A large multi-masted sailing ship with white sails is shown from a high-angle perspective on a blue sea under a clear sky. The ship's rigging and masts are visible, and the sails are partially unfurled. The ship is moving through the water, leaving a white wake. The background shows a distant coastline with hills.

Full & By

*Crew journal of
the barque
James Craig
November
2003*

Under sail in the harbour

Thank you

To everyone involved with the James Craig (and particularly the crew aboard on Sunday 5 October),

Everyone hopes that their dreams will come true. Well mine did on Sunday 5 October. It began as the engines stopped and the sails were set and James Craig became again what she was built to be, a wind driven ship.

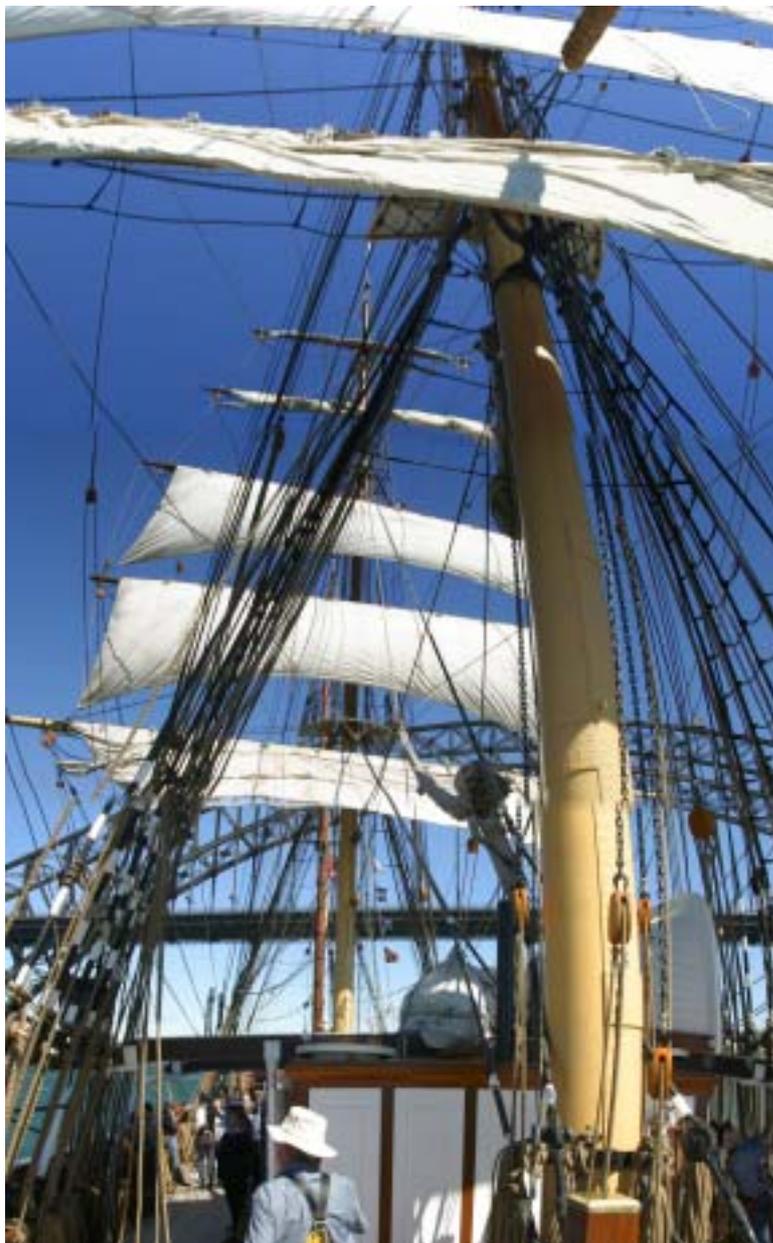
My last voyage aboard the ship was at the end of a tow rope on the way to Hobart, thirty years ago, after we had plucked her from the beach in Recherche Bay.

On that day, as we rolled to the swell of the Southern Ocean, I dared to dream that she would one day sail again. At that time, we thought it only practical to restore James Craig as a static museum ship, but it did not stop us dreaming that one day, somehow, she may again carry all plain sail.

And it has happened, through the efforts of hundreds of people. To all of them, and particularly to those who crewed James Craig on the day my dream came true - a huge and heartfelt, thank you.

The magic of it all was perhaps best summed up on Sunday when Captain Ken Edwards told his passengers: 'You have sailed through Sydney Heads on a square rigged ship under sail'. How many people in the modern world can claim to have done that?

When the James Craig rescue was still in its infancy, I went to see Karl Kortum, then director of the San Francisco Maritime Museum. Far from trying to 'steal' James Craig from us as the myth now goes, Karl was right behind our effort. Let me end with a quote from a letter he wrote me at the time:



James Craig Crew News

Compiled by Peter Davey

Production and photos
(except where credited
to others) by John Spiers

All crew members and others associated with the James Craig are very welcome to submit material. The opinions expressed in this newsletter may not necessarily be the viewpoint of the Sydney Maritime Museum, the Australian Heritage Fleet or the crew of the James Craig or its officers.

This low resolution (72 dpi) PDF of James Craig Crew News is optimised for screen display. Small file size minimises email problems but printouts will look "soft."

