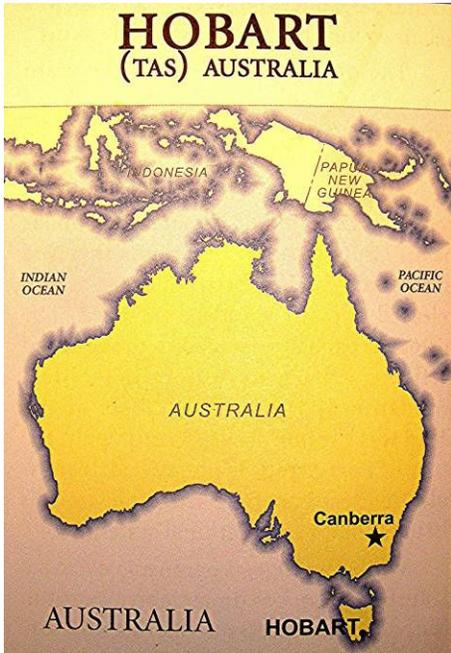


**Day 41 - Hobart, Australia – Port Arthur Prison – 6 Nov. 09:** The day started partly cloudy but with a brilliant sun shining against the clouds, as shown on the right. The Amsterdam was pulling into the harbor at Hobart, Australia. The location of Hobart, on the southern coast of the Australian state of Tasmania, is shown below.



The city of Hobart was spread out around the bay as shown in the following photos.



We approached Macquarie Wharf where the Amsterdam was to be docked. An Australian Navy ship was already in a berth at the end of the wharf as shown below.



You can always tell an Australian Navy ship by the red kangaroo image painted near the bridge, as shown on the right. Of course, there are the usual national flags and ensigns flying also, but the kangaroo is such a nice Aussie touch.



The location of the Amsterdam at Macquarie Wharf is shown on the map of Hobart on the left.

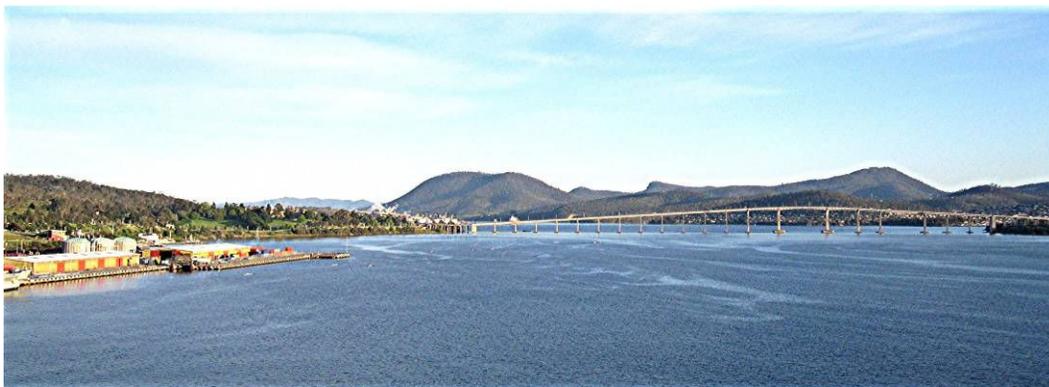
The city of Hobart is located near the end of a long, protective bay as shown in the map below from Google Earth. We had scheduled an all day Holland America Lines (HAL)



tour to the towns of Richmond and Sorell as well as the historic prison site at Port Arthur. The locations of Richmond, Sorell, and Port Arthur as well as the route of our tour (double ended white arrows) are shown on the map above.

We went down to the Queen's Lounge where we joined our tour group and got a green sticker #4 to identify us with our tour bus the rest of the day. We trooped down the gangway to the dock and met our guide, Veronica, and driver, Graham, at Bus #4. Our group of about 25 folks boarded and we left the pier about 9am.

The route shown on the map above started with a ride over the graceful bridge shown in the photo below. Veronica gave us a bit of trivia about the bridge. A close inspection of



the photo above reveals that the 5<sup>th</sup> support pylon from the right end of the bridge is apparently missing. At least the space there between the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> pylon is twice that of the other spaces, except for the usual wide gap over the ship channel at the middle of the

bridge. Some time ago a boat ran into the bridge and knocked the pylon down. The pylon fell onto the boat and it sank at that spot. The boat with its load of pylon debris is still at the bottom of the harbor under the bridge. No mention was made of how the bridge was made safe to drive on after the incident. However, the boat wreckage at the bottom of the harbor is being used to train divers working from the Navy ship shown in the photo above.

Our bus trip first took us to the town of Richmond through the town of Sorell. Along the way we got a good indication of the typical housing in this part of Tasmania. It appeared to be similar to that of cities and countryside in the US. The following pictures provide a notion of the range of home construction that we saw.



