

SISTERSHIP

No. 4. December 1988. \$A4.50

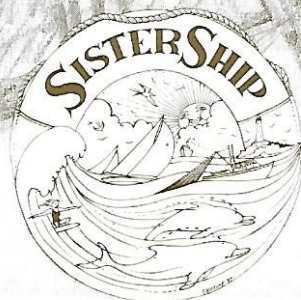
Registered by Australia Post No NBP9300
ISSN 1031-5845

Issue 4

1988!

In this issue:

- Remembering Rachel Carson
- The trials and tribulations of Tasar sailing
- The strange story of the botanist's assistant
- and more!



SUBSCRIPTIONS, EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING INQUIRIES

Sistership

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AUSTRALIA
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Sistership is edited and published six times a year by
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Design and production by Cider Press Pty Limited
67 Smith Street, Wollongong, NSW, Australia
Tel: (042) 26 4414 Fax: (042) 26 4415
Printed by

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscriptions are per annum (six issues):
Australia \$A25
New Zealand \$A30 (Airmail)
Rest of the world \$A35 (Airmail)
Subscriptions payable in either Australian or US dollars at
current exchange rate.

Sistership is a magazine for women who are concerned
with maritime issues. Committed to promoting women's
professional and recreational experiences, it is a positive
networking forum. **Sistership** seeks to inform, entertain
and inspire.

Editorial contributions are welcomed. Format: double-
spaced typescript, using one side of the sheet only; or
IBM/Compatible 5 1/4" floppy disk; or Macintosh disk
(Microsoft Word, Works, MacWrite are acceptable).
Please do **not** send one-off originals. Black and white
photographs and artwork are preferred. All contributions
will be returned if they are accompanied by SAE. No re-
sponsibility is accepted for contributions but great care
will be taken.

We want you to write, draw, compose or photograph for
Sistership. We want all readers to be part of the network
by making submissions of every kind. We need to find out
what women were, are and hope to be doing the world
over.

If you would like to write but feel hesitant, contact us
and we will send you some guidelines. The topics are
yours to choose, as long as they are relevant to women
on and around the water.

Reprinting of any material in whole or part requires
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The views expressed in **Sistership** are not necessarily
those of the editor.

Advertising rates are for b&w printing
as follows:

Full page	\$240
Half page	\$130
1/3 page	\$105
1/6 page	\$ 60

Classifieds at 60c per word.

These rates apply to camera-ready artwork.
A fee of about 10 per cent will be added for rough
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A 10 per cent discount applies for three or more
insertions of the same advertisement in
consecutive issues.

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Thanks to Vivienne Bowe for illustrations in
this issue.

Cover Illustration by Cathy Wilcox

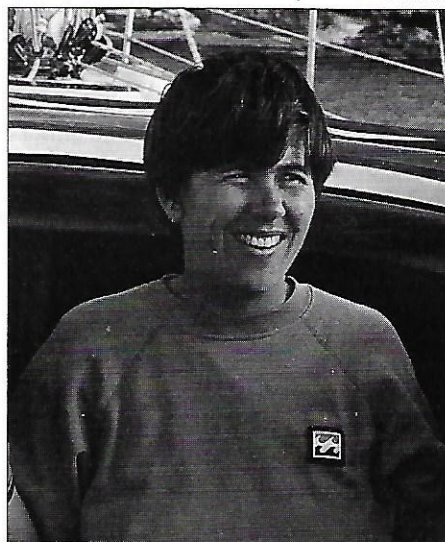
I'VE BEEN hearing a lot of reports in the media recently about the "Greenhouse effect" and the depletion of the ozone layer. I've also heard reports about the plight of the seals in the North Sea as well as other reports that indicate we human beings are less than kind to our environment. We have known this for a number of years.

One of the earliest proponents of responsible management of our world was Rachel Carson (see Thea Stanley Hughes' biography on page 3). She began her career in marine zoology in the 1950s and began writing the most beautiful tales of the ocean ecosystem. She not only understood the system, but could convey her appreciation of it in very literate prose. As she was in a position to gather data and as she became more aware of the issues of conservation, Carson realised the importance of speaking her views. As a direct result of her work, especially because of her book *Silent Spring*, the world became aware of the problems of the "miracle" chemicals such as DDT.

That was in the 60s. We are nearly into the 90s, and still hesitant to actually change the pace of the destruction of which we are all aware. We are still

blithely chopping down the rainforests, pouring chemicals and sewage into the sea. We continue to stand by and allow ocean incineration and ocean dumping.

Picture by MAILIN SUCHTING



Ruth Boydell

Our rivers are filled with chemicals, from cropdusting and from industrial outfall, which in turn spew into the ocean.

We cannot allow it to continue.

Legislation is finally in place in Australia for the banning of toxic substances

such as TBT which is used in antifouling (bottom) paint. It has been outlawed in the USA for a number of years.

The International Maritime Organisation has placed on notice that participating countries have ratified Annex V of the MARPOL Convention, which makes ocean dumping of garbage illegal. We must convince non-participating countries to agree to the convention.

We can act in our own small ways. Everything we put down our sinks and drains at home or out of our boats via the bilge pumps may contribute to the destruction of our world. You can use products with more care – using less harmful chemicals and less of them. We can reduce the pollution.

We have a lot to be thankful for in Rachel Carson. Let us remember that she was unafraid to speak out in defence of our world. Let us be unafraid to act.

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Letters to Wavelength, Sistership's letters column, should be kept to a maximum of 150 words, and addressed to Wavelength, Sistership, PO Box 1027, Crows Nest, NSW 2065, Australia.

THERE are quite large numbers of women involved in the maritime industry in Western Australia who feel that they are "alone" and out of touch. I feel it would be good for *Sistership* to have an outlet here.

I'm heavily involved with the Sail Training Ship *Leeuwin II* which operates up and down the WA coast. We were in Sydney for the Australia Day celebrations and participated in the Tall Ships Race from Hobart. I'm also involved to a lesser extent with the Endeavour Replica Project going on in Fremantle.

I'm soon giving up fishing (trawling and wetlining) to take up a position with the Education Department as a relief bosun on their Sail Training Vessel *Evening Star II*.

There are women involved with all these projects, particularly on the *Leeuwin II*.

Rebecca Morris
White Gum Valley, Western Aust.

The Noosa CYSS Works (a Community Youth Support Scheme) conducts coastal navigation, marine telephony and commercial Coxswain programs which are well used by women.

The eight-week Coastal Navigation program covers all aspects of sailing around coastlines, including chart interpretations, use of instruments such as sextants, fixes and the use of radar for position-fixing. Participants successfully completing the course will receive a certificate endorsed to Australian Yachting Federation standard.

The course is open to all groups. It is free to unemployed people under 25 years, \$50 for those unemployed over 25 years, and \$65 for others.

Sylvia Bieske
Project Officer, Noosa CYSS Works,
Qld, Aust.

I am a third-year Naval Architecture student at the University of New South Wales – just taking a few months off to go sailing.

I really like *Sistership* – the possibili-

ties of support for women who may previously have felt rather isolated in such a male-dominated and sometimes exceedingly "macho" area are tremendously exciting.

Jennifer Knox
Kogarah, NSW, Aust.

I have a copy of *Sistership* here in front of me. I'm sitting at my study table amidst boxes of my belongings stacked to the ceiling of my rented house. I've handed in my notice at work; told the landlord to find someone else to live in his lovely cottage at the foot of these misty mountains of World Heritage acclaim (this must be one of the most superb places to have been landlocked for the last two years!); and I've found a loving foster-dad for my old dog, who won't last the journey I'm about to embark upon. I have money, time, youth, good health and a zest for adventure! Everything is "right" and I know that the voyage ahead is the most "right" thing I could do with my life at this time. I lack only one thing. A boat. I don't have a boat.

Can *Sistership* help? Do you know of any boats needing crew in Darwin? Any buoys or leaders you can mark my path with?

Marie Loretz
Atherton, Qld, Aust.

Can readers help? – Ed.

Seven women chartered a boat in the Whitsundays last July. We had a really wonderful time, despite the almost constant rain. We had a couple of days of 25-30 knot winds and quite choppy seas, so the sailing was very exciting – it made up for the damp beds and lack of sunshine.

Being the "skipper" really boosted my confidence, and it certainly wasn't a difficult task with such an efficient, compatible and terrific crew (I haven't laughed so much in a long time!). We have already made plans to go back there on my boat next year.

I have been taking lots of pictures of my boat under repair and feel I now know a great deal about ferro boats.

I would be happy to write an account of what's been done so far.

Lies Paijmans
Austinmer, NSW, Aust.

I was very interested to read of your magazine in the *Earthwatch* newsletter. My wife is a Conservator of Cultural Materials who specialised in maritime metal objects. I'm sure she will enjoy receiving *Sistership* as a birthday gift.

Phillip Watson
Baulkham Hills, NSW, Aust

Sistership is a great magazine and much appreciated by the sailing women of Hokianga, Aotearoa. Keep it up.

Barb McDonald
Hokianga, New Zealand

Women in marine sports are a rare breed – but a few of us are working hard to increase the number of girls involved.

In South Australia the Girl Guides Association is expanding its outdoor activities program to include more water sports. In April 1987 we opened the GTS Dolphin – Water Activities Training Centre to give our members and others the opportunity to try canoeing, rowing, sailing and powerboating.

The building still has a lot of work to be done both inside and out and we need to buy more boats and equipment to provide top quality training. In the meantime we operate with what we've got and hope one day to win the lottery or get a generous benefactor to help us with the hard tasks of raising funds.

Best wishes for the success of the *Sistership*.

Pam Walter
GTS Dolphin, Adelaide, South Aust.

The seawoman's world is not very much investigated, so *Sistership* has a mission to fulfill.

In my own research I have only met the seawoman in her traditional labour situation i.e. "the domestic onboard" and much remains to be done.

I wish you good luck on your voyage on the paper ocean.

Jan Olsson
Curator, Sjöfartsmuseet i Göteborg,
Sweden

It's exciting to find out that there is a magazine exclusively for seafaring

Continued page 22

Remembering Rachel Carson – a champion for Planet Earth

“Contemplating the teeming life of the shore, we have an uneasy sense of the communication of some universal truth that lies just beyond our grasp. What is the message signalled by the hordes of diatoms, flashing their microscopic lights in the night sea? What truth is expressed by the legions of barnacles, whitening the rocks with their habitations, each small creature within finding the necessities of its existence in the sweep of the surf? And what is the meaning of so tiny a being as the transparent wisp of protoplasm that is sea lace, existing for some reason inscrutable to us – a reason that demands its presence by the trillion amid the rocks and weeds of the shore? The meaning haunts and ever eludes us, and in its very pursuit we approach the ultimate mystery of Life itself.”

”

THIS IS the final passage from the book, *The Edge of the Sea*. It was written by Rachel Carson. At the time of publication the book caused a substantial ripple in the bookselling world but it was a pleasant sort of disturbance and as nothing compared with the tempestuous storm that almost encircled the world when her next book was published. Her next book was called *Silent Spring*.

Rachel Carson wrote many beautiful lines but the ones quoted above held special significance for her and she asked that they be read out at her funeral service. By then she was an international figure, much loved by millions, hated by some and respected by all. Rachel Carson is certainly one of the people of the 20th century of whom it could be said that her life was not wasted.

Born in provincial Springdale, Pennsylvania, on May 27, 1907, Rachel Louise Carson was the second daughter and youngest of three children of Maria and Robert Carson. From this rural setting, the child would take her leave and, with rare beauty of language, skill at prose and sound scientific knowledge, she would, in

Almost 25 years ago a woman, whose superb knowledge of the sea and magnificent writing ability made her one of the most successful naturalist writers of her day, died at the age of 56. Rachel Carson was a marine biologist whose books on the living oceans and on the incalculable dangers of chemical pesticides made her one of the most influential conservationist of this century. *Sistership* presents this extract from her biography by THEA STANLEY HUGHES.



Illustration by CATHY WILCOX

a unique manner, bring into millions of homes the wonders of the sea and the sea shore. She would, however, do more than bring the sea to countless homes far distant from it. She was the person who fulfilled the difficult task of stirring a lethargic world to action in an attempt to bring resuscitation to a “tortured earth”.

