

# Aboard Sengo

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November 2017

## High and Dry

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came to town...

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An unexpected  
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## Frolicking In Fremantle

From antifoul to foul weather;  
November's activities were land-  
based; two weeks on the slip and  
two weeks at the yacht club -  
ignoring wind and becoming tourist  
instead.

## Fremantle

The city of Fremantle sits on the southern side of the Swan River exit to the sea and like Broome, several aboriginal tribes crossed paths here, but apart from a couple of references on interps boards along the foreshore most of the publicized, highlighted history is that since the establishment of the 'Swan River Colony' by the British in 1829.

After two weeks on the slip we ended up at the Fremantle Sailing Club for the rest of the month (on the Collector Jetty because we can't fit anywhere else) and spent our time exploring some of the historical buildings and museums in the area.

Fremantle is well set up for tourists: available activities include a myriad of beaches to swim at (the Fremantle Doctor makes kite surfing very popular); historical buildings to visit; an impressive list of well rated restaurants to eat at (most quite expensive); the Cappuccino Strip near the centre of town to enjoy coffee (at which we haven't yet consumed a cappuccino but being (ex) Melbournians will be compelled to do so before we head away from the area); a good bus network to get you around (including two free services); train and ferry access to Perth; and a plethora of private accommodation.

Socially we caught up with **Tega, Louna, Jack Tar, Scaramouch** (sailing around Australia raising money for Parkinson's Disease-see

<https://give.everydayhero.com/au/scaramouch-parkinsons>), **Undercover** and the usual crowd at the *Tuesday night BBQ* at the Fremantle Sailing Club (where we found ourselves in the unusual situation of coming face to face with the owner of the insurance broker that we took our custom away from (not so bad though – I still recommend him to those travelling overseas)).

But essentially, apart from organizing some replacement equipment, we played tourist - sticking to the less expensive activities.

### Fremantle Sailing Club

The Fremantle Sailing Club in South Fremantle lies between the Fishing Harbour/DoT Marina and South Beach. Its marina consists of non-floating pens in two main sections (a third section is adjacent the slip yard); the biggest jetty structure encompassing four arms off a single 'Collector'. Because of its age there are very few pens suitable for catamarans, most of the cat residents relegated to t-berths, and the piles between pens make housing wider boats a challenge. The Harbor Master and his assistants are very approachable (and the locals are friendly).



### Fremantle Market

The Fremantle Market is a well-known institution and usually runs three days a week (Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Mondays as well if it is public holiday). We made sure we got to the site in time for 'Welcome to Country'; a small ceremony held by one of the local indigenous elders. There was a loud announcement over the speaker just before the ceremony started. Unfortunately, just as the ceremony started the loud speaker was turned off so only those adjacent the performer could hear his words and song. To add to this disappointment, the free tea-towel promised in the Freo book for attendance before December 1st was impossible to get: the office where you were to collect it was not open. Our main purchases were some local honey and some locally made soap.



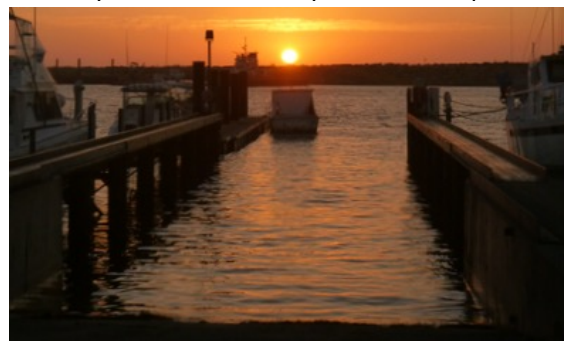


## High, Dry and Dirty On the hard at North Port

1<sup>st</sup> – 15<sup>th</sup> November 2017. North Port is not the prettiest yard – but then Sengo's only really been up into three slip yards so a detailed assessment is difficult. Of course nothing could beat the self-proclaimed Australia's Greatest Boatyard, *Boat Works* in Coomera on the Gold Coast – even after our not so graceful introduction in Feb 2016. North Port at Rous Head is smaller, has less sheds but still has its compliment of contractors - although the contractors work for TAMS rather than being lessees on site. The two yard toilets are grotty - probably just what you'd expect from a work yard (although I've heard the toilets at Spot On in Darwin were worse) and the two 'ladies' toilets probably have one 'lady' in around 1000 visits (I had a preferred). Soap is only provided in one of the two male toilets but toilet paper is kept in supply (mostly). The one shower that we have access to is in the men's toilet and I had my showers really early in the morning to avoid scaring anyone. (One guy did come in as I was drying my hair. He did a double take and walked out again – I think if I'd been male it wouldn't have mattered (even to my comment of 'Yes, I am female, and no, I won't look'). I have been told the state of the toilets hasn't changed in thirty-odd years. Of course TAM office staff would

have their own facilities, including a kitchen which I didn't have access to but to be fair there was no kitchen at Boat Works either when we were there (although there was one planned), so washing is done in a bucket and emptied down a gully trap. On a positive note, everyone is friendly and helpful if you need them - but can be busy so you might have to wait for services/contractors (which may extend your stay). They are also a bit flexible – our drop in time (hopeful) changed a couple of times.