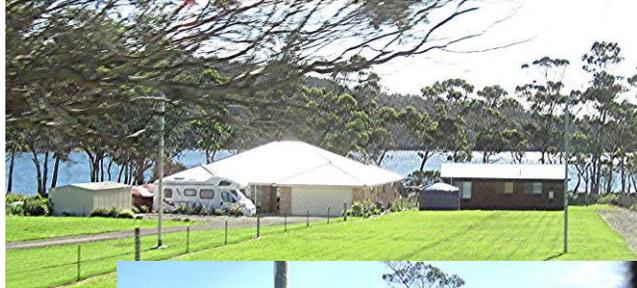
Veronica thought the typical home in these photos might sell for about \$150,000 UAD (151,500 USD).



However, the home shown below, out in the country and on the water of the bay would probably sell for about \$300,000 AUD (303,000 USD).

She said nice apartments in high rise buildings of Hobart with a view of the water sell in the ballpark of \$2 million dollars.

While we are on the subject of what things cost we also got a check on the price of gasoline in Tasmania today. Like in the US the price of gasoline at each gas station may be different by 2 or 3 cents per gallon but it tends to be in a narrow range. The same was true in the stations we saw today but the one shown below was typical. In this case the unleaded gasoline was selling from \$1.177 AUD per liter which translates to \$1.19 USD per liter or \$4.75 USD per gallon. The diesel fuel was selling for \$1.289 AUD per liter or \$5.21 USD per gallon. Further on the subject of energy related matters, Veronica said that Tasmania's electric power is essentially all hydro-electric with many dams around the island and ample rainfall. In fact they have a surplus of electricity and export it to the Australian Continent across Bass Strait by means of a large electric cable connection.



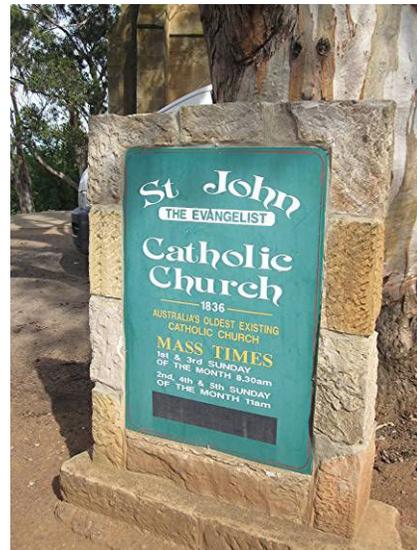
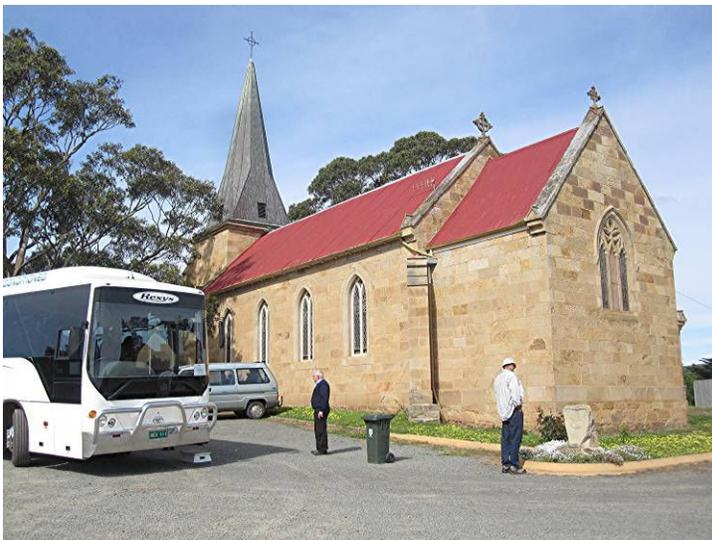
The countryside along the way was beautiful. We can never get enough of these rolling green forest and fields. Some examples of what we saw are shown below.





Our first stop where we got off of the bus was at

Richmond where we visited St. John the Evangelist Catholic Church. The church had been on this site since 1836 and is an icon for this community. The front was nearly covered by a large tree but we did manage to get this photo from the back of the church.



There was a nearby bridge that was the oldest bridge in Australia, being built in 1823. The bridge was sure holding its age well and appeared to be in perfect shape with a modern heavy duty road running across it. If the oldest bridge claim is true it seems odd that it should have been built in Tasmania rather than on the mainland in a place like Sydney or Melbourne. A picture of the bridge is shown on the right.



Both the church and the bridge are high on the tourist industry important sites list because our dinner table mate, Valerie, said that these same items were on a tour she took several years ago.

We enjoyed those major cultural and infrastructure sites but even more fun were these scenes below. In one case ducks were being fed on the river bank near the bridge. Across the street there were some school children being given lessons on how to play a ball game, perhaps Cricket.



We got back on the bus and moved back down the road to the community of Sorell. The significance of Sorell in the grand scheme of things was that in the early 1800s it was a resting place during the 2 or 3 days it took to transport prisoners between Port Arthur Prison and prisons in Hobart. Sorell was one of the few places that had adequate jail facilities to house the criminals during an overnight stay on that journey. There was a historic jail and museum nearby but most of us tourists just headed for the nearby shops and convenient rest rooms. It was interesting to contemplate the difference that improved transportation technology has made. We fretted that this 60 mile trip was taking 2.5 hours but in earlier times it was at least a 2 day trip. We didn't go to the historic jail but we did visit the modern looking Library shown on the right and we caught the Dog of Sorell waiting patiently for his master outside a drugstore.



