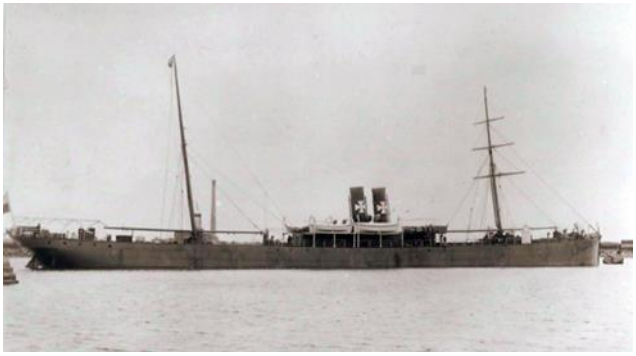
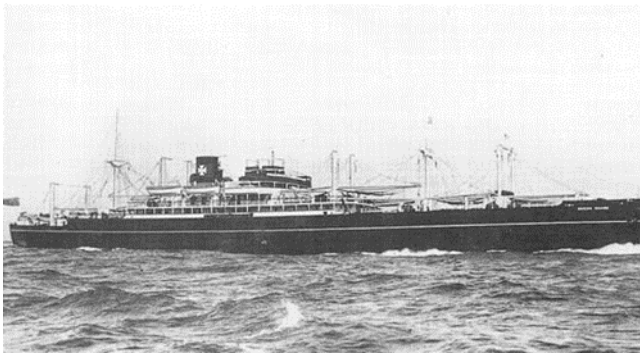
ALL HANDS

Journal of The Warsash Association

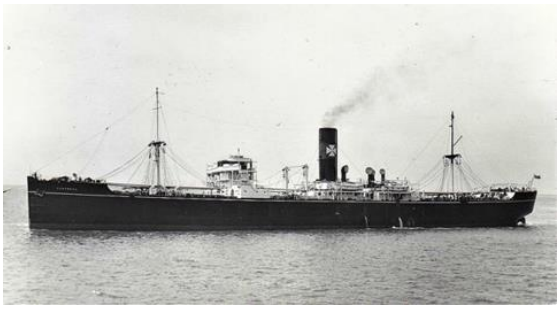


Hornby Grange – 1890-1927

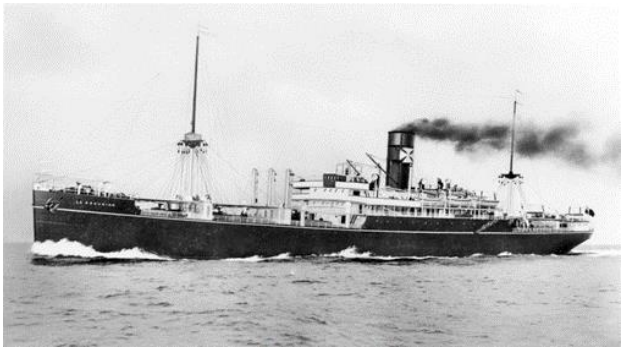


Beacon Grange 1938-1941

Upwey Grange 1925-1940



Canonesa 1920-1940 (John B. Hill collection)



La Rosarina 1912-1938 (John B. Hill collection)

Royston Grange 1959-1974

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All Hands Editor: Captain S. Bowles, 992 Hartford Place, North Vancouver British Colombia, V7H 2J7, Canada

Editorial change: The Editor endeavours always to properly exercise the right of revision e.g. spelling, grammar, compliance with in-house standards. The author's approval may be sought in some instances e.g. questionable text, space restrictions, inaccuracy.

- **To increase the page size when viewing online;** in Adobe Reader "View/ Zoom/ Zoom To …/ or Pan and Zoom
- **Click a page number in the Table of Contents** to jump directly to the relevant section.
- **Click on the email links & website links** e.g. www.warsashassociation.net (login first) which are interactive.

