



MARITIME HERITAGE ASSOCIATION JOURNAL

Volume 29, No. 3. September 2018

Website: www.maritimeheritage.org.au

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

C/o: The Secretary (Marcia Van Zeller)
47 Conochie Crescent
Manning, W.A. 6152

Treasurer: Bob Johnson, PO Box 1080, Guilderton, W.A. 6041.

Editor: Peter Worsley. 12 Cleopatra Drive, Mandurah, W.A. 6210
Email: mha.editor@gmail.com



Spectacular Norwegian coastal scenery

See article page 19



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

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

Material for publishing or advertising should be directed, emailed, typed or on disk, to:
The Editor, 12 Cleopatra Drive, MANDURAH, Western Australia, 6210. mha.editor@gmail.com

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

The MHA is affiliated with the Royal Western Australian Historical Society (Incorporated)

www.maritimeheritage.org.au

MHA End of Year Windup

When: 10.00 am, 18 November 2018

**Where: 49 Lacy Street
East Cannington**



For catering purposes please let Marcia know if you are attending:

Email: vanzellerm@gmail.com



*Japanese submarine
I-175*

See article page18



Vale Mike Igglesden –Writer

Michael John Igglesden
12 June 1930 - 7 June 2018



Those of us who knew Mike might wonder why we have called this man who had such a remarkable association with boating – a writer. Quite simply, that’s how Mike wanted to be remembered.

We could not possibly fit Mike’s life into these few pages. Fortunately, we don’t have to; Mike has done it for us. Besides writing for the *MHA Journal* for the past 26-years, Mike also wrote his *Autobiography of Michael John Igglesden: a mix of memories and anecdotes* – in four volumes – enough to keep the *MHA Journal* going for another 26 years. As Mike’s story is going to be with us for some time to come, I will use these few pages to pay a personal tribute to my dear friend Mike Igglesden.

A memorial service was held for Mike at the Mounts Bay Sailing Club on Friday 15 June 2018. We had been advised beforehand that as it was anticipated that as many as fifty people might attend the service those who wished to say a few

words might keep their tributes down to five minutes. I had hoped to say a few words about Mike’s contribution to the MHA; indeed, the MHA was formed to preserve the very qualities of someone just like Mike Igglesden. Of course there were more than fifty people at the service, more like a hundred and fifty, the room was packed, people were queuing up outside, and after such eloquent eulogies from Mike’s son David, and from Mike’s manual arts class student Chris Davis, and then such touching words from Diana Hewison, I’m afraid for those of us in the back row there was no time to have our say.

When I arrived back home in Albany I wrote down some of the words I might have said at the memorial service and sent them off to my friends in the MHA and to the Igglesden family:

Dear Friends,

There was something very heartening and good when Bob & Linda, Peter & Jill, Clive & Linda, Robin Hicks and I (and Eileen & Brian just one step ahead of us), having all travelled a considerable distance we actually arrived at the same time at the Mounts Bay Sailing Club car park. As Bob declared we had a quorum, we immediately turned our gathering into an MHA committee meeting and book swap before the formalities that were to follow at the sailing club and I have no doubt whatsoever that Mike might have been heard to say, “and quite right too”.

Mike had been an active member of the MHA even before we had an MHA. Mike was working on the restoration of his beloved 18-foot Thornycroft Knockabout *Oriel* for a year before we set up our first MHA meeting in November 1990. Upon completing the restoration of *Oriel* in May 1992, Mike was able to put his mind to joining the associations whose members were of a like mind to his, starting with the Old Gaffers Association, for which Mike became editor of their newsletter, and then the MHA. A couple of days following the 1992 Classic and Wooden Boat Show, where Mike won ‘Best Gaffer’ with *Oriel*,



my diary for Tuesday 27 October 1992 records: "Went out for a Chinese with the Iggs, including Carol, and Mike joined the MHA." From 1993 until June 2018 Mike was an active committee member and regular contributor to the *MHA Journal*, book club, gatherings and festivals.

Besides being a great friend, Mike taught me how to sail, first on Geoff Shellam's *Senang*, then on his own *Oriel*. Actually, that's not entirely true for I never really did learn how to sail properly for I never seemed to find the time. I believe the greatest thing I learnt from Mike was from his words about *not* sailing. Mike said to me: "If you haven't got the time to go sailing then something is terribly wrong – and you should fix it."

I met Mike 45-years ago when I met my wife to be, Barbara. Mike & Mary Igglesden sailed GP14s with Barb's parents, Brian & Lorna Kemp, at the Mounts Bay Sailing Club. Barb's parents helped set up the GP14 Association with Mike & Mary, the first Association meeting being held in 1965 in Barb's parents' house at Alfred Cove, so Barb's friendship with Mary and Mike goes back even further than mine. When Barb wasn't crewing for her Dad or another GPer she baby-sat Mike & Mary's kids on the beach while Mike & Mary were out sailing.

So, I met Mike & Mary when I met Barb and her parents in 1973 and they immediately became life-long friends. We had like interests – old boats, old cars, 4WDs and camping out in the bush. Also old aeroplanes – Mike had actually bailed out of an Anson when the port engine caught fire.

On the day of the memorial service I was pleased to see *Oriel* in front of the Mounts Bay Sailing Club. *Oriel* has now passed over to Mike's daughter Carol and her husband Kym Flannery, which is appropriate, for Kym and Carol were married on the Matilda Bay foreshore and had their photos taken on board *Oriel*. Kym very thoughtfully took *Oriel* off her mooring and placed her on the foreshore in front of the sailing club as a backdrop for the memorial service. Not so thoughtfully, perhaps, was beaching *Oriel* on a high tide. At the end of proceedings *Oriel* was left high and dry waiting the next King Tide and a bulldozer to put her back in the water. I suspect Mike Igg had a hand in landing *Oriel* 'on a falling tide,' he had done that before.

After the service I went up to Wireless Hill to watch the sun go down over Alfred Cove before driving home to Albany. It had been a long day,

ten hours driving being the least of it. Mike's words, "If you haven't got the time to go sailing . . ." set deep in my heart.

Postscript:

I am pleased to report that *Oriel* was none the worse for her overnight adventure on the banks of Matilda Bay. By 9.30am the following day she was happily floating (with no bulldozers required) and on her way back to her mooring, though with a slightly cleaner bottom.

You can read about Mike in his books. It was his wish, and the family's wish, to reproduce his works in our *MHA Journal*, not so much as an obituary, but as the story of his life, in his words, by his own hand and very much in the style of his beloved books *Swallows and Amazons*.

So long Mike
Ross & Barbara Shardlow

The Maritime Heritage Association extends its deepest sympathies to Mary and to David, Graham, Paul and Carol, family, friends, colleagues and shipmates.



18-foot Thornycroft Knockaboit *Oriel*. One of ten built by Thornycroft in Singapore between 1949 and 1953, three of which ended up in Western Australia. Mike acquired *Oriel* at Mandurah in September 1988 and started her restoration two months later.

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!)

Do you know your Latin?

Ignotum per ignotius—An explanation that is obscurer than the thing to be explained.

In 2005 a man bought for a few hundred pounds a job lot of naval bits at a sale of items from a retired naval officer. Among the items was an old sextant. On close examination it proved to have been made c1772 by renowned nautical instrument maker Jesse Ramsden. More importantly, it had been owned by George Vancouver, who surveyed lands as far afield as Australia, New Zealand, Alaska and Canada.. It recently sold for £34,160.

The ton and tonne are based on the French *tunne*, being the size of a barrel of Bordeaux i.e. 252 gallons. In the very early 16th century French merchants traded this commodity with England. The number of *tunnes* a ship could carry became a measure of its size.

Pledget: The rolled string of oakum used in caulking.

Three parallel streets in Fremantle, Mouat, Henry and Packenham, were named after three of Captain Fremantle's naval officers, all lieutenants on board HMS *Challenger* in 1829.

An alternative site for the State's first capital was Point Heathcote. The idea was abandoned in favour of a site near the present Government House in Perth.

There are 20,000 known shipwrecks in the Baltic Sea with an estimated further 80,000 yet to be found.

The use of the sea and air is common to all; neither can a title to the ocean belong to any people or private persons, forasmuch as neither nature nor public use and custom permit any possession thereof.