After graduating magna cum laude from Chatham College Rachel was granted a scholarship to John Hopkins University, from where she eventually earned her MA in Zoology. A summer study fellowship at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole, Cape Cod,

brought to fruition the seeds of a longing for the sea that had started from deep within her ever since childhood when she had thrilled to Masefield’s poems. She firmly determined to become a marine biologist.

For her Master’s Degree she studied catfish, and her thesis was *The Development of Pronephros During the Embryonic and Early Larval Life of the Catfish (Ictalurus punctatus)*.

The US Bureau of Fisheries prepared a series of public broadcasts, called *Romance under the Sea*, initially written by Elmer Higgins, head of the Division of Scientific Inquiry. Higgins needed a marine biologist who could write the programs on a straightout commission basis. When Rachel Carson walked into his office he asked “Can you write?” She could, she quietly assured him.

Having finished her “fish tales”, she was then asked to turn out a general article about the sea. She presented the finished work to Higgins, who read it in front of her and then handed it back telling her it was unsuitable. Greatly crestfallen, she tentatively asked why. “Because”, said Higgins, “It’s too good. Send it to the *Atlantic Monthly* (America’s leading literary magazine). It’s not a fish tale, it’s a beautiful piece of literature. Take it back and write something more suitable in your own time.” She eventually gave the article the title *Undersea*, sent it along to the *Atlantic*

Continued page 4

Remembering Rachel Carson –

From page 3

Monthly and it was accepted to the delight of both Higgins and Rachel.

Apart from the much needed money that the article brought in, she also received attention. Hendrik Willem Van Loon, the author of *The Story of Mankind*, read the article, was impressed by it, wrote to Rachel, met her and, at his urging, his publishers asked her to enlarge her ideas into book form.

“The ocean is a place of paradoxes. It is the home of the great white shark, the two-thousand-pound killer of the seas, and of the hundred-foot blue whale, the largest animal that ever lived. It is also the home of living things so small that your hands might scoop up as many of them as are stars in the Milky Way . . . Every marine animal, from the smallest to the sharks and whales, is ultimately dependent for its food upon these microscopic entities of the vegetable life of the ocean. Within their fragile walls, the sea performs a vital alchemy that utilises the sterile chemical elements dissolved in the water and welds them with the torch of sunlight into the stuff of life.”

— from *Undersea*.

She was commissioned to write her first book. It was called *Under the Sea-Wind*. She describes the book in her own words as “a series of descriptive narratives unfolding successively the life of the shore, the open sea and the sea bottom.” For a time the reader lives as a shore bird, a mackerel and an eel. She said, “we cannot get the full flavour of marine life – cannot project ourselves vicariously into it – unless we make these adjustments in our thinking.”

It was unfortunate for her that the publication of her book coincided, in late 1941, with the start of the American involvement in World War II and, in spite of very favourable reviews, the public's interest switched to other fields.

Rachel's duties changed. Her ability was recognised by her superiors and a series of promotions saw her eventually installed as editor-in-chief of the *Fish and Wildlife Services* publications. She was

called on to act in other capacities also, so that when military operations were being planned which could be affected by tides, currents and water conditions, she was often present at the planning sessions to give advice when requested.

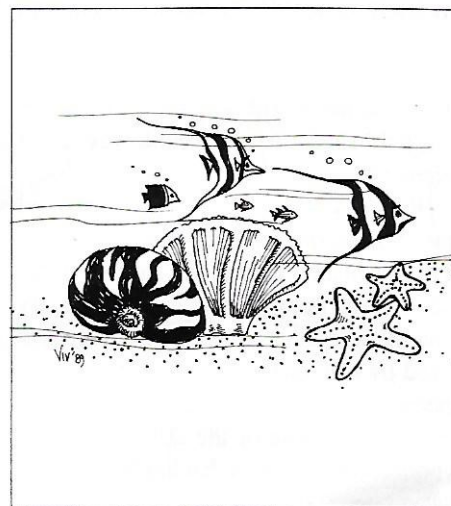
While most of the information was of keen interest from a scientific point of view – and as some wonderful scientific discoveries were made – as the war progressed and in the aftermath of the chaos, another type of information commenced, firstly to trickle and later to flow, through her office. These were reports on different chemicals being used for various purposes – the most popular and spectacular being DDT (dichloro-diphenyl-trichloro-ethane). It is now present in every living thing. There is not much doubt that it was at this time that the first alarmbells started to ring inside Rachel Carson. This is substantiated by the fact that following the publication of an article by her on the use of “radar” by bats, she wrote what was certainly a prophetic letter to the editor of *Reader's Digest*, suggesting that she write an article on DDT experiments then being conducted. This was on the 15th July, 1945. Unfortunately the idea was not taken up.

With all her increasing responsibilities, at home and at the office, little time was left for writing. However, “conservation” was given an impetus when she planned and found time to write some 12 booklets called *Conservation in Action*. Her appeal for Man to accept his responsibilities towards all living things was just as relevant then as now.

In July, 1950, the manuscript of *The Sea Around Us* was duly presented to Oxford University Press, whose executive editor immediately realised that they had a book that would be a success. Philip Sterling writes in *Sea and Earth*, “it was a working model of the seas, the continents and their surrounding atmosphere, fashioned of words. Rachel's writings made the billion-year time-flow of the ocean's origin and history believable. Her words made visible the ocean's surface vastness, its miles-down depths, its awesome power

expressed in tides and currents, winds and waves. Sea, earth and atmosphere appeared as mighty forces that worked now in concert, now in conflict with each other – creating, nullifying, recreating environments for living matter . . . This second book, no less than her first, had a fine poetic quality but quite a different one. *Under the Sea-Wind* was lyric. *The Sea Around Us* was epic.”

This book arouses greatly increased awe at the power and majesty of the sea, increased wonder at the multiplicity and variation of the life in the ocean and increased humility at the realisation of the magnitude and complexity of its surrounds. It was an immediate success. One chapter published in a magazine won the *American Association for the Advancement of Science* award. The *New Yorker* bought rights to reprint parts and *Reader's Digest* were after it for publication in a condensed form. It became *Book-of-the-Month Club* choice and within an incredibly short time was on top of the best-seller list, where it was eventually to pass Thor Heyerdahl's *Kon Tiki* record. A film company negotiated for film rights and the



film eventually won an Oscar for the best documentary, although the author was, to say the least, unhappy with the film. She was asked to write a commentary for the new record album of Debussy's *La Mer*, conducted by Arturo Toscanini. She was voted *Woman of the Year in Literature* and

a champion for Planet Earth

her unlucky 1941 book, *Under the Sea-Wind*, was re-published. This time it sold 40,000 copies even before publication. She won the *National Book Award* for the best non-fiction book of 1951 and she became the first woman to win the *Philadelphia Geographical Society's* medal. She was in constant demand for guest appearances and for lectures, and her old college, Chatham, awarded her a Doctorate in Literature, while Oberlin College awarded her a Doctorate in Science. Rachel Carson had arrived.

While all these tributes and awards were most gratifying, perhaps the thing that gave her the greatest pleasure was the response from fellow scientists around the world. The many connections she had already made were greatly enlarged as individual scientists, scientific bodies and associated or interested people paid tribute to her ability and lucidity.

Even before *The Sea Around Us* came out, she had already become involved in her next book when she was asked to write "something" about the sea shore. The "something" became *The Edge of the Sea*.

It soon became obvious that the suc-

cess of her books was going to be such as to demand her full time and so she resigned her position.

The publication of *The Edge of the Sea* created yet another stir. More honours came and *The National Council of Women of the US* gave her a citation for the outstanding book of the year.

In this book she conveys her experience of standing at low tide in a secret cave.

“Hanging from its roof were the pendent flowers of the hydroid *Tubularia*, pale pink, fringed and delicate as the wind flower. Here were creatures so exquisitely fashioned that they seemed unreal, their beauty too fragile to exist in a world of crushing force. Yet every detail was functionally useful, every stalk and hydranth and petal-like tentacle fashioned for dealing with the realities of existence. I knew that they were merely waiting, in that moment of the tide's ebbing, for the return of the sea. Then in the rush of water, in the surge of surf and the pressure of the incoming tide, the delicate flower heads would stir with life. They would sway on their slender stalks, and their long tentacles would sweep the returning water, finding in it all that they needed for life.



their nests in our trees year after year. The next day they were scattered around the bird bath. (I had emptied it and scrubbed it after the spraying but you can never kill DDT.) On the following day one robin dropped suddenly from a branch in our woods. We were too heartsick to hunt for other corpses. All of those birds died horribly, and in the same way. Their bills were gaping open and their splayed claws were drawn up to their chests in agony...

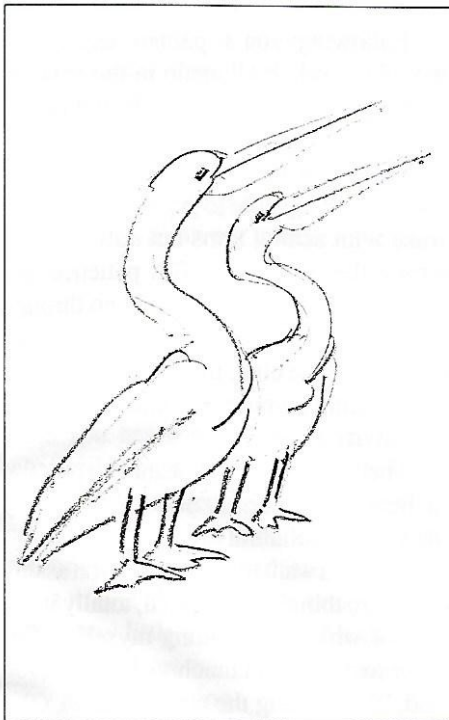
"Air spraying (of DDT) where it is not needed or wanted is inhuman, undemocratic and probably unconstitutional. For those of us who stand helplessly on the tortured earth, it is intolerable."

The picture conjured up by the seven dead robins and the "tortured earth", was too drastic for Rachel to ignore. She abandoned all her other projects and went to work. The result was *Silent Spring*.

She said "There would be no peace for me if I kept silent." She did not. Paul Brooks writes in *The House of Life*, "The secret of its success lies not merely in her fitness for the task, her boldness in speaking out, her superb command of the English language. It lies also in her fundamental attitude towards life, which came through most clearly when her deepest beliefs were at stake."

The chief opponents of the book seeing light of day were, of course, the manufacturers of chemical pesticides but, happily, not all of them. The supporters came from some surprising sources. Many faculties of universities were endowed by large and extremely wealthy chemical firms and

Continued page 8



Illustrations by VIVIENNE BOWE

One conclusion stands out clearly in her writings. "So the present is linked with past and future, and each living thing with all that surrounds it."

A letter from a friend, Olga Huckins, on the subject of air spraying by State authorities to control mosquitoes in Massachusetts, lit the slow-burning fuse of a Rachel Carson explosion.

"The mosquito control plane flew over our small town last summer. Since we live close to the marshes we were treated to several lethal doses, as the pilot criss-crossed over our place... We consider the spraying of active poison over private land to be a serious aerial intrusion.

"The 'harmless' shower bath killed seven of our lovely songbirds outright. We picked up three dead bodies the next morning, right by the door. They were birds that had lived close to us, trusted us and built

Never mind the birthday –

An apprenticeship on a sailboard led inevitably to the thrills of Tasar sailing for CHALICE ROUGHAN. But it was a case of devilish winds and the deep blue sea, as she found out.

IT WAS A birthday present, a windsurfer – not to my 14-year-old son – but to me. It was my 40th birthday and I decided it was time that I join those maniacs on the water instead of standing on land and watching that most beautiful of all sports – sailing.

With good instruction I did master the art of boardsailing (if only to intermediate level) and so by the following Easter I was in a better position than that of “terra firma” to watch the NSW titles on Lake Macquarie. I could now sail out to the race and watch from close quarters – sometimes too close. I was often given the feeling that sailors had very little time for boardsailors. But the wind would gust and cruelly rip the boom from my hands, or drag me by my harness mercilessly, to smash my face into the sail as it hit the water. It had no respect for my grey hair. Nor, for that matter, did anyone else. I recall the Captain Cook plowing relentlessly down upon me as I gingerly “gave way to steam” by sitting astride my board wondering whether the propeller would suck me out or not.