1 From the Executive Committee

1.1 Chairman's Message – Roger Holt (HoltR64)

Dear Members, I hope this finds you and your family fit and well and slowly getting back to a reasonable level of normality in your lives. As far as the UK is concerned, we are all trying to absorb the mixed messages being put out by Westminster which have been complicated by devolved governments issuing different instructions but at least the reported cases of COVID-19 and the associated deaths for the UK seem to be moving in the right direction.

My first very pleasant task is to welcome Capt. Stan Bowles (BowlesS69), who lives in Vancouver B.C., as our new Editor of All Hands. Thank you Stan for volunteering – how does the old saying go 'one volunteer is worth 10 pressed men' – and I am sure that you will do a fine job following in the footsteps of your predecessors. I hope that all Members will assist Stan with news and stories whenever possible.

There have been some interesting developments for the Association over the last few months and this is a good opportunity for me to bring you up to speed with a few of them.

As the Executive Committee has been unable to physically meet, we have had to dust off our IT skills and get involved with hosting virtual meetings. A number of practice sessions were organised using Zoom until finally we felt confident enough to conduct a full Executive Committee meeting which took place on 24th June. There was a full attendance including Capt. Stan Bowles, Joint Chairman of the North America Branch and surprisingly it went very well. We were able to cover the full agenda and reach conclusions on all the topics for discussion without the need to use the mute button! The main issues for debate were our plans for future social events, the 2020 AGM, the finalisation of the amendments to the Constitution to take into account the challenges of the pandemic and of course ways of increasing the membership.

As with the Minutes of all our meetings, they will be published on the website when the final draft has been agreed. I would encourage you all to get involved with the decision making in the Association through logging on to the website (www.warsashassociation.net) and please engage if there are any issues which concern you. The use of Zoom has taught us a big lesson – we do not need to be sitting around a table somewhere to conduct a meeting. We can do it at home although it rules out the social interaction.

On 25th June, I was asked to join with others in a Zoom virtual meeting with the new Vice-Chancellor of Southampton Solent University, Professor Karen Stanton. This was a very good opportunity for me to introduce Professor Stanton to the Warsash Association and to impress upon her the need for the university to provide assistance with finding OOW positions for graduating Officer Cadets. This is an issue with which we are presented every so often when qualified Officer Cadets find that OOW employment is difficult to achieve and they approach the Association for help. We try to do what we can but anything that you can do to assist in the future would be very well received and we would like to hear from you.

I am pleased to report that Professor Stanton was very positive in her response to me and has some forward thinking ideas for the University as a whole. She understands the importance of maritime, and Warsash in particular, to the University and I was encouraged by her enthusiasm. A further meeting will be planned in the future.

You will all be aware of the pressure which the shipping industry is under at the moment and particularly the cruise shipping sector. This was brought home to me very clearly in July when I was able to take my family on holiday to Studland Bay in Dorset. Having established our social distancing on the beach on the very first day, my gaze ventured out to sea and there at anchor were four magnificent cruise ships – two P&O (Arcadia and Aurora) and two from the TUI fleet. On the second day they were joined by what I believe was an RCL ship, possibly Majesty of the Seas. It was an incredibly sad sight and it is even sadder to recognise that there are more than 400 cruise ships currently idling at ports and anchorages around the world. The devastating effect on the officers and crews of these ships is hard to imagine and undoubtedly Warsash trained Officers and Officer Cadets will have been caught up in this. Repatriation is proving to be an absolute nightmare for those unable to leave their ships at the end of their service periods and also for those unable to join their ships at a normal crew change. At the moment we are told that upwards of 200,000 crew members are in a position where they are unable to be repatriated. Progress is being made but if you are able to contact your national media to publicise this situation and plead for seafarers to be considered as 'key workers' and given special assistance then please do so.

It must also be recognised that the impact of all of this on current and future job opportunities is immense and the expectation that the cruise industry can bounce back quickly seems to me to be fanciful. Although our resources as an association are limited, we must try to assist any Officer Cadet who approaches us for help with finding employment – even if that only means offering them encouragement to continue their search.

