The late George Cox was fascinated by the steamers of Tasmania. Forty years ago he recorded their history, saying:

“The era of the river steamer in Tasmania has gone forever but the memory of the ships which used to ply on the rivers does not die easily. The bow-wave, the warmth of the funnel, the smell of hot oil and steam and the atmosphere of authority which pervaded the bridge gave to the river steamers an air of romance unknown to modern transport.

For residents of the Derwent and Tamar Valleys, the Huon, D’Entrecasteaux Channel and Tasman Peninsula these vessels were the fastest and sometimes the only means of transport… the sound of the whistle as the steamer rounded the nearest bend was just what they were listening for. The steamer’s arrival was the event of the week. For many this was the main connection with the outside world and if they were not already waiting there would be a rush down to the jetty to welcome the ship.”

(Cox, G W, Ships in Tasmanian Waters, Fullers Bookshop, Hobart, 1971)

Can the very last of Tasmania's river steamers be saved? (see President's Message, page 5).
Maritime Museum of Tasmania

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Hobart, Tasmania

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(except for Good Friday & Christmas Day)

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Rebecca Kurczok, graphic designer
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Closing date for our next newsletter is the
16th April, 2012. Please lodge your articles
by that date in the box provided at MMT, or
email direct to studio@tasprint.com.au

New Zealand Schooner Huia
editorial

Over a long period of time we have been blessed with the number of quality articles submitted by our members for publication in this journal. Most of these, such as Sid Heatley’s regular contributions are easy to accommodate but others have been of such length that we have had to publish them in serial form of up to 4 parts which in our quarterly publication takes a year to complete a story. A problem arises when we have more than one of these to run which would restrict the number and variety of articles if published together so consequently one of the stories would have to wait twelve months to be published.

In fairness to all it would be appreciated if your articles are restricted to about 2,000 words which with photos would require two pages. If we can obtain sufficient sponsorship this problem would be resolved as this would free up more space by restricting the amount of ‘paid advertisements’ now required to ‘keep us afloat’

Perhaps our readers could help with this matter by finding new business sponsors for as little as $50 per issue (preferably more) which would be acknowledged by including their name and/or logo in each edition in a size relating to the amount paid.

Did you know?

(about - creatures great and small)

DOGS that relieve themselves on lampposts - all 100% of them - create some serious corrosive effects. The urine, pools around the base of metal poles and corrodes them very quickly. A Swedish inventor has come up with a solution - a rubber attached to the lamppost with a pipe that diverts the urine away from the pole. He claims taking the ammonia and urine away will save councils a lot of money by extending the average life span of a lamppost from 30 to 45 years.

---If they had a race for good inventions, this would be ‘farst pist the post’ ----

(Excuse the ‘typographical’ error.)

Unfortunately there is no ‘From the Galley’ or ‘On the Grapevine’ article in this issue as ‘Lucky Pierre’ and ‘Bob the Boozer’ are-busy researching the wine & food scene.

--- Just another name for ‘still on holidays’ (Ed.)

weird world

ITALY

A motorist was stopped by astonished police in the southern city of Bari when they saw him speaking on two phones with a handset in each hand and no control of the wheel. Asked to explain his actions, the 43 year old driver of an Alfa Romeo 166 saloon car said he was speaking to his wife when his mother called and he could not hang up on either of them.

(Wouldn’t have been a problem if it had been his mother-in-law)

FRANCE

A 10 year old boy was apprehended by police after taking his father’s car to drive to school after he had missed the bus. He took along a 9 year old friend who had also missed the bus and traveled 2km before crashing the Renault Megane into a pylon. “I had my seat belt on” he proudly told police when they arrived at the scene. Fortunately neither boy was injured.

(Either he was really keen on school or punishment for being late was hell)

AMERICA

A man was shot in the buttocks after his dog stepped on a shotgun during a hunting trip. The 46 year old from Utah was duck-hunting and left the 12 gauge shotgun in the boat when he stepped out to move decoys. He was hit from about 3m away with 27 pellets of bird shot but(t) wasn’t seriously injured as fortunately he was wearing waders.

(What a ‘doggone bummer, a case of ‘dog being duck’s best friend’)

VENEZUELA

Better known for its beauty queens this place has a darker side as Latin America’s most violent country. The Venezuela Violence Monitor said 19,366 people were murdered in 2011, an average of 53 a day in a country of 29 million. This murder rate even surpassed neighbouring Colombia and Mexico.

(Sounds like an undertakers paradise.)

ADVERTISING RATES

per quarterly issue for M.T.T.

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Maritime Times of Tasmania Summer 2012 | 3
Dear Bob,

Feel free to reprint any of my articles you like. You can find them all on the web if you type in baz blakeney herald sun. Thanks for sending me the copy of your magazine and thanks for your interest.

All the best, Baz Blakeney

Thanks Baz, your blood is worth bottling!

My name is Yvette Branch I am about to inherit a wooden Fazackerly dingy which I am interested in selling. I was wondering if you have a newsletter in which I could place an ad for its sale.

Regards Yvette

Here is a ‘freeby’ for you... those interested can contact Yvette on 0400 482 683 or email yvette.branch@bigpond.com.

Dear Bob,

I was very interested to read the story about the HMAS Wyatt Earp published in your spring edition of the Maritime Times. It brought back memories of a fine ship and prompted me to write this small anecdote.

Doug Petrass

Thanks for an good article brother, story on page 8. ’what a way to travel to work!’

Dear Bob,

I have recently been given a copy of your last edition of your Maritime Times and was very impressed with the format and content.

Well done.

As a volunteer member of the Qld Maritime Museum in Brisbane, it is interesting to catch up on what is happening in the other Maritime museums.

Keith Boulton

Thanks Keith for those kind words and the interesting article which we have included on page 15.

Did You Know?

When the space shuttle Atlantis was retired in July 2011 it had taken 355 Astronauts on more than 21,000 orbits of the planet and spent 1,332 days aloft.

If it finishes up in a ‘used shuttle yard’ they will have to wind back the speedo.

‘The Dick’ & The Doc

Any news from the Colonies Watson?

Yes Holmes, it appears that ‘Punter’ Ponting and ‘Mr Cricket’ Hussey have been very successful against India in the recent Test Cricket series.

Good to see there is life in the old dogs yet eh!

Yes indeed, their certainly barking as the ‘Pup’ Clarke was voted ‘Man of the series’ but why do you think the Indians have not been getting the runs?

Elementary, my dear Watson, they are used to eating much hotter curries at home.

2011 Sydney to Hobart Yachting Classic

Congratulations to Handicap winner: LOKI
Line honours: INVESTEC LOYAL

We are delighted to welcome the following NEW MEMBERS to the Maritime Museum.

Robert Webb (Quarterdeck)
Peter Ashford (Concession)
David Taylor (Concession)
Sarah Parry (Concession)

Membership Fees

Categories of membership and annual fees effective each year 1 July to 30 June (including GST)

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Pirate Club total cost $5.00

Let us know how you are getting on, and we’ll endeavour to include your feedback.

Baz Blakeney
The working lives of Tasmanian coastal and river steamers are long gone. More than 80 wooden steamers were built but the only vessel in service on the Derwent today is the Cartela launched on 21 September 1912 by Purdon & Featherstone for the Huon Channel & Peninsula Steamship Company. The Cartela is an irreplaceable reminder of a wonderful maritime era.