After a brief stop we were back on the bus and headed south to Port Arthur. The Peninsula where Port Arthur is located is connected to the rest of Tasmania by a short strip of land about 300 yards wide. That strip of land is called Eaglehawk Neck and it was a prominent part of the

containment system for the Port Arthur Prison. The Port Arthur Prison had no tall fences but instead relied on the shark infested waters of the bay and the hostile terrain around the prison to keep prisoners from simply walking or swimming away. The only practical way out was along the road leading over Eaglehawk Neck. Of course, Eaglehawk Neck was guarded by soldiers and also a line of hungry dogs. The dogs were mastiffs on chains that were just short enough to prevent the dogs from fighting each other but long enough that no prisoner could sneak through undetected. There is a monument to the dogs in the form of a large black dog statue. As our bus sped across Eaglehawk Neck we were able to get a part of the dog and his barrel doghouse in this picture on the right.



After another 30 minute drive we arrived at the visitors' center of the Port Arthur Historic Prison at about 11:30am. Our guide, Veronica, got our tickets for the prison and arranged for the boat tour around the surrounding bay which was part of the overall tour. We chose to take a pass on the boat tour and spend our time just touring the ruins of the old prison. We were divided up into several groups for an initial tour of the facility before lunch.

Our tour leader's name was Melissa and she spent about 45 minutes taking us around to the main structures on the site and explaining some of the history of the place. We were blessed by a day of perfect weather. There was sunshine, no wind and a pleasant temperature that left us comfortable with a long sleeved shirt. These pleasant conditions made it difficult to concentrate on the misery of the prisoners as Melissa, shown on the right, gave us some background.



She emphasized that the prison had no physical walls like a normal prison because of the natural barriers of the bay and the harsh interior of the land. The place was started as a prison in 1830 and shut down 47 years later in 1877. Most of the prisoners were those men who had originally been sent to Australia because of crimes in England but then they committed other crimes after arriving in Australia. They were considered career criminals and indeed some were murderers and robbers raiding settlers in the back country. However, most of the crimes would be considered minor today because they involved desperation moves like stealing food or clothing. Australian settlers were primarily criminals and their military guards in the mid 1800s. They were part of the policy of "Transportation" punishment for crimes committed in England. However, as more free people came to Australia the practice of dumping criminals onto Australia soil became very unpopular and the gruesome punishment, like lashing with a cat of nine tails, was widely criticized. Detailed descriptions of the various torture methods used to punish unruly prisoners are given by Robert Hughes in his book, "The Fatal Shore". Australians wanted the prison system to be abolished as originally conceived and that led to the shutdown of the prison in 1877. Melissa said most Australians just wanted to forget about the prison system and, in fact, the place that had been called Port Arthur had the name changed to Carnavon. It remained Carnavon until in the interest of promoting tourism the name was changed back to Port Arthur. Most of the buildings were demolished shortly after the prison was shut down as local settlers mined the place for the bricks and sandstone building blocks needed in Hobart and other towns for construction.

We have been told that for many years Australians tried to hide the fact of ancestors who arrived by way of the criminal transportation system of England. However, the story we

now hear is that modern Australians look upon these early immigrants more as heroes because of the valiant struggle they endured to start this vibrant nation on the way to nationhood.

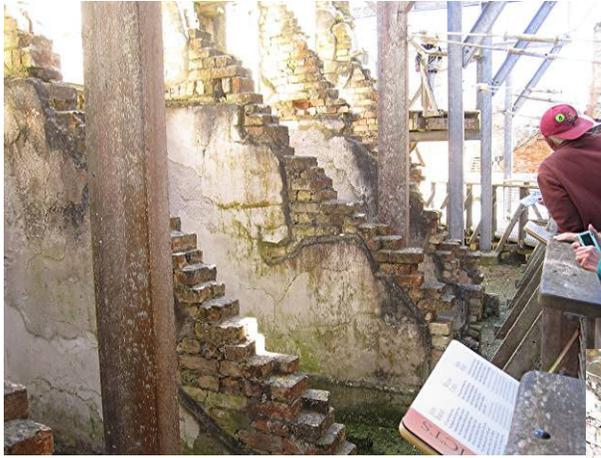
In the early 1800s there was a progressive movement among people who worked with the “criminal class” as poor people who stole living essentials were called. The new thinking was that if a criminal was given time to contemplate his sins, had a generous dose of religion regularly applied, and was trained in a productive trade he would be converted to a useful citizen. Prior to that time the common penalty for crime was punishment so severe it usually resulted in death which took care of society’s problem. This new thinking was tested in the Port Arthur Prison where the prisoners were not coddled but were treated humanely as long as they obeyed the rules and worked hard at whatever jobs they were given. The jobs were targeted at useful trades like carpentry, tool making, farming, cutting timber, sawmill work and such. These were trades that could support the person once they left the prison after completing their sentence which was usually 7 to 15 years.