Oh, how I longed for a rudder! How much more I could do! Those tight little circles I saw performed by Tasars instead of my rather large, wind-dependent U-turns. Remember I was only intermediate and hadn't mastered the skills of those “slalom” turns of the “wave jumpers”. Besides, I've always enjoyed company and it was rather a lonely spot from which to watch the race.

Towards the end of the season I decided to try my hand at dinghy sailing. No sooner had I made known my wild decision to the outside world than I was told of a skipper who was looking for a lighter crew – he might even consider a female. I guess he would have preferred a young blond but I had made my decision and was not about to be deterred, so I boldly marched up to this guy and announced my intention!

As I was to discover, he was too much



Chalice and John in Kaizoku (2087) in the Adelaide invitation race.

of a gentleman to refuse my plaintive cries and so I was taken for my first ride in a Tasar.

I must have done something right because Jon Brett agreed to sail the winter series with me and teach me to crew. Not only was he skippering the boat but everything that needed to be done by his crew – me – he had to explain.

“More cunningham – not the boom vang –.”

What the heck is the cunningham? Oh, down haul! Well why didn't he say that? After all, to pull the sail down makes much more sense than cunni- what?

“More foot” – Move my foot? Why?

“Give it one strong pull, stop pecking at it like a chicken”

“No, not so tight.”

“Stand by to go about.” Stand. Surely not!

Was it my first time in a yacht? No. I had been “sailing” for years as a child but all those years ago children were neither seen nor heard and females weren't allowed on boats! So I spent my days aboard

Windward II unseen and unheard while my father crewed for leisurely Sunday outings.

Following Jon's patient teaching I would go over it all again in the evening with Geoff McLaughlan. He would repeatedly rehearse my part with me and straighten out my errors. I would dream about not being able to get the pole up and wake with aching arms but still get it all wrong the next week. But patience and kindness flowed – Jon would go through it all again. His thoughtfulness radiated throughout the club, too and whenever he was missing I would find him giving help and advice to others.

Then came our first chance to practise in heavy weather. A 30-knot southerly blew off Woollahra!

“Do you want to have a go?” Jon asked.

“Sure thing!” I answered, totally innocent of what I was letting myself in for. After successfully launching Kaizoku, Jon said, “Try putting the pole up.”

“OK,” I answered eagerly.

I managed it after the fourth attempt.

feel the wind!

With very tired arms I flopped down to catch my breath and hung on for grim death as the boat took off.

"Take it down!" yelled Jon.

"What? Take it down?" I exclaimed, "I've only just got it up!"

"Take the *#@%!!#* thing down!"

Then I noticed Shark Island looming large ahead of us and hastily heeded my skipper's words.

We reached across to Point Piper in 60 seconds flat and then commenced working our way towards the shore.

"This is just survival weather," Jon remarked disappointedly. "Do you want to practise? I suggest we go in." Petrified, I delightedly agreed.

"Furl the gib!" yelled Jon above the

howl of the wind. Enthusiastically I obeyed, only too glad to relinquish the responsibility of those lashing gib sheets

“

The wind would gust and cruelly rip the boom from my hands, or drag me by my harness mercilessly, to smash my face into the sail as it hit the water. It had no respect for my grey hair.

”

that kept pulling through my smarting fingers.

Stacking for my life, we flew back. That night I silently vowed I'd never sail again.

The next day it was our turn to crew the rescue boat and so once again I found myself on land while everyone else sailed: I was instantly cured.

But survive we did, and hence, when we hit Adelaide for the 1986 National Tasar Titles and encountered unexpectedly strong winds, it was with complete confidence in my skipper that I entered each race fearlessly.

In a fleet of 64 we brought Kaizoku to a grand 14th place and I was the first woman to complete the series.

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Remembering Rachel Carson

From page 5

they dutifully and obediently rallied to their benefactor's cause. But some brave individuals spoke up – regrettably to their immediate cost. Public servants with no apparent axe to grind sided with the chemical firms but others championed Rachel Carson.

Reports from worried and conscientious scientists, naturalists, public servants and citizens flooded in and the information grew and grew. The most commonly known 'enemy' was DDT. Hailed as a miracle worker, it was used with an almost total lack of discrimination during the war. As the use of it gained in popularity a host of 'brand new discoveries' followed close behind. Then it was noticed that some insects had developed immunity to it and that the number was rapidly increasing. Then some side-effects were noticed and the effect on the chain of life, so wonderfully described by Albert Schweitzer in his Nobel Prize speech, was observed. Yet the bombardment from spray guns and aeroplanes not only continued but increased.

“Chlorinated hydrocarbons include DDT, dieldrin, aldrin, endrin, heptachlor, chlordane, endosulphan, lindane, benzene and hexachloride. These chemicals kill on contact, but in addition they are the most stable and persistent, and they have extremely broad toxicity, affecting not only all insects but all classes of vertebrates.

DDT enters food chains at all levels and tends to work up these food chains from bottom to top (ie from smaller to larger creatures), becoming concentrated from one level to the next so that the proportionate amounts at each level increase.

We have the classic example reported from Long Island Sound, USA: mosquito-infested marshes were sprayed, the concentration in the water being only 0.000003 parts per million but this accumulated to 0.04 ppm in plankton, to 0.5 ppm in plankton-eating fish, to 2.0 ppm in larger fish and to 25 ppm in fish-eating birds – a ten million times multiplication.

The chain need not necessarily end with bird, for some fish and birds will be eaten by humans and the residues will concentrate in the human body.

All over the world, DDT has caused a severe reduction in the population of many species of bird. Even in a place far removed from any agricultural activity, such as the Antarctic, birds and seal now carry significant residues which they have ingested with their food.



Silent Spring, published in 1962, was to become the basis of much future ecology and conservation. Rachel Carson was questioning not only the indiscriminate use of poisons but the basic irresponsibility of an industrialised, technological society toward the natural world. She refused to accept the premise that damage to nature was the inevitable cost of 'progress'.

With the brickbats that continued to fly, came – in overwhelming numbers – the honours. She was Conservationist of the Year for the National Wildlife Federation; The Garden Club of America gave her their highest conservation award; The American Geographical Society gave her their medal and she became one of very few women to be elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters. She became the first woman to receive the National Audubon Society's medal. The award that probably pleased her most was the Schweitzer Medal of the Animal Welfare Institute. She had earlier shown her affinity for the "reverence for life", expressed by Dr Albert Schweitzer by dedicating *Silent Spring* to him.

The book's sales neared the 1,000,000 mark and the demand for public appearances and speeches were many and varied but another demand was far more pressing. Rachel Carson was dying.

She had been operated upon several times for breast cancer. She suffered from arthritis, and an ulcer developed as she was completing this book. She also had a number of other ailments which weakened her ever frail body.

She died at home on April 14, 1964, at Silver Spring, in Maryland. She was 56.

The arguments continue to this day and will continue until humanity fully grasps the necessity to live with and to understand

its environment. When that day comes, it should be remembered that a large step in the right direction was taken because of the life and work of the woman who became famous by helping people to understand something of the wonders and mysteries of the sea and who died after helping people to understand something of the need to reverse the life in all living things.

A biography of Rachel Carson by Thea Stanley Hughes, excerpted with permission from Enduring Deeds – in Science, Exploration and Leadership, Movement Publications, Sydney, 1980. PO Box 226, Pennant Hills, NSW, 2120.

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DO IT NOW!!

The Wind has Four Voices

I. Windsong in Belmont Bay

The wave rolls back against the tide
and sweeps and folds
and curls upon itself and breaks.
The tide scores restless sand
with waveprints.

My boat has slept within the deep lagoon
Where tide touches seldom.
The green weed stirs and grows and dies,
and is but rarely wrenched into the wind.
The soft warm mud seeps through the sand
to calm it.
Sometimes the wind blows strong and free:
the white sails strain: the waves assume
respectable dimensions;
But they are not the sea!

I cannot tell, now, if my arm is strong
enough to hold a wheel against
the surge,
nor if my craft can bear
that first wild churning at the harbour's mouth.
But I have heard the wind call –
its voice imperative
Upon the first tide.

II. Windhover by Pelican

The wind listeth where it blows – to coin a phrase –
and all the Sunday-go-meeting sails
bob and bow to the wind's round pulpit voice.

There's Sunday worship for a landlocked, weekend tar
in Sunscald on the drying decks;
in illfilled sails uneasy in the nothing wind;
in silent lipping of the lake's soft, greedy mouth –
the indirect advance
as maiden waves move to the wind's erotica.

My thin craft hovers at the channel's edge.
Its sharp beak searches the tide.
Its restless sheets shake the still sun
from urgent sails.

The Sunday meeting's over. Time to turn
homeward to the sea.

III. Windvane near Valentine

Point high, thin boat, into the black wind.
I will not fear the surf,
the red cliffs or grinding stones.
Bend hard into the storm,
Wrenching those grim sheets with bloody hands.

Lean out across the surge –
endless waterdepth beneath the small, small keel,
the quivering hull.
I will not fear the screaming silences
between the gusts.
I will not tremble when the white sleet
catches my throat with claws of spray.
I will not whimper when the cold drops
runnel between my breasts.

And when we cross –
not the wild ocean but this one small stretch
of lake, and turn against the wharf
and shelter, I will shake
the cold brine from my mouth, and laugh
and say
"Perhaps I'd better practise for a week or two
before I try the sea.
Just for a moment, I was scared out there!"

IV. Windrush – at Swansea Bridge

... and there lies paradox!
The gull that hides in the still shallows
yearns for the tide:
the cold tern, buffeted by storms,
veers in for shelter to the shore.
Tide-shore, wave-surge,
ocean-sand-weed – all words
that sing both sea and landlocked lake,
but lead me neitherwards.

I can recall the sea, in the years when sails
seemed only patterns at the harbour's mouth:
when I used to sit in the broken bow of a dead ship
and watch the orange flowers blossom
in its unreal, blue and yellow sunken hatch.
I can recall one kingtide wave – the seventh
they always said – that caught my old black dog
and swept him, yelping, round a rusted tank
half-buried in the sand, and swept him back again.
I can recall driving a stranger down the rockwalled road
where broken waves fell on our heads in gusts
and black wheels skidded in the sand.

That was the sea – not these green hidden currents
by the bridge, so dangerous, so dignified;
not this white screaming at the outer bar,
sung of by baritones in concert voice.
That grey, flat anger was the sea,
that brown incontinence, that silent, roaring worship.

I could not guide a sail then, only dream of ships.
Now that I have the helm, dare I attempt the ocean
in my narrow Sunday craft?

Elinor O'Connell

Nothing succeeds like success



Few industries are more competitive than fishing, and women are thin on the ground in managerial positions. Nancy Read, who heads her own multi-million-dollar fishing business, is an exception to the rule.

LAST YEAR'S winner of the *Bulletin*/Qantas Businesswoman of the Year award, Nancy Read was laughed at when she set up her seafood export business in Perth eight years ago.

Read was working at Marwell Ross fisheries until her boss could "find a man" for her position. She felt powerless to change a company which she believed was not catering for world markets. She went to Japan on a private visit, found a market for a product, resigned from Marwell Ross and founded N.C. Read Ltd.

The fishing industry is fiercely competitive between the big processors and smaller, independent operations but Read succeeded – using an existing trawler operation and the spare capacity in a proc-



Photo: RITCHIE HANN

Nancy Read

as consultant for Geraldton Fisheries' lobster sales, which had boosted turnover from \$10 to \$22 million. Her new cold storage plant, built ahead of schedule, has turned over \$1.3 million in its first year of operation.

Read, who is 55 years old and has two children, believes that women are more dedicated, loyal and hard-working than men. "Women in management put their all into it," she says.

Winning the contest for Read has meant extensive media coverage, "confidence, respect and a decided advantage".

As a direct result of her win, she was invited as a guest speaker – along with the Japanese Deputy Prime Minister and a former Korean President – at the opening of a \$30 million Japanese cold storage facility.

"The high profile can expand business and help gain contracts," she says. "It gives advantages to other women, the industry, your bankers and clients."