Our Webmaster, Chris Clarke, is starting to work on a review of our website. If there are any issues that you would like to raise concerning the style and content of the website, please let him know. However, please be aware that the website is a repository of archived information and so whilst the style may change, substantial amendments to the content will not be possible.

You will have seen a recent Newsletter, available in the website News section, (Notice 2020/12 Fri. 3 July 2020 - UK Events in 2020) concerning the cancellation of our plans for a social event and physical AGM in September. The Christmas lunch is still planned for 5th December at the Royal Naval and Royal Albert Yacht Club in Old Portsmouth – please put the date in your diary and I look forward to seeing you there. Due to Covid-19 we are this year holding a virtual (video) AGM 18.00 on Thursday 12th November via Zoom. We would very much welcome your 'attendance' and details of how to register as an 'attendee' are described below in the UK News Section and on the website under Notice 2020/17a.

Stay safe and keep well and I hope by the end of the year, we will be able to revert to normality albeit until we have a vaccine to combat COVID-19, this may be difficult.

With best wishes, 

Roger Holt, Chairman HoltR64

wachair@warsashassociation.net

1.2 Webmaster's Message – Chris Clarke (ClarkeC59)

WA Website: *Webmaster's email: wawebmast@warsashassociation.net*

I think all will agree that Stan Bowles has made an excellent start to his tenure as All Hands editor with this mammoth 60 page edition. So very well done Stan and also those members who have so enthusiastically supported his first All Hands journal. (Today's precedence is tomorrow's 'norm'!)

WA Membership worldwide is 568 (including 61 Officer Cadets), of which 480 (95%) are online.

Website Development

Due to the dated appearance of our 11 years-old website it is time we had a more modern-looking site which younger generations can relate to. We shall pursue this as soon as circumstances permit.

The technical design of the website in its present form probably makes it unique amongst organisations such as ours. It is not only our website, it also defines and supports our operation as an Association, providing a secure repository of everything about the WA, past and present. That includes central and Branch information, membership database, minutes, accounts, events, a vast photo gallery, guidelines and our history. Everything is stored securely as one integrated database providing secure access for WA members anywhere in the world.

Our website developer ocProducts is a small operation which is currently in the middle of its own major project to upgrade its Composr development tool to v11. There are likely to be two project phases, a) revising the website's appearance (perhaps starting in 2020) and b) upgrading to a fully tested and proven Composr v11.

The project, which will include specification, development (by ocProducts) and acceptance tests, will be a substantial undertaking for WA. If you feel you can contribute, (see list below), please let me know me via this address wawebmast@warsashassociation.net.

1. Describe the features you like to see in an easy to use website;
2. Identify good website Home page designs as examples;
3. Build or draw a mock-up of your idea of what the new Home page might look like;
4. Help with user acceptance testing of our next generation website in the latter project stages.

Flipbooks

A flipbook is an on-screen document or book which flips over the pages horizontally by using a series of moving pictures to simulate motion, like those picture books form the last century. The result is a representation of turning pages as in real life instead of the reader having to scroll down through pages using the more familiar scroll bar at the right-hand edge. We have recently enhanced the website to display Flipbooks on several pages.

Please take the opportunity to familiarise yourself with how to use our flipbooks via the information below and practice. Although we cannot download these flipbooks it is still possible to download All Hands in pdf format to our computers, to read & print, exactly as we always have done.

Examples: Go to the Journals page, click on any year cell, select a journal & to view in flipbooks format, click on View as a Flip-Book & download.

NB Make sure you use the X-like symbol at centre bottom first, to expand the flipbook to full-screen size then if necessary use the + or - signs to increase & decrease the display size as convenient.

You will also see the link Download as pdf document enabling you to read the document online or after download in pdf format, if you wish.

Here are illustrations of the control functions to use. It is all really self-explanatory but you may find you require a little practice to become familiar with displaying and reading these documents online.

a) Make full-screen size
b) Turn pages & other options
c) Display and download options

The flipbook feature has only been added to the following website pages.

