



Letters From Flinders

Thoughts from the Voyage of 1802 - 1803

I am able to consider our visit to Coupang (Kupang) Bay in Timor a success.

Although unable to procure salted meat for the remainder of our voyage to Port Jackson, I have been able to provision the ship with supplies of fresh water, rice, sugar, molasses, arrack, fresh beef, fruit and vegetables, and live buffalo, sheep and goats.

The ship's company has enjoyed fresh meat, fruit and vegetables daily, a welcome diversion from the usual salted meat, biscuit and sauerkraut.

Several officers and I dined with the governor on our last night and on our leaving the shore the fort fired a 13 gun salute.

Our visit has not been completely without mishap, as 2 men from the ship's company were found missing and 2 days of searching the town for them were without effect. We must sail without them.

Not being able to obtain salt provisions, my plan is to reach Port Jackson before winter is fully set in.

However, part of my orders are to examine a bank supposed to extend from Tryall Rocks towards Timor. I am determined to accomplish this object during my passage and am steering for the rocks accordingly.

MF

Indi's Info Blurb

Voyage Notes from Our 2nd Mate

Hi there everyone. Here we are at a very roly anchorage in a place called Cape Cuvier, where we are awaiting a few tanks of fuel from our very kind Customs service.

The winds have, for once, been completely unfavourable this trip from Broome to Carnarvon, nothing much but southerly after southerly. Flinders came down the coast (further out to sea) at a different time of year when he could actually sail.

We have managed to visit Port Hedland and received a very warm welcome from the mining community. Dampier was interesting, seeing the many ships awaiting their cargoes, and also conducive to some of the crew watching the Rugby League Final.

We stopped briefly at the Montebello Islands for a swim and to see where the British did their nuclear testing in the 1950s. A sojourn off the oil processing island of Barrow was followed by a rough passage to Whale Shark territory, Exmouth. The people of Exmouth were great, even keeping the supermarket open for us to top up on the bare essentials, including chocolate and crackers. Another rough passage has brought us here to Cape Cuvier, where we are downwind of a huge pile of salt, so we will not run short for the cook.

*Awaiting our arrival is the community of Carnarvon who we hear is very yacht minded and very excited to see us!!
Bye for now!*



Trim's Tales

On the Kimberley Coast I figured out whales were a little too big to tackle for supper, but on this leg I've discovered my kinda fish... Spanish Mackerel. We managed to catch 2 big ones, so there'll be plenty of fish for lunch and dinner, lunch and dinner, lunch and dinner... purrrfectly delicious! Speaking of which, is it dinner time yet? Maybe just a snack? Um, hello...? Anyone?



Shirley and Kevin check the bilges



Shannon, Tristan, Dean and Melissa: horsing around or working or both?



Monique and Melissa pig out on one of our favourite treats - chocolate!



Whale! One of many sighted



Indi and Mike show how it's done during the Fire Drill



Dirk meets one of the locals

Matthew Flinders and the King of the Coral Sea

Part Two of a Fantasy Tale

Edited and Adapted from "The Coral Carnival"

By Gunnar 'Lugsail' Larsen

The Coral Nymphs did not take to their duties as guardians of the Coral Kingdom too seriously, or as often, as their father King Coral could have wished. Because they were forever youthful, they loved to frolic and played about in the Coral Sea all day. With their own favourite, playful, fast-swimming marlin or dolphins, and sailfish to guide them, the Coral Nymphs swam to wherever their dolphins and the marlin or sailfish told them they had seen a sail.

The Coral Nymphs would land on one of the islands in the Coral Sea and sing their own sweet songs to any passing sail. The sailors would listen to their haunting and lovely music carried to them across the sea by the gentle and caressing 'East Wind'.

Now all of the Coral Nymphs were riding hard and fast and straight, right down from the north, coming alongside that very long stretch of reefs, which are later to be called the Ribbons. On and on they sped... for they were on their way to the Carnival! The Coral Carnival of the Coral Sea!

"A Sail! A Sail! Right over there on the outer side of the reefs, there's a sail!"

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