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“
Women in
management put
their all into it.”
”

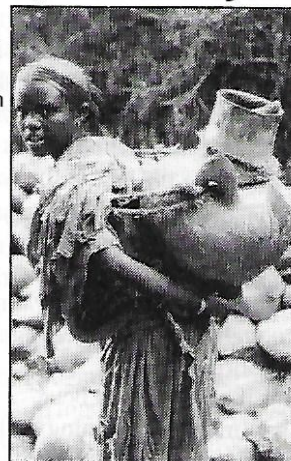
essing plant. She is handling the export sales for 39 prawn trawler owner-operations this year.

Read says that, "in a hard, tough marketing year we have increased our profits and achieved what we set out to achieve." Turnover in 1987-88 rose more than \$2 million to \$15.8 million.

Read made trips this year to Japan and Taiwan and has expanded operations in South-East Asia. Her company has acted

"Who says I'm lazy?"

Women in Africa daily face a long gruelling trek to fetch water. Then it's a 1-2 hour search for firewood for cooking. And in their "spare time" African women grow half the continent's food. "They're poor because they're lazy" is a cruel myth.



Despite their workload, rural women also work enthusiastically at self-help projects. Adult literacy programmes so they won't be cheated by the money-lender; soil conservation projects to help save their land from desertification.

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Women's Whitbread Round the World Race. A team of women are preparing a boat, Maiden Great Britain, and crew for the Whitbread Round The World Race to begin in September 1989. For further information about the challenge contact *Tracy Edwards, 1 Hamble Manor Court, Hamble, Hampshire SO3 5GB, England, UK.*

23-24 February 1989 Life in the Polar Winter, Eighth International Symposium of the Arctic Centre of the University of Groningen, Groningen, Netherlands.

28 March-1 April, 1989 Industrial Revolutions and the Sea, 1800-1980, Royal Academy of Sciences, Brussels. Organiser is the Belgian Commission for Maritime History.

May, 1989 US National Tradeswomen's Conference. For further information contact *Tradeswomen, Inc., PO Box 40664, San Francisco, CA 94140, USA, (415) 821-7334.*

June, 1989 13th Conference of the North American Society for Oceanic History, National Maritime Museum, San Francisco. For further information contact *Dr William N Still Jr, Department of History, East Carolina University, Greenville, NC 27858-4353, USA.*

3-7 July, 1989 Research and Small-scale Fisheries, Montpellier, France. This is intended to be an interdisciplinary conference, and the organisers hope to draw participants from a wide range of disciplines and nations. The official languages will be English and French. For more information contact *Dr J Lemoalle, Symposium Peches Artisanales, ORSTOM, BP 5045, 34032 Montpellier Cedex, France.*

10-14 July, 1989 Fifth World Conference on Transport Research, Yokohama, Japan. For further information contact *Professor Hideo Nakamura, Department of Civil Engineering, University of Tokyo, 7-3-1 Hongo, Bunkyo-ku, Tokyo, Japan.*

25-27 August, 1989 North Sea Confer-

ence on the Social History of Maritime Labour, Stavanger, Norway. This conference is sponsored by the North Sea Society. For further information contact *Poul Holm, Fiskeri-og Sofartmuseum, DK-6710 Esbjerg, Denmark.*

18-20 October, 1989 Ninth Naval History Symposium, Annapolis, Maryland. Call for papers and panels. Please submit abstracts to *Associate Professor Wm. Roberts, Department of History, US Naval Academy, Annapolis, MD 21402-5044, USA.*

International Commission for Maritime History Conference: Food for the World; Maritime Trade and Shipping of Foodstuffs is the proposed theme for the conference to be held in Madrid, Spain, in 1990. For further information contact *Professor C Konickx (Secretary-General ICMH), Britse Lei 46, 2000 Antwerp, Belgium.*

1990 International Maritime Heritage Year. The World Ship Trust plans this with the object to arouse worldwide interest in our maritime heritage so that important ships and other nautical artifacts can be recorded, and appropriate steps taken to ensure their preservation. Any interested person or group could contact *The Vice Chairman, World Ship Trust, 129A North St, Burwell, Cambridge CB5 0BB, England, UK.*

May, 1990 Fourth Conference on Chinese Maritime History, Academia Sinica, Taipei, Taiwan.

August, 1992 First International Congress of Maritime History, Liverpool, England. Proposals for papers and complete sessions are welcomed from scholars interested in all aspects of maritime social and economic history, including ports, merchant shipping, maritime labour, international trade, technology, fishing, whaling, maritime business history, underwater archaeology and maritime communities. Younger scholars and researchers from the developing countries are especially invited to participate. Proposals should be sent as soon as possible,

but in no case later than September 1, 1989 to *Professor LR Fischer, Maritime Studies Research Unit, Memorial University of Newfoundland, St Johns, Nfld., A1C 5S7, Canada.*

A US investigation of abuse of women in the maritime industry, from Women's Maritime Association. The US General Accounting Office investigation into the extent of sexual harassment, assault and rape in the maritime industry ended in April, this year. The investigation focused on the Northwest region of the USA, and lasted less than two months.

The investigators attempted to determine the number of women currently and formerly employed in the maritime industry, obtain data on the extent of harassment and violence against women, determine the applicable civil, criminal and maritime laws and regulations, obtain information about procedures of complaint and about the monitoring and educational efforts of employers.

Many women have left the maritime industry because of violence against them or injury caused by intentional disregard for their job descriptions and safety.

The Women's Maritime Association (WMA) has expressed concern that the investigation was too limited to adequately determine the extent of the problems women face when they are isolated, often in hostile environments, without support or legal redress. The Association has asked that the investigation be continued and expanded to all areas of the United States.

WMA requests that women in the maritime industry who have not yet written down the types of harassment or assault experienced in their work environment please consider the importance and rarity of opportunities for maritime women to have their voices heard and effect changes. WMA will keep statements on file until the investigation is extended. Statements may be submitted anonymously and employers will not be contacted.

For further information contact WMA, Box #743, 1916 Pike Place #12, Seattle, WA 98101, USA.

Continued page 21

The strange but true story

More than 200 years before Kay Cottee completed her record circumnavigation, in the years 1766-69, a young assistant botanist travelling with the French navigator Bougainville made the voyage in disguise. SHIRLEY FENTON HUIE reports.

IN 1766, COUNT Louis-Antoine de Bougainville was charged by the King of France to sail to the south Atlantic and effect the transference of ownership of the Falkland, or Malouines, Islands from the French to the Spanish.

Several years before Bougainville had personally colonised the islands for France at his own expense.

His command ship was *La Boudeuse*, and on completion of his Falkland Islands duty he was further commanded to make contact with the supply ship *L'Etoile* and sail on south through the Straits of Magellan and out into the Pacific. He was to undertake an expedition of discovery in that ocean. Rendezvous with the supply ship was duly made, and on board *L'Etoile* were the usual skilled personnel: agronomists, navigators, mapmakers and botanists. Chief botanist and physician was a certain M. de Commerson. His assistant was an apprentice, Jean Baré. "He" was actually a young woman, Jeanne Baré.

Philibert de Commerson was eminent in his field and reputedly "...could tell at a glance the sex of the rarest plants." A man of singular virtue and great asceticism, he founded in Paris a prize for virtue. An annual medal was to



Jeanne Baré, possibly the first woman to circumnavigate the world.

be awarded to whomsoever should have performed without hypocrisy or vanity, or motives of ambition, the most praise-

worthy act of a moral or social kind.

He took with him on the voyage a great load of plant presses and paraphernalia. He made a will and in it did not forget his trusty servant. They shared the same cabin.

During the voyage down the south-eastern coast of Argentina, and on through the hazards and hardships of the straits, Bougainville made several references in his diary to the diligence and attention to duty of the botanist Commerson and his young assistant.

After 52 days of desperate battling with the treacherous straits, the ships finally broke through into the Pacific and began to thread their way through hitherto uncharted islands and reefs. Provisions had almost given out and most of the crew were battling with scurvy when landfall was made in Tahiti, discovered several months previously by Captain Samuel Wallis, and now named New Cythera by Bougainville.

It was here that Jeanne Baré's deception was nearly disclosed. As the crew went ashore with provisions all the local people

began to gesticulate and shout as soon as the young botanist appeared, bearing his usual burden.

of the botanist's assistant

"It's a woman! It's a woman!" they shouted. The ship's party merely laughed at what they felt was native ignorance. The Tahitians, however, were the first to pierce the disguise which was not generally revealed until many months later in the voyage.

Rested and refreshed, Bougainville now sailed on west through previously uncharted waters, and noted a deterioration in the friendliness of the island people he encountered. He wrote in his diary:

"They approached us in a perigau and gave us roots and coconuts and mats in exchange for red cloth. They were not interested in knives, nails or earrings with which we had had such great success in Tahiti. I do not believe they are such gentle people as the Tahitians. We are always on our guard against their cunning tricks to cheat us in barter."

These islands he named *Archipel des navigateurs*. They are known today as the Samoa Islands. He also noted that venereal disease, contracted at Tahiti, had made its appearance. All the symptoms were known in Europe, and Aotourou, the Tahitian who had agreed to travel on to France with the expedition, was riddled with it. He said that the disease was common and little minded in his country. According to history, Columbus had brought it back to Europe from the Americas and here it was now on an island in the midst of the far Pacific. Bougainville speculates in his diary: "Was it possible the British had brought it hither?"

On April 22, 1768, landfall was made on a long island running north and south which Bougainville named *Pentecôte*. In taking possession of the island and its neighbours he named the whole archipelago *Les Grandes Cyclades*, and to mark the occasion carved an inscription honoring the King of France on an oak plank which was buried under a tree. Several years later Cook renamed the archipelago the New Hebrides.

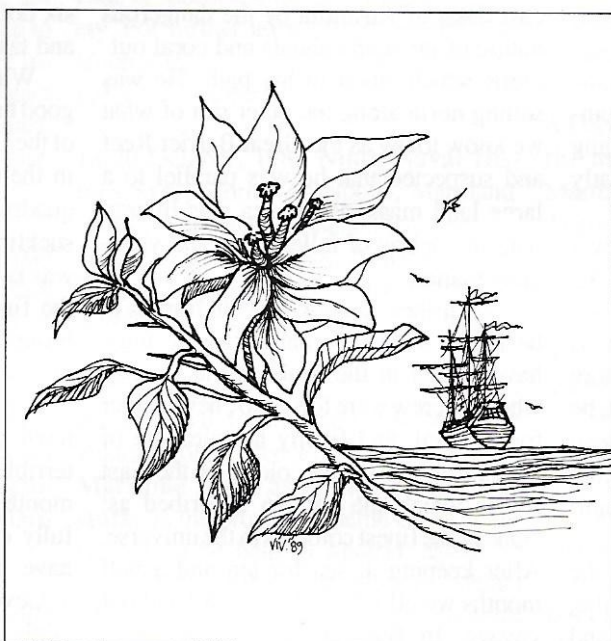


Illustration by VIVIENNE BOWE

For several weeks the two ships sailed back and forth around the islands naming one the Isle of Lepers because of the skin condition of a native observed on the beach, and another Aurora. These island are today known as Ambea and Maevo. Favourable winds finally brought him to latitudes indicated by de Quiros more than a century before as *Tierra Australia del Espiritu Santo*, the South Land of the Holy Spirit, or the continent of Australia as we know it today.

“*It must be owned that if the two ships had been wrecked on any desert isle in the ocean, Baré's fate would have been a very singular one.*”

Bougainville soon found, however, that de Quiros' mapping was inaccurate and wrote in his diary: "Has this Spanish navigator seen things in the wrong light? Or been willing to disguise his discoveries? Was it by guess that the geographers

made this *Tierra del Espiritu Santo* the same continent with New Guinea?"

While Bougainville was in the midst of verifying the truth about these latitudes, he was called aboard *L'Etoile* to attend a very strange matter. For some time there had been a rumour abroad on both ships that the assistant M. de Commerson, named Baré, was in fact a woman. His shape, voice and beardless chin, and his scrupulous attention when changing his linen and when making the natural discharges in the presence of others, apart from several other signs, had given rise to and kept alive this suspicion.