Part of a revolutionary treatment for criminals was an early version of solitary confinement that was carried out in a large facility called the Separate Prison. In that facility the men were forbidden to communicate with others and were held in a small cell 23 hours a day with only 1 hour of exercise. The claim was that during several months of this treatment the men would reconsider their criminal behavior and become law abiding citizens.

In the tour we took today we passed through the facilities of the Port Arthur Prison that were used to carry out the punishment and treatment of criminals in the mid 1800s. Melissa first took us to the ruins of the building called the Penitentiary. Here is what we saw from the outside. Note Orlin is appropriately dressed in his striped prison shirt.

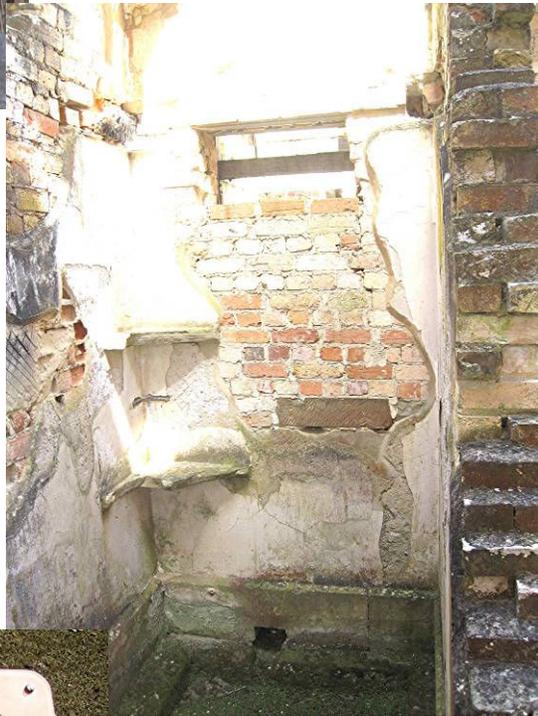


Inside the Penitentiary Building ruins we saw the walls of the cells where the men slept at night, as shown below.

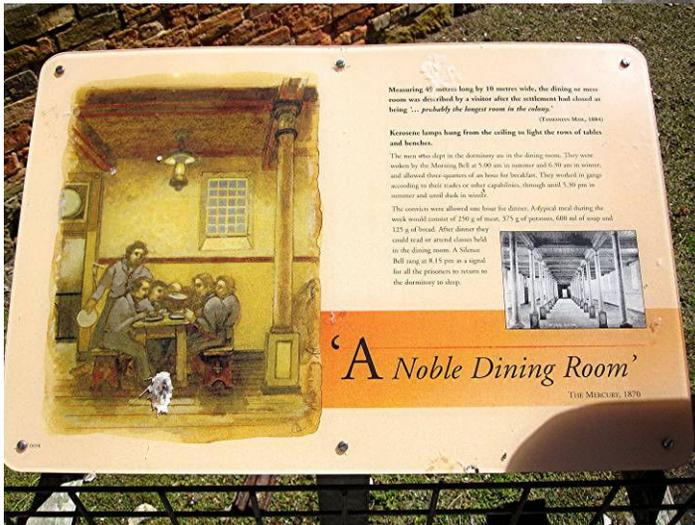


The walls extended up for three floors but now the floor boards were gone and it was just a shaft three floors high. We were looking at the ground floor. Here is another view of the ground floor cell below. The back wall has two concrete shelves built into the back left corner and the side walls are on the left and right.

The dimensions were about 4 feet by 8 feet. Melissa said this was adequate for each convict because they only slept here each night after working all day. It should be kept in mind that these cells in the Penitentiary Building were only for those prisoners who behaved themselves and conformed to the rules. Non conforming prisoners went to the Separate Prison that we saw later.



There were plaques along the walkways with information suggesting that the official



regulations were slanted towards providing the prisoners with a reasonable level of comfort. There was this report, on the left, of a dining room that was spacious and a ration of food that was adequate to keep a man adequately fed for doing the daily labor that was required.

Some additional evidence of humane treatment was in an area where a library of books was kept for the prisoners. Presumably the library, containing 13,253 volumes, was not only for entertainment but part of the attempt to train the men in a trade that would support them after they were released from prison. There was a plaque identifying the location of the library and Barbara quickly found her library card and we photographed it to record the Port Arthur Historic Prison visit, as shown on the right.



There was a catwalk that allowed us to explore all parts of the Penitentiary as shown on the right.

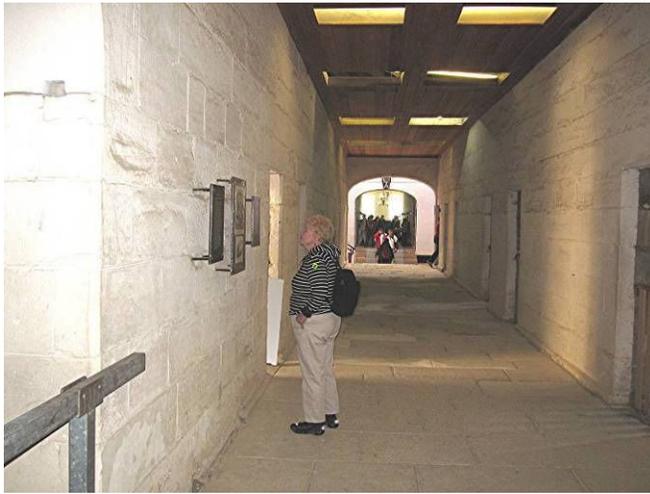
As we walked these boards in the bright sunlight we tried to think how it must have been for the inmates who were serving time here. Each day they had to get up and do strenuous jobs such as cutting timber, running a sawmill or building new structures around the prison.