Colin Roche and his brothers Bill and Max bought SS Cartela and four other river steamers from H Jones & Co in 1951. Seven years later they removed Cartela’s triple expansion steam engine and installed a diesel engine. The current generation of the Roche family want to hand over their historic vessel for restoration and conversion to its original steam power. Ross James has been investigating the restoration process and Steamship Cartela Pty Ltd has been incorporated to attempt the daunting task.

Before the days of reliable road transport the waterways were our highways and steamers were built to serve numerous ports of call. In addition to the carriage of passengers and freight the steamers acted as tenders to larger ships that lay at anchor and as tugs to the sailing ships that arrived in the estuaries. Steamers were often the only means of rescue from outlying areas in times of emergency.

Excursions were offered on weekends and public holidays for the local community and the trips were usually so crowded that passengers clambered onto the roof of the bridge deck. On Boxing Day Hobartians had a choice of excursions to Port Arthur, Port Esperance and ports in the Huon, Browns River, South Arm and the D’Entrecasteaux Channel or, most popular of all, the New Norfolk Regatta. On other holidays the steamers’ fishing trips and mutton-birding voyages to outlying islands were well patronised.

The inaugural Christmas Day Green Island steamer race occurred in 1908. The Cartela first competed in 1913, winning the 40 mile race at nearly 14 knots just ahead of arch-rival Togo. In the sensational race of 1926 Togo ran ashore at full speed after a collision with the overtaking Cartela near the finish. At the Court of Inquiry counsel for the Marine Board denied they were ‘racing’ and the Court eventually agreed that they were ‘proceeding’.

Surviving vessels include Rowitta (displayed in poor condition at the Flagstaff Maritime Museum, Warrnambool) and possibly Reemere (seen trading in Vanuatu in 2010) both launched in 1909 by Purdon & Featherstone. The Cartela may be the very last of the steamers that can be saved and the Maritime Museum strongly supports its preservation.

A man was looking at headstones in a cemetery when he saw one which read, ‘Here lies Fred Bloggs, an honest man and a lawyer’.

“Just look at that” he said to his friend “they’ve got 3 people in that grave”

Two blondes are walking down the street and one finds a compact on the sidewalk, picks it up, opens it and looks in the mirror. “Hey this girl looks familiar” she says and hands it to her friend who looks at it and says “of course she does dummy, it’s me.”

A young boy arrives home from school and his mum asks him “What did you learn today Tommy?” “I learnt all about the state capitals” he says. “OK” says mum “what is the capital of Tasmania” “That’s easy mum, it’s T”
Spinning an Icy Yarn: ANTARCTICA

Antarctica is the only place on Earth where you can walk into history and actually be there! It is a pioneer place preserved by God, and Ice, in the exact same way the Explorers saw it and lived it. Their buildings are still there, lone and forlorn, a testament to the Human Spirit.

As a Spinner, I preserve a pioneer skill, one with practical application and with loving connections to the people of the past. With that in mind, what better place to show that connection than to physically return to the location of the last century and offer my own pioneer skills for Australian Antarctic History? To spin the yarn to knit a replica of Sir Douglas Mawson's balaclava, and have it auctioned to raise funds to help with the restoration of the Huts and historic site!**

The Spinning propellers of the Expedition cruise ship MV Orion, guided us out of Dunedin Harbour into a rough 3m swell. The retractable fin stabilizers and the bow and stern thrusters are features of Orion that I am sure the Aurora would have envied. The modern 4000 tonnes was filled with 100 passengers and 80 crew, a very far cry from the 380 tons and 18 men and dogs in the cramped space of the Barquentine SY Aurora.

Four days of voyage provided many opportunities for learning about our destination, its wildlife, history and science.

Gradually closer to Antarctica, the seas calmed until we glided into Commonwealth Bay on a mirror sea and on which the Zodiaks zipped unconcernedly around flotillas of welcoming penguins and 'bored' meetings of Weddell seals.

As the Hut rose from the rocks and snow of the harbour area, a stark pyramidal shape dressed in antique weather-beaten wood, we remembered that, like us, the men of the Australian Antarctic Expedition came from diverse occupations and various parts of the world, to a place so isolated and so far from civilization that there could never be any hope of rescue, should there need to be one. Those men came to do a job, in the cause of science and for King and Country. They were so determined, so committed as to endure the often cyclonic isolation and barely livable low temperatures of this barren landscape, which came to be known as the "Home of the Blizzard". We came to identify with them, in some small way...

Still half buried in ice and snow, the wooden hut, designed in part by Sir Douglas Mawson, and which took them a few weeks to erect, was smaller than imagined. Having first to blast into the bedrock to make foundations, and bolt it down, then load with all their supplies brought from the ship, (the Aurora), the Expedition team of 18 men moved in to its now small living space, ready to face the long, dark, sunless winter. A Bunk for each man, named and decorated by him, only Sir Douglas, as leader could claim an extra space, a buffer against the enclosed and confined area. It was a place to plan and to think. The stove kept the hut warmer than the outside, staving off the onslaught of freezing wind and interminable cold, the acetylene assembly adding its comfort. Inside the hut the temperature was rarely above minus 10 degrees.

This day, the Living Room, larger than the workroom, is not quite as cold as that, yet still in a state of knee-deep, ice-covered protection. And all around us (the modern explorers) the books are still on the shelves, the clothes still hang on the pegs, the canned food is still in the crates, the bottles are still on the bottom bunk and the stove still has...
its marks of constant use. Frank Hurley’s darkroom still has his chemicals. Visible evidence of history is everywhere. The everyday tools and equipment, the ghosts of seals and penguins—shadows of the past—tried to communicate their stories to us, if only we would listen.

And over it all—a faint, unfamiliar “flavour”, a smell somewhat animal and somewhat faint and definitely old - the smell of burned smokey blubber... As we breathe in, filling our lungs with the clean air of the icy continent, we breathe in the atmosphere of 1911. Time has stopped here, paused, awaiting the return of the explorers.

When we arrived on shore, the sun was high in the sky. I gathered all my equipment: Backpack, Majacraft Double Treadle Little Gem spinning wheel (provided for this trip), spinning bag, Dyed blue Corriedale Wooltop, snowboots, extra clothes in case I was cold while sitting, deck chair borrowed from Orion and Camera, and stepped carefully over the ice, around the penguins, away from the seals and carried all the stuff on up to the Hut. About to start the physical production of the project that will add to the history of this very spot, I paused, mindful of my surroundings and the crisp, clear air. I was really here.

Watched in puzzlement by the other Orion passengers, I assembled the wheel and set out the fibre. Observed from afar by the multitude of local penguins and seals, I filled bobbin after bobbin. Visited by one bravely curious Adelie penguin, this little guy made sure I was spinning correctly before he left my company for that of his own family.

By the time I had completed the fibre I had set myself to do, the overcast sun was still high in the sky -it was my watch that had moved to 930pm!

God’s blessing of no wind and O°C (instead of probable blizzard and minus 18°C, which is the Antarctic Summer) gave me 6 hours to spin, five bobbins filled, my tired legs and stiff fingers happy enough to leave in the last Zodiac back to the ship. I had done it!

Back on board, I peeled off the layers of Antarctic clothing and donned my less bulky dinner clothes, ready to demolish the next sumptuous, 5 star meal - well-earned and well deserved! In contrast to the SY Aurora, Sir Douglas Mawson’s wooden ship, which was originally, and very strongly built as a sealer for the Dundee fl eet, and which sailed fully laden and tossed on the Southern Ocean for weeks of travel to Macquarie Island and to the Cape, we made our way to Antarctica in the most modern of icebreaker ships, built to the latest international safety regulations, rated E3 for Ice, with satellite navigation, daily weather reports, internet connection and luxurious appointments.