If you would like to do good quality printouts from your computer (pictures look much better) a higher resolution (300dpi) PDF is available by contacting JS.

CDs of photos appearing here and others are available free of charge to crew members for their personal use or for promotion of the James Craig.

“The James Craig is an important discovery. . . . She is well in hand. I am deeply impressed by your concept of salvaging a beached sailing vessel with a volunteer organisation, moving her, and restoring her. It is the kind of program - saving an ugly duckling and making her into a swan - that will have international attention. All the world loves a sailing ship. . . .

“The James Craig rescue is resourceful, graphic, and a thing of beauty is at the center of it. It is an effort by private citizens. It reaffirms the dignity of the individual who is willing to work in concert with his fellow man. . . . Finally, when the James Craig is restored, I think she will take her position as centre-piece of your collection of old-time steamers with ease and authority. The scene will look right - the mix will be good.’

Karl Kortum said it all.

Regards

The storm gathers as we sail up the harbour. By the time we were off Sydney Cove you could not see Blue’s Point Towers through the rain - a small mercy some might say. Photo: Ivor MacDonald



And again . . .

The October 18 sail was much the same as any other sail until we entered Port Jackson and sailed all the way up to the Harbour Bridge under three fore and aft sails, eight squares and the spanker.

We looked good and not only did we know it but Sydney Harbour also thought so. It was a typical spring afternoon with the harbour awash with crafts of every description. As we passed, and were passed by, these crafts we could tell by the admiring looks, the flashed white pointers, and the camera shots just where they wanted to be.

We must have sold some future tickets. An 80-year-old passenger summed it up when she wrote in our visitor’s book. “The best day of my 80 years”.

Bravo Zulu the Captain Heeks and the Crew.



ASTA service medals for Ivor, Mary, Steve

The Australian Sail Training Association Personal Achievement Medallions presented to members of *James Craig* crew for outstanding contribution and teamwork

Executive master Captain Ken Edwards presented three of her crew in recognition of the meritorious and dedicated service, above and beyond that which is required of all members of the crew.

Crewman Ivor MacDonald received his award for his dedication to crewing, hardly missing a day since sail training began, and for the long hours of maintenance work which he has dedicated to the ship.

A shared award went to Mary and Stephen Robinson who have contributed mightily to general maintenance of the ship.

“Their contribution will long be remembered”, Capt. Edwards said reminding all aboard that day that the Robinsons had built and installed the beautiful, but very functional, fittings in the ship’s chart room. They had also amassed a video-tape treasure trove of activities aboard the ship which will prove an invaluable addition to the historical records of the ship and her progress through time.

Capt. Edwards said it might seem invidious to pick out just these three crew-



men and there were many others, over a very long period of time, whose effort and dedication had ensured that the ship had become an icon of maritime heritage restoration recognised around the world. He thanked present and past crewmen and maintenance teams, all of who are volunteers, for their unstinting efforts.

Capt. Edwards said that AUSTA intended to continue their program of rec-

ognition for meritorious service on all sail training ships around Australia.



And to show how well his new knees were working, Ken gave us a little dance number.



Every inch a captain . . .



The sign writing company who I approached and who so generously donated the sign writing on the sail is David Cuneen from "Cuneens Signs". Given that we are now able to sell our own tickets as well as being on the big ticket with the ANNM the sign hopefully will draw more to our gangway. Of course those strong winds will always see it furled I believe the Star of India have to do the same at the San Diego Museum. - Deb Collins



. . . but would you buy a used car from this man?

A top gig

By Steve Robinson

Gravin must be given credit for the restoration of our beautiful Captain's Gig.

He found her, damaged and neglected, at Rozelle. Under his leadership, broken



ribs were repaired, the bottom stripped and repainted, and the inside cleaned and sanded. I only became involved with the final sanding and painting inside, with the help of many willing Sunday volunteers.

Our wonderful shipwright, Orion, fitted a new mast step and repaired some split planks. Morrin made a new set of thwart supports, and finally the Gig was ready for a trial sail.

A bit of trial and error found the correct place to attach the halyard to the yard, and off she flew. More trial and error (mainly error) taught us a way of effectively tacking the dipping lug (although we have since learned other ways from a dipping lug expert, Mikey Flloyd).

She sails remarkably well. Initially alarmingly tender, she hardens up greatly as she heels, and is much more stable than she initially feels.

She balances very well, and makes good speed to windward with little lee-

way, although she does not point as high as a modern boat.

Off the wind she flies along, but has a tendency towards the "death rolls" if sailed dead downwind with the sheets well eased. A zig-zag course downwind with

controlled gybes is much more pleasant. Certainly sailing is much better than rowing!

She flew the flag at the Balmain Regatta, and was much admired.

If anyone knows where we can get a set of 4 straight-bladed long oars, please let Kim know (Kim is now her "boat husband" - congratulations, Kim!). At the moment we have a borrowed set which must go back.

All we need now is a cradle on the James Craig so she can take her rightful place on board, and be used as a sail training vessel and fun boat for the crew.



Photos this page from video by Mary Robinson

Is that the guy with no body from "Quads"

Swimming lessons

At the recent emergency boat launching and handling exercise day with the volunteer coast guard, I came in for some good-natured ribbing about how for me these were remedial lessons following the tip-over during recovery on September 20 when I was coxswain.