One of the ground breaking innovations of the early 1800s was the concept of the isolation cell instead of a cat of nine tails lashing for the prisoners who would not conform to the rules.



The Separate Prison was constructed to house those unruly prisoners. It was built in the form of a cross with a chapel at the center. Separate cells were provided for each

prisoner and there were strict rules that ensured no communication between prisoners.

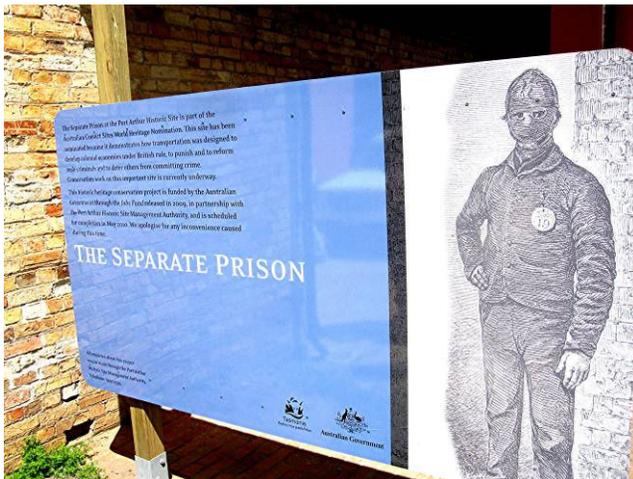


The concept was to completely isolate the prisoner so that he could contemplate his errant behavior and decide to conform to the rules of decent society. Here below is a view of one row of cells of the Separate Prison.

This view below is of a cell for a man who worked daily making brooms as his chosen trade.



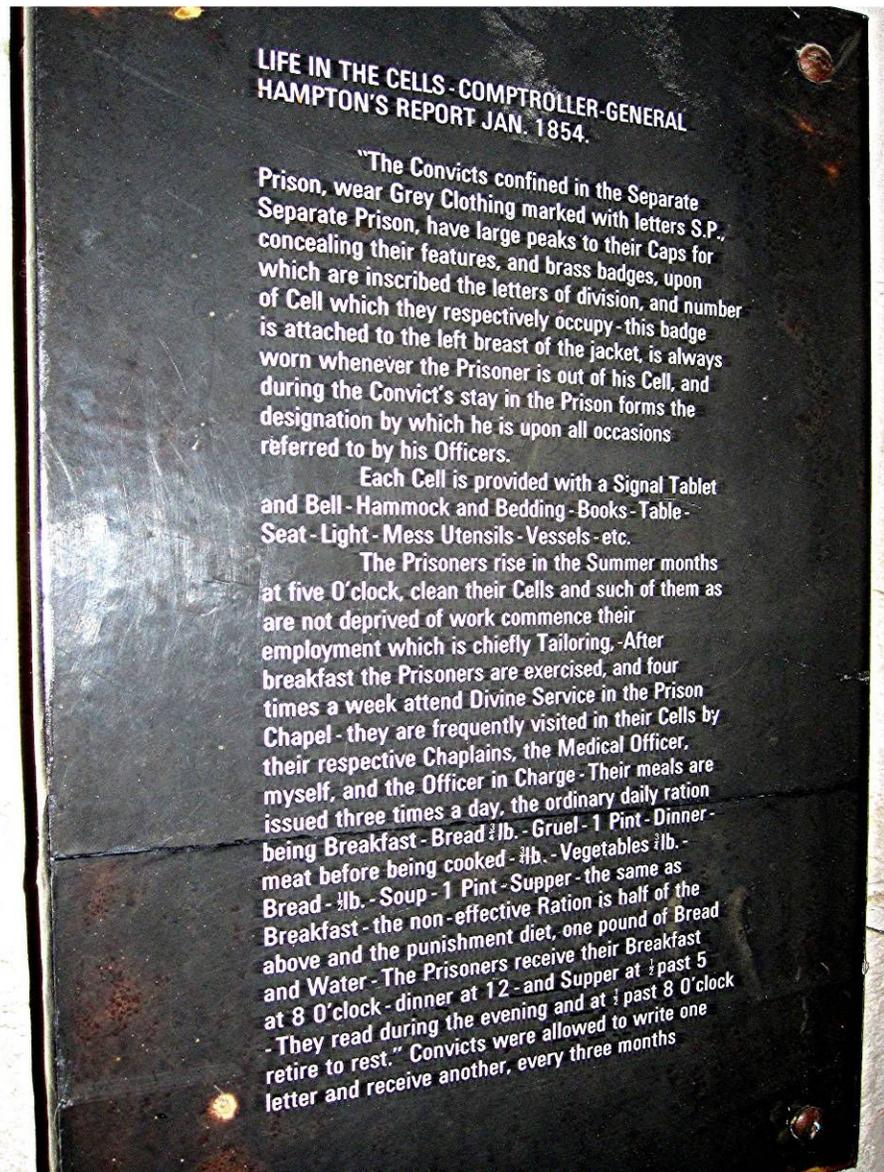
The most important part of this Separate Prison was that there was no contact between men and the person's identity was reduced to the prison number on his badge.