The downside is the location – whilst only a few minutes drive away from Fremantle to the south (about 1500 meters to the Maritime Museum as the silver gull flies) and ten minutes or so drive from trendy Cottesloe, there are no services, the only shop the attachment to the BP service station and if you have only a small parcel,



Australia Post won't deliver it because they are not allowed to send their motorcycle couriers into the area (something about a truck hazard – even though every vehicle has a 40km/hr speed limit). The local post office is only a few minutes drive away but that's of no use if you don't have a car. Fortunately we had hired one prior to coming out on the hard and **Arabella** generously gave us shuffle.

Our choice of Northport was somewhat related to nepotism (we



met a relative of the GM before arriving in the area). We had previously tried to contact two other boat yards that were big enough for us. One whose online enquiry was answered with a 'we don't allow live boards' a week after it was sent but only a few hours after we had actually spoken to someone who said 'it was not policy but'.... This was frustrating and made us feel a little uncomfortable. A much more convenient boatyard to town was rung and a message left – over a week later the manager rang back – a few hours after we made our arrangements with North Port. Clearly we are small cheese but service quicker than a week would be appreciated. (As it turned out if we'd waited around Fremantle a bit longer we would have had contacts in both these yards but that's how the cookie crumbled). North Port clearly isn't set up for live-aboards but we were welcome to stay and that made it a much more comfortable proposition.

Our location on site was somewhat of a widge being stuck into the only place possible. We were placed on a site that they use occasionally, but for smaller boats, because we were hanging over some of the Delivery Area (marked out in yellow paint). But - we couldn't fit in the main part of the yard – smaller boats and a travel lift too small to get us up – and the yard used for larger vessels was, obviously, reserved for larger vessels. We sat in between.

It has been an interesting sensation being stuck where the prevailing wind comes from the back of the boat and you head into it every time you want to get off the boat. A solid set of metal steps is provided (as it was in Boat Works) so getting off is a breeze (as opposed to Woolwich where we had a step ladder and our boarding ladder to climb up – but that boatyard wasn't set up as a general slip – it is there primarily for the big boys and their big yacht racing toys. It is the

home of **Wild Oats 11**). (see November 2014).

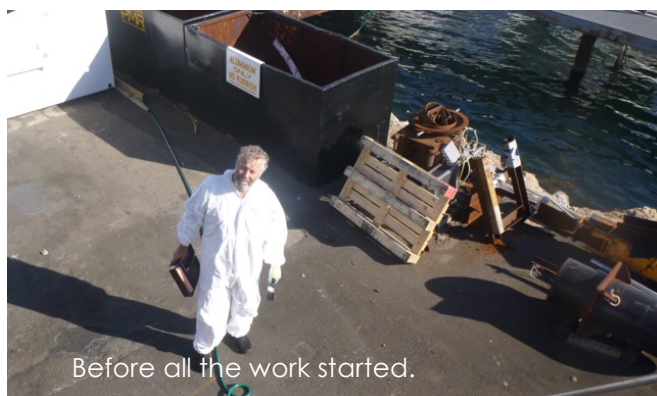
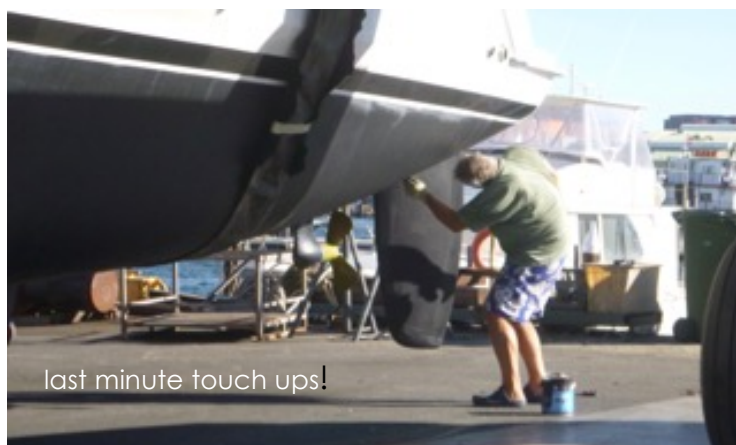
The (smaller boat) yard is filled with mainly power boats (the odd sailing yacht), some fixer-upperers that diligent owners spend their after work hours and weekends on, and a strange looking paddle steamer. The boats that have a quick turn around here (and indeed both yards) have either minimal things to do to them (maybe just antifoul) so owners can do them quickly or the owners have professionals do the work on them. The time on the slip is therefore limited but if you are getting someone else to do the work the cost is increased. I have also seen a large port mark leave (a huge barrel-like structure that I suspect comes from offshore). The larger boat yard essentially houses four sites where we've had two big (52 and 60 foot) sailing catamarans and three VERY spiffy 80-plus foot power 'gin palaces' for neighbours (someone has money - they were beautiful looking creatures – they would cost a fortune to run) as well as a big fat barge. There is also a big 'tent' where the current occupant is **Ocean Dream**. This boat provided our first encounter with a cruise ship in the Kimberley (in the Berkeley River all those months ago) and I have a bit of affection for her. She won't be the same boat however, she's doing what **Wild Oats 11** did a couple of years

Our list of completed tasks included;

- Antifoul – primer and then two to three coats
- Transducer for depth sounder in starboard hull
- A basic polish on the large outside surfaces
- Sealing of the 'escape hatches'
- Replacement of the fallen prop and re coat with prop seal.