I know I will never live this down but, in the interests of learning from one's mistakes, this is how the incident looked from my (very low) perspective.

Everything was entirely normal until we were hooked on and we began to be hauled up on the falls.

Crewman Charles was in the bow and I was lying across the boat in my usual position fending off from the side of the ship with my feet.

We had cleared the water in a trough but as the next swell came along, I was very briefly conscious that we were moving away from the side of the ship (thinks: "Huh?") and then the boat flipped outwards away from the ship on the next swell.

I found myself head and shoulders in the water and glimpsed Charles going out over the top of me into the water.

My weight hanging over the port side and the way on the ship prevented the boat from righting. I could not find or reach a hold to haul myself up to right the boat so once I could grab a line in the boat I slipped out of the boat into the water with the idea of grabbing the pilot ladder or something else until things calmed down and could be sorted out.

I was conscious that the engines/propellers still appeared to be running. Charles told me later that he was also concerned about the propellers and even though he dived out and swam with great enthusiasm away from the ship, he felt himself being dragged back towards the propellers.

It may not have looked from the deck as if there was much way on the ship but in the water, with life jacket inflated, it felt like I was being towed by a water-ski boat.

The line brought me up against the side of the ship right against the engine exhausts and until more way came off the ship and I could move forward, the fumes got so bad that I nearly decided to let go and drift away to be picked up later.

With David's help I tried to get on to the pilot ladder but the lowest rung was some distance above the water and, encumbered by the now-inflated life jacket, I could not get a good enough grip to haul myself up – and probably did not have the strength left to do so anyway. I could not reach the man ropes as one had an extra knot in the end and was well above the water.

I then hauled myself back to the boat where Jeremy, who had slid down the falls, gave me an extremely welcome heave up – the first really positive thing that had happened so far – and once my shoulders were in I could drag the rest of me aboard.

Getting back on the ship from the boat was also eventful. I was a little light headed from the fumes and when my foot landed on a heavy rope on the deck I fell in a heap. Fortunately, after all these years, the old judo fall-and-roll response kicked in so I did myself no damage.

The passengers chose this moment to give a round of applause. (Female passengers later asked to take my photo and brought me cups of tea – they do not do that on days when things go ok).



The next interesting thing was getting the inflated lifejacket off. No-one knew how to deflate it and the buckle had slipped around of a difficult-to-reach position. Someone suggested puncturing the jacket with a knife but this brought loud objections and after a struggle it was a great relief to be released from my inflated straitjacket.

So what happened and what might have been done differently?

It was a classic case of several minor factors combining into something major. In the James Reason model, too many slices of swiss cheese had their holes in line to allow the problem to slip through all levels of defences.

(See <http://www.casa.gov.au/avreg/business/sms/guidance.htm> - page 8 of PDF "SMS – getting started. See also 'Reason, J. T. (1997). Managing the risks of organisational accidents. Aldershot, UK: Ashgate.' pages 11 and 12.)

I contributed to the accident causation chain process – but not in the way you may think.

1: Although I was nominated coxswain I was also directed to brief the boat launching party before sailing. I queried this but was told to bloody well get on with it so did. In retrospect, I should have dug my toes in and not tried to be obliging by following non-standard procedure.

This was at the time when there was a degree of confusion about who should run the boat launch, an officer or a nominated crew member. This has now been clarified – I understand that main watch leader briefs and runs the launch, which is overseen by a mate (but if no mate arrives we do not wait, as happened on one occasion).

2: Clearly, I did not adequately brief the person on the painter pennant on keeping it tight. Due to lack of clarity in my own knowledge, I did not make clear that the falls had to be kept vertical or forward of vertical to prevent just the kind of upset we experienced. So I take some responsibility for what happened, even though I was not on deck to monitor the exercise and suffered the outcome.

3: With the benefit of 20-20 hindsight, if I had kept one hand on the chain harness attached to the falls (which I now do), I probably could have stopped my slide or pulled myself back into the boat and righted it. Boat crew could also hold on to the since-installed man rope.

4: While inhaling mind-altering fumes, I saw Charles in the

distance having a conversation with a Waterways boat. (He initially declined their offer of a lift, claiming it was all part of an exercise, but as he got colder he decided to take up the offer. I was never conscious of being cold.)

I considered letting go and been picked up too - but various people were trying to help me on to the pilot ladder etc, so it seemed reasonable to go along with their efforts.

But this put other people at potential risk and although it had become evident that the props had stopped and my urge for self rescue remained strong, I believe I would have responded positively to a voice of calm and reason from above suggesting I let go. Although some commented afterwards that I should have let go, no-one said so at the time (that I heard) so I hung on.

5: Although it helps to have a little way on the ship when bringing the boat alongside, perhaps once it is hooked on, the port or both props should be stopped, just in case of an upset.

6: Perhaps the bottom rung of the pilot ladder could be hung in the water during boat recovery.

7: The deck should be kept clear of ropes for returning boat crew to stumble on.

What did I do right?

Not much. I did not have to dry out my wallet because I had learned previously to leave it behind as you can get a wet bum in the rescue boat. I even kept my sunnies.

Apart from a headache from the fumes for a couple of hours, I suffered no ill effects.

First mate Peter Cole comments -

In response to your article, may I answer your last question first?