Queen Elizabeth I (1533–1603)

By the time the new WA Museum in Perth is completed it will contain 1,500 tonne of reinforcing steel set in 12,100 cubic metres of concrete.

In the mid-19th century the well-known whaleboat builder Charles Beetle's employees built a boat a

day. However, if rushed the small boat shop could turn out seven boats in a six day working week. It was claimed that four men could build a boat in 28 working hours.

Foist: A 16th century name for a barrel. On 25 May 1513 Wolsey wrote to Thomas Howard complaining that the navy was not returning the barrels to the suppliers of victuals to the navy:

And if the foists amongst the navy be not kept and reserved, but wastefully burnt and broken as I hear say they be, ye cannot be sufficiently revictualled to tarry any longer on the sea...

In 1509 Henry VIII made it law that every male from the age of 7 years must own a bow and arrows. It was also compulsory that all fit males below the age of 60 (except clergymen) to practice with the longbow, so that by the age of 24 they were accurate at a range of a furlong (220 yards). A fine of a halfpenny was imposed on anyone not attending compulsory archery practice. The yew staves for English longbows was imported from Spain, Portugal and northern Italy.

The world's biggest yacht race in terms of participants is the Round The Island Race, a 50-mile race around the Isle of Wight. The first race was held in 1931, and now attracts 12,000 sailors on more than 1,500 yachts.

The Liberty ship *Robert J Walker* (7,180 tons) is the only ship to have been sunk in the Pacific Ocean by a German submarine during World War II. It was torpedoed by *U-862* on 24 December 1944 off Moruya, NSW, with the loss of two crewmen..

The Statue of Liberty, erected in 1886, was initially a lighthouse under the control of the U.S. Lighthouse Board. It ceased to be a lighthouse in 1901.

The *Great Britain* originally had six masts. The main mast was made of iron and was square-rigged, the others were of timber and fore-and-aft rigged, except for the fore mast which also had a square topsail. The five timber masts were hinged at deck level.





My Time on *Singa Betina*

The thirteenth episode of Ted Whiteaker's tale.

On 02 October, we were under way again, heading from Gove for overnight trading stops at Gikal, Mata-Mata, Raymangirr and Rurruwuy. We then spent the next night on anchor in the lee of Alger Island while awaiting the following morning's high tide to drop in at Djurinalpuy on the final leg to Galiwin'ku. While at Alger Island, we went ashore in the dinghy to have a look around, and found the biggest black-lipped oysters I have ever seen. One pan-fried oyster on a slice of bread were enough for a meal, and they were excellent eating. Next day we called in to Djurinalpuy for an hour or so (the anchorage there was only good over the high tide), before heading off to the bottom of Cadell Straight where we again anchored overnight, preparatory to a quick trip down the Howard Channel the following day to offload Mapuru's tank and piping.

At Galiwin'ku, Guy and Gina arrived and moved on board while Guy and I carried out the flooring job. Guy and Gina then flew off to Gove to continue on to a holiday in Cairns, and *Singa Betina* left to return to Gove via Mata-Mata and Gikal. From Galiwin'ku we had a kerosene freezer on board for delivery to Mata-Mata. When we arrived there, the freezer was unloaded and taken up to the camp, and Johnny B, being the senior man on the scene, was instructed in its use. Prior to this, we had been able to find large black-lip rock oysters just about anywhere around the English Company Islands. When the freezer appeared, the Yolngu got busy and after a few short weeks collecting and freezing oysters to send on to Galiwin'ku for sale within the community, we noticed the available stocks depleted rapidly. It was sad to see this happen. The trade did not last very long before a conspicuous mass of fresh shell scars on the rocks was all that was left.

On a previous stop at Mata-Mata, I had given the remains of the bag of kava I had long before obtained from Goulburn Island to brother Don. We had been discussing kava, and it seemed that all Yolngu people were familiar with the substance. I remembered that we had some, and Don was excited when I gave it to him, carrying it away with a big smile on his face.

As we were about to depart from Mata-Mata on our current trip, a nephew, Wilson, probably a year or two older than I was, approached me and

asked quietly if I could get him some kava next time I was in Gove. It was said that a Fijian missionary at Yirrkala, a large community some 17 kilometres south-east of Nhulunbuy township, sold limited quantities in 200-gram plastic bags. I reflected for a moment on Wilson's request. I knew that among balanda (white folk) there were background rumblings of conflicting opinions about kava use by Yolngu. It was a traditional ceremonial drink in Fiji and the South Pacific generally, and had some known therapeutic effects. Very little research into abuse of the substance (as opposed to responsible use) had been done at that time. There was nothing illegal about it, but it had all of the negative connotations usually associated with a drug that made people happy. Then I became aware that Wilson was scrutinising me with interest, with an expression that seemed to be wondering about the mental processes I was going through. He wanted some kava. In his view, as his classificatory uncle I had an obligation toward him. What could be so difficult about that? I decided not to impose an uninformed moral judgement on the matter – Wilson was an adult, and quite capable of thinking for himself. I agreed to get the three bags he wanted.

A brother, Bluey, hitched a ride with us from Mata-Mata to Gove. He was off on one of his periodic benders, where he would camp in the scrub near the Boat Club, drink steadily over a number of days until all of his money disappeared, and then sober up and make his way home. Bluey was a peaceful drunk, and a lovely person to deal with, even in his cups. Others would drink and become aggressive, but Bluey was always quiet and decently behaved. He was a bush Yolngu; short and stocky, with a mop of stringy, tousled hair and a heart-warming smile; with only a bare smattering of English. He had lived all his life at Mata-Mata. and was a champion dugong and turtle hunter.

We called in to Gikal to offload some petrol, staying overnight. When it was time to leave, we had to delay our departure while waiting for a hunting party to return with two turtles for delivery to the community at Gunyangara, on Drimmie Head near the Boat Club in Gove. We were given a quantity of meat and green fat from another butchered animal for our own use. We were not sure how to prepare it, and ended up boiling the



meat with the fat, which liquefied rapidly, much to Bluey's disgust. Unfortunately, his English was not good enough to tell us what to do, and our Yolngu-matha (the language in these parts) was not good enough to understand much of what he said. Smiles and gestures were a big part of our communication in such circumstances.

Turtles are generally cooked in an earth oven on a sandy beach, with the fat removed after a short stewing in the shell, to be served and eaten with the meat when it had finished further cooking. The fat and meat combination is very tasty when cooked Yolngu-style, whereas what we ended up with was a stringy mass of meat with the flavour dissipated, and the fat rendered to a useless liquid. Yolngu cuisine is an art of its own. Some things, like mangrove (teredo) worms and flying fox flesh, are not generally agreeable tastes to the Western palate, but there is a huge variety of game and bush tucker that even now makes me salivate at the thought of them.

Back in Gove, we set about preparing for our next voyage. Our teacher friends at Elcho, Greg and Trish, were finishing up on the island when the school year was over, and had asked us if we could take them and some of their personal gear to Darwin on our next trip out from Gove. They were happy to pay us the equivalent of the two airfares it would cost them otherwise. We agreed – they were good company and had made life so much easier for us whenever we were at Galwin'ku, with the use of their shower and some very nice meals. It was nice to be able to do something for them in return.

Singa Betina was scrubbed and anti-fouled, and we topped up our fuel supplies and groceries, bought playing cards and fish-hooks, and got several sacks of sweet potatoes and some bananas and sugar cane from the farm at Yirrkala. While in the area, I tracked down the Fijian kava supplier in the community, who was taciturn to the extreme and uncomfortable to deal with, but let me have the five bags I requested. While Wilson had only asked for three bags, I thought that somebody else might want the other two.

Whenever *Singa Betina* was in Gove we used to frequent the nearby Nabalco industrial dump, which was a repository of discarded scrap metal and obsolete equipment and detritus from the bauxite processing plant. While I would re-sharpen and re-use my own blunt drill bits down to mere stubs, no-one at the bauxite processing plant seemed to be into conservation to any de-

gree. Piles of metal shavings from the drill presses were dumped, and there would always be several drill bits amongst the tangled twists of drill shavings, thrown out after what appeared to be a single use. Engineering taps and dies were also common finds. We built up an accumulation of scrap metal, a lot of which was in the form of copper-cored radiators. We had half a ton of scrap in a stash in the bush near the Boat Club, which we loaded on board to take to the scrap dealers in Darwin.