Other smaller tasks could be done in water.

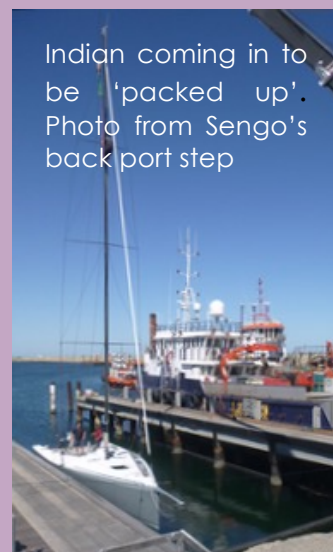
Our time on the slip was extended this time, taking around two weeks rather than 4 days like last time, and although it cost us a bit more, it made the process a much less exhaustible exercise. We managed to catch up with **Arabella** and **Blessing**, visit the Maritime Museum, enjoy a couple of nights out, spend an afternoon at Maritime Day on the waterfront in Fremantle, avoid the heat of some of the days, race around to chandleries and organise supplies and replacement parts (some from interstate), and external contractors where appropriate.



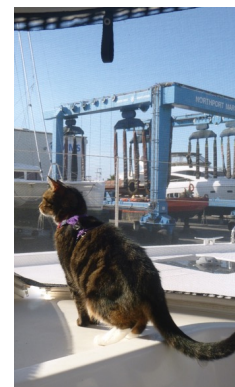
Northport Marine has its own website linked from the TAMS website but some of it hasn't been updated for a few years. However – their main blurb – 'making boat maintenance a pleasure' – is a) really good and b) actually says closely what they do.....They do have an up to date Facebook page.....okay for those who have Facebook, I guess.

How do you get an accomplished race boat on the west coast of Australia across to compete in the Sydney to Hobart Yacht Race – ...you send it by truck, of course! **Indian**, who we met in Geraldton, had her mast and keel removed before the week-long drive across the country

Indian coming in to be 'packed up'. Photo from Sengo's back port step



Who me? I was just supervising the yard workers.





On the 4<sup>th</sup> November 2017 we gave ourselves a treat. After antifouling the starboard hull and then polishing the port hull we took the afternoon off and found ourselves at Victoria Dock in Fremantle attending the second half of Maritime Day.

I am not entirely sure what Maritime Day was set up for – and it may have been part of the Fremantle Festival which had been running for over a week and was concluding the next day. There were a variety of vessels along the dock, some of which we could get on board, some needed tickets for set times, and some, like the submarine, we could only talk to the staff.

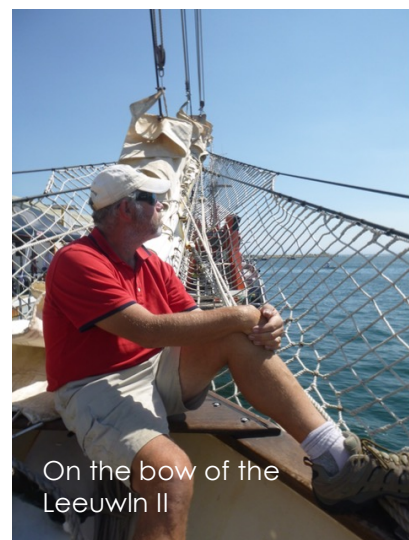


The Collins Class sub was a bit disappointing; not being the best looking example as there was weed on her hulls and sealant hanging down from her turret. One of the mariners admitted he didn't know why they had been chosen as display as they had just got back from a 12 month posting and the ship wasn't in the 'best looking nick'. Really – we couldn't tell! Apparently the new ones are

being built in Adelaide by a French company. The building of the new offshore patrol vessels are now being split between SA and WA with the WA shipbuilder Austral, threatening

'that a failure to win the contract "will seriously impede the future viability of the Australian operations and could lead to partial or full closure of the Henderson shipyard operations."' The major contractor is German however.

The STS Leeuwin II (<https://saillleeuwin.com>) is a mock tall ship replica and primarily involved in the training of young sailors but occasionally they offer a family sail and an open sail, for those older than 25 who



On the bow of the Leeuwin II



The Harbour Classic



The Harbour Classic

would like an adventure. The Leeuwin II was open to the public (for a gold coin donation) with staff more than willing to interact – although Andrew in his accidental style caught the girl out downstairs – she normally worked in the office and couldn't answer all his hairy questions.