But, wrote Bougainville, how was it possible to discover the

woman in the indefatigable Baré, who was already an expert botanist, and had followed his master in all his botanical walks? He had trudged through the mountains of snow in the Straits of Magellan and had carried provisions, arms and herbals with much courage and strength. M. de Commerson himself referred to his assistant as his "beast of burden". After the strange events at Tahiti when the Tahitians had wanted to accord the boy the honour shown to a woman, he had been plagued by unwanted attentions from the crew, and several times the ship's captain, Chevalier de Bourmand, had been forced to come to his assistance.

"When I came on board *L'Etoile*, Baré, her face bathed in tears, owned to me that she was indeed a woman. She told me that she had deceived her master at Rochefort by dressing in men's clothing and offering to serve him at the very moment when he was embarking on *L'Etoile* at the beginning of the expedition," wrote Bougainville.

She further explained that she had already served a Geneva gentleman in Paris in the position of a valet. Born in Burgundy, she had lost both her parents, and an unsuccessful law suit had brought

Continued page 14

The botanist's assistant

From page 13

her into a distressed situation. This state of affairs had inspired her to disguise her sex and seek employment as a man. When she embarked on *L'Etoile* with M. de Commerçon she knew she would be going around the world and this had greatly excited her curiosity.

"She will be the first woman that ever made such a voyage and I must do her the justice to affirm that she behaved on board with the most scrupulous modesty. She is neither ugly nor handsome and is no more than 26 or 27 years of age. It must be owned that if the two ships had been wrecked on any desert isle in the ocean, Baré's fate would have been a very singular one."

The ships then sailed on through the newly named Straits of Bougainville, proving that *Espiritu Santo* was an island and not by any means the great southern continent. Beating to the west, Bougainville was prevented from discovering the

east coast of Australia by the dangerous nature of the many shoals and coral outcrops which stood in his path. He was sailing north along the outer rim of what we know today as the Great Barrier Reef and suspected that he was parallel to a large land mass, as the sea was littered with the debris of fallen trees and vegetable matter.

No further mention of Mlle Baré is to be found in the journals. But she must have shared in the trials of the journey when the crew were forced to chew leather for survival, and finally the pleasure of arriving in the Dutch colony of the East Indies which the captain described as: "One of the finest colonies in the universe. After keeping at sea for ten and a half months we all felt we had completed our voyage. In Batavia (Jakarta) we were given, and gave in return, a salute of 15 guns and received the greatest hospitality. We were lodged in a great fine house for

six dollars a day (servants not included), and taken on tours of the city."

When the crew were returned to full good health they set sail for France by way of the Cape of Good Hope. At La Rochelle in the Cape Colony they were shown a quadruped five metres high, a female suckling its young. Her offspring itself was two metres high. This was a giraffe, the first seen by Europeans since those brought to Rome in Caesar's time for the great circus displays in the Colosseum.

On March 6, 1769, the two ships entered the port of St Malo. Their long, terrible voyage of two years and four months was over. Mlle Baré could truthfully claim she was the first woman to have circumnavigated the globe. Her achievement was a unique one – and certainly an inspiration today to women who seek a life of adventure.

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Pacific Islands Monthly

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Humble treasure from the sea

The ataractic effects of a little beachcombing can put you in touch with a whole ocean, DAWN G. SPRINGETT finds.

IN OUR high-tech "throw-away" world it is easy to disregard the flotsam and jetsam that accumulates on our beaches and in our estuaries as simply rubbish – the very worst examples of our continuing contempt for our rivers and seas.

Sometimes though, amidst the plastic bottles and chunks of white foam there are treasures: real flotsam and jetsam.

Beachcombing is best achieved alone or with an entirely empathic friend. The walking pace should be slow and the outward journey should follow the high tide mark; the homeward journey, the low water mark. Preferably your chosen beach should be reasonably deserted so that you are not competing with pseudo-beachcombers. Alternatively you may have to get up very early to be the first person on the beach.

A large seedpod from a Pacific Island which rattles when I shake it. There is a seed inside! I'll keep it and see if anything grows.

A cork fishing float. It must be old for plastic is used now. Did it catch sardines,

squid or blue grenadier?

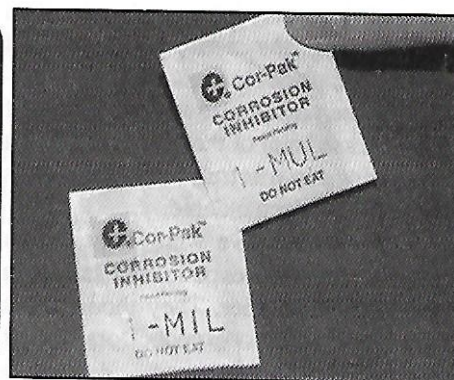
A wooden plank covered with waving barnacles – part of a timber consignment lost overboard? Or a piece of a boat?

Part of a long lost weather balloon with its covered reflector and battery still attached – it has fallen into the sea after relaying its last message to the weather station.

No message in bottles but within an hour my beachcombing has brought me in touch with the whole Pacific region so I was never alone on my walk. As the morning passes and the tide turns the flotsam returns to the sea to wash up on another shore for another beachcomber to discover and enjoy.



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By cutter and argument to Singapore

NORTH-West By North, by Dora Birtles, was first published in 1935 and re-published in 1985 by Virago as a Virago Traveller. It is the story of Dora's journey from Newcastle (Australia) to Singapore.

The journey took place over eight months in 1932, in the cutter Skaga. She was one of three women in a crew of five (six as far as Brisbane) and the book tells the tale of the journey, the crew's interludes ashore and the fights and tension occasioned by the difficulty of travelling in utterly close proximity of others without any chance of respite.

The book is both a travelogue and an analysis of the behaviour of herself and her companions on the voyage. As the former, it is faithful and detailed; as the latter, it has the potential to be interesting but falls short of doing anything much more than documenting the series of squabbles which took place amongst the crew members on the voyage. However, in view of the professed aim of the book, i.e., "to set everything down as truly as possible", this is perhaps understandable.

The crew of five who set sail from Brisbane were all experienced sailors in one form or another. They thought that they knew what to expect. Dora herself says,

“

I had been used to sailing with my uncle and my brothers, skippers in their own boats . . . who didn't mince matters if one muffed a gybe or tried to be lady-like and keep the tail of one's trousers dry . . . I knew the joy of running under spinnaker and balloony, the risk of capsizing, the camaraderie and the doubtful jokes of the sailing fraternity. . .

Skaga was different. A solid, stolid thirty-four foot ship with a comparatively small sail and clumsy heavy gear, a delayed reaction to the tiller.

”

However, before they are long at sea, most are sea-sick. Then come other hardships of the voyage. A storm accompanies them all the way from Newcastle to Cape Hawke; it causes the bilge to rise and this, in combination with uninvited sea water,

North-West By North. By Dora Birtles. Virago Traveller, 1985

Reviewed by
MARGARET GRAY

spoils most of their provisions. Later there is an extended period (from Thursday Island) when Dora receives a cable saying there will be no mail from home until she reaches Malacca (a period of two and a half months).

During this time there are also periods of hot calm when nothing happens, except for the brief interlude when a whale approaches close and breathes suddenly, much to Ruth's consternation. The food becomes infested with weevils, Sven's bed with bugs and other parts of Skaga with cockroaches.

Warding off malnutrition becomes a problem on the final leg of the journey and even the strong-minded Joan fears lest she might have berri-berri.

The tale is packed with vividly descriptive passages of the various places which they visited on the journey. It is a veritable travelogue. She tells of the small ports, the old-fashioned towns, the tiny islands and the people who inhabit all of these places with detailed description. Of particular interest is her description of the people of Great Palm Island. Her ability to evoke the mood of the place is excellent:

“

Some blacks, old men and boys, were sitting under the shade of the palm trees on the shore watching us . . . They were so incurious that they did not even turn their heads when we passed.

”

Her analysis of the grim predicament in which the native people had been placed by the white people with their Christian proselytising views, is sensitive and well ahead of its time: "Great Palm Island is something most Australians do not know

much about, or, if they do, they do not think about."

There are purely amusing anecdotes as well. There was the time in Macassar, for instance, when, having come from the Skaga and weeks of weevils in the clothing, the author was engaged in polite conversation. She writes that, "(A weevil) was to saunter out a fortnight later on the bosom of my dress as I chatted to a Tuan Bazaar . . . and without thinking I gave it the coup de grace, Skaga fashion. And the Tuan Bazaar's eyes when he saw me! Ladies do not wear weevils."

A theme running through the book is that of human relationships. The crew consisted of Dora herself, Ruth and Joan, two women with whom she had been friendly since university days and who were themselves cousins, Joan's husband Henery, and Sven, a man who was a qualified navigator and who had been hired for this qualification. Dora tells of the tensions which existed between the two men on account of different attitudes to seamanship. She explains how this split the crew on account of the fact that Joan was Henery's wife and Ruth, Joan's cousin, and of how this division was further complicated by the fact that she herself felt more comfortable with Sven. The complications of personality differences and little personal foibles are also examined and placed in this context.

All in all, a book with plenty to entertain those who like tales of travel and are lured by the exoticism of tropical regions; descriptions of these abound. However, if you like fiction, this style of book is probably not for you.



NETWORK

Women's Sport Promotion Unit

Women should have an equal opportunity to enjoy participation in sport, and the benefits that go with it. Special measures to stimulate change are needed to assist women. The key areas to be addressed are: the promotion of women's involvement in sport to raise awareness and encourage participation; more and better media coverage of the training in relevant skills and involvement of women in decision making positions; greater needs of women in the design, building and upgrading of sports facilities; more effective sports programs for girls in schools; increased funding and sponsorship; and more research, provision of information for and about women in sport. The WSPU produce a newsletter, "Active", which is available upon request. For further information contact *Women's Sport Promotion Unit, Australian Sports Commission, PO Box 176, Canberra, ACT 2616, Tel. (062) 52 1111.*

Ranger Section of the Girl Guides Association

Ranger Guides 14 - 18 years

Rangers 18 - 25 years

The girls and young women of the Ranger Section challenge themselves in an eight-point program, creating a great way of life. The program includes: fitness; service; creative ability; relationships with people; out of doors adventures (including canoeing, rafting, rowing and sailing); mental development; homecraft skills; and character development.

Contact the *Ranger Section of the Girl Guides Association in your capital city.*

Earthwatch

Earthwatch is a company of scholars and citizens working together. Its members sponsor research expeditions, sharing both the costs and the labours of field work.

Earthwatch supports the efforts of scholars to preserve the world's endangered species, explore the vast heritage of its peoples, and promote world health and international cooperation. Contact: *Earth-*

watch 39 Lower Fort St, Sydney, NSW 2000, Aust. or PO Box 403, Watertown, MA 02272, USA..

Maritime Economic History Group

The MEHG publishes a newsletter twice yearly, in March and September. For further information contact *Prof LR Fischer, Maritime Studies Research Unit, Memorial University of Newfoundland, St Johns, Nfld. A1C 5S7, Canada.*

The International Women's Writing Guild

The Guild is an alliance and network for women connected to the written word. Contact *Hannelore Hahn, Executive Director and Founder, Box 810, Gracie Station, New York, NY 10028, USA, 212-737-7536.*

Tradeswomen, Inc.

Tradeswomen, Inc. is a non-profit membership organisation for peer support, networking and advocacy for women in nontraditional, blue-collar jobs. Members receive *Tradeswomen Magazine* and *Trade Trax* newsletter. For further information contact: *Tradeswomen, Inc., PO Box 40664, San Francisco, CA 94140, USA, 415-821-7334.*

Wisenet

(Women in Science Enquiry Network) has been established to increase women's participation in the sciences and to link people who are working towards a more participatory and socially useful science. For further information contact: *WIS-ENET, GPO Box 452, Canberra, ACT 2601, Aust.*

The Women's Maritime Association

The WMA is an informational and support network of seafaring women. Established in 1980, WMA is based in Seattle, Washington, with members from all over the United States. Our membership includes women who work on ferries, tugs, fishing boats, processors, research vessels, tankers, deepsea merchant ships, yachts and delivery vessels, as well as women who

are seeking employment in the maritime and fishing industries, or who are students in maritime training programs.