“What did you do right?”

My answer is that you did everything right.

In summary, the incident occurred because the boat painter was set at the mark that lets the boat sit alongside the ladder, instead of under the falls.

When the falls took the weight of the boat for hoisting, it also brought the boat forward. The painter, in that position was too long to maintain the boat’s forward direction allowing it to broach and tip both Charles and yourself into the water.

Lessons learnt include -

* The Watchleader briefs the boat party and conducts the evolution under supervision of a mate;

* The boat painter is set to the marked position that ensures that the boat always remains directly under the falls;

* A man rope has been fitted to the davit head so that coxswain and crew can independently support themselves during boat deployments and recoveries;

* Generator fumes should not be a problem if the boat remains under the davits, ie forward of the exhausts;

* Generators will be switched to starboard if required;

* Propellers should definitely be stopped if people are in the water;

* The ladder should be lowered to its full length for boat operations - ie bottom rungs into the water (they are rubber); and

* Plans are underway to acquire a person lifting strop that can be lowered from the aft davit, to hoist people individually (of the type used by helicopter rescues).

Morrin Grigg has the routine and has conducted wonderful training that we will all benefit from.

I take full responsibility for your unwarranted swim and apologise to both Charles and yourself.

Morrin Grigg comments -

1. Briefing should be carried out by the caller. He is the one that will be overseeing the whole operation. Briefing gives him a opportunity to eyeball the members of the team and to some extent assess suitability for some rolls each has been given - eg maybe pick potential weak links and give extra instruction.

2. The “man rope” seemed to work out well during recent exercise. We will have to wait and see how it goes on a live run.

3. Point regarding engine is a good one - ie stop port propeller during launch and recovery.

4. Length of boarding ladder is valid. One was made for the “Boomerang” which ensures at least two rungs are in the water. I think the Craig is due for a new ladder. This should have three positions planned and built in. 1st for tug level, 2nd for just above the water line and 3rd to have 3 or 4 rungs in the water.

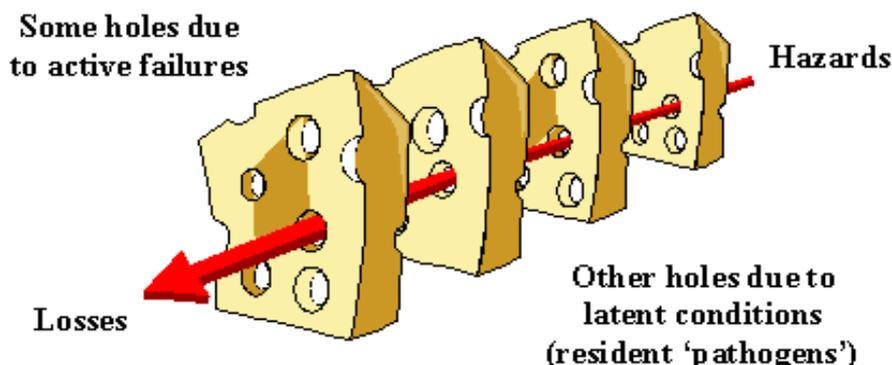
5. Deck should be tidied after launch, a point you made on the exercise day.

Continued page 11



“Did someone say “cheese” . . .?”

The ‘Swiss cheese’ model of event causation



Successive layers of defences, barriers, & safeguards

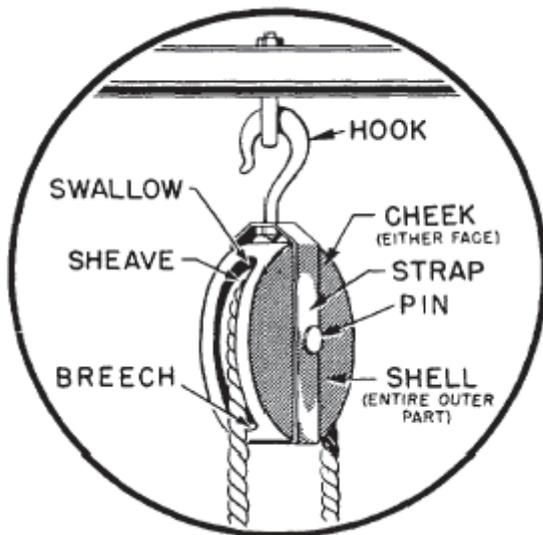
BLOCKS

James Craig carries over 350 blocks aloft costing from \$200 to \$3000. HMS Victory carried over 1000 blocks.

Blocks have an interesting history in that they were one of the first to be made on an assembly line, using unskilled labour, and their factory was the first to be driven by steam. 10 unskilled men had the same output as 100 tradesmen.

The engineer, March Brunel, designed the factory; he was the father of Isambard Brunel, (the famous engineer who was responsible for the Iron ship's Great Eastern, Great Western and Great Britain). In 1800 the Royal Navy consumed 100,000 blocks a year and with this machine 10 unskilled men could do the work of what had previously been done by 110 skilled men. 44 of these machines were installed.

Parts of a block.



Terms

Chock-A-Block.

The position when two blocks of a tackle come together so as that no further movement is possible.

Two Blocks.

Another term for the above.

Fleeting.

