



Captain John Steuart Steuart

20-10-1921 - 15-09-2005

Roll No.273

Captain Steuart joined the League in 1979 and for a great deal of his time in the League was a member of the Council.

A Eulogy presented by Capt Ted Liley (1927 – 2018)

Seafarers don't talk much about themselves, especially their earlier days and Steuart Steuart portrayed the same pattern.

In a conversation with Eric Carter the other day, he told me about their schoolboy days at TAS some 70 years ago. His lifelong mate Steuart Steuart revelled in sport. First grade cricket and rugby union were relished.

When he got into the water to race, he had the bow wave of an ocean greyhound. No wonder he couldn't keep away from water. He loved sailing on Sydney Harbour with other young friends. It was in his blood. Ships fascinated him. He kept outlines of all their different types and shapes.

Naturally he elected a sea career as his chosen profession and was apprenticed to W.R. Carpenter and Company, who were expanding their interests in the Pacific and trading between Australia the Pacific Islands, west coast of America and eventually Britain.

It was during the 2nd world war, when anchored in Famagusta, Cyprus, a stick of bombs from a marauding Focke-wulf bomber fell close by hitting a small ship secured alongside. At the time Steuart and Eric, both young deck officers were standing on the wing of the bridge of their ship. Each sustained some injury.

Steuart was quietly proud of being the first in his company to rise through the ranks from Cadet to Master. He had a natural ability to be a very competent Ship Master. Responsibility rested so easily on his broad shoulders.

It was such a shame that eye injury sustained in that air raid finally shortened a very successful sea-going career. That training and competence enabled him to be so successful in his later period with Travelodge.

I knew of Steuart in earlier days but got to know him during the time he spent at the Maritime Services Board while examining aspirants in coastal and harbour licences. He enjoyed the get togethers at the Barbound Club luncheons. His very fertile mind will be sadly missed on the council of the League of Ancient Mariners.

The sea was not his only love. It all started many long years ago when a little kid used to kick out the palings of the fence to get into the next door house to see the little girl next door and play. This next year was to be the diamond wedding anniversary of those two little kids. That lifelong deep fulfilling love still

portrayed itself to anyone who watched Beth caring for Steuart while he was languishing in Royal North Shore Hospital during these last few weeks.

So now at this very private service may I pass on our very heartfelt sympathy to Beth, Bindy and John and their family in their very sad loss and may I also on behalf of the seafaring community extend their sympathy as well.

*I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
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.*

from John Masefield's "Sea fever"

Photo: Captain Steuart's wife and son presenting a Tug a War Rope supplied by the League to TAS The Armidale School as a memorial to Captain Steuart..