Although exposed to the sun we made ourselves comfortable on the bow of Leeuwin II and watched the start of the exhibition yacht race (The Harbour Classic), a pursuit event, involving yachts of various sizes from a variety of clubs. Being a spinnaker start it was entertaining to see just how successful (or not) each team was at putting their 'kite' up going over the start line. The race was three laps 'up and down' the section of river before the bridge – we waited out one but then headed inside out of the sun.

The exhibition space, although small (compared with Melbourne) was like any other; full of rows and rows of booths of companies selling their wares. There was a Maritime lawyer (who needed a happy face), a few ohs risk services for maritime industries, several seafarers homes, the Navy, representatives of the Clipper Race on its way to Fremantle and quite a few companies that had banners to the side of their stalls with the modern corporate habit of stating their vision, mission, values etc – with at least one safety statement on each one. None of the banners actually stated what the company did however. There was a stage with a couple singing (we saw these two outside later as well) whose music covers were fantastic - just the volume was a bit too loud.

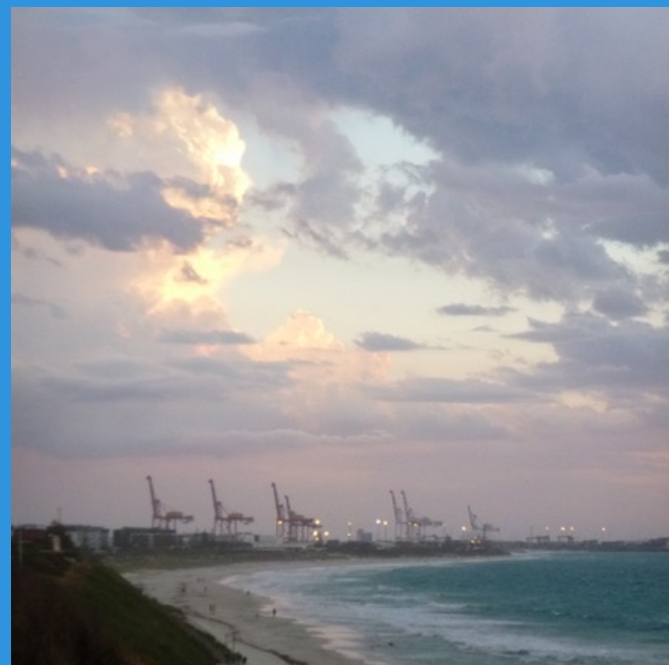
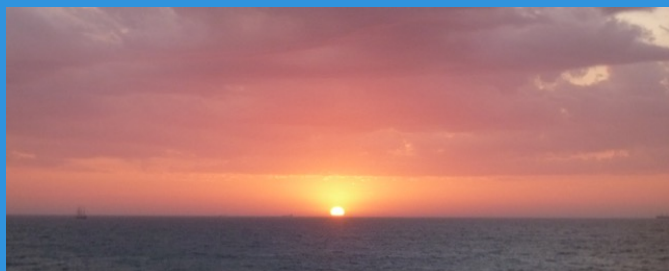
Outside, amongst other things, there were two model ship clubs, whose participants clearly had never grown up (one huge model of a Russian tanker took five years to build and sits on one side of its owner's two-car garage).

We had a late lunch in E Shed before heading back to work.

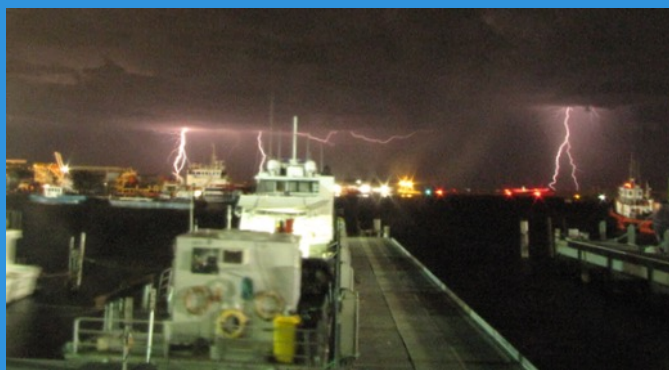


We went to the Swanbourne Fish Bar for our local fish and chips experience. It is a couple of kilometers from the coast but with a queue out the door when we had gone to an adjacent pizza shop (The Pizza Lounge; quirky and highly recommended) a few days before, we figured if the clientele is that large the produce must be good! Andrew's comment as we left the chippery was that he'd forgotten to organize the crowds of silver gulls (sea gulls) in advance. One however was waiting for us at our chosen picnic table, on the cliffs overlooking Mosman Beach (and to its credit didn't move from the post until we had finished. Polite but ever hopeful)





The evening started as per above and ended as per below. The below photos aren't in focus because they were taken from the back of Sengo buffeting into a 15 plus knot breeze.



