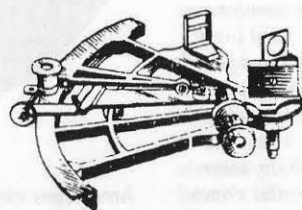


Louis had to face a court-martial for the loss of *Uranie*, at which he was honourably acquitted and promptly promoted by the King. Rose was a celebrity, and there was no formal rebuke at her clandestine participation in the great expedition. She helped her husband to write the numerous reports emanating from the voyage and nursed him through the cholera epidemic of 1832. She caught the disease herself, and died in a day. She was thirty-seven, still child-

less, and left her older and devoted husband to face the rest of his life alone. He died ten years later, being sixty-three, and with some of his reports incomplete.

Quotations are from Marnie Bassett, *Realms and Islands: The World Voyage of Rose de Freycinet*, Melbourne: Oxford University Press, 1962, with acknowledgment to the publisher.



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## Bali and Beyond ✨

Ian and Margaret Ullett

(Continuing the account of returning to Australia in *Fine Romance* after the 1991 Darwin-Ambon Race)

We set sail for the 336 miles to Benoa in Bali, and celebrated Margaret's birthday at a small island on the way. We called our daughters with no trouble through Darwin Radio. Radio reception was good all over Indonesia. We wanted to reach Bali Straits in daylight, so we cut the motor. We made about four knots through the water in a light breeze, but tides showed us to be doing over six across the bottom. The south-east trade set was really running! As we entered Bali Strait we could see a wall of surf in front, stretching right across the Strait. We checked and rechecked the chart, which showed only deep, deep water. So we sailed into the surf, with the water boiling all over the decks. A hundred yards further on we were in calm water. We encountered these current overfalls quite frequently from here on down the Lesser Sunda Islands to Timor. We had now sailed 1,676 miles from Darwin. After Bali we would turn our heads for home 5,948 miles away.

On arrival at Bali we anchored off the Bali Yacht Club — a club in name only, run by two enterprising locals. For a fee of US\$25 they help you with customs clearances etc, obtain fuel, and baby sit the boat if you want to tour. They put one of their many younger brothers on board, you lock the boat, and he sleeps on deck for US\$5 per night. There were a number of yachts at anchor. Most were from the Darwin-Ambon fleet, gathering to set out as a fleet to traverse the pirates and worrying areas further north. [When we received a letter from *Molly Brown* a year later thirteen yachts were still together in the Med.]

I won't say much about Bali, because like me you have all been there, other than to say that we loved it. Together with a New Zealand couple from *Argile* (a 45-foot ferro yacht) we hired a bemo (minibus) with an English-speaking driver for two days. This included accommodation

in a very good motel on the north coast for \$45 per person. They are on their third circumnavigation with just the two of them. Their last Pacific crossing was by the Aleutians. If you go to Bali do not stay in the south. Get out into the country. The scenery is breath-taking; food and accommodation are cheap and good; and there is the aroma of cloves everywhere drying in the sun. Bali is the jewel of Indonesia and well worth a visit.

We anchored in Benoa for five days; said farewell to our circumnavigating friends; and set off to Lombok. That is the start of the chain of islands stretching to the east to Timor, and known as Nusa Tenggara Islands (Lesser Sundas). They stretch from Bali to within 160 miles of Australian territory at Ashmore Reef. Along the south coast of Lombok we motored all the time, for although the wind was light it was from dead ahead. Margaret wrote in her log, "A few miles out we struck tremendous overfalls and upswellings, with very turbulent waters — worst we have ever seen, with waves breaking around us looking like reefs and a lot of water coming aboard. We entered a lovely bay and traded T shirts with some boys who came alongside with two dozen Long Toms." [A fish like a snook]

From Lombok we crossed Wallace's Line, rather akin to our Goyder's Line. [Actually much more so, for it marks the demarcation between the Australian and Asian biospheres. Brooding about this, Wallace came up with the concept of evolution. His letter to Darwin provoked publication of *Origin of Species* in 1859, which did more to change traditional concepts than anything else in the nineteenth century. — Ed.] To the west was tropical rain forest, and to the east dry Australian scenery, with our flora and fauna. The locals here are subsistence farmers and fishermen. The only industry is the weaving of fine *ikat* cloths. Every family seems to produce them on the home loom. They came out in canoes to trade with us. As we sailed (or rather, motored) east along the dry coast of Sumbawa to the island of Komodo, we kept remarking that it was like sailing along Kangaroo Island or past Cape Jervis in mid-

summer, with brown dry ranges. There was different scenery to seaward. Small volcanic islands of five to six thousand feet dotted the skyline.

In the middle of the strait between Sumbawa and Flores lies the home of the Komodo dragon, the giant monitor lizard reaching ten feet in length and weighing up to 330 pounds. Komodo Island is desolate, dry and arid. About five hundred people live at a fishing village. The dragon valley has become a big tourist draw, and is run by the government with a lodge, guides, etc. It was well run and not unduly expensive. A guide is essential, as a notice on the shore gives the tally — Dragons 1, Tourists Nil. All they found of the Swiss tourist who wanted to do his own thing were his sandals and sunglasses. Dragons are plentiful, and there is an interesting twist. The tourists are put in the enclosure, and the dragons come up to have a look at you.