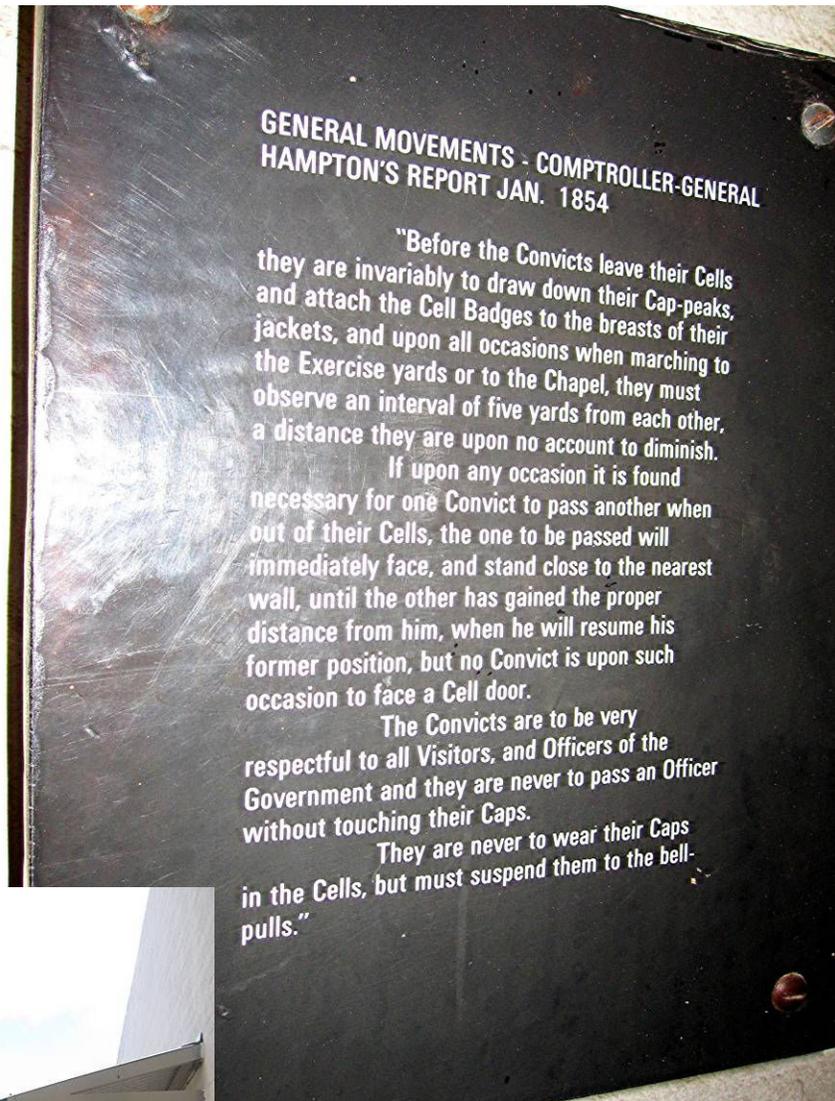
This picture on the left shows the uniform of the Separate Prison inmate. He wore a badge with a number instead of a name. He wore a peaked hat that he was supposed to pull down over his face whenever in the presence of another person.

A description of life in the Separate Prison is given on the right.

These descriptions of the various rules provide a vivid account of the very structured life that the prisoners in the Separate Prison lived.