WMA's purpose is to promote a sense of communication among women who formerly felt isolated in their non-traditional jobs, to exchange health, safety, training and employment information and to seek solutions to discrimination and sexual harassment. A monthly newsletter and membership directory enable us to keep in touch with each other. Programs and informal meetings are held in Seattle. For further information write to *Women's Maritime Association, Box 743, 1916 Pike Place #12, Seattle, WA 98101-1013, USA.*

Marine Education Society of Australasia

MESA is an organisation formed to represent the broad spectrum of interests in marine education in Australasia. Membership is open to all interested individuals and organisations including teachers, college and university educators, aquarium and museum curators, representatives from research facilities, government and private organisations and environmental groups.

For further information contact *The Secretary, Rob Bell, Marine Biologic, PO Box 959, Townsville, QLD 4810, Aust.*

Australian Association for Maritime History

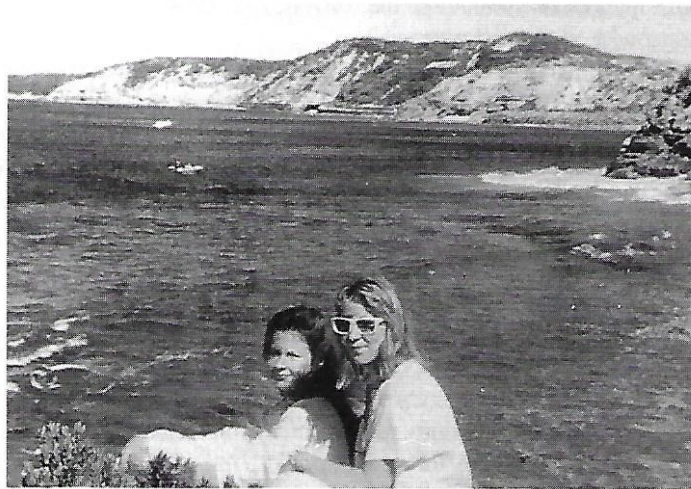
Garry Fabian, Newsletter Editor, PO Box 75, East Bentleigh, VIC 3165, Aust.

Dolphin Data Base

The Dolphin Data Base is a non-profit, voluntary organisation which aims to assist people in connecting with others involved with marine mammals, marine and environmental issues and peaceful co-existence with our own and other species. People listed in the DDB are involved in a variety of projects ranging from scientific research to swimming with wild dolphins. *DOLPHIN DATA BASE, P.O. Box 5657, Playa Del Rey, CA 90296-5657, USA, 213-305-7221.*

Upstairs Downstairs

Fun, adventure, romance and exotic faraway places? Travelling as crew below decks on a luxury cruise liner was far from the delightful experience AMANDA KEAST expected it to be.



Amanda Keast, right, with her sister Pauline.

WHEN YOU'RE only one of the crew, life at sea isn't all that glamorous. After eight weeks working on a cruise ship, the reality of life "below decks" became obvious to me, as my diary entries and letters home confirmed. It wasn't like the movies at all.

24 June: Darwin to Bali

Dear Landfolk, (Dear Luckyfolk!)

I don't think that life on the high seas is really for me! Even though I have secured one of the better jobs on the ship, that of librarian, shipboard life can be crude and often lonely. Living quarters are terribly depressing. Conditions are cramped with us girls bunking up to eight per cabin.

I have a porthole above my bunk, but it can't be opened. It's so stuffy down here; the air is stale and reeks with the remnants of "one night stands" and a freshly squashed cockroach. The female crew are not very friendly, while the male crew are excessively so.

No-one tells you much, you're on your own here. I even had to find my own way around the ship, only being shown where I would sleep and where I would work.

Just getting from one to the other is hard enough; this is an awfully big ship. Every time I want to go out to the deck for some fresh air, I keep ending up in the ship's Chinese laundry! God, what a hell-hole, a real sweat-shop in the bowels of the ship. Those poor Chinese. They are the lowest paid and the hardest workers of all. They also complain the least of all.

As for the rest of the crew, there is an obvious malaise. All the girls say they hate what they do and don't like the shipping line much, but that it's a cheap way to see the world. Some of the girls are down on me because I am the librarian and have a somewhat easier workload and some special crew privileges. The fact that our family is personally known to the purser, also goes against me. They have made me an outcast, so I am forced to do my own thing which is a bit hard in such a confined space.

Last night there was a official welcoming party of all the crew. I received a written invitation, but was so depressed that I ignored it and went to my dingy cabin and tried to sleep. (Don't worry Mum and Dad, I won't jump ship just yet! . . . Besides, they've got my passport!)

28 June: Bali to Singapore

Dear Family,

Things are looking much brighter! It's only been a few days since embarkation, but already I have received several marriage proposals and left one heart behind in Bali. The most amazing of all whom was Mr Kompiang, the 30-year-old Balinese, (or thirty hours old as he misconstrued it). I met him on the end of Padang Bay Pier. He showed me all the local sites; it's a truly

beautiful part of the world. On my departure he asked me to write to him.

"Then I learn English! Please Sir! Please Sir!" he pleaded. I explained I was not a "sir", but a "madam" of all things; of the, er, socially acceptable variety that is.

28 June: At Sea - In the Library

Journal Entry:

Within the confines of shipboard life and the inactivity of my job, I sit on my bottom most of the day which means I and my bottom are starting to spread. The crew food is plentiful but of no real value. Of the 20 women and 400 male crew on this ship, many are overweight, unhealthy looking specimens.

Two old ducks with voices like fog-horns, pardon the pun, sit in the corner of the library and incessantly chatter. Don't they know there's supposed to be silence in a library? I'm off to impose silence or they'll be forced to "walk the plank".

Actually, this lot of passengers are quite a rowdy group of old sows and hogs, but I'm trying to keep up my smiles and patience. Not all of them are old though; some are young and virile and spend the wee small hours sprinting up and down the crew corridors! (I've seen them when I've been doing some sprinting of my own!)

Continued page 19

on the ocean wave

2 July: Singapore to Hong Kong

Journal Entry:

Goodness, I've been called up to see the fire-officer this morning to sit for a fire-drill test! This is mandatory for all crew on board at some stage. If I don't pass the test, I'll be fined and have some of my pay docked. Guess I'd better hurry up and locate my life-jacket!

6 July: Victoria Harbour, Hong Kong

Dear Family,

Last night due to cyclone activity we had to anchor in the middle of Victoria Harbour to avoid the possible smashing of the ship against the pier. The cyclone didn't come, fortunately, but it meant we crew lost our precious shore leave.

We set sail for Manilla at midnight. The entire ship, passengers and crew alike, will be out on deck for that spectacle. The fairyland lights of Hong Kong's panorama at night is beyond words, they say.

P.S. Mum would you send one white school blouse and one black tie to me at Darwin. I need them for crew, formal dress occasions. If I don't get them, I'll be locked in my cabin! Incidentally, my cabin is only about 10 paces from the ship's real "lock-up", an ominous looking padded cell, in which the two plain clothes Federal Police on board can put troublesome passengers!

7 July: Manilla to Darwin

Dear Folks,

Guess you heard on the news about all these terrible cyclones in South-East Asia. Well our little tub copped two of them. I knew it was bad when the books started to shift on the shelves and the stewards started to line all the ships corridors with those funny little paper bags. Absolutely horrifying, except that I was too seasick to worry about drowning.

You'll be pleased to know that my Portuguese is coming along excellently. I speak

Portuguese everyday to every Portuguese I see, officers and lesser crew alike. If you can't beat them, join them! And join them I have, with my new "amico" called Antonio. Now I can whittle away the long evenings out on crewdeck, under the stars with Antonio.



Illustration by VIVIENNE BOWE

11 July: Darwin to Bali

Dear Family,

What a hectic day it was yesterday disembarking and embarking people at Darwin port! I worked from 6am to 8pm with only two half-hour meal breaks. There was one hell of a tired lady at the end of the day. Honestly, life at sea is to be experienced to be believed! I am settling in to shipboard life a bit better now, but I feel sure it will only be a short term thing for me.

I recently came down with a revolting bout of "V.D."- (Don't worry, its not of the usual type, just the more mild strain of vomiting and diarrhoea.) No doubt due to the state of the crew's food. Today I had a live grub peep out at me from a cabbage-roll. I'm sure my ill health is going to continue. There is definitely no glamour

attached to working on a cruise ship, unless of course you are the Captain, he gets all the girls!

11 July: At Sea - In My Cabin

Journal Entry:

There's such a big staff turnover on this ship. We are losing crewmen and officers all the time, due to dissatisfaction, injury and sickness. Just as you start to know a few faces, they disappear and several new ones arrive. Even our friend the purser is dissatisfied. He says things are really going down hill. I will probably ask him for my own disembarkation papers soon; eight weeks will have been enough for me.

13 July: Singapore to Hong Kong

Dear Sister,

At the moment Antonio is practically smothering me with affection. I am becoming angry with this Portuguese Cassanova. He continuously lurks about in the corridor for me; sends me notes; and illegally visits the library, (along with about six others who fortunately call at different times.) I am trying to avoid him, but it's damn near impossible on this boat. Thank you for your concern big sister - how well you know your little sister. I laughed when I opened your letter with the photo of Marc, "to keep me on the straight and narrow" indeed!

15 July: Hong Kong to Manilla

Journal Entry:

Two new girls have come on board. One is British, the other one Canadian. I felt sorry for them and took them on a guided tour of the ship and gave them a few valuable tips about shipboard life. They are both disillusioned by what they have seen so far, but I told them to give it a week or so. Things should seem much better then. I know exactly how they must be feeling!

Certainly one very good thing about being

Continued page 20

Upstairs Downstairs on the ocean wave

From page 19

a crew member that they'll soon find out, is that drinks are very cheap. In the crew bar, it generally costs nothing at all because the male crew usually insist on buying your drinks for you. These men don't believe in allowing a woman any independence at all!

We had another life-boat drill today. It was quite humorous, in a hypothetical situation, to see 1700 passengers all rushing around donning their life-jackets, tripping over cords, getting stuck in gangways and knocking each other over. A situation, however, quite tragic in the real event. Let's hope we don't have to experience it. I haven't been getting as much sun as I would like. I'm not very good at sunbaking. Firstly, there are too many men around and secondly I don't have a swimsuit. Perhaps they'd like it better that way! Anyhow, the "off-duty" girls go up on "funnel deck" and soak up the sun, and the "on-duty" officers soak up the sight of the "off-duty" girls. Guess I'll have to remain "lilywhite" a while longer.

17 July: Manilla to Ambon

Dear Mum and Dad,
There's a slight swell in the ocean today. It's 5pm and the hospital starts to admit "greenies" again! (It's awful being seasick!) The sunsets are exquisite and brief in this part of the world. Last night about 10 of us took some drinks out on crew deck and played music for a couple of hours. So good to breathe in the fresh sea air. The night was balmy and moonlit; it was like something from a romantic Hollywood movie set. These quiet moments make up for much of the rest.

18 July:- At Sea to Australia.

Journal Entry:

Something really terrible happened today. One of Antonio's friends who is a ship's mechanic had several fingers severed in a life-boat "tendering" accident. We can't do much for him on the ship, so he'll be disembarked at Darwin where after surgery, he'll be flown home to Portugal. Antonio is very angry about the accident; shouldn't have happened he said, if there'd been better safety regulations.

21 July: At Sea To Australia

Dear Mum and Dad,
We had a fire on board today. It wasn't a really bad one but it was pretty scary just the same! Smoke and fumes started to fill the reception foyer. I could hear the hubbub from the library, when De Gamma the ship's pet cockatoo, went absolutely berserk! Fortunately the fire was only a cigarette in a wastepaper basket and was quickly put out. Have a feeling I will pay more attention at the next fire drill session.

P.S. Hope you haven't sold my Holden yet Dad. I may be home sooner than I thought, and I'll need those wheels. It'll be great to have space to move again.

24 July: Darwin Port

Dear Mum,
Today I asked our friend Gerald for my disembarkation papers. I told him I was really fed up. Sick and tired of viruses, seasickness, infected eyes, and men, men, men! No privacy; nowhere to go to be on your own on this ship! This will definitely be my last cruise.