We motored in flat calm through hundreds of tiny islands. Stopping at one for a swim, a group of about twenty naked young kids swam out to the boat. "Hello, Mister! Hello Missis!" So we put the ladder over, showed them *Fine Romance* and issued sweets all round. As soon as we said, "Selamat jalan [goodbye]", they all screamed with laughter, rushed for the pulpit, jumped over and swam ashore. They ranged in age from about five to twelve years old. On the coast of Flores the slash and burn agriculture has turned the hillsides into black barren and

treeless hills, as if a bushfire had just swept through. We anchored at a very pretty town called Maumere, which was destroyed in the devastating earthquake in the year following our visit.

At the eastern end of Flores we entered Larantuka Strait, the narrow passage between Flores and Solor Islands, sped along by a six-knot current. There is a volcano guarding the entrance which has a tip five thousand feet high up in the clouds. The Portuguese built a fort here in the mid sixteenth century. Although an earthquake has mostly destroyed the masonry, a family lives within what used to be the enclosed walls, and with the old cannon still lying about. The fort was built to protect the converted Christians from the Muslims (nothing changes). The sole remnant of Magellan's fleet [the *Victoria* in 1521] sailed through the Strait, as did Sir Francis Drake [1579] on their circumnavigations. We sailed through prior to heading for Kupang in Timor, 107 miles away. Kupang was very run down. The remnants of the old fort are still there, converted to living areas. Its buttresses form the main waterfront. We only stayed for a few days, on the last of which we hired a bemo (minibus) to drive back and forth from port to town obtaining the clearances from Immigration, Customs, Harbor Master and Navy. It was taking all day, and we couldn't understand why we had so much trouble until the driver suggested he take a little "present". So \$25 later we were promptly cleared to return to Australia.

SO

## \* Letter to the Editor

Congratulations on the production of an informative and interesting magazine! It is a great mixture of the historical and the topical.

Your caption to the photograph of two marina barrows lashed to the stern of *Morning Hustler* en route to RSAYS requires a small correction. They were not entirely donated. I donated the first one, which spent its first month at the Squadron on the bottom under the marinas. The Club paid \$370 for the materials and gal-

vanising. Only the work (and the freight) were donated.

One senior member asked if *Morning Hustler* is licensed to carry freight. I can assure you she is not, but she has carried some pretty strange cargo at times over the last eighteen years.

Jamie Cowell  
PMB182H  
Kingscote 5223

## Producing a Deviation Curve is Easy When You Know How

John Smith

Many years ago when I plotted the deviation points produced by my first compass swing, I was dismayed that there seemed no logic whatever to the position of my crosses on the graph paper. What I did understand, however, was that unless I was able to comprehend the idiosyncrasies of my compass I would never get any little cocked hats on my chart. This was what I was used to in sailing my previous boat *Echo*, which was timber and not steel. Deviation can be a complex subject, and the purpose of this article is to discuss what causes it, and how to produce a workable deviation chart.

All those who sail off-shore will be familiar with **Variation**. This is produced by the effects of the earth's magnetic fields, so that the compass needle points in a direction other than true north. Some kind person has measured this in magnitude and direction, with an estimate of how it can be expected to change each year. All the yachtsman has to do is to look at his chart, and apply this modification to his compass course. He will then know which way is up, or will he? The snag is that if you are sailing in a concrete boat, a steel boat, or for that matter any boat that has any steel or electrical systems, you will also have to consider **Deviation**. This is the effect produced by the magnetic field of the boat itself. It may be minimal or massive. Unfortunately nobody has measured and tabulated this variable for you. I once sailed in a timber boat where the compass was perfectly behaved until the engine was started. On some points of sailing the compass then moved through 60°.

Once you know your ship's deviation, you can apply it to the compass in the same way as variation, and be reasonably sure that north is truly north. We measure deviation by **swinging the compass**. To do this you will need —

1. A pelorus, which is simply a protractor or a compass card with a pointer on it.
2. A chart which must have at least one easily identifiable distant landmark, with another landmark to allow you accurately to estab-

lish the ship's position. You could use Mount Lofty and the Fairway Beacon.

3. Your main compass correctly mounted in its normal position.
4. Somebody to steer the boat and read the compass, plus somebody to read the pelorus.

Some authorities make swinging the compass sound like a mystic art. I hope I can convince you that it is very simple. You turn the boat round so that its head faces each of the eight cardinal and intercardinal points of the compass. At each of them you take a bearing on the selected landmark. You can do that in any order, but you must be sure that the correct bearing is associated with the correct ship's heading.

First ensure that the master compass is correctly mounted. If you are swinging the compass for the first time, remove any magnets that may be fitted. If you have a steel or concrete boat, fit the iron spheres at the mid position of adjustment. If the compass has been previously swung in its present mounting, don't change any magnets or spheres at this time. Mount and clamp the pelorus where you can take clear sights of your selected landmark on all headings of the compass, not obscured by the coach house or other obstruction. Ensure that the zero line of the pelorus is in line with and parallel to the centre line of the boat, with the zero pointing towards the bow. From the chart determine the correct magnetic bearing from your position to the landmark. Tabulate the bearings against the headings for your calculations.

The job is easier on a day with little or no wind. While under motor, set the speed so that you just have positive steering way. Put the ship's heading on to a cardinal or inter-cardinal point, and hold it there until you are sure that the compass has settled down. Take a pelorus reading of the number of degrees off the bow of the bearing of your landmark. Record this, and repeat for the other seven points.

Don't fall into the traps that I did when I first tried to swing my compass. Don't try to anchor