Used to describe a means of obtaining a better haul on a rope, purchase, or a cable. When a tackle is approaching two blocks so that no more movement is possible, the moving

block is fleet along to give a more advantageous haul

Choke the Luff

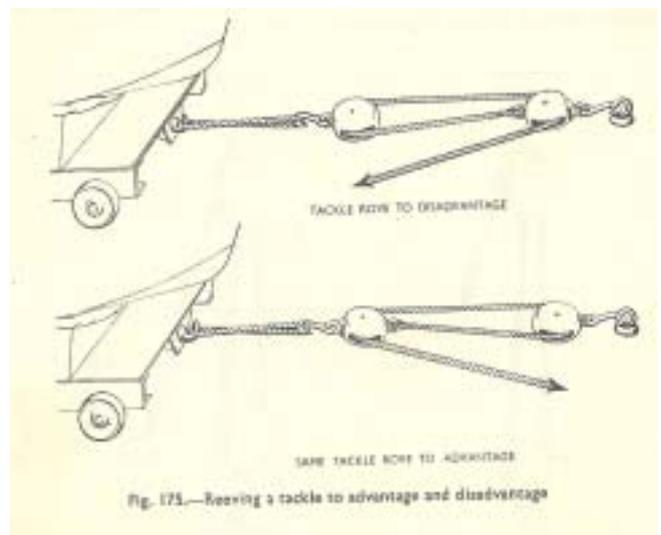
A quick and ready method of temporarily stopping all movement of a rope through a block. By placing the hauling part across the sheave of the block, where it jams the sheaves and holds it tight. A pull on the hauling part releases the sheave.



“Chocking the Luff”

Tackle.

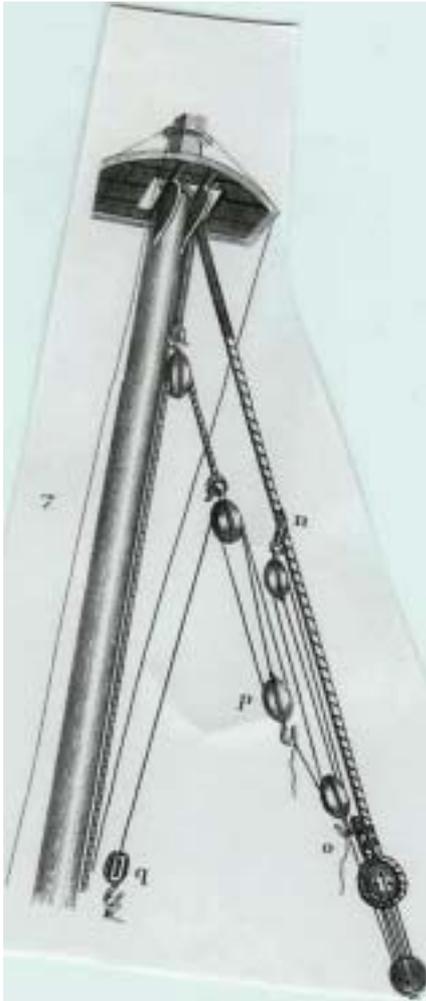
Pronounced takle. A purchase in which two or more blocks are used in order to multiply the power exerted on a rope. The gain in power is equivalent to the number of ropes, which enter and leave the moving block of the tackle. This depends on whether the tackle is rigged to advantage or disadvantage.



Most purchases are rigged to disadvantage because it is physically easier to pull down on a line than upwards. The load can also be lifted to a greater height.

When one purchase is applied to another purchase (e.g. the two purchases that hoist the upper topsail yards on the Craig) they multiply. The lower purchase of 7 on the Craig multiplies with the gin block purchase of 2 to give a mechanical advantage of 14.

Can you work out the mechanical advantage of the tackles depicted below? I make it an advantage of 72.



Peter Davey
Ord Seaman (sail)
References:
The Oxford Companion of Ships and the Sea.
The Young Sea Officers Sheet Anchor. David Lever,
published 1819.
Admiralty Manual of Seamanship, Volume 1.
Internet.

From page 9

6. I guess the whole thing resolves around more exercise days, with “officers” attending and taking part in all roles. I was recently appalled at the lack of understanding displayed by an “officer” on how the sea boat launch was achieved.

7. To hold or not to hold is up to the person doing the holding. Nobody, except you, has an appreciation of what it is like being on the receiving end of such a situation.

8. Having been on the receiving end of the engine exhaust gas and water I fully appreciate your encounter. Obviously the designers did not take into account their positioning relative to a sea boat.

Homeward bound around the Horn

Adapted from a report by James Parbery for a Cambridge varsity newspaper in 1993

Wearing ridiculous white plastic suits, and looking like deflated Michelin Men, we were perched on the end of a salt-caked bowsprit, clutching a high-tech bucket and tangled coils of orange and blue rope.

A pyramid of canvas towered above us, three thousand miles of water stretched before us, and our little wooden ship was being driven eastward towards the notorious Cape Horn. Our job, in this instance, was to take samples for recording the iron content of the water. I had to remind myself that it was all for the noble cause of science, as yet another icy-cold wave broke over us.

Soren Larsen had been away from England since 1987, when she led a fleet of sailing ships to Australia by way of Cape of Good Hope. Once there she explored the Great Barrier Reef and then went on alone to see New Zealand and the other Polynesian Islands of the South Pacific.