26 July: Singapore to Hong Kong

Dear Mum,
You'll never guess what but it's just like

you foretold! My long golden tresses have blocked up the bowels of the ship, well in my cabin at least! It's just like what happened in the bathroom at home and the plumbers are cursing just as much! Say I should get all my hair cut off! Never!

30 July: Hong Kong, Victoria Harbour

Dear Folks,
It's too bad but my Portuguese love affair has ended. Antonio has suffered a serious bout of pneumonia and was disembarked to fly home yesterday. He said his contract with the ship company would be voided and he would not return. He also told me he had a wife and two children. Ah . . . big sisters always know best!

12 August: At Sea, Somewhere in the Pacific

Journal Entry:
God speed these last few weeks and days at sea for me. I am lonely and unhappy and desperate to be home again.

22 July: Melbourne, Australia.

Journal Entry:
Mum and Pauline picked me up at the Greyhound bus terminal in King William Street this morning at 5am. Melbourne turned on a penetrating welcome of minus two degrees celsius for me. It was a big shock after all that tropical sunshine and temperate climate.
"Well then," glowed Pauline. "When's your next cruise going to be?"
"Not for a long, long time." I replied. "And if ever I do go on a cruise ship again, it will be as a first class paying passenger!"
"Huh!" she laughed. "Let's go. Dad'll have the kettle on ready for a cuppa."
Ah, it's so good to be back, I thought.

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NOT A BRASS RAZOO TO BLESS YOURSELF WITH? NO WORRIES!
PUT IT ON PLASTIC! SISTERSHIP SUBSCRIBERS CAN NOW USE
MASTERCARD x BANKCARD TO SUBSCRIBE. SO THERE'S NO EXCUSE.

From page 11

In Australia please send any statements of this nature to *Sistership*, making it clear the material is not for publication. *Sistership* will collect and file submissions, and will approach the government if we cannot gain satisfaction through the appropriate unions.

Women Marines to go to Sea – from *Minerva's Bulletin Board*. It took a long time for US Navy women to get sea duty assignments. It has taken even longer for women in the Marine Corps. But Marine Corps headquarters recently announced that three female non-commissioned officers – one a supply clerk and the other two armorers – will be serving aboard two of the Navy's three sub-tenders as part of their Marine security detachments. The women will not be in guard billets but in the same kind of support billets that they fill in Marine security units on shore.

A Marine Corps spokesman said that there was no special thought given to gender when making these assignments – the women were not mere tokens. They were due for transfer, he said, and had the appropriate grades and occupational specialties to fill the billets; and since the billets were not specifically closed to women, they got the jobs.

The ships to which the women Marines are assigned already have Navy women aboard, and the Marines will share berthing areas with them. One of the female armorers has already boarded the sub-tender Holland at Charleston, South Carolina. The other two women have been assigned to Canopus at Kings Bay, Georgia. One will report in October and the other sometime next year.

Navy Officer Convicted But Still Confused – from *Minerva's Bulletin Board*. The second highest ranking officer at a navy submarine base in the US, Commander John A. Boyar, was convicted by court martial last May of four counts of sexual harassment and four counts of assault and maltreatment in cases involving three enlisted women. He was charged with, but acquitted of four other charges. Commander Boyar was fined \$1,600 and given an official reprimand as well as a loss of seniority which will hurt his chances of promotion. Lieutenant Frank Carber, who prosecuted the case, commented about the verdict that "It's a sad day in the Navy. There is no glee when one of our officers has fallen."

What's really sad, however, is that Commander Boyar seems to have learned

nothing from this experience. Although he has been in the Navy for almost 30 years, his victims were all in their early 20s. The commander was convicted of fondling the knee of one, to whom he had also proposed sexual intercourse, and of caressing the leg of another whom he also grabbed and kissed. His comment on his conviction: "I'll tell you this; I'll never again attend another social function where there's female Navy officers or enlisted women attending. If you smile at somebody today, it's all over."

Ocean Dumping

In February this year in the US, both House and Senate Committees held hearings on ocean disposal of sewage sludge at the 106-mile site off the coast of New York and New Jersey (NY and NJ are the only two States in the US still dumping sludge in the ocean; the vast majority of sewage sludge is now treated, recycled or land-applied). On December 16, 1987, Rep. Hughes (D-NJ) amended HR 3787, the tuna treaty implementing legislation, to include a provision to end ocean dumping by 1991, phasing out dumping activity at the 106-mile site.

From *Women's Aquatic Network Newsletter*

Classifieds

Charterers, crew and schools:

Are there any women interested in women-only sailing adventures? Day, weekend, or weeklong? *Sistership* is also keen to identify women who want to learn to sail, and to access any charter companies and sailing schools offering these services. *Sistership* will set up a contact service for women worldwide who would like to get together on the water. This list could include professional crew as well as recreational boaters. In Sydney, for example, Ruth organises irregular sailing days. Next sailing day on Sydney Harbour will be on **February 19**, \$45 per day. No previous experience in sailing is required. Contact *Sistership*, PO Box 1027, Crows Nest, NSW 2065, or phone Ruth (046) 26 6740.

Floor space for rent – Are you making your own sails or awnings? Floor space is available in Sydney suitable for lofting sails. The space is available for short term rentals. Call Judy on Sydney, (02) 516 2487.

Women's racing clinics and learn-while-cruising courses as well as women's sailing adventures are some of the services offered by Sherry Jagerson at the Sound Sailing School, 39 Woodside Ave Westport, CT 06880, USA, (203) 227-7413.

International Journal of Maritime History – a scholarly journal devoted to the economic and social aspects of maritime his-

tory. It is a new, fully-referenced journal for researchers concerned with the economic and social history of the merchant marines, shipbuilding, fishing, ports, trade and maritime societies. The journal will be published in June and December beginning in 1989. The subscription also includes two copies per year of the *International Newsletter of Maritime History*, in March and September. The subscription rate is US\$45. Contact Prof. LR Fischer, Maritime Studies Research Unit, Memorial University of Newfoundland, St John's, NFLD A1C 5S7, Canada.

Do you have items to swap, sell or wish to buy? Try placing a notice here in the classified section of *Sistership*, (046) 266 740. Rates are 60c per word.

From page 2

women. I sail as chief steward aboard merchant ships.

Nancy Heyden
Richmond, CA, USA

The crew of Tralfamadore are all living in Qatar in the Arabian Gulf. Michael works in the oil industry and I work part-time. It's quite good, especially as we get two months' holiday and we have just been back to Tralfamadore which is in a marina in Turkey.

We do a bit of Laser and 420 sailing here, but mostly sandyachting – 60-100 km/hour with no brakes! Great fun! We plan to be back cruising in about 18 months.

I hope *Sistership* is successful.

Di, Michael, Luke and Kate
Gardiner
Qatar, Arabian Gulf

I'm very excited about *Sistership*. I've loved living next to the Pacific all my life. That, coupled with my enthusiasm for

women trying "new" directions, causes me to applaud your efforts and wish you all the best.

Eleanor Roosevelt said, "You must do the thing you think you cannot do". May your venture with *Sistership* be everything you desire and more.

Looking forward to hearing from *Sistership* across the (nautical) miles...

Jo Ellen Heil
Ventura, CA, USA

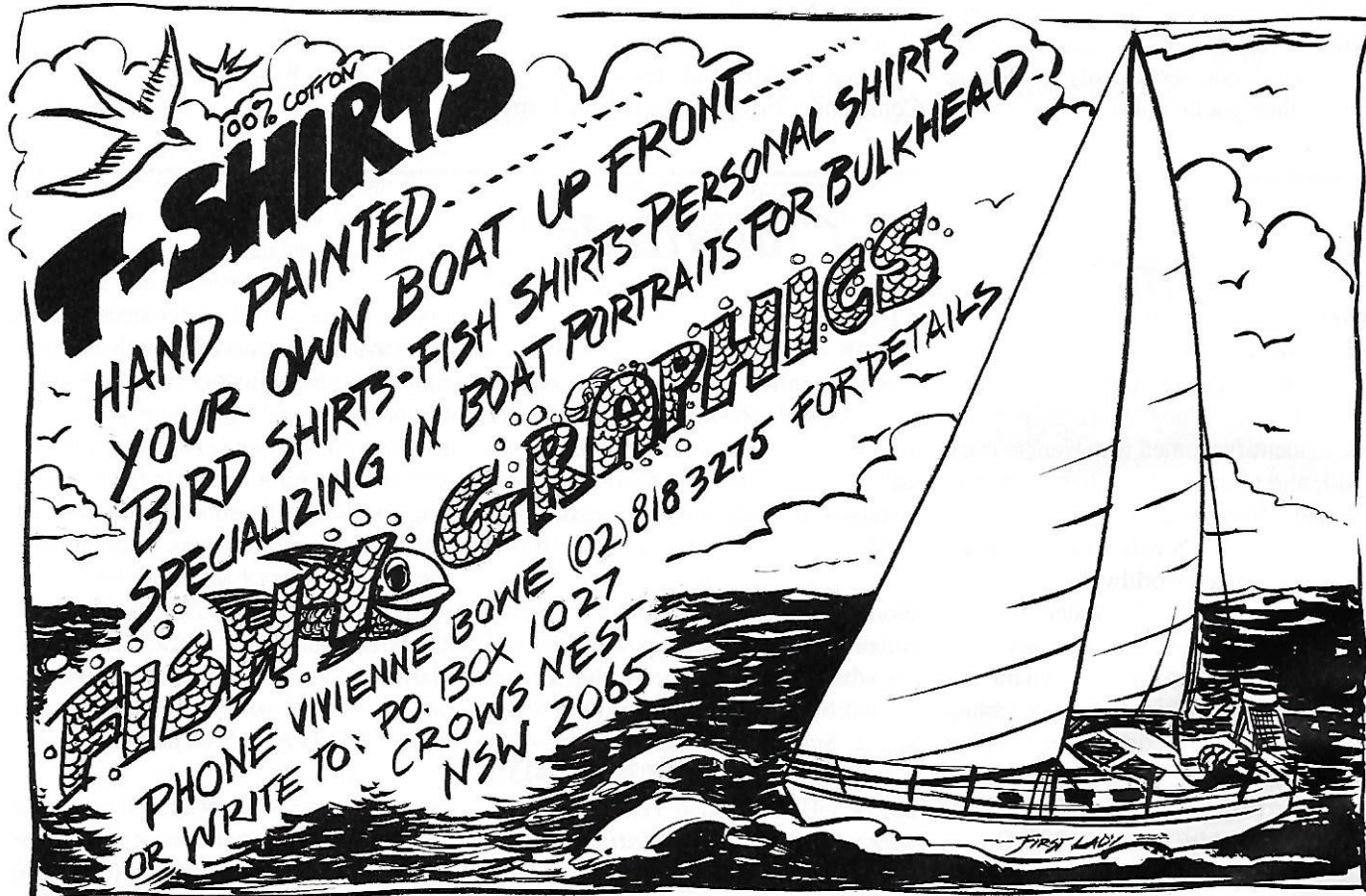
Thank you so much for your magazine! We found it to be very refreshing and interesting. As a woman sailor I have also felt the isolation in the sailing community and have grown tired of the men who look at my husband with surprise when he tells them that he trusts his life with me at the helm as I do with him at the helm. Also, your logo is absolutely wonderful.

Originally, Jim and I were so impressed with your magazine that we wanted to write something about it in our next newsletter. We noticed, however, that

a great deal of our previous newsletter was included in your magazine. While we are happy to see the information get out to as many people as possible, we hope that readers do not think that we copied the material out of your publication. As you may notice, we identify sources of information when we use copy from any other newsletter or written source. That is all that we ask of others: that they cite us as a source of information if copying print that appears in our newsletter. We do this only because we want the integrity of our own publication to be maintained, especially since we offer it at no cost.

We would still like to tell more Dolphin Data Base members of your magazine, yet will wait till a future issue. We hope that you may still find DDB information useful for future magazines however, and will not feel inhibited to re-write it or cite us. We wish you the best for your magazine and organisation – it appears to be a very worthy and admirable effort.