Yet, we trod their same ground, we saw their same living place and we breathed their same atmosphere. We witnessed firsthand the Heroic Age of Antarctic Exploration and experienced the history 1911...And some of us even made our own history...

The Mawson’s Huts Foundation:  
www.mawsons-huts.org.au  
Spinning Yarn in Antarctica:  
www.SpinningYarninAntarctica.com

PS: While spinning might not sound like an extreme sport, Marion undertook some cold weather training before the trip to Antarctica, to be prepared. At Mt Hotham, where it was -5°C, she took her wheel to the snow, and battled the icy cold wind. Then, deciding to spin at a more realistic Antarctic summer temperature so she hired a freezer and spun for three hours at -18°C, using the experience to train her hands and fingers. A third practice involving different types of fibre, took place at the Chill On Ice Lounge, in Russell Street Melbourne, where everything was ice and set at -10°C. Was the practice wasted? Certainly not! Saved for another day!

**The replica Balaclava was successfully auctioned as part of the Celebrations at the Mawson’s Huts Foundation Centenary Dinner in Hobart on 1st December, 2011. Its sale realized $1100 for the site at Cape Denison.**

**MARITIME TIMES AWARD**

The award goes to Aina Dambitis who is our resident librarian. Since taking on this responsibility Aina has catalogued and sorted the books in the library, has done considerable work on the new database since we lost two of our experienced volunteers in this area. The work Aina is carrying out is invaluable to the museum and enables our research team easier access to information. Many thanks Aina you have done a great job and the award is very well deserved.
The sun beats down on a summery Hobart, and the waterfront is swarming with parents and grandparents looking for activities to entertain themselves and the school aged children they have in tow. School holidays often see an increase in the numbers of young people visiting the museum, sometimes as part of a family group on holiday, but also locals exploring their home town with parents or grandparents. I often wonder if the children enjoy the museum experience, or whether it is just the price they pay in exchange for an ice cream 'later'. However, in at least one instance this question was answered by a recent phone call from a school holiday programme organiser from a southern Tasmanian council. Their child had enjoyed a visit to the museum so much that they had decided to include the museum in the council's school holiday programme for this summer. This resulted in a busy morning entertaining over sixty children from Hobart's eastern shore, with feedback suggesting that the museum will be included in future programmes.

In a similar vein, Liz has experimented with running children's activities in the museum during the holiday period, about which she writes elsewhere.

Times have changed since the instructions issued to volunteers some time ago that stated volunteers should look to 'occupy' children visiting the museum as their presence could 'distract' the adult visitors!

Looking further ahead, 2013 will see the introduction of a national curriculum for the study of history across Australian schools. We have made contact with the Tasmanian branch of the History Teacher's Association of Australia to discuss how we can link our collections and resources to the requirements of the new curriculum, whilst the imminent roll out of the museum's new website will allow for the creation of school-focussed material. The next year provides a unique opportunity for the museum to open its collections to Tasmanian schools and welcome into the museum the next generation of Tasmanians exploring their rich maritime heritage. And if they bring their old folks in with them then so much the better!

Wyatt Earp's Commander Karl Oom OBE

While serving in the Royal Australian Navy, I was posted to the Hydrographic Office, situated at Wylde Street Potts Point, Sydney, in December 1948 to start my survey training.

It was there that I met Commander (CMDR) Karl Oom, OBE., the last Naval skipper of the WYATT EARP and the one who sailed her to the Antarctic in 1948. He was the Hydrographer RAN at that time until he retired due to ill health in 1951. We had a 34 foot survey launch at our disposal and part of my duties was to run CMDR Oom across the harbour from Garden Island to Kirribilli where we would nudge the bows of the boat up to the rocks right at the base of Kirribilli House, where he would leap ashore. He lived at Kirribilli house until he retired from the Navy. Kirribilli House at that time was rented out to private tenants prior to it becoming the Prime Minister’s Sydney residence in 1956. The next morning we would again pick him up and take him to Garden Island, as he told us it saved a lot of hassles with the traffic.

CMDR Oom told us numerous stories about the ship; at one stage he didn't think he would clear the mainland as there were a lot of problems with the engines. Once the engines were fixed, and they were at sea, the WYATT EARP was atrocious in a heavy sea, and rolled all over the place. A favourite saying was 'she didn't even roll like a lady, at times I think we had more water in our galley and cabins than there was in the ocean'.

In May 1949 I was posted to HMAS TALLAROOK, a small inshore surveying tender, 70 feet and 90 tons - we were to survey Port Phillip and Corio Bays. It was in Williamstown Naval Dockyard that we were sent for a short refit and we tied up alongside a small wooden hulled ship. Upon first sighting the ship and realising that it was the WYATT EARP, we wondered how anyone would be game to go down to the Antarctic in such a small ship, only twice the length of TALLAROOK and with a beam of only 30 feet. Unfortunately everything was locked up and we could do no more than walk the upper deck and as any youngster would do, imagine we were on board down in the Antarctic.

WYATT EARP was decommissioned in 1948 and disposed of in 1951. She was then renamed the Wongala, later renamed the Natone and used as an Australian coastal trader. On 23/24 January 1959 she ran aground 150 miles north of Brisbane and was wrecked on the coast. A loss of a proud ship, with a lot of history.

HMAS TALLAROOK was originally known as a General Purpose Vessel, number 968. She was decommissioned and was sold to a private company and was last known to be a fishing trawler working out of Dover, Tasmania.

Besides the OBE, Commander Oom was awarded the Gill Memorial Award by the Royal Geographical Society, the US Legion of Merit Degree of Legionnaire, and the US Bronze Star Medal.
Shipwrights Arms Hotel
(Established 1846)

29 Trumpeter Street, Battery Point
Phone: 03 6223 5551

Situated in the heart of historic Battery Point, “Shippies” is lined with a unique collection of Tasmania’s past, both maritime and historical.

Aaron Gray (Licensee)

A traditional old English corner pub, filled with history, tradition, and pride including photographs of every ‘Sydney to Hobart’ winner
The Voyage and Shipwreck of the Blenden Hall

Final

Time on Inaccessible Island

After an ordeal that had lasted over twelve hours, all except two of the crew were safe. On looking around they wondered if they were better off. There was only a bit of beach that the island possessed. Most of them lay naked, with no food, water or shelter.

Mrs Keys with her children, niece and maid Peggy were lying helpless on the shore, tired out and covered with cuts and bruises. Many others were lying senseless along the beach. When the roll call was taken by the Captain, eighty-two answered their names. All were accounted for except the two crew who had perished.

Some of the crew who now felt rather ashamed of themselves, after leaving their Captain and the passengers on the wreck, while they found refuge on land, shared some of their clothes with the women and children, and under their Captain’s instructions, helped the weaker ones. Shortly after dark it began to rain, and with the coming of night, a violent storm struck the island.

What a scene this must have been, half naked bodies attempting to find somewhere to hide from the storm and waves they had dragged themselves up amongst the rocks above the shore, but during the night, so steep and slippery was the slope, most of them had dropped back to the shore, where morning found them wet, hungry, muddy, slippery was the slope, most of them had dropped back to the beach, where morning found them wet, hungry, muddy, bruised and miserable. At first they thought they were on the island of Tristan da Cunha, and knowing that it had a small settlement on it, had hoped someone would find them. Instead they were on the uninhabited island called Inaccessible, which was about twenty miles south of Tristan da Cunha.