12<sup>th</sup> October 2017. One must wonder why one hoses the barnacles from the TOP of one's boat. It was Sunday – in theory the yard was closed. The possibility of going back in the water on the morrow was diminished by the weather forecast but we would play it day by day. Having had two weeks of yard dust, normal dust and high pressure spraying from VERY adjacent boats (the lifter is within a couple of feet of Sengo's hull) I thought it prudent to give her another rinse and wash down before Andrew gave her topsides a polish. I started with the port side, allowing the starboard side a bit of a respite because Andrew was putting antifoul on the new transducer. The day was spent doing little bits at a time and after washing down the part side we waited for it to dry before doing anything else....Whilst I did get the opportunity to polish around the leopard paw and lettering we got nothing else done. Sometime after lunch a long truck turned up with a barge on its back. It was that long that maneuvering it into the yard in reverse was a multi-point affair including the yard staff having to move some of the store of props they use by the fence in order to get the vehicle in. After this it was an exercise to get the barge on the travel lift and then they brought it back to the wash down area – which happens to be just next to us. There was no point doing anything until they'd finished.... Hence the second washing the port side of the boat got this afternoon, and the dislodging of the remains of hundreds of splintered barnacles from Sengo's decks.

\* \* \* \*

I had stopped to take a photo of the sunset and the clouds above the cranes on the way back from the supermarket – and there were the fewest of drops of rain on the car when I arrived back at boat



but the comment of 'We're going to get hammered' from Andrew after he had checked bom.gov.au at 2030 was an indication of something a little more sinister. A late afternoon check of bom.gov.au indicated we might miss the storms but now two systems were converging on Fremantle. The lightening show had been going for a while, and we assumed at a safe distance. Lightening from two different angles may have meant a long system – in this case it meant two. My thoughts were, apart from an urgent need to rescue anything that was likely to get washed away or covered with dirt from the covers, that I probably wasn't going to have to get up and wash the starboard side of the boat tomorrow at 0500 as I'd been planning.

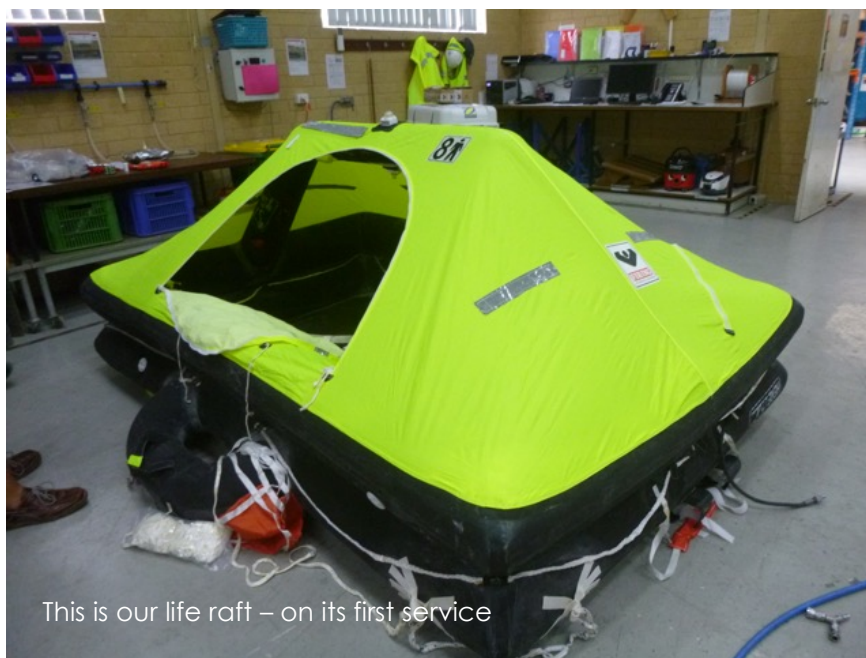
13<sup>th</sup> November 2017. Not only did they provide the catalyst of having to wash the port topsides twice yesterday by spraying barnacles all over my boat, the boys this morning stole the scaffold structure from beneath my naked body....well, maybe that's a bit of poetic license - it was more like from beside me, but we awoke to a rumbling very close and discovered the platform we had had under the boat was now beside the barge. It was

0600 – perhaps the sheds weren't open to get another one – perhaps they couldn't be bothered to wheel another one across. They returned it when Andrew mentioned we hadn't finished with it but that's not the point. Asking if we'd finished with it, or could use it for a short time would have gone a long way. There is a hire car beneath our boat (and indeed the structure was next to it) so it's not as if there was no one on board. And surely if it was the same boys as yesterday, they would have seen us. On inspection where they had bumped the hull there are scuff marks and some paint rub off.... Not happy... The trail they took was across approx.. 12 meters with only an inch or so leeway.....when you lift the steps you hit the bottom – I know because I did it (and no leeway where the paint scuff mark is).....if they had gone the other way they would have been clear of the boat in 4 meters but clear of height issues in 1.5m....and we would not have hard them. It was a disappointing end to a reasonable stay.