Continued page 24



SAILING CROSSWORD — by LISA POWELL

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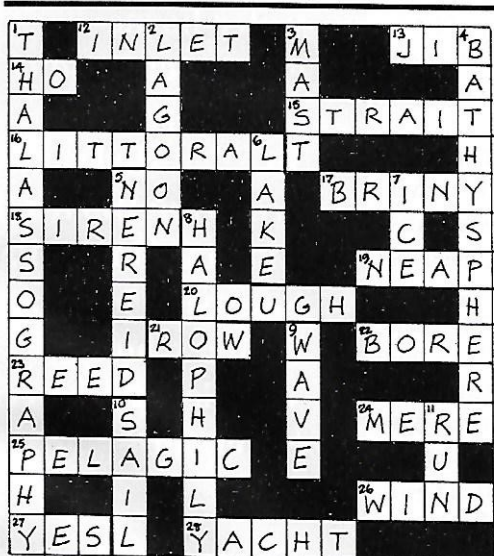
DOWN

1. Thursday Island
2. Pier
3. Use a hand-held compass to get a . . .
4. Tide recedes
5. Flag
6. Van Diemen's Land
7. In charge of the vessel
12. A line marking areas of equal barometric pressure
13. Boat's direction
14. There is a north and a south one
20. A cast metal bar (gold etc)
21. Mixture to make bread
22. Editor
25. Toxic spray
26. In praise of
29. Ship's officer (ABB)

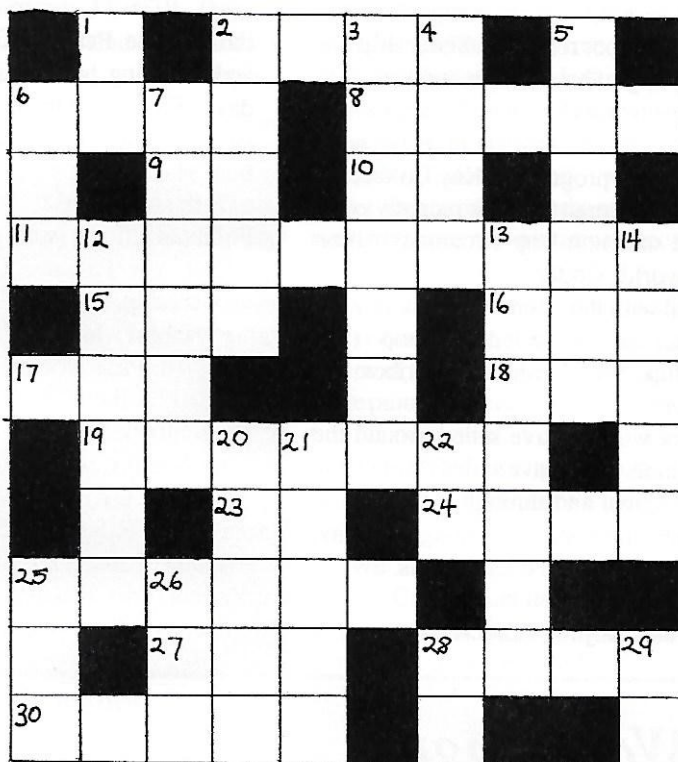
ACROSS

2. Change tack with wind astern
6. Greenwich Mean . . .
8. Black hardwood
9. Cat without the sea
10. Able seaman
11. Our favourite magazine
15. Where pigs live
16. It's not a dirty word
17. Fish eggs
18. Australian National Line
19. A river is spanned or . . .
23. Negative
24. The boat . . . her bows into the swell
25. Sea anchor
27. The watch before dawn
28. Eons
30. Sharks have sharp ones

Solution next issue



SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S CROSSWORD



DESIPA WOMENS SPORTS CALENDAR 1989

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T-shirt competition – the answers

THE Sistership T-shirt competition has had a rather poor response. Sistership has been asking who are the women solo circumnavigators?

The question came about as we were following the progress of Kay Cottee, the Australian woman who has recently completed a solo non-stop circumnavigation of the world. Cottee's circumnavigation has rated with the Guinness Book of Records because she sailed non-stop. (See Sistership No. 2 which describes her voyage.)

Other women have sailed around the world alone. They have sailed through the Panama Canal and through the Suez Canal. They have stopped along the way. They have achieved their dreams.

Krystyna Chojnowska-Liekiewicz (Po-

land) 1976-77. From east to west through the Panama Canal. Starting and finishing point Las Palmas. 723 days. First woman to accomplish a single-handed circumnavigation in her boat Mazurek.

Ann Gash (Australia) 1975-77. Sailed her Folkboat, Ilimo, from Australia westabout via Panama Canal without sponsorship.

Dame Naomi James (New Zealand) 1977-78. First woman to sail single-handed on the Cape Horn route. 272 days. Stopped only in Cape Town and Port Stanley, on Express Crusader (53ft 4in LOA).

Tania Aebi (USA) 1985-87. Through Panama Canal and Suez Canal on Varuna (7m). Finished in New York.

Kay Cottee (Australia) 1987-88. Non-

stop eastabout voyage via Cape Horn on Blackmores First Lady.

Julia Hazel (Australia) 1983-88. On Jeshan, the steel boat she built herself.

These are the women solo circumnavigators of whom we are aware. There may well be others. Can you help fill in some of the gaps? A free T-shirt will go to anyone who can identify other women who have completed the voyage.

In this issue of Sistership is the tale of Jeanne Baré, the first woman reported to have sailed around the world, albeit as part of a crew. There are other tales of women like Baré, who dressed as a man and worked her passage. These stories are often buried in diaries and archives.

It would be fascinating to discover the extent of women's maritime voyaging.

Wavelength

From page 22

Please feel free to contact us if we can supply any marine-related information or updates to you.

Toni Frohoff

Dolphin Data Base, Playa Del Rey,
CA, USA

This past spring I started a sailing school here on the east coast (USA). Though it has several different aspects, the thrust of the school is meant to be private instruction for new boat owners on their boats. However, the other two areas of instruction took up most of my time: clinics and learn-while-cruising courses. Women's racing clinics are something I have done for years, and this summer I expanded into safety and cruising clinics.

This fall I started an adjunct to my sailing school called Sailing Adventures. This is an extension of the week-long learn-while-cruising courses I taught this summer in local waters. Sailing Adventures is a way to extend learning to adventurous waters while keeping the focus on learning and camaraderie. The groups of women were composed of individuals from 20-60 from all different places and

backgrounds. The group dynamics always worked great.

Working with women and encouraging them to explore their independent and confident nature through sailing might be a common bond for us. With this in mind, would you be interested in working together to arrange joint Australian-American Sailing Adventures? The idea is to combine instructors and students from both countries on both waters – like a sailing exchange program. And when on land the women will stay with the instructors and crew mates.

How would you rate the level of interest among Australian women for such a program? I realise the airfare is significant, but considering the savings in housing and food while staying ashore, not to mention the great introduction into each country, cost should not be such an obstacle. Making a living from the sailing world is a little crazy, and I am always interested in making contact with other women who share this craziness.

Sherry Jagerson

Sound Sailing School, Westport, CT,
USA

On the Horizon

In Sistership's next issue:

- **Keeping the light: Lynne Cook on being a lighthouse keeper's wife**
- **The pleasures of a water-borne existence: Candice Carson reports**
- **Jo Ellen Heil reviews *Seafaring Women*, by Linda Grant de Pauw**
- **Sistership looks at sailing schools**
- **Wavelength: letters to Sistership**

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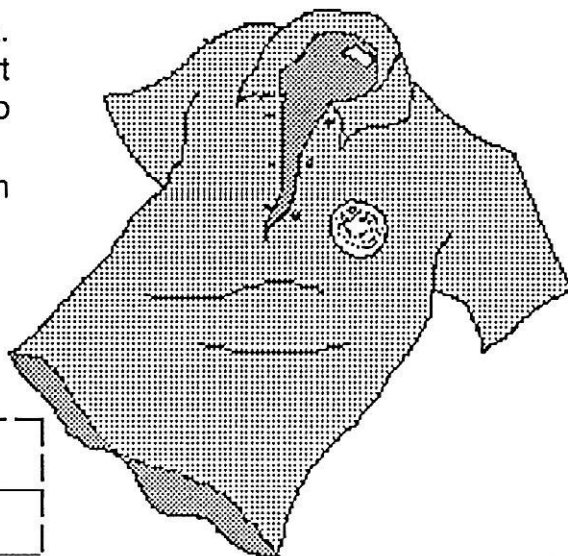
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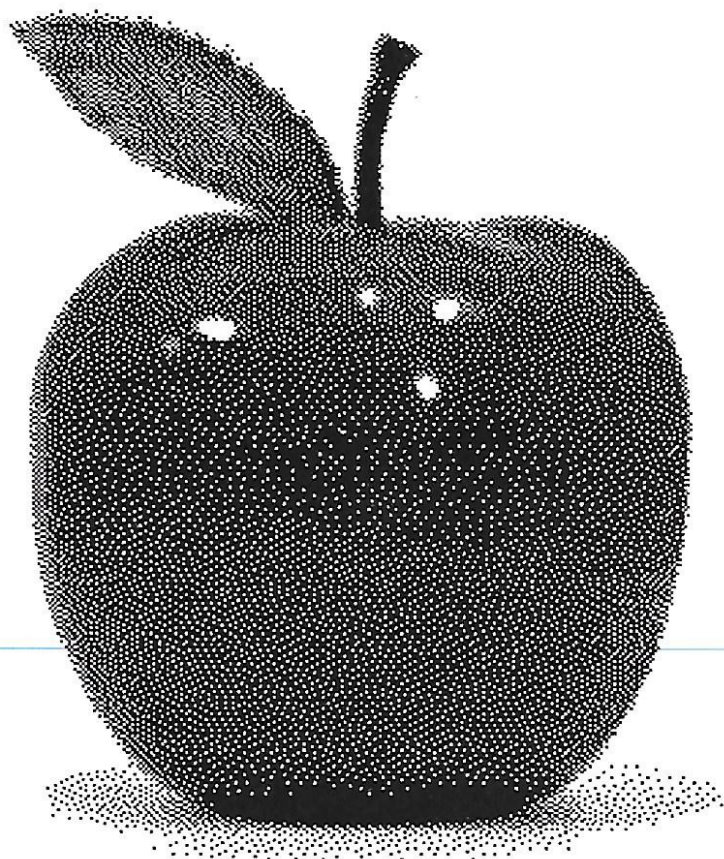
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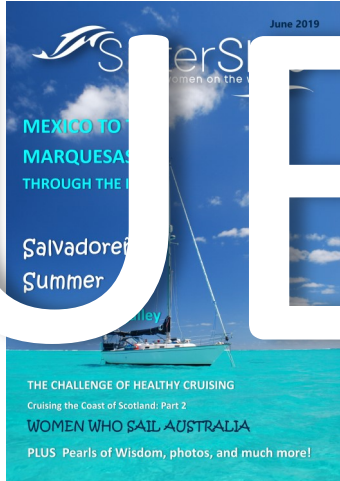
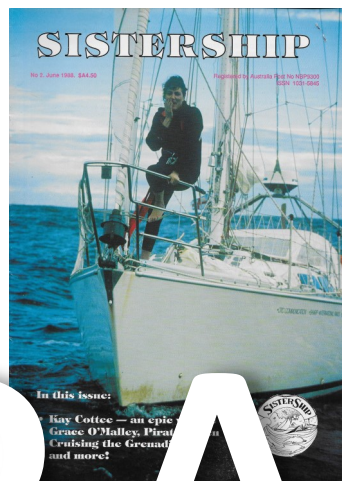
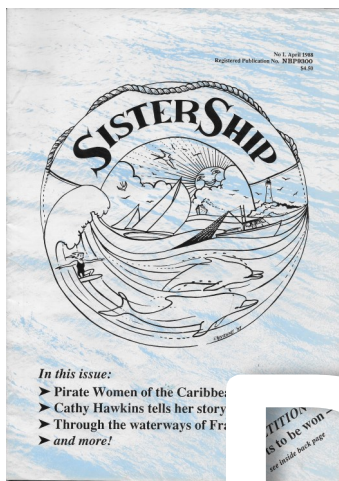
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