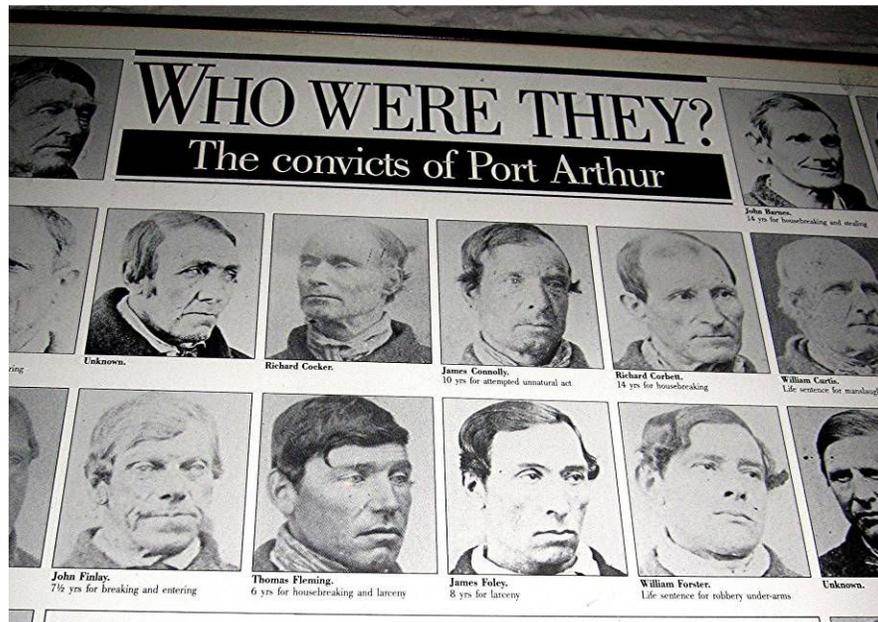


The inmates were required to exercise one hour each day. They also had to attend chapel services. The exercise period and chapel services were the only times prisoners were allowed to be outside of their small cells. The instructions on the right controlled how the prisoners went to and from these periods outside their cells.



One of the exercise yards is shown on the left. There was no roof but a small shelter was provided to provide protection from the rain.

Most of the records of the inmates of the Port Arthur Prison have been lost or destroyed. However, a few records have survived and the stories of several inmates have been posted to provide some context for the modern visitor to the prison. There was a plaque that had been prepared showing a large number of prisoner faces with their names. We took a representative photo of some of the prisoners as shown on the right.



Looking at the bottom row of convicts you can see one unfortunate fellow, third from the left, by the name of James Foley. There was a familiar ring to "Foley" which is the name of a good friend of ours back in the US. This James Foley was an Irishman who was given an eight year sentence for larceny. This fellow was probably typical because his story was also presented in a plaque that was displayed in the Penitentiary ruins that we had toured previously.

The text of the plaque in the penitentiary is shown below.

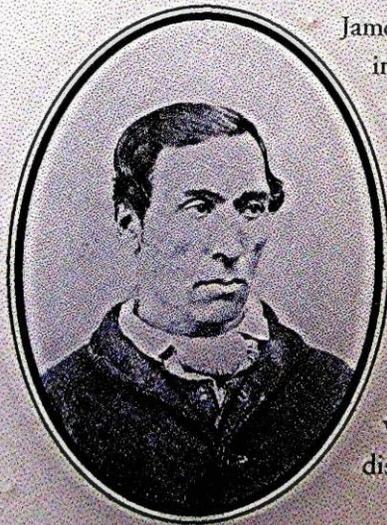
## JAMES FOLEY

**A city sweep from Cork. In 1852 at age 26 was transported for stealing. Was assigned to the Prisoners Barracks in Hobart on arrival. Granted a ticket of leave in 1854. Later charged with being in a brothel and stealing.**

On September 4th, 1865 The Mercury reported:

*'James Foley was charged with stealing one counterpane and other articles ... a boy named Jarvis gave evidence ... He gave the alarm to (the) prosecutrix and then (the) prisoner threw down the bundle and said if the prosecutrix would let him go he would go up the country.*

*'James Foley was sentenced to imprisonment for the term of eight years. His Honor noted that his police character showed numerous previous convictions. The prisoner Foley uttered a malediction on His Honor as soon as the sentence was passed.'*



James Foley arrived at Port Arthur in 1865. He was assigned to a Chain Gang cutting stone, and then to a sawyers gang. While at Port Arthur he was charged with a number of offences including neglect of duty, flour improperly in his possession, and misconduct in talking to an officers son without authority. He was discharged in 1875.

He apparently saw the error of his ways and cleaned up his act sufficiently to be granted freedom in 1875. He was nearly 50 years old when he was released but hopefully there was still an opportunity to start a family and carry on the fine name of Foley in Australia.

After touring the Separate Prison we just strolled around the grounds of the prison and enjoyed the vistas that were provided. The day was filled with glorious sunshine and balmy weather, and the grounds of the Prison were so well kept that it was like a walk in



a park with some interesting ruins along the way. On the left is the view from the Separate Prison towards the homes of the Surgeon and Chaplin.

This magnificent old willow tree, below, was standing proud.



The view below is of the Commandant's



residence in the Prison. After the prison was shut down in 1877 this residence was turned into a hotel and then into a boarding house.

Walking from the Commandant's House there were some nice views of the ruins of the Law Courts in the foreground and the Penitentiary back on the right as shown below. Other tourists were enjoying their visit to the Prison site.



The ruins of the guard tower, on the right, are still impressive and are probably the best preserved of any of the buildings.



We walked across the grounds and up Champ Street by the Trentham House as shown on the right.

Such a charming little house seemed very incongruous with a prison but it apparently was part of the scene.