I was a member of the crew for the return voyage from Australia to England across the Southern Ocean and through Drake's Passage, where very few vessels had plied since early this century.

Being a slow-moving wooden vessel, with a pollution-free method of propulsion, made "*Soren Larsen*" idea for a various oceanographic, meteorological, and atmospheric studies. She also made a suitable platform for observing the whales, dolphins and prolific bird life, which include the great wandering albatross, with a win span of up to 15 feet.

We had various encounters with whales and dolphins. One sperm whale came close enough for all thirty-five of us to observe every hair on its nostrils and water pooled over it. When the whale suddenly realized it was only inches away from a collision, it dived



All onboard helped to collect the scientific data, and many absorbed themselves in their own projects as well. Several were eager to learn celestial navigation, and were given lessons by the First Mate, who demonstrated with nineteenth century sextant the art upon a rolling deck.

The boson, when not up to his elbows in tar, was either on his bunk reading books on photography or up the mast looking for the perfect composition. An eccentric gallery owner from Sydney was frequently engrossed in taking notes and collecting material for his sixth novel, I used my spare time to sketch and draw, and many of the others preferred just to relax and get acquainted with their fellow voyagers.

The sea is a tremendous source of inspiration, and one tends to see the world from a different perspective. It struck me when we were half way between New Zealand and South American, that we were the most isolated people in the world. We had created a sub-culture of our own, living quite harmoniously in this old, tossing, timber shell, as far away as possible from land.

After nearly two months of empty horizons we were suddenly brought back to reality a day before arriving in the Falkland Islands.

The Royal Air Force greeted us with two Phantom fighters, appearing suddenly low over our rigging. The exhilarating road they made brought people rushing on deck; thinking perhaps there had been an explosion in the galley. The fighters returned several times, flying so low we thought they would hit us, and we were reminded that the "civilized world" did exist, even at this far end of the globe.

suddenly, swamping us with a final flick of its tail, and in its anxiety, left a quarter of a ton of brown matter bubbling to the surface.

Making detailed study of the fauna, and other scientific investigations, was not the sole purpose of the voyage, however.

The red-bearded owner of the vessel, Captain Tony Davies, has been driven by a mad passion to sail around the world; and ambition of his since the age of fourteen. To keep the ship afloat financially he seduces similarly minded romantics to pay for the privilege of helping us, a crew of twelve, sail her between each port of call.

Some join for a fortnight, others for six months or more. There is always, a colorful array of characters, from every walk of life and from all English speaking corners of the globe: Most have never sailed before, but soon become an integral part of the crew.

Exec notes

Paul Harvey reports from the JCSE that things are progressing well in regard to crew support materials (handbook and induction diagrams, etc.) We also wish Ken well on his trip overseas to attend an international sail training conference."



Our commodore, Tim Swales, has confirmed me in the post of watchleader rep in my own right. The position is an annual appointment, ending on the last day of February each year. Next Feb, all the watchleaders will be invited to put their hands up for the post and Tim will oversee selection and appointment.

Considering this, we all owe a vote of thanks to Mike who has recently held the post. In the position he has worked long hard hours helping the executive advance the ship's effective operation.

Following our last JCSE meeting, crew practice (training) has been moving ahead under the sound guidance of Russell (V). We've had one successful practice day and another is in the pipeline.

The JC crew logbook/manual is progressing. Our operations manager, Pete Gregg, has been leading the project and I am assisting him in fine tuning the concept and merge it with the crew handbook that we've been using since initial sail training.

The final document will further establish the "James Craig way" of doing things, and will help chart our individual learning pathways on the ship, from Lubbers, to deck trainees, to Ordinary Seamen, and possibly to Able Seamen and watchleaders. The process will be reasonably open and we'll soon invite comment from interested crew members.

Just a quick reminder everyone that suggestions about how we operate the ship should go into John Delandro's suggestion box. These are vetted at a James Craig ship's executive level and passed on to the appropriate people. So if you have

The Fab 6 take over South Passage

*There can be no better way to knock up some commercial sea time and gain experience than to spend time as a watch leader on the South Passage. She is a 100 ft bald headed gaff rigged schooner operated by the Sail Training Association of Queensland and carries 24 trainees plus a crew of up to 10 that includes 3 watch leaders. She visits NSW for a few months every year and is always looking for watch leaders with GP's qualifications or above. The FAB 6 were expertly trained by Captain Shane, Sailing Master J R and fed by Meredith. Peter Davey
Ord seaman (sail)
Watch leader South Passage.*

ideas about how to increase passenger enjoyment, or crew satisfaction, or the fleet make more income, please use the suggestion box.

Damage to the ship and her rig should be passed on asap to your watchleader or the ship's bosun (Steven Robinson). Your reports will be noted for Steven or our paid weekday maintenance crew.

Concerns about shipboard operations can be forwarded to watchleaders - who will pass them on to me for discussion at a James Craig Ship's Executive level. Because differences of opinion will always exist on different issues, the ship's executive has the responsibility to decide on rectification and alteration to our rig and the way we work the ship.



Very Windeward Bound to Tassie

By Peter Davey

This month I volunteered to crew on the Brigantine *Windeward Bound* for a trip from Eden to Devonport via the Kent group of islands in the Bass Strait.