Unfortunately, when transporting the radiators from the stash to the boat, they shed flecks of copper like dandruff all over the floor of the aluminium dinghy, with the resulting galvanic corrosion rapidly eating away at the aluminium and creating an almost instant mottled, leprous appearance. We became aware of the problem shortly after unloading the radiators from the dinghy, and raced ashore to slosh the debris out with buckets of water. This stopped further deterioration, but the dinghy suffered badly from the episode, and we had ongoing problems with proliferating pin-hole leaks. It was an old dinghy with not a lot of useful life left in it, and we planned on finding a replacement when we got to Darwin. Meanwhile, it was bailing as usual.

Transport and Works gave us another contract to land a water tank and piping at an outstation in Cadell Strait called Bularriny, and with all cargo loaded, we were under way again with the tide at 4.00am on 21 November, 1983. Our first stop was at an outstation called Ngarrayun, in the unnamed and unsurveyed bay on the southern side of the Cape Wilberforce peninsula. The Wet Season monsoon was trying to establish itself, with light north-east to north-west winds, and the bay, largely exposed to the east, was relatively protected, but there was enough wave action to make it an uncomfortable place to stay for any length of time. After an hour of trading, we moved on to a two-night stay at Gikal.

We had caught four good-sized mackerel on our lures as we were trundling in to Ngarrayun. We cut the flesh into thin strips, salted them and hung them in the sun on the ratlines to dry, making a form of biltong. Whilst travelling in the Dry Season, the relatively low humidity was perfect for drying the strips of flesh, as long as we were far enough offshore to minimise the presence of flies. The increased humidity of the Wet slowed down the drying process, but as long as the flies were not too prevalent, we still managed to preserve reasonable quantities. Surprisingly, Queenfish,



not generally noted for its flavour otherwise, also made a reasonable dried product. We usually had a quantity of biltong on hand to nibble on as a snack while under way.

From Gikal we moved on to Mata-Mata for another two-night stay. While here, I asked brother Don if Wilson was around, explaining that I had some kava he had ordered. “You got kava?”, he asked with immediate interest. I told him I only had the three bags for Wilson, and two spares. He immediately bought the two spares, and told me that Wilson was away at a funeral and not at his outstation, Rurruwuy. He did not know when he would be returning – so maybe I could give Don his (Wilson’s) three bags? I declined, feeling that I should make some effort to fulfil Wilson’s request.

We had a Codan radio on board on loan from Cabbage, and people at Yarriwuy and Ray-mangirr had called us up, wanting fuel and stores. We left Mata-Mata for Yarriwuy, but there was no dinghy on the beach and no signs of life there, so we continued on into Arnhem Bay to Ray-mangirr. Here we were astonished to see half-a-dozen four-wheel drive vehicles on the beach waiting for us. Apparently the word had got about that we had kava on board, and people had driven out from Gapuwiyak to the outstation to get some. I explained that we did not have any kava available, other than the three bags for Wilson. There was much grumbling, and I was censured for not bringing more with us. I was taken aback by the demand, and promise to do better next time. We were humbugged a lot to give them Wilson’s kava, since he was not around to take possession, but we resisted and after satisfying the demand for fuel and other goods, we left the next day for Djurinalpuy and Elcho.

At Djurinalpuy, there were again a number of four-wheel drives lined up on the beach waiting for us. People had driven up the forty kilometres of bush road from Galiwin’ku to get some kava, and again there were dissatisfied rumblings when I explained that we did not have any, other than Wilson’s order. After a good deal of humbug, I relented and sold Wilson’s bags to someone. We were told in no uncertain terms that everybody wanted kava, and we should do better to satisfy the demand. I felt like an errant schoolboy being chastised for thoughtless behaviour, such was the disappointment expressed by all.

When we moved on to the Elcho barge landing at Waparuwa, there were again a number of vehicles

waiting for us, all of them wanting kava, and all of them again disappointed and disapproving that we had none.

After arranging a time with the Galiwin’ku ORC for delivery of the tank and pipe to Bularriny Landing, which was about seven miles back up Cadell Strait on the Napier Peninsula side, the outstation folk turned up with their tractor and trailer to meet our arrival and unload *Singa Betina*. The common local name for the spot was “Yellow Tractor Landing”, after an old, abandoned machine in the process of a long decay into the salty landscape of the clearing in the mangroves. The Yellow Tractor was a prominent navigation landmark along the channel for many years. Bularriny outstation is three kilometres into the bush from the landing.

Back at Elcho, and now enlightened of superfluous cargo, we loaded up Greg and Trish’s effects and set off with them on 12 December. We meandered our way through overnight stops and generally light weather conditions to arrive in Darwin after a leisurely and pleasant passage of nine days. Greg and Trish went on their way, and we unloaded our cargo of scrap and sold it to one of the local dealers.

Both Jude and I had problems with boils. Jude had a developing angry red swelling on the back of her calf, while I had a fully-blown carbuncle on my lower leg, just above the ankle, which was turning into a massive abscess. These afflictions poison one’s system, and produce a kind of depressive misery that is quite debilitating and painful. We attended Royal Darwin Hospital for outpatient treatment, and after the usual marathon wait, were both ushered into a surgery. A Doctor appeared, looked at my wound, asked the nurses to clean it up, and moved on to Jude. He decided it would be best to excise the boil from her leg, and put her on nitrous oxide (laughing gas) to mask the pain. He then cut out the boil with a scalpel, with Jude screaming in pain - so much for the “laughing” gas. I was horrified – if that was what happened with a single boil, what was going to happen with my monstrous abscess? To my immense relief, when the Doctor returned to inspect my cleaned wound, he simply wrote out a script for antibiotics and told me to keep it wrapped and dry. Jude was quite peeved by the experience, but we both healed well eventually.

We found a heavy-duty eleven-foot aluminium dinghy with decent freeboard at a local marine dealership. Our old dinghy had deteriorated bad-



ly and had not much more flotation than a sieve, so we shelled out \$800 on the new tender. While it was heavier than our old dinghy, the added carrying capacity was welcome and it still fitted on deck while voyaging. After all my years of leaky dinghies, it turned out to be a great little boat, and outlasted the remainder of my time on *Singa Betina*.

Christmas came and went. We stocked up on fuel, food, clothing, tents, fishing gear and cigarettes for trade, and we were ready to depart again for Gove on 11 January, 1984. A fresh north-westerly had set in, and we moved from our mooring at Dinah Beach to test the waters in the outer harbour. It was a bit rough out there, so we retreated to anchor at Doctor's Gully, ready to take any advantage of a lull in the winds for a quick getaway. This spot was not very well protected, and as the rough conditions continued we moved back into the shelter of the Darwin peninsula for another day while the winds blew up to 20 knots. On the 14 January, the weather finally abated and we got under way.

The leg from Darwin to Cape Don was always a hard journey for us. The distance was around 100nm, with very little shelter afforded in the 70nm between the Vernon Islands and Cape Don, especially in the south-easterlies of the Dry Season. The best time to leave Darwin was dictated by the north-bound current flowing through the Vernons, which generally meant a 24-hour overnight traverse into shelter beyond Cape Don. With just Jude and me on board it was a long slog, always with a degree of apprehension about the conditions we might find around Cape Don.

In light north-westerlies we passed through the north passage of the Vernons and droned along under motor in the lee of Melville Island to an

anchorage overnight at Camp Point, between Cobham Bay and Cape Keith. It was nice to break the journey for a change and get a good night's sleep, although reflected swells caused an uncomfortable roll here.

The next morning was a dawn start, to round Cape Don in light winds and anchor in Coral Bay, just inside the western side of the entrance to Port Essington, in the late afternoon. Coral Bay is a scrotum-shaped double bay hanging down in a southerly direction, well-sheltered and with nice clear waters, clean sandy beaches and no-one around. We had discovered the bay on our way in to Darwin with Greg and Trish, and it was one of the jewels of the journey in the Coburg Peninsula area. Nowadays it's a five-star wilderness resort, and while it is still possible to anchor there, the shore-based complex has diminished the sense of pristine isolation that it used to have.

We plugged on, day sailing in easy stages, and stopping for a couple of days at Elcho to sell fuel and supplies. After another overnight stop at Gikal to offload fuel, we arrived back in Gove on 26 January.

