did not progress very far and only some hull plating and part of the superstructure was removed by her subsequent owners. During the 10 years which followed she changed hands several times, but her hull remained virtually intact.

By mid-1970 she had become a wreck. She had broken in three and was now abandoned, lying offshore, badly holed and moving slightly when the tide was high. She was burned and smoke-blackened from many mysterious fires on board since 1963, some of which had started when no-one had been on board. The wreck was easily visible from the shore and with her three sections almost in line, and the stern part almost intact, the *Alkimos* had the appearance of heading out to sea.

The weather and waves continued to take their toll and the wreck is beginning to show signs of disintegrating under the pounding she continues to receive. That this has been a slow process during the 29 years she has lain in her final resting place is a tribute to those who built her as a war-time emergency ship which would have paid for herself if she had survived just one voyage.

As for 'Henry' perhaps he is the ghost of Viggo Hansteen, the Norwegian trade union official and patriot who was executed by the Nazis but whose spirit has returned to protect the wreck of the vessel which was given his name, and to dwell in peace within her remains for ever.



Today little remains of the Alkimos

With each of his paintings, Pat provides a booklet containing a short written history of the vessel and a photo of the painting. Below is the short history he provided for the painting on the back page.

ΑΛΚΙΜΟΣ ΠΕΡΑΕΥΣ

One of the last World War II Liberty Ships

Alkimos was one of the 2751 famous Liberty Ships produced by American Shipyards between 1941 and 1945 in World War II. These ships were a major contribution to the Allies victory in 1945 and also winning the peace for the next 25 years trading the oceans of the world under many flags.

1943 Built Baltimore USA as the *George M Shriver* (U.S. Warshipping Administration) - on

launching leased to Norway and renamed the *Viggo Hansteen*.

1946 Sold to Norway.

1953 Sold to Alkimos Shipping Co., renamed *Alkimos* and registered at Costa Rica.

1959 Transferred to the Greek flag, registered at Peraeus.



1963 Around 170 NM North of Fremantle, and towed to Fremantle. Left Fremantle under tow for Hong Kong for repairs. Lost the tow in a storm and grounded 31 NM North of Fremantle. In the ensuing twelve months, the ship was refloated twice in difficult salvage operations.

1965 Whilst anchored inside the reef line awaiting the salvage tug, both the ship and the tug were placed under arrest for non-payment of debts. Following a winter storm the ship broke its moorings and went aground once again and was declared a

total loss. Subsequently sold for scrap, the wreck was partially demolished then breaking into three sections was abandoned.

The *Alkimos* is remembered today by the Perth northern suburb which is named after the ship.

Alkimos went aground on the 31st May 1963, 31 nautical miles north of Fremantle. The painting depicts the ship some days after the grounding. Taken from a 35mm color transparency taken on the 6th June 1963.



The painting depicts the Alkimos some days after the grounding on 31 March 1963.

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