The Kent islands are situated 110 nautical miles north of Devonport and have a long European history. They were discovered by Mathew Flinders in 1798 during a voyage to rescue the survivors of the wreck of the *Sydney Cove*. The islands were used for a period of about 50 years as a base for the fur sealers. A lighthouse was built in 1848 and was not deactivated until 1992.

Mike, who had previously visited the island, highly recommended the visual beauty of the island and particularly a walk to the lighthouse, which I was looking forward to.

Onboard we only had one climber per watch. This meant that, when possible, sail changes were done at the end of the watch. I spent some interesting times aloft in the dark with unfamiliar rig, furling sails one seaman per side.

We departed Eden on a Monday morning with light following winds and smooth seas that lasted until just before we arrived at the Kent Group. We arrived in gale and it was impossible to launch the rubber duck to explore.

That night a storm warning was issued for Bass Strait with winds of 50 knots + and 6-metre seas. There was a low below Tassie of 964 hPa. A 6-metre sea in the Bass Strait is a lot different to what you would experience in the open ocean.

The shallow strait kicks up a very short lumpy sea. As we received the warning we started to drag our anchor, then moored with the two anchors on set 45 degrees apart with 90 metres of chain on each in a depth of 9 meters.

If we had been forced to go to sea in these circumstances we would have had



to run with the weather and would have ended up somewhere near New Zealand! When the storm hit Tasmania that night they experienced 100-knot winds on the west coast with 12-metre seas and extensive damage. Launceston experienced the highest winds on record.

The front hit us at 3.45 AM, as I was about to commence the morning anchor watch. We were thrown over with a 45-degree list and commenced dragging both anchors. The sea bottom at the Kent Group gives very poor holding because it is granite covered with sand. Until 7 am we held our position with the Captain on the Radar, the First Mate on the wheel and the Second on the engine controls, with the crew wedged in to where they could hold on!

During a short lull we weighed anchors and moored in a slightly more protected cove. There we stayed for two days maintaining a very close anchor watch. The weather charts then forecast a 24-hour window between fronts. 24 hours later we arrived in Devonport after one of the coldest nights I have ever spent on watch.

The 30 knots of wind blowing off the snow covered mountains of Tassie made a mockery of my 7 layers of clothes (including two of thermals).

I have decided that my future sailing will be in warmer climes. I never did get to go ashore in the Kent Islands.



George works on rope fenders



Some pointers on photographing wildlife at sea . . .



The tops and bottoms of whale, dolphin and white pointer photography . . .



Photo by Bag O'Rinckle.

What happens to women who go to sea

As the channel fleet cleared for action for the 1784 battle that became known as “The Glorious First of June” (after a term first used by the playwright Richard Sheridan in a musical extravaganza celebrating the victory) a woman** named Geneva Annie, a sailor’s sweetheart on the *Royal George*, requested the captain to enter her name on the muster roll so she could serve a gun and qualify for prize money.

In this battle Lord Howe, after whom Lord Howe Island is named, took six prizes and sank a seventh French ship of the line without a single British loss. The harvest in France had failed, and the French were escorting a large convoy, chiefly grain ships, which had sailed from America for the relief of the starving France.

Although this battle was a tactical victory the convoy of grain ships escaped. Men had not yet begun to think in terms of total war, and in the eighteenth century were slow to recognize civilian starvation as a weapon.

Famine had gripped France and if this convoy had been taken the populous may have turned on Napoleon and saved the world another 20 years of fighting. The day before the victorious Howe arrived in England, the French grain convoy had anchored safely in Brest.

** In the 18th century Sailors had Women, Petty Officers had wives and officers had ladies.

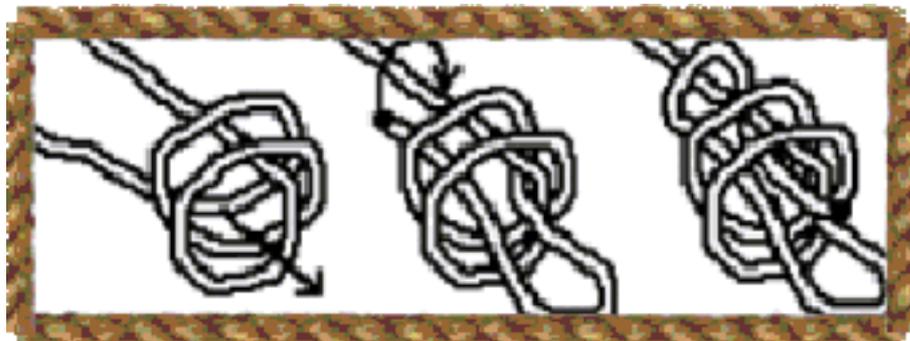
Just as the fighting was about to begin, a boy was born to a woman in *Tremendous*, a 74-gun ship of the line. Half a century later he was awarded the Naval General Service Medal with a battle clasp for the First of June.

The only place on onboard ship which gave some privacy for women to give birth was the space between the guns on the gun decks. Any male child born on board was therefore known as “Son of a Gun.” Such births gave rise to the aphorism:

‘Begotten in the galley and born under a gun,

Every hair a rope yarn, every tooth a marlinespike,

Every finger a fishhook, and his blood right good Stockholm tar.’



Knot of the Month.

A tucked double overhand knot is the ideal jamming permanent loop. Ideal for a quick tie for sunglasses etc. It will not come undone.

