

1.5 More work...more convicts...more drownings...Norfolk King born..

The *Supply* has visited us about five times, and the *Golden Grove* once. Each ship discharged more and more convicts, and extra Marines under the Command of *Lieutenant Cresswell*. Several free settlers also arrived and were given plots of land as their own to farm. Very few stores were landed because the Second Fleet had still not arrived in Sydney. We hear they are nearly starving at *Sydney Cove*, so *Governor Phillip* is sending more and more convicts to this island because we have more food.

On the second visit by the *Supply* a dreadful disaster occurred. For a week before and for the two weeks the *Supply* was at *Norfolk*, many fresh gales blew and went. The *Supply* appeared in *Sydney Bay* then sailed between *Phillip* and *Nepean islands* to seek shelter in the lee, off *Norfolk Island* at *Balls Bay*.

'Come with me *Davie*,' called *Mr. Cunningham*, then he called over *Midshipman Waterhouse* and *Parker*, who had landed at *Ball's Bay*, in the lee of the gales, and who had walked to our settlement with dispatches. "We are going to return to *Ball's Bay* with orders for *Captain Ball* from *Lt. King*. Young *Davie* here will return here with any letter or information for *Lt. King*."

The cross country walk was fairly easy for me. A lot easier than being detailed to get into the water in our little landing place, and help remove large boulders and help construct a rolling way for the timber that had been cut for *Port Jackson* as well as empty casks to be refilled with stores. As it turned out I stayed on shore overnight at *Ball's Bay* and returned to the settlement the next day with *Mr. Cunningham* and *Midshipman Waterhouse*.

About two days later the *Supply* boat arrived, having been rowed from *Cascade Bay*. It had in it a boar and a sow, as well as other light articles. Putting the boar and sow was easy, they had been swung over the water into

the ship's boat at the end of a ship's boom. But at the beach inside the reef entrance the boat could not be maneuvered close to the newly constructed crab, because of the boisterous weather.

The boar was most savage, and had been tied up all the trip, but when it was time to get him out of the boat into the shallow water and walk him to the beach it would not budge. Eventually most of the restraining ropes had to be let off. He was jabbed with a sharp instrument and went ravaging mad. Hopping forward then backwards squashing men, sitting on them and trying to bite them, the ship's boat tipped over lots of times in an alarming manner. The sow was also acting up, squealing and trying to bite. Eventually two men managed to grab the boar's back legs and turn him over him over the side into the water, with that the sow jumped over and followed. The boat had nearly capsized and everyone was glad that the boar was out of the boat. The last I saw was several people trying to catch him and put a rope on him.

In the boat was the *Supply* ship's carpenter, with helpers to make another boat for *Lt. King*. It was called a Scottish cobbler about fifteen feet long and five feet wide.

The *Supply* finally arrived and anchored in the bay. I was detailed to stay up the little hill at the signaling mast, and remain there as long as the *Supply* was offshore. I was to be ready to fly any flag that *Lt. King*, wanted. The signaling mast hill was about fifty feet above the cove landing area. It overlooked the reef entrance. The *Supply* was anchored off shore about two miles away from the reef. I supposed that someone would bring me food and water if I was going to be here a few days.

"Davie, *Lt. King* wants you to make the signal, do not land boats."

"Yes, *Mr. Altree*." I said, "is it this one" He agreed so I raised the flag on the mast.

That was about 8am, about 2pm, *Mr. Altree*, climbed up the hill panting a little, "*Davie*, *Lt. King* wants you make the signal safe to land so the jolly boat can be launched and rowed in."

After a restless night with a little food, at daybreak *Lt. King*, *Mr. Altree* and *Mr. Cunningham* arrived. " Give me my telescope *Mr. Cunningham*, *Lt. King* requested."

"Hmm, it's a bit squally, and some fresh gales around. Has the wind got up much *Davie*?"

" Just a little sir. The water seems to be a bit rough at the end of *Point Ross*."

"Well done boy. It seems we will make a seaman of him yet *Mr. Cunningham*."

Mr. Cunningham winked at me.

"Hoist the Colours *Davie*, that will let the *Supply* know that it is alright to land and they can start loading the boat."

