

**Capt Charles Robert (Bob) Walton**



*Known to many as 'Captain Bob'*

*Born October 6, 1929 Ecuador – Died October 31, 2018 Mosman, NSW.*

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**Sea Fever**

**By John Masefield**

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,  
And a gray mist on the sea's face, and a gray dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

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Charles Robert (Bob) Walton was born in Ecuador to parents, Lily and Gilbert Walton.

Bob's father worked as an analytical chemist for the Anglo Ecuadorian Oil Company from 1925 to 1957.

Their home had beach frontage to the Pacific Ocean so Bob was introduced early to the sea and boats. As a family they travelled to England regularly, with Bob's first trip when he was 18 months old.

In 1935 aged 5 Bob stayed in England at Whitley Bay with his grandparents, Maria and Edward Hunton, to begin his schooling.

The start of WWII saw Bob evacuated to Middleton in Teasdale to live with his great 'Uncle Joe' Walton.

In 1940 the Anglo Ecuadorian Oil Company organised for its workers children to be evacuated to Ecuador and Bob returned to his parent's home.

School continued by correspondence with Mrs Penney being in charge. The small group also included her son Robert Penney and Iain Birkett. Bob, Robert and Iain became lifelong friends, remaining in contact despite the huge distances that separated them.

Bob returned to England in 1944 to Wallsend Grammar where he gained excellent marks in Spanish but not his other subjects, admitting that in Ecuador he had studied little.

Bob had now decided on his future career as a mariner and, with the help of his Grandfather Hunton, his parents were convinced to let him attend Warsash Marine School. Here he formed a lifelong friendship with Tony DeVere.

#### **Sea Service:**

**Blue Star Line:** serving on the NELSON STAR, SOUTH AFRICAN STAR and ADELAIDE STAR

**Port Line:** serving on the PORT FREMANTLE, PORT HOBART, and PORT NELSON

**Stephenson and Clarke colliers:** serving on the PORTSMOUTH

**L. W. Smith PTY LTD:** serving on the MERINO between Sydney and Launceston.

Bob married Brenda in 1953. His best man Bruce Bolland remained a lifelong friend.

After migrating to Australia Bob and Brenda had three children, Alan, Tony and Linda.

Bob's growing family made a career at sea difficult and he came ashore in 1960.

From 1960 to '66 Bob worked as a wholesale pie vendor for Scotts Pies and in 1964 he purchased the boatshed at Balmoral. He set out to build up the hiring fleet and was the first person in Sydney to hire out sailing vessels.

Walton's Boatshed had many dramas but was always a successful venture. The storm of 1974 saw the shed burn down and leave Bob temporarily homeless. He took up residence in a van parked on the street to ensure the safety of the Boatshed. He sold the boatshed in 1988.

In 1970 Bob began working casually for *Captain Cook Cruises* and many family and friends were treated to a coffee cruise or lunch cruise.

He kept his Masters ticket and remained working for *Captain Cook Cruises* until 2009.

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**Crossing The Bar**  
**By Alfred Lord Tennyson**

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

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A mi papa, gracias por su tiempo aquí conmigo  
Hasta luego

*With thanks to those who produced Capt Bob's Obituary for his Farewell.*