15<sup>th</sup> November 2017. Waiting Waiting. The North Port Marine Services slip has a policy of 'no cash, no splash', which is perfectly fine with us, except that one of the outside contractors hadn't sent in the bill, another item was stuck on our bill mistakenly and the opportunistic weather window had come forward so, whilst we were technically ready first thing in the morning (we had spent the night in the slings), and our preference was for an 1100ish splash, the boys wanted to do it around their morning smoko at 0930. It was closer to 1200 when we actually went in. The easterly breeze was technically pushing us to port so I was armed with a roving fender so as not to hit the singular pole on that side on the way out. Andrew, compensating for the breeze did it a little too well and came close to the three singular poles on the starboard side as we were backing out. Apparently, according to him, it was lucky I was on the port side of the boat – I would have had 'several kittens' if I'd seen how close we were! That of course wasn't the end of our 'tight' squeezes. The harbour master had been rung yesterday and we had been left instructions. We rang again to confirm them and couldn't get hold of him

grabbing one of the assistants who asked us to park on the collector jetty behind **Infinity II**, a 52 foot Lagoon that had actually been up on the slip with us. They were at the very end of the jetty so I thought the park was going to be pretty simple... until I saw the gap behind.

Vaguely camouflaged was a large blue monohull further up the jetty. We are a 48 foot boat – there was approximately a 55 foot gap. We had one official hand help and... Andrew made it in beautifully – thankfully there was no adverse wind. We were that close however our back step was officially under the anchor of the boat behind us when we came in. Exhausted from waiting and a couple of close calls we grabbed lunch at the lunch counter (sitting in amongst the training Border Force squad) and came back to Sengo for a quiet afternoon. (Stress affects the mind in various ways; in the course of the afternoon I forgot the soap for my shower and had to come back to boat to get it, forgot to turn the stove top off and had to come back to boat to sort it and not checking the fob early enough also had its consequences, realizing after anything could be done about it that it was not working (Had we wanted to go out for tea we would have had to sleep in the park outside... just another day on board!)



This is our life raft – on its first service

## When it's your life -

you want it to work! 16<sup>th</sup> November 2017. The reason we had popped into the Fremantle Sailing Club was to get our life raft serviced. We were under the impression that they had to be serviced every two years – in which case we were 12 months over due, but as Viking no longer had a service facility in Darwin and the raft had to come to Fremantle anyway, we forgo the opportunity in June (avoiding the exorbitant cost of transportation) and waited until we came south. As it turns out the required frequency is three years so we were just about on the money. Our life raft is the middle of the range which means it is not equipped with everything, including food which we discovered today when we went to the factory to check it out. And as there is limited room (none) to put anything else in it, it means that we should be preparing a slightly more detailed grab bag for readiness in an emergency – not that we are going to have one.....

After our entertaining, and educational, experience at Viking's factory we hopped on the 'Blue CAT' (one of the free Freo buses) and headed into town. A 'hot chocolate' back in the 'Cappuccino Strip' and a quick shop at Coles before getting back on the bus and back to boat. The day was hot and with potential showers on the way it was horribly humid. I ended up snoozing in front of the fan mid afternoon. Dinner was with **Louna** at the club and the evening was finished off by a couple of loads of washing. With the life raft due back on the morrow there was a possibility we wouldn't be here another night.





## Shipwrecked!

For two days! We really should have learnt last time we mistimed a visit to a museum but sometimes one's mind is on other things. Like the Geraldton Museum, the Shipwreck Museum is part of the Museum of Western Australia and entry is technically free, although a \$5 donation is encouraged. The museum is housed in the old commissars building for the Port of Fremantle when the Long Jetty (built in 1873 to facilitate the growing trade exports from Fremantle) was the only option to land ships. (The facility in the Inner harbour of the Swan River was built in 1897).

Our visit however, being a bit later in the morning, happened to coincide with the school excursion times and whilst I was initially frustrated with a crying baby in the Batavia Gallery, this was of minor inconvenience compared with a hundred or so noisy children (and their equally noisy guardians) that emerged shortly after. Escaping the Batavia Gallery we concentrated on the next section of the building and I doubled back when the

hoards emerged to gather round me. I was hoping they had moved on and I would be entering a now quiet (at least child-free) zone. It was not to be – I was confronted by a different mob of kids in a different school uniform! We left the museum having not seeing all the exhibits, telling the lady at the front desk we would come back when it was quieter.

Our second visit was more successful and we succeeded in seeing the galleries that had been missed. There is a lot of information in this little museum and Andrew's comment that he thought it was better than the Maritime Museum has been backed up by others.

Exhibits are of various ages; the older plain black and white interps boards are in some cases deteriorating; as are some of the boards in the Batavia Gallery. Some more modern exhibitions though are in excellent nick. There is a fair bit of reading involved in some places and you get an overall history of maritime exploration (and disaster) on the Western Australian Coast. There is also a gallery (with a 15 minute video) of the raising and restoration of the engine of the SS Xantho the Worlds only known example of a Crimean gunboat engine which was on the sea floor for 100 years. The wreck was unsalvageable but the engine was considered

significant because of its history (I normally wouldn't be interested in this stuff but it was interesting to learn of the techniques of restoration and conservatism required to rescue this piece of historic machinery.