To find food for over eighty people was the first thought of Captain Greig. That first morning, he and Captain George Symm, the assistant Surgeon, went on a short tour of inspection. The only food they found were penguins and some small birds called thrusts. So hungry were they that the thrusts were knocked against the rocks and eaten raw. They did, however, find on their return to the beach fragments of casks, bales, and goods from the wreck, including a cask of Hibbert’s Celebrated Bottled Porter. From the bales, rolls of white and red muslin were recovered, allowing all to cover their nakedness. The porter no doubt enabled some of them, at least for a while to forget where they were. Tents were also constructed from the cloth for the women and children. Water was soon found, in a stream close by.

The camp was set up on a muddy little plateau above the shore, where a few makeshift bivouacs were rigged up. Drizzling rain soon brought most of these down. The officers at first attempted to busy their men with tasks, such as retrieving goods from the beach. Many of the men however lay stretched out on the mud in the rain; they had lost all hope and courage, and except when they found liquor, were content to die. Alexander Greig observed that the women bore their hard fate more stoically than the men.

The bad weather continued making life almost impossible. Had it not been for the wreckage swept ashore where they camped, their fate would have been one of slow death. Amongst the wreckage was a case of instruments and a Congreve rocket, which was a godsend, as it enabled them to light their first fire. A trunk belonging to Dr McLellan came ashore undamaged with five dozen shirts. Some of these the good doctor handed out to the passengers. The remainder he kept, but they were later stolen.

The weather cleared and spirits picked up. They had food, shelter and a fire. The main problem was the crew who outnumbered the passengers almost three to one. They continued to find casks of liquor and spent most of their time, drunk. During one of the many flare-ups, they threatened to kill and eat the children. These threats were bought about by Mrs Keys’s abusive language. Knowing Mrs Keys’s weakness, the crew made the most of it, bringing screams of terror from the females. The Captain attempted to restore order, but being so outnumbered, he and his officers had difficulty in maintaining it. The crew at last left the camp and set up their own further down the beach, taking with them most of the passengers’ clothing and food.

Mrs Keys and her family were in a deplorable state: her legs had been cut almost to the bone from the rocks, and with the lack of proper remedies, the sores had become infected, while her long jet black hair, tangled over her face and shoulders to her waist, gave her the appearance of being hardly human. The maid Peggy and her niece attended to the children, whom Alexander reported as looking perfectly happy and contented.

A week after the shipwreck a remarkable discovery was made when the ship’s cutter was found high and dry and almost undamaged, behind a ridge of rocks. When the cable had been cut the boat had vanished into the mist, the cutter’s crew having abandoned it when they made the shore. Unfortunately this good find was of no benefit to the group as the cutter was not properly secured and was lost when the island was struck by the worst hurricane of the season.
In times of disaster, the best and the worst, comes out in everybody, and those on Inaccessible Island were no different. Some of those who would not have been expected to show resourcefulness or kindness, unselfishly helped their fellow passengers. Some of the officers, however, behaved in a manner unbefitting their rank, refusing to share anything with anybody. The crew while on board were under the authority of the Captain but disregarded his orders once on shore.

It was about this time that Alexander Greig began his journal. Without writing material, he devised a novel way of writing his story. On board the Blenden Hall there was a large bundle of The Times newspapers and a writing desk and pens, which somehow came ashore in one piece. With paper on hand, he began to write, with the aid of the blood from the slaughtered penguins, along the margin of the pages. His journal was later published in 1847, and rewritten by J.G. Lockhart in 1930.

Over the next four months these eighty-two people managed, not only to survive all the hardships the quarrels, and the thieving, but also to thrive on their strange diet of penguins served with celery, sea elephants-tongues, livers, brains, and birds. Captain Greig was often very sick, and not able to keep control of the men. This was no Swiss Family Robinson adventure. Here was a group of people from many different walks of life, thrown together under the harshest conditions, with very little hope of being rescued.

The building of a boat became urgent, as the penguins, after laying their eggs, left the island, and sea elephants also became scarce. Amongst those who began building boats were the cook and the carpenter and a few other individuals. They formed into gangs but without proper leadership. There were no real plans. Robert Perris the ship’s carpenter and Leonard Sankaley the boatswain framed a boat out of part of the wreck. This boat was most promising, as it would hold fourteen persons.

After some delay the cook and five men sailed away in their clumsy punt boat in an attempt to reach Tristan da Cunha. They were Joseph Nibbs, Andrew McCullock, M Alester, Joseph McDoughald, William Smith and William Taylor. They were never seen again. Nine men on the carpenter’s boat were the next to try and as they left, Alexander climbed to the top of the mountain, and saw them well on their way to Tristan da Cunha.

At about this time our main character, Stephen White is mentioned in Alexander’s journal. He was a member of the crew, but instead of going off with them further down the beach, he took up lodgings with Mr & Mrs Gormby and another member of the crew James Smith. He was described as being a turbulent character, who had shown some kindness to Mrs Keys’s servant Peggy, giving her his protection and companionship during the shipwreck and later on Tristan da Cunha.

A few days later a feeble cry went up from the camp. Turning their eyes seaward they saw two boats drawing into the island. These boats were not the makeshift ones that had left the island, but real ones with painted sides. Strange faces looked out at them. They were rescued at last.

The castaways were at first dumb after their three and a half months stay on the island, and could not believe that they were at last to be delivered from the island. A cheer went up as the boatman pulled their boat up on shore. To their relief they saw the carpenter and some of their own people amongst their rescuers. Their rescuers were from the island of Tristan da Cunha and their longboats were loaded with food. The carpenter introduced his Captain to Governor Glass who after the usual enquiries proceeded to tell the Captain the latest news that Napoleon had died on St. Helena. Next Glass explained that he and seven others were the only inhabitants on Tristan. As it was late in the day it was decided to wait until the next day to remove the first of the castaways to the island.

This is part of the book “The Sea Shall Not Have Them” written by Irene Schaffer. The book goes on to tell the story about Stephen White and his wife Peggy, who stayed on Tristan da Cunha, married and had three children on the island. Their return to England and then on to Tasmania in 1832 where their descendants still live in the Kellevie and Copping district as well as many places in Tasmania and Australia. See advertisement page 15.
As many of us will remember it was the practice of the once numerous vessels of the Port Line to be named after ports in Australia, New Zealand or Eastern Canada. That is provided that the ship was actually owned by the Port Line.

In the case of chartered vessels two rules seemed to apply, regular Port Line names or random names with “Port” as a prefix e.g. Port Wanstead, Port Wimbleton or Port Denison all of which were chartered.

Focussing on ships that were actually owned by the Port Line can any reader tell the author where on the map Port Vindex is? There is, to my knowledge no such port. Further reading of this article will clarify this matter.

Port Vindex (1943), this ship was the second in the Port Napier (1940) series to become an aircraft carrier (Port Victor (1943)) was the first.

Laid down by Swan Hunter and Wigham Richardson in 1941 at Wallsend the vessel was taken over while fitting and completed in November 1943 as HM Aircraft Carrier Vindex.

The ship saw much strenuous and dangerous service mainly on the Russian convoy circuit to Murmansk. During the early months of 1944 HMS Vindex was engaged in hunting U-Boats in the North Atlantic and her planes together with those from four other carriers destroyed at least six enemy submarines. In August 1944 while she was acting as the flagship to the Vice Admiral commanding the Tenth Cruiser Squadron for escorting convoys to and from North Russia her aircraft sank two more German submarines. She served as flagship for the escort of these convoys in late 1944 and early in 1945.