At about 7am, *Mr. Cunningham* spoke to *Lt. King*, about the surf. *Lt. King* suddenly spoke to me. "Quick *Davie*, lower the colours to half mast, that will tell *Captain Ball* that the landing has become dangerous. I fear the surf has greatly increased. We can all go down to the landing area now. *Davie* you stay here and make sure that the Colours stay at half mast until I send you further orders"

About 1pm, I could see that the *Supply* was getting ready to launch her boats, to come in. *Mr. Altree*, again climbed up the little hill. "I am to make sure that the colours remain at half mast *Davie*. It looks like *Captain Ball* has decided his boats can come in through the surf. *Lt. King* is sending our boat out with *Mr. Cunningham* and four men, in order to give assistance to the

Supply boats. But he is not go outside smooth water. *Lt. King* says it is still too dangerous to land but he doesn't wish to go against *Captain Ball's* wishes.

"Oh no look ! *Mr. Atree*, look our boat looks like it is being caught in a strong tide race, it's being swept out and away."

Mr. Atree and I, just had to watch as our boat, break away from the rip, when it suddenly turned broadside on to the heavy surf. The heavy surf broke into the boat, and overturned it. We then saw all the men floundering in the water, the boat got carried away, and one by one the men disappeared. However one man, who was a seaman from the *Supply*, was rescued with great difficulty, by some men standing and crouching, hand in hand and tied together with a rope at the tip of western entrance of the reef.

Mr. Cunningham, mate; *William Westbrook*, Marine; *William Williams*, convict; and *Tomlinson* a seaman belonging to the *Supply*were drowned.

Mr. Atree and I were terribly upset, we had both just lost a very good friend in *Mr. Cunningham*. I had also lost a good friend in Marine *William Westbrook*, who I sometimes helped in the Saw Pit.

We were still upset, when after about ten minutes the *Supply* jolly boat made the entrance to the reef, and into the safe cove.

"What's wrong with them *Mr. Atree* our signal is still in place?"

"I don't know *Davie*, but look there is the other *Supply* boat, looking like it's going to try and come in."

"Look *Mr. Atree* some of our men are firing muskets, to warn them off."

Eventually the boat heard the shots and bore away, and returned to the *Supply*. A little later the *Supply*, pulled up her anchor and sailed out of the bay

to the westward to find shelter. They would return to this bay when the weather was more settled.

All day and night I mourned for my friend *Mr. Cunningham*, however *Lt. King* insisted we all continued with our work.

"*Turnpenny*, now that *Mr. Cunningham* is lost, *David* will work directly under your orders. I wish him to continue with seaman like work, such as preparing our new boat when it is finished, so that it will be able to go fishing at a moment's notice. He should look after all the fishing equipment. He is not to go outside the reef on fishing expeditions. I also want him to be able to operate the Signal mast when ships are here at any part of the Island. If I send you on an expedition, I want *David* to accompany you. Do everything you can to help the boy in writing and reading. When he leaves this island I want him to be able to become a good masters mate, like *Mr. Cunningham*."

"Well *Davie*, you heard *Lt. King*, what do you think?"

"*Mr. Altree*, I will work very hard for you." I replied.

It was with heavy hearts next day feeling gloomy about losing men particularly *Mr. Cunningham*, and *William Westbrook*. That day we all had to be present when *Lt. King*, had *Charles MacLennan*, punished with three dozen lashes for stealing three dozen eggs. I did not feel sorry for him at all, it looks like he is just a thief, and deserves no sympathy.

Two good things happened, to help settle things for me. *James Duncan Campbell*, was ordered to sail on the *Supply*, and return to his relative, *Captain Campbell*. We both will miss each other, he was always happy to be with me and do as I wanted. *Mr. Altree* and *Ann Innet*, will also miss him. Most probably *Captain Campbell* will have proper accommodation and better living place at *Port Jackson*.

My friend *Ann* whose tummy had been steadily growing bigger, finally had a baby son. *Lt. King*, whose son it was, called him *Norfolk*. He was the first child born on the island. *Lt. King* baptized him a little later at a Sunday religious service.



Site of the H.M.S Sirius, shipwreck.