## What Race!

26<sup>th</sup> November 2017. One of the reasons we were still at Fremantle Sailing Club was to see the Clippers come in. 11 teams were making it across the Southern Ocean (the 12th team had run aground off South Africa and was taking no further part in the 'race') and were due to arrive in Fremantle, according to the literature, between the 21<sup>st</sup> and 25<sup>th</sup> of November. The arrival date was adjusted somewhat several times as a high pressure system gave them grief for longer than expected and at one point some of the boats were doing less than half a knot! Strong winds had arrived and based on the race viewer at 0730 on the 25<sup>th</sup> of November, providing they kept the same speed, the first yacht should reach Fremantle at around 1900 – which would be just before dark.

Yesterday's afternoon tea morphed into sundowners with **Undercover** and based on false information we all headed up C Jetty (where half the jetty was clear and we had a perfect view for incoming boats) to await the arrival of the first boat. But it didn't come. We waited until my prediction of around 1900 and still none of the Clippers came in. A couple of spectator boats went out, and a couple of the marshal boats set up to guide the Clippers in left the relative calm of the harbour and bounced around outside for a while. We had left most technology back on board but a mobile phone

Before the arrival...



check of the internet suggested that the first boat was off Rous Head – not far but heading in completely the wrong direction, doing pirouettes. Most of the 8 spectators on the C jetty went back to continue sundowners. I stayed with two little tackers – who didn't appear to feel the cold (although one of them had survived a jelly fish sting earlier in the day so I guess the cold was of no consequence). I was freezing! In the end I too headed inside – over an hour after the first boat should have arrived and it was now dark. It seems that **Unicef** (the winner and leader at the time) was waiting for the second boat deciding to come into the Yacht Club together (although an alternative explanation has been given as some serious tacking against adverse winds). I didn't know – I had given up and was ensconced inside in the warmth. In either case, apparently Customs (Border Force) wanted to process each boat individually – so when two boats came in at the same time they were not pleased!

We actually saw this boat come in...





This morning we tootled over to see the boats that had so far arrived. There were various crew members walking around, mainly keeping to themselves but some were happy for a quick chat. Several were getting takeaway coffee from the café at the bar and I guess the shot of relatively good caffeine was a welcome addition to the day's rations (and, we were told, so was the proximity to a toilet that is flat and doesn't move). We had a quick chat to one fellow off **Great Britain** – tragic story (they lost a crew member during the race – he was buried at sea (three men went over)) and a quick chat to a fellow on **Visit Seattle** – he wasn't their official marketer but he was doing a good job. Open day 'starts' tomorrow.

The first 'open' day was Monday 27<sup>th</sup> November and the open boat was **Visit Seattle**. We wandered down and had a chat to a couple of the crew, had a brief look inside the sparse boat and decided that (at least I decided that) 'perhaps not'. To join a leg is also very expensive. The open days were continuing through the week – I suspect each boat had a turn – we decided once we had seen one boat we had probably seen them all. There were a couple of talks scheduled by sailors that had just completed this last leg but the advertising was worded such that it was aimed at those thinking of joining the fleet in the future – there was no overly welcoming words for those that just wanted to hear the tales – we didn't pursue these events.



Andrew on the bow of Visit Seattle



### Clipper 17-18 Stats – according to the banners....

- 12 teams (now 11)
- 337 Occupations
- 41 Nations
- 712 Race Crew
- 40,796 Nautical Miles
- 6 Ocean Crossings
- 227 Days (estimated – you can't account for Mother Nature's moods).

**'Would you do it again?'** We spoke to several participants during the time the Clippers were here. A couple said it never occurred to them not to sign up for the whole race, some were quite content with one leg and some were contemplating rejoining the race at locations further into the race. Leg 3, The Southern Ocean, however was probably the hardest leg and there were stories of waves behind the boats as high as four storey houses. One seasoned sailor (of naval ships) told me that to actually 'sail' the Southern Ocean was a bucket list item and he was glad he'd done it .... but would **never** do it again....

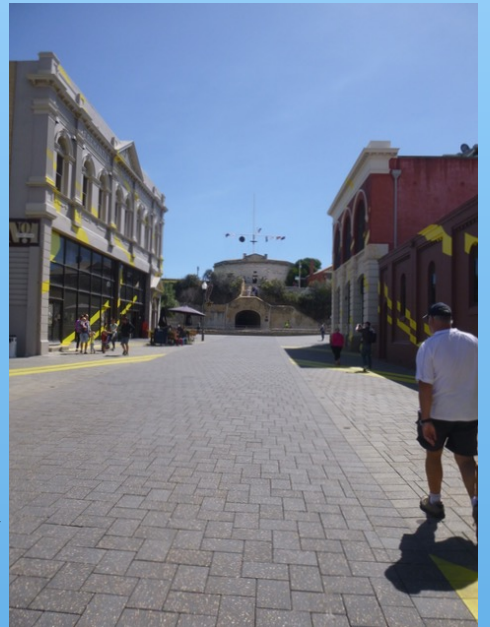


## The Round House

The Round House (so nicknamed because it appears round from a distance) is Western Australia's oldest building and served as the Swan River Colony's first goal from 1831 to 1857. The building has twelve sides and contains 8 cells, two areas set aside for toilets and a two story section comprising the entrance and wardens quarters. There is also a well dug in the middle. The building was designed to hold 16 prisoners at any one time but often had more. Whilst we didn't take advantage of them, the site is manned by volunteer guides. Entry is via gold coin donation.