Later she went out to join the British Naval Forces in the Far East. After the war HMS Vindex sailed for Sydney where she disembarked her aircraft and made six voyages repatriating released British Prisoners of War from Tokyo.

HMS Vindex then returned to the United Kingdom and for some months was in reserve in the Firth of the Forth. It was while lying there that she was repurchased from the British Government by the Port Line in August 1947 and was towed to the Tyne to be reconverted to merchant ship by her builders.

The removal of her flight deck and hangar deck involved cutting away many hundreds of tons of steel and the discharge of some 22,000 buoyancy drums and 2,000 tons of pig iron ballast. The work of reconstructing her upper works, deckhouses and funnel took longer than originally expected and it was not until June 1949 that trials were successfully completed and she sailed on her maiden voyage as a merchant ship to Australia.

Externally, there was little or no evidence of her naval service. After finishing her first voyage she returned to the builders who completed the holds for carrying all types of refrigerated cargos and fruit.

The ships bell engraved HMS Vindex was bought by the company from the Admiralty. Her Crews Recreation Room was panelled with solid oak taken form the saloon of the old Port Melbourne, which was being broken up at Blyth at the time the Port Vindex, was under reconstruction.

The Port Vindex along with the Port Victor, which had a similar history, could be distinguished from other Port Line vessels by their having no mainmast.

The Port Vindex was a frequent visitor to Hobart during the 1960’s. Alas the line ships are now only history.
‘The Old Ship’, that’s what the veterans of the local fishing fleet called the steel barque that had fetched up on a faraway beach in the wilds of South West Tasmania in 1914. Not that there weren’t other old wrecks in these waters, but Svenor stood proud above the sea that had claimed the others.

Although she lay right on the surf line, her bowsprit pointed high above the waves for many decades. When local fisherman, Clyde Clayton—born in the year of the barque’s demise—visited the wreck as a youth, she had lain there for a mere twenty years. Then, he recalled, she sported decoration including Scotch thistles carved in teak, decorative scrollwork painted gold, mauve cut glass skylights, and a carved figurehead. The barque was all decked-in then, he remembered, and even the deckhouse was intact. She lay on the quieter end of a stretch of sand in a bay that became known as Wreck Bay, seventeen kilometres up the coast from Port Davey.

Svenor was a three-masted steel barque of 1,356 tons gross register, built by R Duncan, Port Glasgow in 1884 and originally named Corryvrechan, probably after the tumultuous Strait of Corryvrechan between the isles of Jura and Scarba off Scotland’s West Coast. She was sold to Norwegian owners in 1909 and renamed Svenor. In 1914 she was registered at Sandgeford, Norway with owners Danveig and Company. On this fateful voyage she sailed in ballast, from Fremantle, WA, on 15 April, bound for Newcastle in NSW, under master Captain Monson.

Two weeks later the vessel encountered heavy gales while in 43°7’S, 138°46’E, some 600km west of Tasmania. Her ballast shifted and Svenor was left with a dangerous list, her rail underwater. To minimise the risk of capsizing, the masts and rigging were partly cut away. She could carry no canvas apart from a sail set at the bow to prevent her from broaching. In this state she was difficult to steer, and efforts to head for Hobart failed. After drifting for what must have seemed a long three weeks, the Tasmanian west coast was sighted. The crew of ten refused to remain aboard. Fortunately they did not have to test their navigation skills on land, as the very day they left the ship in the boats, 22 May, the smoke of a steamer came into sight. It was SS Wainui, with Captain Campbell as master, on her regular Melbourne-Strahan run. Captain Campbell sighted the dismasted vessel WSW of Conical Rocks, made for her and boarded, while the Svenor’s crew in the boats hastily returned to the stricken vessel, and rescue.

Captain Campbell made several attempts to tow the Svenor, however in the heavy swell two tow lines parted. It was then decided to set fire to the ship and scuttle her so that she would not become a navigation hazard. Expecting the barque to sink shortly afterwards, the Wainui, with the rescued crew on board, headed on her way, leaving the barque to her fate.

But Svenor did not sink so easily. She fetched up on a remote stretch of coast some distance south of where she...
was abandoned, and evidently was not visible to passing shipping. Seven months after she was abandoned, a Mr A J Gosling of the fishing smack Lenna sighted the hull of a large iron barque washed up seven miles north of Port Davey. Although he could not see the name of the vessel, he got close enough to see that her after-part had been burnt. He also observed that two anchors and a donkey engine were on board. That same summer, Hartwell Conder and party, while cutting a track from Macquarie Harbour to Port Davey for prospectors and shipwreck survivors, came across the wreck.

Svenor had been well provisioned, and fishermen made use of the stores and gear until Herbert Smith, owner of the smack Fancy, purchased her from the underwriters for £5. She was then sold for £12 to a Melbourne syndicate who hoped to re-float her. After inspection, however, it was found that she was not worth salvaging.

So there she remained, visited from time to time by fishermen and yachtsmen who continued to recover what they could. In February 1916 the crew of the motor yacht Rondon (owned by George Robertson) noted the amount of salvageable gear. The Mercury newspaper reported that the crew recovered the bell and took it to Nubeena, where it was tolled at intervals on Good Friday of that year and was ‘heard at a great distance’. The bell, though evidently never hung in a church, is preserved in the Radcliffe collection at Port Arthur.

‘The old ship’ took on an almost iconic status amongst the fishermen who worked the coast around Port Davey. Still, pieces were removed. During the 1950s, yachtsman Toby Cheverton collected the head from the remaining half of the figurehead for his maritime collection, the body being far too heavy and cumbersome to carry on the day’s walk over buttongrass to the anchorage. Soon the relentless sea dislodged the rest of the figurehead. Some decades later, local resident Clyde Clayton discovered half of it, emerging out of the sand in a nearby creek. Clyde, with his brother-in-law Deny King and family, made a salvage trip on a rare day calm enough to land a dinghy on the beach. Subsequently the (headless) figurehead was donated to the Maritime Museum of Tasmania, where she is a tangible reminder of the fate of the fine barque.

By the dawn of the twenty-first century, after nearly a hundred years on the sand, the ship has largely broken-up and she is deteriorating rapidly. Svenor had a life as a ship, a life as an iconic wreck, and will doubtless live on in folklore.

Further reading:
‘The Ronena: Adventures onboard and ashore while crayfishing around the west coast of Tasmania, 1937-1938’. Compiled by Todd Mazur.
http://www.machrihanish.net/ships.html (viewed Nov 2011)
Mercury, 23 May 1914, p.3; 25 May 1914, p.8; 17 Dec 1914, p.6; 31 March 1915, p.6; 6 March 1916, p.8; 3 May 1916, p.4.
Part 1:
The First Polar, Under Ice Explorers and the Submarine.

Whilst most can recall the name Nautilus as the famous submarine in the Jules Verne epic, 20,000 Leagues under the Sea, many could also recall the Nautilus name with the first U S Navy Nuclear submarine.

When the Nautilus (SSN-571, surfaced at the North Pole on 3 August 1958, at 2315 (EDST), she became the first watercraft to reach the geographic North Pole. From the North Pole, she continued on and after 96 hours and 1,590 nautical miles (2,940 km) under the ice, she surfaced northeast of Greenland, having completed the first successful submerged voyage around the North Pole.