We walked by the church which was one of the pillars of the effort to reform the criminals that were sent to Port Arthur. Our guide, Melissa, had told us that during religious services the prisoners were separated from the free people of the prison, like the guards and their families, by only a thin curtain. This fact and fact that the prisoners were routinely used as servants in the homes of free people suggests they were not as dangerous as the name “criminal” might suggest. The magnificent church structure stands as a ruin after many years of disuse and brush fires that ravaged the place before it

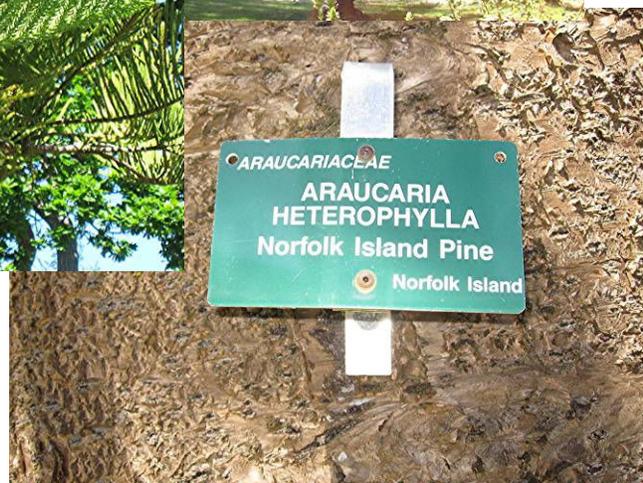
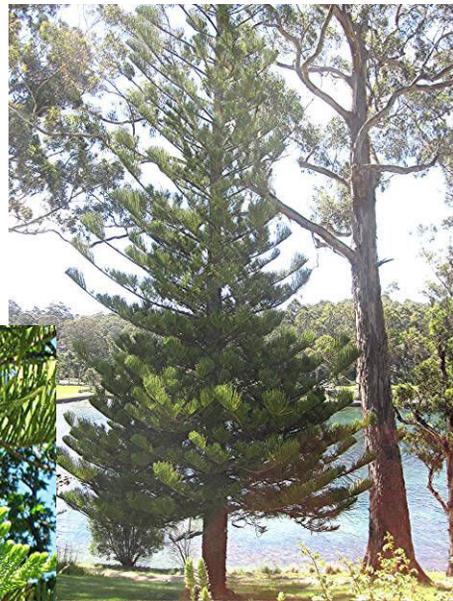
was recognized as a valuable part of Tasmanian heritage. The non-denominational church and Barbara are shown in the picture on the left.



We needed to get back to the bus by 3:30pm so we headed towards the Visitors' Center through a lovely flower garden. The pictures below were collected from the various flowers we encountered along the way.



There was another botanical specimen on the grounds that Orlin was particularly happy to see identified. That plant was a Norfolk Pine tree. The book, “Fatal Shore” by Robert Hughes is a complete history of the Australian Criminal Transportation saga. He described how the Navy special interest group of English politics in the early 1800s got funding for sending prisoners to Australia by touting the need for harvesting Norfolk Pine trees on Norfolk Island, which is about 1200 miles of the east coast of Australia. The English Navy, which was the most powerful in the world at that time, needed a source of strong straight trees to replace the masts of Navy sailing ships that might be damaged in storms or in battle. Without a mast the sailing ship was dead in the water like a modern ship without a motor. Any mast damage in the far flung areas of the world like Australia would mean the ship was lost to any useful military service. The scheme was to send prisoners to Norfolk Island to harvest the Norfolk Pine tree for use as masts on English warships and also merchant ships sailing in these far-off waters. A colony of English and Irish prisoners was established on Norfolk Island and it harvested Norfolk Pine trees for many years before being shut down in the late 1800s along with the other prisons of that system. We wanted to know what a Norfolk Pine looked like. Well today we found out. Here is a picture of a Norfolk Pine Tree on the right. The appearance of a branch of the Norfolk Pine is shown below.



After our tour of the Port Arthur Historic Prison we boarded our bus and headed back to Hobart. Although we were running late, Veronica made a stop at a very interesting geological feature called Tessellated Pavement, as identified in the state sign on the right.



Tessellated pavement is natural rock that has cracked and eroded in such a way as to appear to be concrete pavement that humans might have laid down in a rectangular pattern. A picture of the tessellated pavement that we saw on a beach in Tasmania today is shown below.



There wasn't time to climb down to the beach and examine the rock formation closely. Some information on a sign posted above the formation indicated that it was the result of silt debris being deposited from glacial ice in loafs that produced the rectangular rocks over millennia. Erosion at the boundaries of the rock loafs produces the rectangular outline. It would probably be easier to just say that the space aliens or Bermuda Triangle forces did it. This tessellated pavement phenomenon will require more research when we return home.

It took about 2 hours for our bus to get back to the Amsterdam. When we arrived the Australian security people on the dock slipped their mirrors under to bus presumably to check for bombs and contraband stuff, as shown on the right.



A security guard also went through the bus and checked each of our Amsterdam Cruise Card to be sure we were all legitimate passengers.

After that we were free to board the Amsterdam, having returned about 30 minutes later than the scheduled sail away time. Luckily this was a HAL tour so the ship had waited for us.

We got underway about 6pm and headed for the Milford Sound and Fiordland National Park in New Zealand.

The entertainment in the Queen's Lounge tonight was the Amsterdam Singers and Dancers with the theme of an old fashioned TV variety show. They did an excellent job of presenting some of the old favorite tunes spiced up with some energetic dancing. We continue to think this is the best Singers and Dancers team we have seen on a HAL ship.

The next two days will be at sea as we travel to New Zealand.