There was a new arrival in the harbour. A fellow called Warren Waddell had turned up on an old pearling lugger, *San Nicola*. Warren had spent some time working in Gove to get his funds together to buy the lugger in Fremantle, and after a lot of work on the boat he had sailed it back to Gove. He and Cabbage were mates, and he was interested in using *San Nicola* for coastal trading as we were doing. After finishing more work on his boat, Warren eventually got out and about, was adopted into the Datiwuy clan at Rurruwuy, and *San Nicola* became a regular presence in the area for a while.

To be continued....

Interesting Internet

An occasional list of internet sites that may be of interest to readers.

<https://mail.google.com/mail/u/0/?tab=wm#inbox/1519a4cc0656067e>

<http://www.gizmodo.com.au/2015/12/a-sunken-galleon-worth-billions-has-been-discovered-off-the-coast-of-colombia/>

<http://www.foxnews.com/us/2015/11/25/donations-save-iconic-american-ship-from-heading-to-scrapyard/>

<https://youtu.be/iFQAQQlwKmw>



Forsyth's Missing Painting

By Ross Shardlow FASMA



This remarkable painting by George Forsyth of Arthur Head and the mouth of the Swan River at Fremantle, Western Australia, was recently 're-discovered' in the City of Fremantle Art Collection stored away in a cupboard. City Art Collection Curator Andre Lipscombe immediately recognised the work as a significant colonial painting and assigned respected art restorer Gordon Hudson to repair, clean and conserve the work. Given the painting is dated March 1893, Andre and Gordon were at a loss to identify the buildings or the viewpoint of the painting. Knowing major harbour works had commenced in 1893, none of which is visible in the painting, Gordon surmised that Forsyth must have painted the scene as a 'step back in time'. As I have an interest in marine art, Fremantle in general and George Forsyth in particular, Gordon sent me an assessment copy of the painting in August 2017 and asked for my comments.

The Painting:

The painting depicts Arthur Head and the mouth of the Swan River. The viewpoint is taken from Ferry Point (foreground) looking towards the mouth of the river with Arthur Head on the south bank (left) and Rouse Head on the north bank (right). North Jetty, just inside the river

mouth, is on the left. Though the painting is clearly dated March 1893, the scene actually depicts a scene from the 1870s.

Ferry Point:

Forming the foreground of the painting, Ferry Point was a sand spit that extended northwards out into the river from the south bank. In 1855 permission was given to extend Market Street to a new jetty for the ferry service that ran across the river to Water Street in North Fremantle. Most of Ferry Point was removed and used as backfill for the new harbour works in the 1890s.





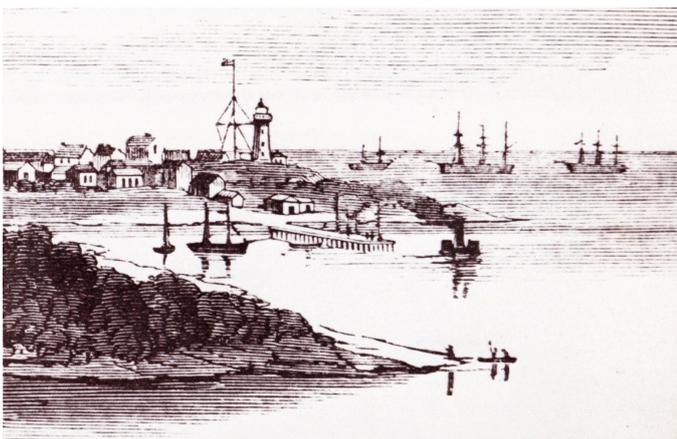
Arthur Head:



Detail from photo c.1870 showing the flagstaff, No. 1 lighthouse and flag-room. The government cottage on the left, variously described as the Governor's villa, water police building, chief pilot's house and wharf manager's residence, was built in 1856 and demolished to make way for a car park in 1967

Photo: Arthur Head, Fremantle (detail) RWAHS R2775

Arthur Head became a generic name for the entire south headland. Most of the headland was quarried away to build the South Mole and backfill the harbour works, leaving the Round House on a bluff of high ground called Gaol Hill, not Arthur Head as it is now more commonly known. Neither Gaol Hill nor the Round House is visible in Forsyth's painting, as they are 'out of view' to the left. Today, there is a remnant of the actual Arthur Head still visible at the seaward end of Victoria Quay near the new Maritime Museum. This illustration by Albert C. Cooke shows a similar



view to Forsyth's painting looking from Ferry Point (complete with ferry) across North Bay and North Jetty to Arthur Head. Unlike Forsyth's work, however, the lighthouse in this work is the No.2 light built in 1876-79. Migrating to Victoria in 1854, Cooke completed his 'View of Fremantle' after moving to Western Australia in 1890. Cooke died in Melbourne in 1892.

Dating the image in the painting:

No.1 Lighthouse:

Fremantle's No.1 Lighthouse (shown as item 1 on the map overleaf) was a true 'light-house' having a house with a light tower built in the middle of it. As Forsyth's painting clearly shows the No.1 lighthouse the scene depicted must be between 1851, when the lighthouse was built, and 1879 when the light tower was demolished. A new No.2 lighthouse was built adjacent to the No.1 lighthouse between 1876-79. There is no evidence of the new No.2 lighthouse in Forsyth's



painting, suggesting the scene in the painting is earlier than 1876 when construction started on the new light.

Powder Magazine & Guard House:

The low flat building on the seaward side of the lighthouse (item 2 on the map) was the powder magazine. Built in 1856, the magazine was on the site where the new Challenger TAFE building now stands. On the northern promontory of Arthur Head (item 3 on the map) was a government building listed as a guard-house.

North Jetty:

The North Jetty (item 4 on the map) was built as an extension of Cliff Street by convict labour in 1853. As ships could not enter the river because of the rocky bar blocking the entrance, cargo had to be offloaded by lighters at South Jetty, and the New Jetty (later extended and named Long Jetty), carried overland along Cliff Street and then reloaded into barges at the North Jetty for transhipment to Perth and Guildford.

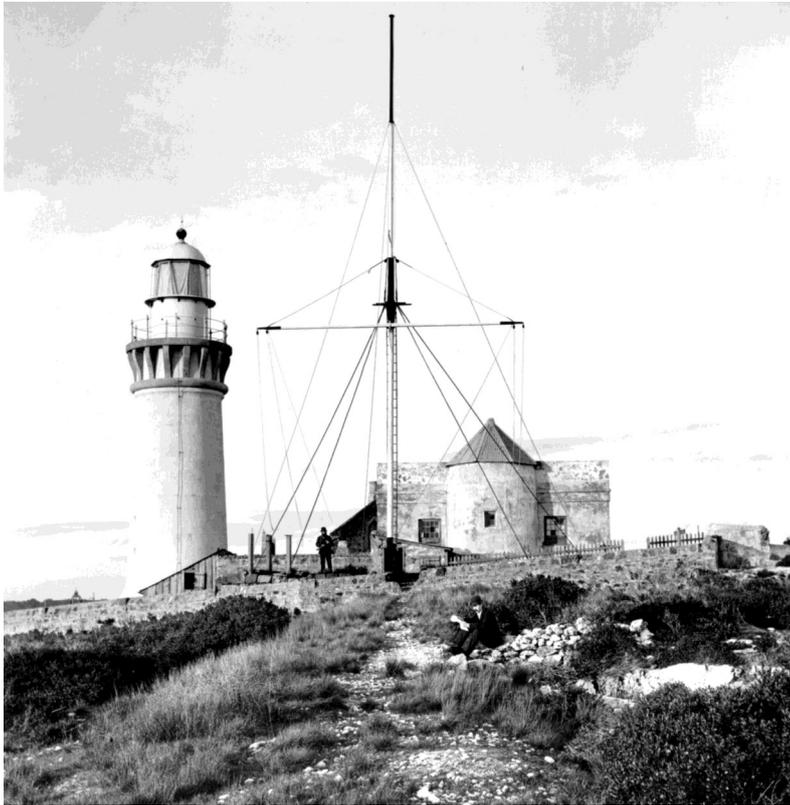


Photo taken c.1900 showing the new No. 2 lighthouse (left) built in 1876–79 adjacent to the old No. 1 lighthouse (right). The No. 1 lighthouse had its light tower truncated when the new lighthouse was built, and the flagstaff was relocated to the seaward side of No. 1 lighthouse towards Point Marquis. None of these features appear in Forsyth's painting. Both lighthouses were demolished in 1905 to make way for the Fremantle Battery. No. 1 and No. 2 lighthouses stood where J-shed art studios now stand.