This event captured in the minds of all, as world first. However, history has been forgotten of the first polar exploration by a submarine visit. This extraordinary event took place in 1931 by an Australian explorer Sir Hubert Wilkins in a leased vintage, ex W.W. 1 US Navy submarine 0-12 (SS-73).

The Explorer: Sir Hubert Wilkins - The Australian World Explorer, Aviator and Submariner.

Born near Adelaide, South Australia in 1888, Wilkins was the youngest of a large pioneering rural family and. disheartened by the cruel farm tife, set out for Sydney, then England to find his fortune. By 1912, he was on the front line of the savage Balkan War filming for the Gaumont Film Co.

From that moment on, Wilkins' life was one of almost non-stop adventure, exploration and discovery.

After returning from a controversial arctic expedition, he worked under Hurley in the trenches of WWI, often photographing forward of enemy lines and having many narrow escapes. Described by Australian Commander General Sir John Monash as “the bravest man I have ever seen”, Wilkins was awarded the Military Cross and Bar.

Wilkins returned to exploration and aviation, making numerous daring and ground breaking flights at both ends of the Earth. He also spent many months living with un-contacted tribes of Australian Aborigines.

Part 2: The Nautilus - The Conversion
Part 3: The Wilkins-Ellsworth Polar Submarine Expedition

Sources:
NavSource Online: Submarine Photo Archive.
SUBMARINE The Autobiography Of Simon Lake:
The John H. Mathis & Company Ship Yard - circa 1906
The Last Explorer -Simon Nasht 2006
Nevin Hurst of Masterpiece@IXL Fine Art Gallery has opened Mostly Maritime, Hobart's newest gallery, specialising in maritime art and antiques. As Tasmania's leading expert and a noted author on convict and colonial art, his wealth of experience is now at your service. As well as works by masters such as Haughton Forrest, the gallery houses a range of scrimshaw and other nautical curios.

Major Maritime Exhibition
Wednesday to Saturday 12 noon - 5:30pm or by appointment
Paintings, scrimshaw and all thing Maritime
If you have a painting or item of interest to exhibit, contact Nevin Hurst
Norwegian Roald Amundsen and his team of four polar explorers, with their dog-sledges, were the first to reach the geographic South Pole on 14 December 1911, a month before Robert Falcon Scott and the British team. Amundsen’s team rejoined their expedition’s ship Fram (meaning Forward) on 25 January 1912. Designed for Arctic travel by explorer Fridtjof Nansen, this 39m ship had been built in 1892. Its main feature was the strengthened, rounded hull, which allowed it to resist being crushed as ice converged on the timbers, but it rolled dramatically in the heavy seas of the Southern Ocean and some rigging was damaged. It is now at the Fram Museum in Norway. History, specifications and general plans can be viewed at: http://www.frammuseum.no/Fram-Museum.aspx

During the 37 day voyage to Hobart, Amundsen prepared cablegrams and lectures, which were translated into English by Captain Nilsen and Lieutenant Prestrud. In heavy weather and unable to get an accurate longitudinal reading, they initially miscalculated the approach to Hobart, but on 7 March 1912, Nilsen brought Fram past the Tasman Island lighthouse, into Storm Bay and the River Derwent. Mt. Nelson signal station determined the ship’s identity then the pilot arrived by motor launch. From him, they heard that Douglas Mawson’s ship S.Y. Aurora was shortly due back from Antarctica but there had been no news of Scott’s Terra Nova. Fram’s officers and crew had been instructed to say nothing about the outcome of the South Pole expedition so the pilot, happy with his reward of Norwegian tobacco, left the ship with good impressions but no polar intelligence.

The Harbormaster, Captain M.C. McArthur, the Chief Health Officer and a doctor came out on the Marine Board’s launch Egeria and boarded Fram, by then anchored off Sandy Bay, for the standard port inspection. Amundsen, with his prepared cables, went ashore with the Harbormaster; his men remained on board.

Amundsen booked into the Orient Hotel (Hadley’s) in Murray Street where his name initially prompted no recognition. Wanting to keep a low profile, he would not have been displeased by that, but when he “was regarded as a tramp, with my cap and blue jersey, and given a miserable little room” he recorded his annoyance in his diary. He received a warm welcome at the Norwegian Consulate where he collected his mail. Then, from the Post Office, corner of Elizabeth and Macquarie Streets, he sent the first triumphant telegram to King Haakon VII of Norway, another to Nansen, owner of Fram, and one to his brother Leon. The Manager for Telegraphs, Mr Frank Bowden, was sworn to secrecy.

Anecdotal accounts of Amundsen rowing ashore alone and being offered a broom cupboard under the hotel stairs have been perpetuated for decades. Some variations suggest that he arrived, a dishevelled figure accompanied by two malodorous dogs, and was refused entry, but no confirmation of these fanciful portrayals can be found in his diary, his book or in newspaper reports of the day.

The Fram, now identified as a polar vessel, had roused public interest. As people gathered expectantly on the wharves and newspaper reporters unsuccessfully sought interviews, the ship, still well-stocked with supplies, remained at anchor in the Derwent. This was not only to make it less accessible but also to observe quarantine regulations which applied to their sledge dogs. After months at sea, to be so close to a city (population 27,719 in the 1911 census) beckoning with the comforts of civilisation and news from home, must have been difficult, but they understood their
leader’s intent: first inform the King of Norway, and disclose no information to reporters until their claim to the Pole was officially recognised.

One resolute newspaper reporter tried to visit the ship. His request to board from alongside brought only smiles from the men who, looking down from the deck, at first pretended to have no knowledge of English. After making persistent inquiries, he was told that they had no authority to give interviews, but learnt that some of the dogs would go to the quarantine station for Mawson’s Antarctic expedition. Having shed their winter coats, the dogs were sleek and healthy, but some residents of Sandy Bay complained about the noise they made.

Amundsen received a telegram from his brother, instructing him to cable the full story to a London newspaper. This was done immediately, enabling publication in the morning edition of The Daily Chronicle on 8 March. In Hobart, photographer John Watt Beattie found Amundsen waiting at his studio with glass plates for processing. While the long cable was being sent to London, Amundsen stayed for hours with Beattie to oversee the developing and initial printing process of the historically significant, first images of the South Pole.

Telegrams began to arrive when Amundsen returned to the hotel that evening; first from the King, then others from various Norwegian organisations. Aware of The Daily Chronicle’s announcement that the Norwegians had reached the South Pole, The Mercury’s reporters redoubled efforts to interview Amundsen who had given explicit instructions to hotel management that he was not to be disturbed by newspaper men. Eventually bowing to repeated requests, Hadley went upstairs and roused Amundsen who only reiterated his previous ban and sent the message ‘I cannot confirm anything’ to the disappointed reporters.

When the news of his success was official, Amundsen was honoured on 11 March, at a dinner hosted by the Consul for Norway, the Hon. James Macfarlane, at his Newlands estate in Augusta Road, Newtown. (James Macfarlane and his brother John had run the shipping firm Macfarlane Bros. and Co. in Hobart, taking over from Askin Morrison.) Captain Nilsen recorded the Fram’s departure for Buenos Aires, nearly broken in the middle, was spliced, as we had no engine; in addition to this the topsail-yard, which was chiefly spent in repairing the propeller and cleaning the engine; in addition to this the topsail-yard, which was nearly broken in the middle, was spliced, as we had no opportunity of getting a new one...

On March 20 the Fram weighed anchor and left Tasmania. ‘The Fram remained here for thirteen days, which were highly appreciated in repairing the propeller and cleaning the engine; in addition to this the topsail-yard, which was nearly broken in the middle, was spliced, as we had no opportunity of getting a new one...