- Journals (all recent & past journals inside all year cells)
- Committees (including minutes and accounts on sub-pages)
- Constitution
- History (also all documents on sub-pages)
- Lists of Members
- In memoriam

1.3 (New) Editor Editor's Message – Captain S.W. (Stan) Bowles MM FNI IIMS (BowlesS69)

***All Hands Journal**: Email waahed@warsashassociation.net articles or suggestions about future editions.*

I am privileged to assume the role of Editor of All Hands, the journal I have always cherished since attending the School of Navigation in 1969. I will attempt to fill some very large shoes!

Born in Vancouver to a prominent West coast maritime family, at the age of 13, I began my 'career' sailing with my father (Master CFAV Endeavour). I am researching my father's, Stanley L. attendance at 'Warsash' in the 1940s when in Swaythling. My older brother Jeff also attended Warsash in 1975. Unfortunately, he was killed in a car accident on the IOW in 2005. He went to sea with B&C and obtained his Master's and was also an avid aircraft pilot.

After my pre-sea training, P&O offered me a position as Cadet on the Strathconon. I remained with P&O until 1975, starting out on cargo ships then in my final year as Cadet on Uganda then back to the Super Straths as 4/O and eventually ending up as 3/O on Canberra with short spells on Oriana and Iberia. Due to the demise of passenger ships, I changed course and entered the chemical tanker industry with Panocean Shipping and Terminals (POST).

My time with Panocean saw the amalgamation with Athel/ANCO to become Panocean Anco. Ten years in the chemical trade culminated in redundancy in 1985. I must admit that when the notice came I was somewhat relieved. After a short spell with Buries Markes, the chemical trade lost its appeal, so with a growing family in the UK, I went into the building trade - that interested me since high school. Unfortunately, the housing market in the UK tanked. It was then, with my younger brother Tim who had been made redundant from Ocean Fleets, we decided to fly to Calgary and 'bang on doors'. We both got positions working in the Arctic, he with Canmar and me with Beaudril/Volker Stevin [Gulf Oil]. I ended up as Master of the world's largest trailing suction hopper dredger - the G10. That lasted three years and again was made redundant as the Canadian government cancelled the frontier drilling programme petroleum incentive grants.

I taught at the Pacific Marine Training Institute in North Vancouver for one year then joined the Federal government as a Marine Surveyor and one year with the Transportation Safety Board (TSB) as a Marine Investigator. I stayed with the Feds ending up as Manager, Dangerous Goods/Pollution Prevention, Transport Canada, Ship Safety, Western Region until 1996 then decided to 'go-my-own-way' forming BowTech Maritime Consultancy Inc. I have never looked back! The years passed taking on the roles of SIRE & Chemical Distribution Institute (CDI) Inspector of Chemical, Gas & Bulk ships until 2014, with a four year stint in between as an Exclusive Surveyor with ClassNK.

In 2008 I was contracted as the General Manager MOL Chemical Tankers America (previously Tokyo Marine/Milestone). I will retire from that position at the end of this year but will hopefully be retained to deal with regulatory affairs. I intend to keep my hand in, doing the odd consulting job and support the various terminals in the Vancouver area.

Former positions held include: Vice President Federal Environment Minister's Pacific Regional Advisor Council (PRAC) on Pollution Prevention & Response, Transport Canada; Member International Fire Service Training Association (IFSTA), Marine Committee, Oklahoma State University, USA and Co-author Marine Firefighting

Training Manual & Marine Firefighting for Land-based Firefighters; Member Human Resources Development & Skill Committee Marine Training, Chamber of Shipping of British Columbia; Member Supercargoes Association of B.C.; Member Advancement Committee British Columbia Institute of Technology (BCIT) Marine Campus and a Canadian Petroleum Institute Instructor for Tanker Safety (Crude Oil Washing & Inert Gas) Cargo Superintendency Courses.

Present positions:

- Fellow Nautical Institute, Director & past Chairman of the BC Branch & Past Council Member London HQ;
- Director of the Chamber of Shipping Canada;
- Vice Chair Owners Committee - Chamber of Shipping Canada;
- Director of the Western Marine Community Coalition;
- Honorary Member International Institute of Marine Surveying (IIMS) - Author & Tutor HND Program;
- Director & Past Vice President/Chairman Nautical Professional Education Society of Canada (NPESC).