Forsyth shows the river mouth as a hostile barrier of white water in a nor-wester gale. The bar across the entrance was made up of rock and sand and had two small channels at each end of the bar marked by red coloured buoys. On a good day, shallow-draft boats might negotiate the entrance. The loss of boats and boatmen, however, was alarming. It is not surprising that Forsyth shows two wrecked boats in his painting. Forsyth's painting shows the North Jetty (also called the River Jetty) as it appeared in the 1870s with one crane at the head of the jetty and a white lifeboat on davits. The lifeboat was kept at the ready at all times to rescue mariners in distress. When Forsyth completed his painting in 1893 the jetty had two cranes and the lifeboat had a boathouse built over the top of it to protect it from the elements.

George A.D. Forsyth

George Forsyth was born in England 14 June 1843. As a boy he received art lessons from his godfather, the eminent illustrator and cartoonist George Cruikshank. George went to sea when he was fourteen years old. When he was 21-years old he came out to Western Australia and for a time worked in the coastal shipping trade. In January 1866 he gained employ-

ment as a constable with the Fremantle Water Police and soon after married Marion Henderson at Fremantle's Congregational Church in April 1866. George and Marion had four children. George resigned from the Water Police in 1868, took up the coastal trade again for a short while before being accepted to the position of Pilot at Rottnest Island in November 1868. In 1874 he was appointed Harbour Master at Fremantle, a post he held with distinction until 1885 when he was suspended from duty and dismissed from service the following year. George continued work in shipping and maritime services in the North-West and Straits Settlements. He also developed his long-standing interest as an amateur artist gaining considerable recognition for his well-executed works.

Though George's paintings might be considered naïve, he was certainly more than a 'pierhead artist'. His marine paintings are based on first hand knowledge and personal experience. His paintings have become his-





Editors Note:

Since this report was prepared in 2017, the MHA have undertaken the publication of *A Hazardous Life: Captain George AD Forsyth, Mariner and First Harbour Master for the Colony of Western Australia*

by Ron K Forsyth and Ian K Forsyth

The North Jetty c.1885 with two cranes at the head of the jetty and a boathouse over the lifeboat. In the distance, between the jetty and the distant traffic bridge, is Ferry Point.

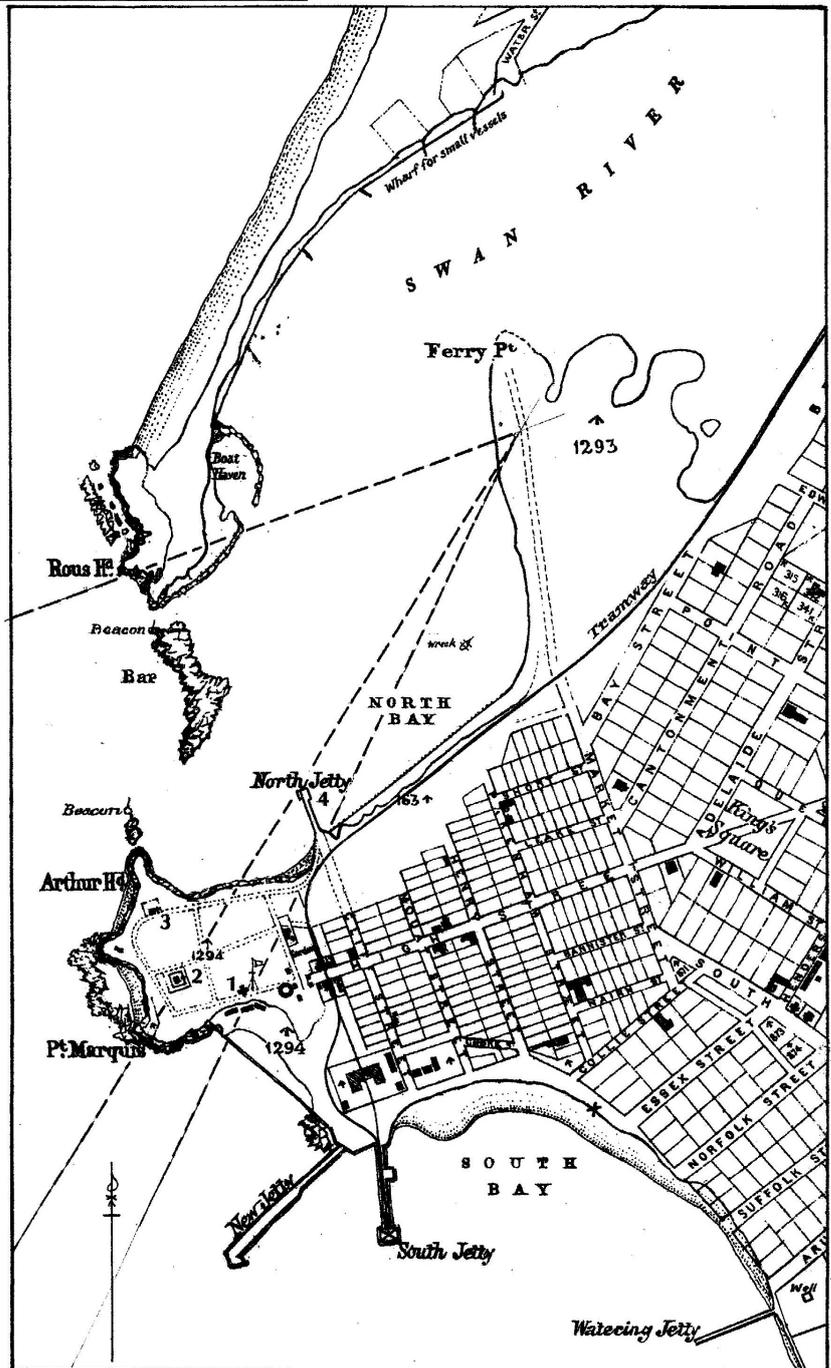
Photo: North Jetty c.1885 Battye BA 1341/28

torical documents in their own right, recording details of our heritage that would otherwise be lost to us.

It would be easy to imagine that George painted 'Arthur Head and the mouth of the Swan River' in March 1893 to capture a scene of Fremantle that was about to be lost forever. George's painting, however, is not a scene of Arthur Head as it appeared in March 1893; it is a scene from the mid 1870s – when he was Harbour Master.

The Fremantle harbour works started with the construction of the North Mole in November 1892. Work started on the South Mole in August 1894. The reclamation of just about everything in George's painting followed soon after.

George Andrew Duncan Forsyth died at his residence at Arundel Street, Fremantle, 2 September 1894 aged 51 years.