From the Round House to the Town Hall, buildings have been adorned with yellow material to help direct the eye. It is the artwork of an Italian street artist and apparently it is easily removable. I didn't research it further – it doesn't really appeal to me.



The tunnel under the Round House was dug by the Fremantle Whaling Company in 1837/38 to facilitate quicker access from the beach to the city's streets.







## Doing Time....

in Fremantle Prison. 28<sup>th</sup> November 2017.

Western Australia was never a 'convict state' and the Swan River Colony was established by 'free' men. However, convicts were requested early on, perhaps to help build the infrastructure for such a new settlement.

Fremantle Prison operated between 1857-1991. It is listed on a World Heritage List as one of 11 'Convict Sites in Australia' being noted for its role between 1857 and 1886. It wasn't that we chose a particular tour (there are four tours you can do at the Prison), it was just that we arrived when one of the shorter tours (1.15 hour) was starting. Our aim had been perhaps to also do the underground tour (2.5 hours) but as we were going out for dinner, and we had arrived just before lunch, we thought we might come back another day (and I was also conscious that my broken toe is still twice the size it should be). The guide played the role well and had a booming voice; being an ex prison officer, and someone who had worked at this particular prison for a number of years. His philosophy was interesting; the inmates of prison are a reflection on the society outside and, whilst among the different ages you have different types of prisoners - you also have different types of societies. I am flabbergasted it didn't have electricity until 1982. The last person to hang in Fremantle Prison died in 1984. The inside of the old cell blocks look similar to those in Pentridge in Melbourne (although in Victoria capital punishment was banned around twenty years earlier).





guides would be). The website suggests allow 1.5 to 2 hours for a visit – we were well over two and I could have stayed longer – although I doubt the guide wanted a longer tour and was probably longing for his lunch – it was after 1400 when we left. Entry costs \$10 per person – for the time we got here I thought it very good value for money.



The last leopard tank we saw was on the Queensland Coast inland from the sunshine coast.

## The Army Museum

29<sup>th</sup> November 2017. I knew something was different as soon as we got on the Blue Cat – previous trips on the free bus had presented us with plenty of seating options but this morning the bus was almost full. It wasn't until I overheard a conversation regarding having 'a pharmacy on board' however that I realised a cruise ship had come in. We alighted at the usual stop (Stop Number 1 for the Blue Cat) near the Fremantle Train Station and waited for the Red Cat (Stop Number 3 for Red Cat); similarly a free loop bus but in a different direction. Because this bus also seemed full of cruise ship passengers my thoughts went immediately to overcrowded galleries at where we were heading and I am sorry to say, the thought sprung into my head that a hoard of cruise ship passengers might just be as bad as the hoards of noisy school children at our Shipwreck Museum experience a few days before.

Delightfully this was not to be and there was only one couple walking up the hill with us to the entrance of The Army Museum. This was a museum experience that I didn't expect. The Museum is on the site of Artillery Barracks that has housed many regiments since 1910. As it is still military land (with some attending personnel) you cannot enter unescorted. Hence, as soon as you sign in, you are 'picked up' by a volunteer and escorted around the museum. On one hand this was highly frustrating for me as there was lots of interps I didn't get to read; however, I probably wouldn't have lasted as long without the guide. Clearly the guide has a spiel but I suspect, while covering the entire collection in an overall sense, concentrates on the subjects that are more familiar (our guide was ex Army and I suspect all



Over enthusiastic patrons at the Fishing Harbour...notice the broken glass on the ground.

30<sup>th</sup> November 2017.

We patched the kayak today (finally we are in a location we can use it (no crocodiles)). It is not the prettiest job and hopefully it works but because we finished late it wasn't going to be tested this month.







Fremantle Sailing Club



Fremantle Sailing Club



Mural in a quiet mall. Some of Fremantle looks like a ghost town unfortunately and redevelopment may or may not improve the situation. Other parts of town are thriving.

Replica of the America's Cup in the Maritime Museum. **Australia II** won the Cup in 1983.



## Other images of Fremantle



Above South Beach



Freight Trains along Marine Terrace



Maritime Museum



The Fremantle Doctor sculpture; sings when the wind blows



Overlooking Bathers Beach



Never get between a man and his tools! We finally sorted the horn (it had to be replaced) so now we are legal again. It is surprising how many people we've met that don't know that it is compulsory to honk the horn every two minutes in thick fog....