I look forward to serving the Association as Editor and take advice on ensuring the Journal lives up to its past.

AH Volunteers: The following have always provided support for All Hands through the review process which if not carried out would most definitely undermine the attention the Journal gets from all who follow the progress and cherish their past at Warsash. Join me in thanking Bill Watts (WattsW56) and Barry Peck (PeckB71) and of course Excom. Special thanks to Chris Clarke (ClarkeC59) for his unfettered guidance.

Future Content: The next issue of All Hands will feature Bank Line. Anyone with a good sea story or intimate knowledge of the workings of the company, please feel free to submit to the Editor or Webmaster.

2 WA Notices, News And Events

2.1 New Joiners Since AH2020-1 – (Webmaster)

We wish a very warm welcome to the following new members who have joined since the last All Hands journal.

OC = Officer Cadet			**Total Since AGM 2019**		25
Title	**Name**	**Website Username**	**WA Year**	**Country**	**Joined**
Mr	Peter Booker	BookerP67	1967	UK&Ireland	14/05/2020
Mr	Gavin Weir	WeirG89	1989	UK&Ireland	20/06/2020
Mr	Andrew Millar	MillarA87	1987	UK&Ireland	26/082020

2.2 UK News – Roger Holt (ClarkeC59)

WA 2020 AGM Notification: These are unusual times. So that we may conduct our Annual General Meeting in safety we will be using Zoom as our means of communication and venue. Your Executive Committee has used it on a number of occasions and found it a practical solution under the circumstances.

The meeting will be at 18.00 on Thursday 12th November. We would very much welcome your 'attendance'. If you wish to attend you should inform Chris Clarke (chris@chrisjclarke.co.uk) who will, nearer the meeting, provide you with a Zoom meeting ID and Log-in password. A test session will be arranged for those attending.

Any member who wishes to use a proxy vote should nominate the Chairman as their proxy for all voting requirements and advise the WA Secretary accordingly.

If you have any item you wish to be considered for inclusion on the Agenda please submit it to the WA Secretary, David Patterson pattersondm@btinternet.com before 14th September.

Report on plans for Christmas Lunch, 5th December 2020: Roger Holt spoke to the Royal Naval & Royal Albert Yacht Club on 17/06/20. The final numbers will be required latest mid-November. The Club has no idea of the likely social distancing rules i.e. 1m or 2m or no restriction. This will affect the size of the room chosen for the meal. A number of options of rooms are being considered, subject to final numbers and social distancing. RH/17th June.

Surviving Covid-19 Together: *Members may have seen the following (adapted) article on the* BBC News *website on the 18th July about the recovery from Covid-19 of Mike England (EnglandM46) and his wife Gillian. Martin Greenwood first saw the same article in a local Leicester newspaper and has been in touch with one of their sons, Russell England. As you will see, Mike had earlier submitted an article to All Hands which is included in this edition. Our thoughts are with Mike and Gillian and we wish them a continued good recovery.*

Leicester couple share 'heart-warming' Covid recovery in hospital. An elderly couple have walked out of hospital together after a "heart-warming" recovery from coronavirus. Michael, 91, and Gillian England, 88, spent three weeks undergoing treatment at Leicester Royal Infirmary.

Hospital staff said Mr England would get dressed each morning so he could walk to his wife's bedside while exercising. The couple, who have been married for 61 years, would then hold hands and have a cup of tea together. (Photo right – Russell England).

A post on the Leicester's Hospitals Facebook page said Mrs England would be "eagerly waiting" for her husband to visit. Nurses also allowed the couple to order and eat their meals together during their "heart-warming journey" to support each other.

Photo - University Hospitals of Leicester

Russell England - one of their three sons - said he feared he would not see both his parents leave hospital.