QUIZ

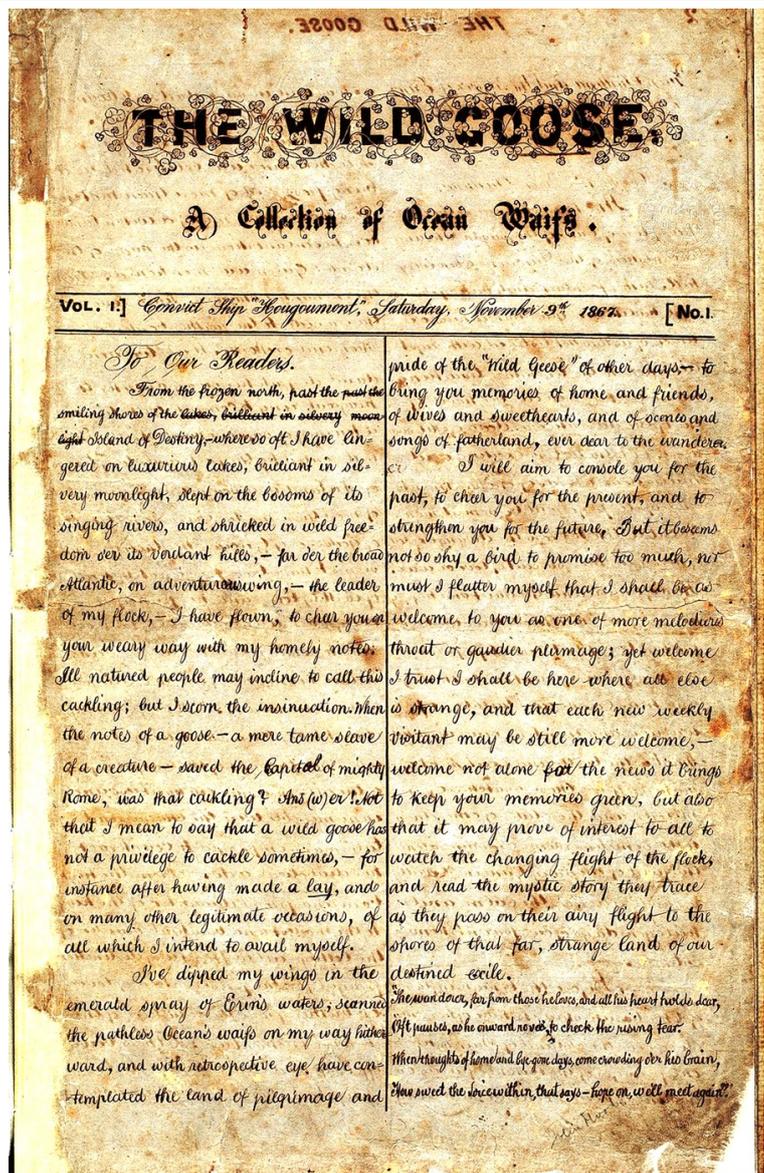
Answers to June

1. Flinder's bars are the bar magnets placed around a magnetic compass to compensate it.
2. A monkey's fist is the knot placed at the end of a heaving line to give the line weight for throwing. For this reason it is also known as a heaving line knot.
3. The captain of the *Georgette* was Captain John Godfrey. He was charged with five offences over the loss of the steamer. He was acquitted of these charges but found guilty of 'a grave error of judgement'. His certificate was suspended for 18 months.

Quiz

1. In a 19th century whaleboat before the use of steam driven whalers and harpoon guns, which crew member killed the whale?
2. Where on the coast of Western Australia is Wallace Island?
3. What was the name of the Fremantle Harbour Master who in June 1867 drowned while on duty?

Earlier this year Fremantle had the commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the arrival of the last convict ship to Western Australia. Among the convicts on the *Hougoumont* were 62 Irish political prisoners from the Irish Republican Brotherhood, better known as the Fenians. During the voyage from England a small group of these prisoners produced a newspaper titled *The Wild Goose: A Collection of Ocean Waifs*. There were seven editions of the newspaper, and they are held at the Mitchell Library in NSW. That library has kindly lent them to Western Australia, and they are on display at the Fremantle Prison until March 2019.





Gary Tonkin (FASMA) – Master Scrimshander

By Ross Shardlow (FASMA)

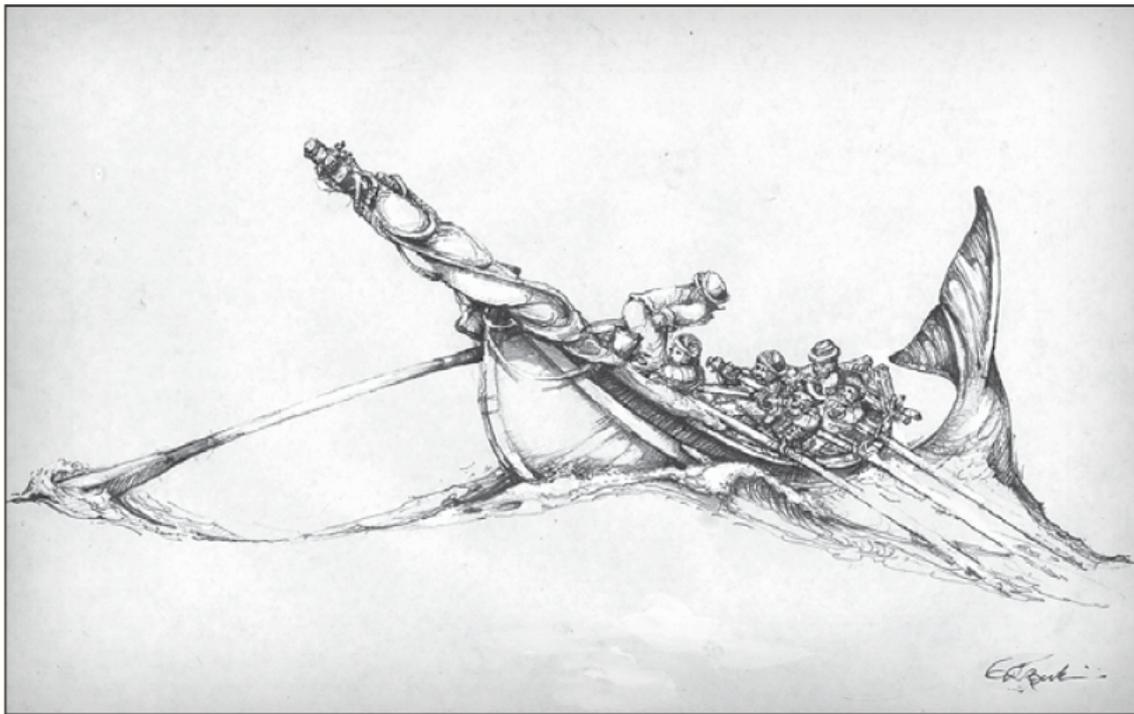


Illustration by Gary Tonkin for 'Scrimshander', article by Bruce Stanard, *WoodenBoat* magazine No. 226–2012.

Gary Tonkin of Albany, Western Australia, is internationally recognised as a master scrimshander – an exquisite engraver and carver of whale ivory and bone. From a bygone age when the engraving of whale teeth was regarded as the naïve craft and whimsy of idle whalers, Gary has raised the genre to the highest status of fine marine art. At the 2018 induction to the ASMA College of Fellows, Gary was elected by his peers to the status of Fellow of the Australian Society of Marine Artists. Only two Fellowships are awarded each year in recognition of high standard of artwork.

In Bruce Stannard's article 'SCRIMSHANDER: The Marine Art of Gary Tonkin' (*WoodenBoat* No.226–2012), Dr. Stuart M. Frank, Senior Curator of the New Bedford Whaling Museum in Massachusetts is quoted as saying: Gary Tonkin is "arguably the greatest scrimshaw artist who ever lived ... he has all the patience and skill and meticulous attention to detail of the very best historical scrimshaw artists, and his art is entirely original."

Born in Portland, Victoria in 1949, Gary grew up in a town steeped in whaling history and the traditions of the sea. During his formative school years in the 1960s he excelled in art. He was also

a keen athlete and as a Sea Cadet serving at TS *Henty*, seriously considered joining the Navy.

After completing his high school education Gary commenced studies to become a Federal Government Meat Inspector, not so much to follow in his father's footsteps, but to travel and see the world. Graduating from East Sydney Technical College in 1971, Gary moved to Western Australia where he hoped to receive a transfer to the wilds of the Kimberley. So too did all the other inspectors. Consequently, Gary volunteered for the second choice – Albany, about as far removed from the Kimberley as you can get. It proved to be one of the best decisions he made in his life, and he fell in love with Albany.

Like Portland, Albany was also steeped in whaling history and the traditions of the sea. As a Federal Government (Export) Inspector, Gary's office was attached to Thomas Borthwicks Establishment on the waterfront. With such a magnificent coastline at his doorstep, Gary took up diving and soon became acquainted with every bit of the coastline "one hundred miles each side of Albany".