On March 20 the Fram weighed anchor and left Tasmania.’

Amundsen (1872–1928) disappeared while searching for survivors of an airship disaster between the North Pole and Spitsbergen in 1928; the exact date of his death is uncertain. In Hobart, the links remain. As well as the Maritime Museum of Tasmania, there is an Amundsen Crescent in Warrane, Hadley’s estate in Augusta Road, Newtown. (James Macfarlane and his brother John had run the shipping firm Macfarlane Bros. and Co. in Hobart, taking over from Askin Morrison.) Captain Nilsen came ashore for the occasion; Consuls for the United States, Netherlands, Germany and Sweden as well as the Charge d’Affairs for France and government representatives attended. A round of formal and social occasions followed, including a welcome at the Royal Society of Tasmania, meetings with the Danish Vice-Consul and Scandinavian residents, lunch with the Bishop of Tasmania, a belated Christmas Dinner for his men, and a lunch hosted by John King Davis, with the Harbormaster and other guests.

Davis, Captain of S.Y. Aurora, had arrived back in Hobart on 12 March after landing all Mawson’s expeditioners at Antarctic bases. Amundsen greeted Davis warmly and surprised him by producing an old ‘tattered newspaper clipping’ reporting Davis’ opinion that the Norwegians would reach the Pole first. This had brought accusations of a non-patriotic stance but Davis, who had sailed as first officer on Shackleton’s Nimrod, had based his opinion on his own experience and his knowledge of Antarctic geography and conditions.

During his stay in Hobart, Amundsen was made an honorary member of the Derwent Sailing Squadron. The original letter from Amundsen, thanking Mr H. Peacock for awarding him honorary membership of the Squadron, is held by the Maritime Museum of Tasmania.

Hobart 13 March 1912

Mr Herbert R. Peacock
Secretary, Derwent Sailing Squadron, Hobart.

Dear Sir,

Allow me to convey my very best thanks for the honor you have done me in electing me as an honorary member of the D.S.S.

Let me also assure you that the crew of the Fram will highly appreciate your kind invitation to follow the sailing race on Saturday.

Yours very truly,

Roald Amundsen.

While in Hobart, Amundsen signed maps and photographs. These were advertised for sale in The Mercury and proceeds distributed to charities. Autographed maps were sold for 2/6 (25c), facsimiles for 1/- (10c), by Stationers, Propsting & Morris in Liverpool Street.

A framed photograph signed by Roald Amundsen, of Fram anchored in the Derwent, is held by the Maritime Museum of Tasmania as well as other framed images of the vessel, its crew and the dogs. There is also a small album of J.W. Beattie photographs, including some taken on deck of well-dressed ladies visiting the ship.

Nilsen recorded the Fram’s departure for Buenos Aires, where Amundsen joined them after a lecture tour which took him to Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane. ‘The Fram remained here for thirteen days, which were chiefly spent in repairing the propeller and cleaning the engine; in addition to this the topsail-yard, which was nearly broken in the middle, was spliced, as we had no opportunity of getting a new one...

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Amundsen (1872–1928) disappeared while searching for survivors of an airship disaster between the North Pole and Spitsbergen in 1928; the exact date of his death is uncertain. In Hobart, the links remain. As well as the Maritime Museum material, there is an Amundsen Crescent in Warrane, Hadley’s Hotel has an Amundsen suite, and a larger than life bust of the explorer greets visitors outside a University of Tasmania building. The International Polar Heritage Committee will hold a conference in Hobart in March 2012, coinciding with the centenary of Amundsen’s visit and a re-enactment of his historic announcement.

Further reading:
No. 22
Sheet Bend (Short End)

The Sheet bend is a simple and effective knot for joining two lengths of string, cord or rope. This method of tying enables the knot to be constructed when there is only a short end available on one of the cords.

Form a loop in the (long) cord as in Fig 1.

Put the Working End of the short cord through the loop as in Fig 3.

Draw a bight from the Standing Part through the loop as in Fig. 2.

Pull the Working End and the Standing Part of the long cord so as to capsize the formed loop. This will cause the formation of the Sheet Bend as in Fig. 4.
YOUR JAYCO won’t grow barnacles, you won’t have to row ashore and definately won’t have to get up in the middle of the night to check the anchor.

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MOONAH, HOBART  Phone: 62734666

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Open: Monday Friday 7.30am - 6pm
Saturday 8am - 1pm
A wealth of ships portraits are held in the various museums of Tasmania.

Seven excellent works are to be seen at Runnymede, the wonderful colonial homestead located in the suburb of New Town and run by the National Trust of Australia (Tasmania). The depicted vessels; Runnymede, Lufra, Flying Childers and Hally Bayley all have a historical connection to Runnymede as past home owners the Bayley brothers, Charles and James, along with John and Alexander McGregor owned and mastered these ships.

Narryna Heritage Museum at Battery Point has a single ships portrait of the Sir John Rae Reid, a two gun ship owned and mastered by the original builder and owner of Narryna, Captain Andrew Haig.

The 19th century saw ship portrait painting as a specialised art form and a specific genre of maritime art. The artists were usually commissioned to paint a certain ship as a portable souvenir or memento for the ships owner, master or emigrating passenger.

During Queen Victoria’s reign England reached the zenith of its naval and mercantile power. Along with it was an increasing romantic fascination with the sea and all that sailed upon it.

My interest lay in identifying the individual signal flags depicted in these various maritime paintings with the help of Gemma Webberley, the manager of Runnymede, and Sam Dix, the manager of Narryna.

Of the seven ships portraits held at Runnymede, five are by the same British ship portraitist, Richard Barnett Spencer (1810-1874).

Spencer was most active between 1850 to 1870 and was London based but he did not exhibit there. His paintings usually included a south coast of England background, particularly the white cliffs of Dover. In fact two of his paintings show this very same distinguishing landmark in the paintings of the Runnymede and the Lufra.

He painted private commissions and also naval engagements and the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich has seven of his ship portraits, the Mariners Museum, Newport and the Peabody Museum of Salem USA also hold his works.

The ships that he painted that are held at Runnymede include two different depictions of the Runnymede, the Hally Bayley (wrongly titled Solar Globe but more of that later), the Fortitude and the Lufra.

Only three ships portraits depict signal flags, two are by Spencer and the first is of the Runnymede showing signal flags being flown from the mizzen mast. Traditionally this was called “making her number” with an individual identification registration code.

The Runnymede signals shown are from the top down, Q, T, K and J.

This particular code was an alphabetical one and commenced use in 1857 and titled The Universal Code of Signals for the Mercantile Marine of All Nations was published by the British Board of Trade. It was eventually supplanted by the International Code of Signals in 1879. Also shown of particular interest in this painting is a whaleboat secured aft on the starboard side. It has the red bow and green hull colours identical to some of the whaleboats depicted in William Duke’s whale painting titled “Offshore Whaling with the Aladdin and Jane 1849” held by the Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery.

The second painting by Spencer with signals is the whaleship Lufra. The signals from the top of the mizzen mast read 2,9,0,7. The ship is also flying the British Union Jack with a white border at her foremast. This is a signal for a pilot and often called the Pilot Jack for merchant ships and as previously mentioned the distinctive RB Spencer white cliffs of Dover appear in this picture.