Sources:
The Oxford Companion to Ships and the Sea.
Broadside The Age of Fighting Sail.
Nelson’s Navy.





Your friendly crew representative . . .auditioning for a bit part in The Sopranos.





Recommended sites

<http://www.square-sail.com>

<http://www.tallshipspeople.com> to book your place on a tall ship around the world

[Www.jdlsailing.co.uk](http://www.jdlsailing.co.uk) square rig in Scotland

www.cuxhaven2004.de/eng/index.php tall ship's races 2004

<http://www.brest2004.fr/index.php?lang=en> international festivals for sailors and the sea

<http://www.tallshipstock.com/detail.htm> to buy photos of tallships etc

<http://www.tallshipstock.com/Links.htm> Great links to tall tallships worldwide

<http://www.tallship-friends.de/> German tall ships sign up for their newsletter.

http://www.tallship-fan.de/index_e.htm sign on for tall ships all over the world. Includes the James Craig.





Grievous persons . . . ?

This is an account of two crew members on a ship of the line, discussing a new and revolutionary training course.

“Hey there Yorrick,” asked Nigel, as he came on board the Craig Clan ship, the Clan O’Craig. “Where you been mate, ain’t seen you about of late?”

“Well mate, been doin’ a spot of training as it were see,” replied Yorrick, as he stowed some lines, then gave ‘em a goodly kick for good measure, sending them tumbling down the hold in disarray.

“Here mate, don’t be doin’ that!” exclaimed Nigel as he saw the lines land in a heap on the hold floor below.

“You don’t want the officers after you, do you?” he added, when Yorrick seemed oblivious to his peril.

“Don’t worry me none mate,” replied Yorrick, “I done a GPH course! One word from them and I’ll tire ‘em up for hours with talking about how I is right, and they is wrong. Then they’ll give me what ever I want, just to shut me up, mark my words.”

“GPH? What’s that mate?” asked a now confused Nigel.

“Well mate, its some serious training I can tell you,” Yorrick said, as he sat down under a sign that read, ‘no smoking,’ and pulled out his pipe and lit it. He seemed blissfully unaware of the fuel drums near by, or he was taking his training to heart.

Yorrick then proceeded to outline to Nigel the nature of the course.....

“Well mate, you remember how it used to be Grievous Bodily Harm? Well now it’s different see, it’s Grievous Personal Harm instead, but a bit different see.”

Nigel didn’t see, so Yorrick continued to explain.

“In these enlightened times, we has to say things like ‘person’ instead o’ body, so what you know as GBH is now called GPH And let me tell you, after doin’ this ‘ere course, I am armed beyond belief, I can tell you.....

We used to do that course, GBH but it got way out of hand, what with half the lads arrested each time we made port, for assault, violence and other grievous bodily harm charges, almost every time we was away from the ship.

So the powers that be decided that we



should do another course, but one what was a little more subtle like, in it’s approach.

So off we goes to this place called ‘WOTTEN,’ and we does this course over several weeks, see. At the end of each class we has a question and answer session, and WOE be tide anyone what asks one mate, see, cause if you does, then you get some serious GPH, let me tell you.

Those instructors will talk for hours about anything at all, and then we has gone and missed lunch and all, so we never asks questions mate, not a one.

“What does WOTTEN stand for mate?” asked Nigel.

“Don’t know for sure, but I think it must be Way Over The Top Everywhere Network, or some such thing,” replied Yorrick.

One lad got up one time at a meeting where he were most put out with proceedings or sommit, and instead of belting the living daylight out of the management, he talked for over two hours about practically nothing at all.

His GPH were so well delivered that they buckled and offered him anything he

wanted, just to put a stopper on his rabbiting on. Now that’s what serious GPH can do for you too mate, let me tell you.

Nigel rubbed his chin and contemplated the thought.

He remembered as though it were just yesterday, all the times he had been demeaned by others, especially those of the upper echelon, and he resolved to try this new method. Especially as he was still on probation for beating the living *?#!%* out of that poxy third mate on his last ship.

“You should try it mate,” continued Yorrick, “it’s not too hard and not too expensive, in fact, mine were free. Cause you see, I asked for a meeting with the management, but when they heard I was going to do this course, they gave it me free, as it were, just so they wouldn’t ‘ave to listen to me.

Its word power mate, it’s empowerment for the likes of us poor sods, what has to do the bidding of them back there on the quarter deck, and get little reward for it.”

“I can achieve in a few minutes of pointless conversation, what would take me half a night, some serious knuckle injury, and a night in the lock up before.”

“Crikey mate, that sounds to good to be true,” replied Nigel, still trying to get his mind around the concept, that he, a lowly crew member could intimidate the management, or officers, with words.

Yorrick tapped his pipe out on the deck, stood up and left for the pub, leaving his smouldering ashes next to the fuel drums.

Nigel followed his mate, and the two crew went for a good ‘wet’ at the local, seemingly quite oblivious to the wale of sirens on the wharf, and the pall of smoke rising behind them.

Yes lads, this GPH sounds like serious stuff, and your humble scribe recommends that you all have a go at it. After all, what have we got to loose,only the ship I suppose.....

Penned by appointment,

Your ‘umble scribe,

X

(His Mark)

Bag O’Rinckle.