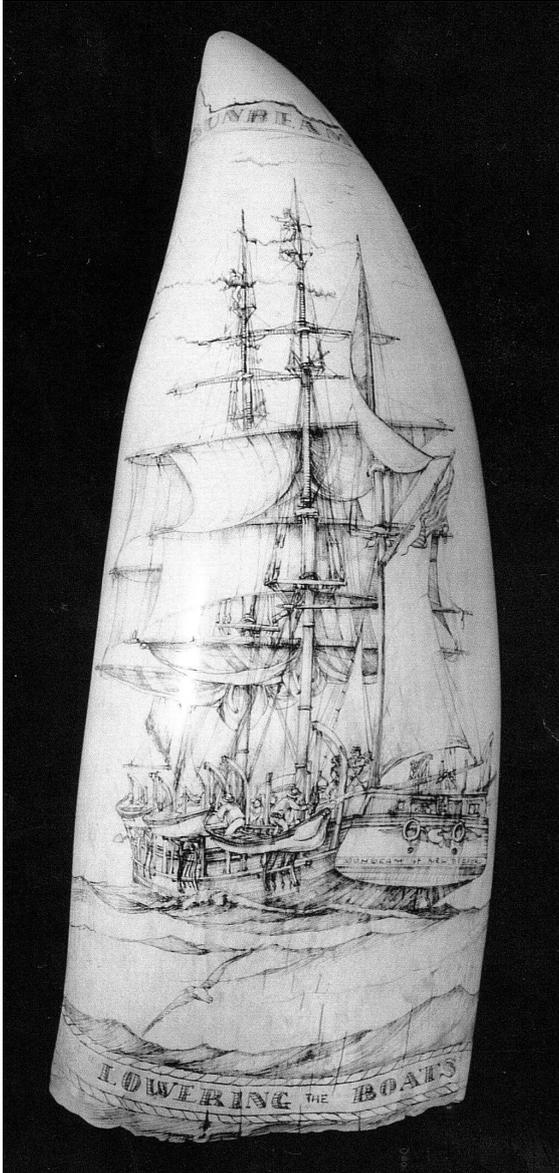
In 1974 Gary took a break from meat inspecting to hitchhike through Africa for an adventure and



to see the wildlife. He also travelled through Spain and ended up in Israel doing a stint as a volunteer for the Prehistory Institute of Archaeology with the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

Gary returned to Albany in 1975 and after gaining his permanency as a Federal Government Meat Inspector, purchased an old weatherboard and iron cottage overlooking Albany's picturesque Princess Royal Harbour. The Cheynes Beach Whaling Station at Frenchman Bay in King George Sound was still operating in those

days,
and
the



Sunbeam—*Lowering the Boats*.
Private collection

Photo: Andrew Cross

whale chasers *Cheyne II, III* and *IV* tied up at Albany's old Town Jetty, virtually at Gary's doorstep. As a knowledgeable student of whaling history and art, there was no escaping the inevitable – he went down to the whaling station and

bought a brown paper bag of whales' teeth. Gary's first piece of scrimshaw was engraved with a rusty roofing nail and an old penknife. He never looked back.

At a time when traditional scrimshaw was considered a dying art, when there were more collectors than scrimshanders, when the last whaling station in Australia was about to close down, Gary embarked on a new pursuit with a new passion, and he was well placed to do so. The seasonal nature of meat inspecting allowed him to take time off work to do his scrimshaw. His job permanency allowed him to purchase all the whales' teeth he could afford 'off the floor' from the whaling station. The teeth were expensive, but Gary knew he had to buy what he could, while he could. Drawing from experience and a supply of whales' teeth to last him three lifetimes, Gary proceeded to teach himself the ancient sailor's art of scrimshaw.

In 1988, always eager to gain first hand experience as ship's artist on sailing ships, whale-chasers and whaleboats, Gary willingly accepted a passage from Fremantle to Mauritius aboard the gaff-rigged trading schooner *Esperance* and gained just the sort of experience he hoped for when they were pooped three hundred miles off the Western Australian coast in the same tropical cyclone that overwhelmed and sank the bulk carrier *Singa Sea* with the tragic loss of 19 hands. Gary witnessed the remarkable seamanship of true mariners, the people of the sea, and recorded his experiences in scrimshaw while aboard the *Esperance*. In Gary's own words, "it was the best en plein air marine art a scrimshander could get." Before making Mauritius they were overtaken by another storm, which partially dismantled the schooner with the loss of her topmasts and blew out their mainsail. After lashing down and securing the wreckage the skipper looked despairingly at Gary and said, "You wanted to experience the sea – we cannot show you any more."

Some years later the *Esperance*, now known by her old name of *Tho-Pa-Ga*, sank in the Bay of Biscay after striking the ubiquitous 'semi-submerged object'. No lives were lost but the scrimshaw Gary had completed for the ship stayed with the ship and went to the bottom.

After the voyage on the *Esperance* Gary made his way to England where he was received by Dr. Bob Headland, director of the Scott Polar Institute, Cambridge University, and senior curator Dr. Janet West, who introduced Gary to Arthur



Credland at the Hull Maritime Museum where he was given free access to the museum's archives. With a letter of introduction from Dr. West, Gary then made his way to the United States to meet Dr. Stuart M. Frank, at that time curator of the Kendall Whaling Museum at Sharon, Massachusetts. Gary used his time in America and England to visit as many whaling museums, galleries and libraries as he could to glean reference material on the whaleships that visited King George Sound in the 19th century – research that ultimately lead to the completion of a remarkable project, the engraving of six extraordinarily large sperm whale teeth from the Cheynes Beach Whaling Station that described a voyage of the New Bedford whaler *Eliza Adams*. Commissioned for the USA Gallery at the Australian National Maritime Museum in Sydney, the work was presented to the museum's permanent collection in 1993. Following the completion of this work, Gary resigned from meat inspection to become a full time scrimshander.

Recognizing his exceptional talent, Dr Stuart Frank introduced Gary into Kendall's artist-in-residence programme. As trade in whale ivory is forbidden in international law, Gary could not export his scrimshaw from Albany to the United States, or anywhere else. He could, however, accept an invitation to reside as artist-in-residence at Kendall (later merged with the New Bedford Whaling Museum) where he could work on commissions from American collectors who provided

their own whale ivory. As part of the artist-in-residence programme, Gary attended the annual scrimshaw symposiums where he gave talks and demonstrations on the art of scrimshaw. Here he also met other marine artists like Christopher Blossom and John Stobbart. The late American and Canadian marine artist, author, historian and scrimshander Bill Gilkerson gave the keynote address at Gary's first presentation. In describing the rise in modern scrimshaw, Gilkerson acknowledged that Gary was the leading proponent of that genre in Australia. Bill became Gary's greatest mentor, and friend, and for one summer at least, Gary was his pupil in Nova Scotia.

Though better known and respected for his work in the United States, Gary's work is represented in American and Australian galleries, museums and private collections. Gary is a long-standing member and champion of the Australian Society of Marine Artists and was the founder and inaugural president of the Albany Maritime Heritage Association. Though Dr Stuart Frank recognises Gary as the "best scrimshander artist alive", he also acknowledges an even greater contribution: "Thanks largely to Tonkin's own heroic efforts in mounting a preservation campaign in the 1990s the [Cheynes Beach] Whaling Station now survives as the open-air museum Whale World."

Gary Tonkin continues to work full time at his art as a humble recluse in his beloved harbour setting



of Albany, which allows him to pursue his portrayal of Western Australian whaling and maritime history through scrimshaw and illustration. Though much of Gary's work reflects his knowledge of maritime history, his greatest works depict the eye-witness accounts and first hand experiences of his own life, whether it be from listening to the old hands from the whaling station, standing a watch under sail, or sketching 'the chase' aboard a Lamalera whaleboat on the Savu Sea.

Hell or High Water Catalpa Series 1998-99
Private collection

Photo: Andrew Cross



A Wartime Rescue

From information supplied by Harry McDiarmid

During the very early hours of 3 August 1942 the 223-ton steam trawler *Dureenbee* was attacked by Japanese submarine *I-175* while 25 km east of Moruya, NSW.

The crew of the trawler were busy stowing their catch and resetting the trawl ready for another run when a shell exploded nearby. The wireless operator, W.K. Wilson, immediately sent out a distress call. He tried to repeat the call, but a burst of machine gun fire removed his hand. He remained near the wireless, but received more injuries when further machine gun fire destroyed the wireless room. Two 4.7 inch (120mm) shells hit the *Dureenbee* destroying the wheelhouse and fracturing the main steam pipe, bringing the trawler to a halt. Captain William Reid signalled to the submarine that his vessel was unarmed and that he had wounded men on board. However, the submarine continued firing. There appeared to be no intention on the part of the Japanese to sink the *Dureenbee*, as all the shots were aimed from almost point blank range to hit above the trawler's waterline. The submarine circled the helpless trawler firing a further eight shells in the space of 45 minutes. The submarine then submerged, resurfacing a little while later and then heading out to sea. One of the crew of the *Dureenbee* had been killed, two seriously wounded and the rest suffered from minor injuries. These latter men had been able to shelter behind machinery.