The third ship portrait that shows signal flags is the painting titled Flying Childers by the German ship portrait painter Carl Fedeler (1837-1897). Carl was the son and pupil of his father, Carl Justus Harmen Fedeler (1799-1858) who was a successful ship portraitist. Both were based in Bremen but Carl junior had travelled extensively. This painting depicts the ship “making her number”. They are the first substitution and distinguishing pennant at the top of the mizzen mast followed by the numbers 4, 9,8, and 7.

This individual ship identification number corresponded with the registration number issued by Lloyds Shipping Register.

The signals are in the Marryat signal code which was a numerical signal flag code for merchant ships developed by Captain Frederick Marryat in 1817. It was an immediate success and was adopted by most of the mercantile nations of the world. Eventually it was replaced by the alphabetical code although it was still found to be in use as late as 1879.

Marryat’s Code consisted of the numbers 0 to 9 plus three substitution and distinguishing pennants (first, second and third) plus a rendezvous and telegraphic signal.

The correct name of the painting currently titled Flying
Yo, Ho, Ho and a bottle of sarsaparilla,
When you read this I will be
holidaying on a small island off the
coast of Thailand, just like Robinson
Crusoe so I will have an adventure to
tell you about next time. Wish I could
take my dog ‘Rocky the Rock
Star’ but I had to leave him home with
Bob.

Here are a couple of jokes which I
hope you like, if not send me some
better ones.

What tree can you sew?
A tapestry.

Who makes up jokes about knitting?
A nitwit.

Now for some educational stuff.
Seaweed is used as a thickener in
the making of ice cream (Don’t eat
too much or you might get sea sick)
In Mexico the ‘Tooth Fairy’ is called
the ‘Tooth Mouse’

Happy holidays
shipmates
— Pirate Ben.
One of the quirks of Tasmania’s geography is that the coast is never much more than an hour and a half’s drive. I hope that this summer, you’ve had time to get down to the water: to sail, paddle, fish, surf, swim or just lounge on the foreshore. Not only is it good fun, but you’re participating in an important part of our shared cultural heritage. That’s something to think about when you put up your beach umbrella or grab your snorkel.

School Holiday Program:
30th January – 5th February

This summer, the Maritime Museum has held a holiday program for kids that encourages them to think about the sea, the boats that sail on it and the creatures who live in it and the people who live near it – people like us.

‘Ships, whales and salty tales’ ran between the 30th January and 5th of February, from 11.50 until 12.00 and was for kids aged 4-9. Kids and their parents curled up together in our kid’s corner to listen to stories about the sea, explored the Maritime Museum with our friendly volunteers and make a ship, whale, fish or other sea-creature out of origami. Our holiday program was a wonderful way to share the Museum with local families.

I’d like to thank our hardworking volunteers, Margaret Jones, Natalie Rees, Louis Rodway, Tiiu Raabus, Sophie Hoggett, and our newest volunteer Michelle Van Wees, for making our holiday program possible. We couldn’t have done it without you.

New exhibition opening mid-February: Commercial Fishing in Tasmania

Our Curator Rona Hollingsworth has been hard at work on our new temporary exhibition ‘Commercial Fishing in Tasmania,’ which will open in mid-February for six months. Rona has drawn on photographs, objects and memories from our fishing community – many of whom are members – to create this fascinating exhibition on an important part of Tasmania’s economy and maritime heritage. The photographs I’ve seen so far in my sneak preview are just wonderful, showing the hard work and dangers, but also the fun and companionship of the fishing industry in Tasmania.

We are very proud of this exhibition, and hope that it will also travel to other organisations in Tasmania.

Until next time, wishing you fair winds and following seas… Liz Adkins.

I thought of the Day

“Meditation is often more beneficial than medication.”

Sponsor-ship

The Magazine needs more sponsors can you help? If so call Bob on 6225 1004 or 044 768 1322

Thanks to these sponsors for keeping us afloat; K&D Warehouse Mitre 10, Tasmanian Shipping Supplies & The Mercury

‘No Ship, There I was’, being the continuing adventures of the Maritime Heritage Coordinator Part the fifth.

Indulge yourselves in a Belgian style breakfast in a chocolate factory, morning and afternoon tea in the old gardens listening to the native birds, a fine Tasmanian lunch near a cozy wood heater, stocking up on Tasmania’s finest chocolates or just browsing through the chocolate antique display. There is ample car and bus parking on site.

Also catering for the quick quality business lunch and corporate presentations in our own private room.

The “House of Anvers” is a real chocolate taste sensation. It is located on the Bass Highway between Devonport and Latrobe and is open 7am - 7pm, 7 days a week. Phone: (03) 6426 2958 for bookings.
### MARITIME MUSEUM VISITORS BOOK

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Comment</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Daniel Mendosa</td>
<td>Texas, USA</td>
<td>Terrific</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Michele L Didie</td>
<td>Nimes, France</td>
<td>Great experience</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesse &amp; Ursula Petith</td>
<td>Geilston Bay, Tas</td>
<td>We will be back</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Schmoyer</td>
<td>USA</td>
<td>Makes me want to go back</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kev &amp; Irene Nelson</td>
<td>Werribee, Vic</td>
<td>An amazing &amp; emotional experience</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Luzua Lago</td>
<td>Mexico</td>
<td>Excellent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Allison Kim</td>
<td>New York, USA</td>
<td>Awesome</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J &amp; S Whyte</td>
<td>Parkdale, Vic</td>
<td>Enjoyed very much</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anna Mickeoweill</td>
<td>Hobart</td>
<td>I loved it</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walter Brett* &amp; Liz Faulkner</td>
<td>USA</td>
<td>Glad to see some original Brett paintings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bob Baker</td>
<td>Beacon Hill, NSW</td>
<td>Excellent display</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jean Dawson</td>
<td>Stockton</td>
<td>Unexpected history found.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheon Hyeon Jeong</td>
<td>South of Korea</td>
<td>Interesting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sheila</td>
<td>Stone Deep Bay, Tas</td>
<td>Excellent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fumiyoshi Kobayashi</td>
<td>Kyoto, Japan</td>
<td>I’m interested in Australian Maritime</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ron &amp; Lee Sloan</td>
<td>Port Macqanarie</td>
<td>Wonderful collection &amp; volunteers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pam &amp; Ilichard Kynes</td>
<td>Angaston, SA</td>
<td>Excellent. Should have larger building</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S. Rogers</td>
<td>St.Carne, France</td>
<td>Very good</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helle</td>
<td>Denmark</td>
<td>Good substitute for Mt Wellington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Kendall</td>
<td>Moonah, Tas</td>
<td>Mind blowing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pedro Cortosor</td>
<td>Spain</td>
<td>Magnificent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Melva &amp; Trevor Boyton</td>
<td>Wollongong, NSW</td>
<td>Amazing &amp; absolutely inspirational</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ken Rinuner</td>
<td>Peterborough, UK</td>
<td>Well remembered</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ron &amp; Rose Swan</td>
<td>Blue Mountains, NSW</td>
<td>Well worthwhile</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. Dunshire</td>
<td>Sutherland, Scotland</td>
<td>Display well. Very interesting</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boulilies</td>
<td>British Columbia</td>
<td>Excellent histories. Collection of treasures</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aiganyshi*</td>
<td>Kyrgyzstan, Bishkek</td>
<td>Very good</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maya &amp; Malika*</td>
<td>Kyrgyzstan, Bishkek</td>
<td>Thank you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. S. Hall</td>
<td>Hobart</td>
<td>1st visit. I learned something new</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

* Son of famous artist Oswald Brett.

# These people came in on the same day but had no connection with each other!