After the submarine had disappeared the crew of the *Dureenbee* sent up distress flares. It was 4½ hours later at 6.20am before an aircraft from 11 Squadron, RAAF, found them. However, before this another trawler, the *Mirrabooka* owned by Rayner and Gus McDiarmid with crewman Cecil Williams, had left Moruya at 2.30am and headed towards the crippled *Dureenbee*. The *Mirrabooka* had all its lights on so that the survivors would know that help was coming. Guided by the aircraft the *Mirrabooka* located the *Dureenbee* and manoeuvred close by. The *Mirrabooka*'s crew then lowered their 12ft dinghy, as during the attack the lifeboat and inflatable raft on the *Dureenbee* had been destroyed. The wounded crew were rowed a few at a time in the dinghy from the stricken trawler to the *Mirrabooka*. One of the seriously wounded men, Arthur Scrobles, was too heavy to get into the dinghy (he weighed 21 stone

(134kg)). He was therefore attached to the cod end of the *Mirrabooka*'s net and winched on board. He died before reaching shore, and was later found to have suffered 22 bullet wounds. Archibald McPherson had been killed during the attack, while Chief Officer Alexander Reid (Captain Reid's brother) had been seriously wounded, and also died a few days later.

After taking off the dead and wounded back at Moruya the *Mirrabooka* was immediately commandeered by two men from the Commonwealth Salvage Board. They wanted it to leave the following day to attempt to salvage the *Dureenbee*. The crew of the *Mirrabooka* told the men that salvage would have to commence immediately, as the state of the wind and sea meant that to delay would result in the loss of the *Dureenbee*. However, the Commonwealth Salvage officers disregarded the advice of the trawler men who had local knowledge.

The *Mirrabooka* left Moruya at 5.00am the following day, and discovered the *Dureenbee* on rocks 40–50 km from where it had been attacked. The trawler had a broken keel, and because of its position on the rocks and the state of the sea, the crew of the *Mirrabooka* considered it too dangerous to try and get close enough to attempt pull it free. The two Commonwealth officials nevertheless ordered that an attempt be made, and in trying to get a line aboard the *Dureenbee* a rope fouled the *Mirrabooka*'s propeller. With this trawler also in imminent danger of becoming a wreck, it was only the timely arrival of the *Erina*, another trawler, which managed to pull the *Mirrabooka* to safety.

The three members of the crew of the *Dureenbee* who died, McPherson, Scrobles and Reid are buried at Moruya. Their graves have Merchant Navy headstones. The two McDiarmid brothers and Cecil Williams were subsequently awarded Royal Humane and Shipwreck Society Awards for their courage and tireless effort in the rescue. Both McDiarmid brothers had served in the AIF during World War I, and Rayner had been wounded in France.

I-175 was sunk with the loss of all the crew by two US destroyers on 4 February 1944.

See photo page 2



‘One of the Most Spectacular Coastal Voyages Anywhere in the World’ (Lonely Planet)

In October 2017 I boarded the Hurtigruten ferry Trollfjord in Norway for a 12 day voyage from Bergen to Kirkenes and return. Lonely Planet got it right. The coast is certainly spectacular!

The local ferry run by the Hurtigruten Company delivers mail, supplies and local passengers up the coast from Bergen in southern Norway around North Cape and across to Kirkenes almost on the Russian border. Kirkenes is 146km west-north-west of Murmansk.

The ferries also cater for a small number of tourists, of which I was lucky enough to be one. Hurtigruten have a fleet of ferries, and one departs Bergen every day so that they criss-cross up and down the coast. My vessel was the *Trollfjord*, 16,100 tons, 135.75m long. This ship has no rudder, but is equipped with two bow thrusters and two swivel propellers at the stern. It can turn on the spot and also move sideways, so never needs a tug.

Up and back we called at 34 ports, sometimes very briefly to drop off and pick up mail, at other times the ship was in port for several hours, allowing time to go ashore and even take part in arranged excursions. While the scenery along the way was spectacular (as expected) the shore excursions provided the highlights of the trip. My first shore excursion was at Stamsund where I enjoyed a visit to a replica Viking longhouse, built to the same dimensions and on exactly the same site as one built in 700AD and excavated by archaeologists. We were treated to a meal of food from that period together with a couple of glasses of highly alcoholic mead.

A later excursion was to visit a Saami reindeer herder when we were in port at Kjøllefjord. The semi-nomadic Saami, previously known as Lapplanders, live in the far north of Norway, Sweden and Finland. Our host told us about the Saami way of life, religion and food (which we sampled). I have no ambition to become a reindeer herder.

I also visited a marble mine while the ship was in Kristiansund. The mine was so big that we travelled underground by bus one kilometre into the mountain before alighting and boarding a boat. This took us through flooded mine workings even

deeper into the mountain. Part of it was a cavern 65m wide, completely unsupported. Until recently the company running it was getting 500,000 tons of marble a year from the mine, but now they are only taking out 80,000 tons. About 95% of this is crushed to a fine powder and used in the manufacture of good quality paper – for example the National Geographic magazine.

On the return journey just south of Hammerfest (70° 40’N) I spent 40 minutes looking up at a large air/sea rescue helicopter hovering close above the stern of the ship. While at first I thought that there had been a medical emergency call-out, it in fact turned out to be a training run involving the lowering of personnel, a stretcher, and a large box of what I presume was medical gear. Then everything was hoisted back up again, and the helicopter left. The ship had continued sailing at 15 knots during this exercise. I have seldom been so cold after exposure for 40 minutes to the downdraft from the helicopter, but the series of photos was worth it.

I was also interested in two strange looking craft I came across while wandering around the wharves in Trondheim. Along the side of each was written in large letters ‘AUTONOMOUS’, and respectively *Ocean Space DRONE 1* and 2. These are unmanned experimental rescue vessels 12m long, 3m beam made by the Kongsberg Company.

I was surprised at how little snow there was on the mountains, but was obviously there too early in the season even though it was autumn. I was also surprised at seeing so few of the autumn colours I had expected until I realised that most of the voyage was in the latitude of coniferous forest where pine trees predominate. And even further north there are few trees of any sort.

Of course while in Norway I visited the Viking Ship Museum and the National Maritime Museum, including the collection of small boats, most of them afloat. Norway is a seafaring country, and at every port there were fishing boats and many private boats, most of them yachts. In a lot of towns the yachts are moored alongside houses and other buildings. These keen sailors go out in all sorts of weather. I photographed one man at Alesund who took his 40ft double ended cutter out on his own on what was a bleak and dismal



day. The wind was 35 knots and cold enough to turn the light rain occasionally to sleet. Incidentally, Alesund has the only heated public garden seats I have seen. There are a number of seats where people can sit and look over the boats and buildings in the main part of town. The seats are made from water pipe and hot water is fed

through the pipes. Absolutely marvellous on a cold day!

Altogether this was a most interesting and enjoyable 12 days spent afloat on the other side of the world.

Peter Worsley



Hurtigruten ferry Trollfjord



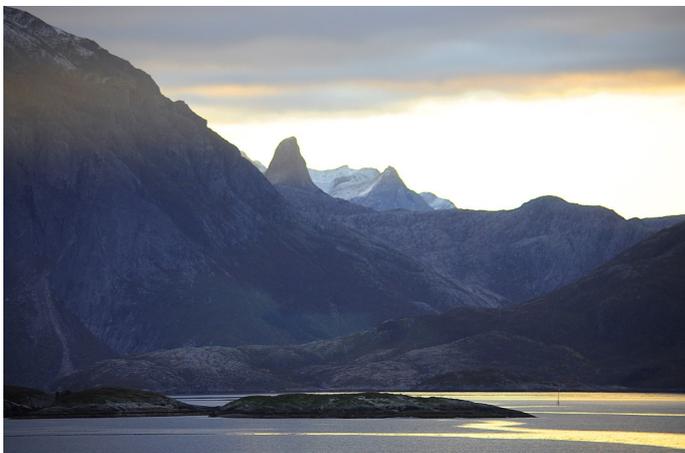
Obelisk marking the Arctic Circle



Practising air-sea rescue



Experimental unmanned sea rescue vessel



Early morning on the coast of Norway



Beautifully shaped boats at Oslo