They were both taken there in an ambulance but his father had an especially "rough old time with the virus". He said at one point his father was given just 48 hours to live and called his sons "to say goodbye".

"Remarkably", Mr England said, his father made a recovery.

Mr England Snr said he wanted to get better so he could look after his wife: "First and foremost, I want to be there for Gillian. "While I've been in hospital I've not really missed anything because Gillian is here and I have been able to see her every day."

When leaving the hospital on Friday, he said: "Being discharged together, on the same day is even more special as we have been on our recovery journey together."

Copyright University Hospitals of Leicester

Right: Staff lined the corridor as Mr and Mrs England were discharged from Leicester Royal Infirmary.

Captain and Mrs Miller on the 75th Anniversary of VE-Day 8th May 2020:

This lovely photo of Captain Alec Miller and his wife Lucy was kindly sent to us by their daughter Evelyn. Captain Miller (MillerA40) joined his first ship after his School of Navigation cadet year in the London Docks during WW2's London blitz. He is the oldest member of the Warsash Association.

Captain Miller was a cadet aboard the Port Chalmers which was one of 4 out of 13 merchant vessels which survived the perilous Operation Pedestal convoy from Gibraltar to Malta between 9th and 15th August 1942. Read about Operation Pedestal in Wikipedia)

In recent years Captain and Mrs Miller with their daughter Evelyn have attended several WA Christmas Lunches in the UK including one occasion when Alec kept us highly entertained for 20 minutes with a series of off-the-cuff amusing anecdotes and observations. Unfortunately ill-health prevented the couple from attending the most recent Christmas Lunch in 2019.

2.3 Australian Branch News – David Montgomery (MontgomeryD63)

News from The Australian Half Deck, June 2020: Whilst the coronavirus epidemic has not affected Australia as severely as other countries around the world, appropriate restrictions on our daily life have considerably changed our way of living. Most of us have been advised to stay at home for the past three months and to maintain contact with our families by electronic means!

Although the spread of the virus is more or less completely under control, travel between the States is still severely restricted and this, combined with the financial effects on our daily lives, the Australian Executive have decided to cancel the Reunion Planned for October 2020. Instead we will hold a "Paper Annual General Meeting" in October with the relevant paperwork being distributed to members in September.

The economic load on the Australian economy has taken its toll even on the Warsash Association with our local printer closing down. Hopefully this issue of All Hands will be safely in the hands of our new contractor in good time! However, just how the postal service will be operating in August is anybody's guess!

The Australian Membership have closely followed the spread of the virus and particularly in the U.K. and our thoughts are with all our colleagues who will, no doubt, be under considerable strain at this time.

On a brighter note we are planning to have State Gatherings in October/November in Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria and Western Australia, full details of which will be distributed to members in the relevant States closer to the events.

2.4 New Zealand Branch News – Tony Peacock (PeacockA60)

Despite a rainy day, there was a great turnout for the latest get together sixteen members and partners enjoyed a very social lunch together at the French Rendezvous restaurant, Takapuna. The opportunity was also taken to discuss arrangements for the AGM to be held later in the year at the beautiful Bay of Islands. (Names below list4ed left to right).

Above left: Larry Robbins, Mike Bullock, Dee Pigneguy. **Above right**: Mike Pigneguy, Tony and Margaret Payne, Colin and Jill Church, Jane Robbins, Robyn and Bill Cobb, Larry Robbins, Jon Torgersen, Mike Bullock, Dee Pigneguy, Rosie Noonan

Above left: Mike Pigneguy, Tony and Margaret Payne. **Above right**: Robyn and Bill Cobb, Larry Robbins, Jon Torgersen, Mike Bullock, Dee Pignéguy, Rosie and Tony Noonan, Barbara and Adair Craigie-Lucas, Mike Pignéguy, Tony and Margaret Payne, Jill and Colin Church , Jane Robbins.

Plans are still being made for the AGM to be held in November. The venue will be in the beautiful Bay of Islands, up in the north of the North Island. More details will follow nearer the time.

2.5 North America Branch News – Gordon Cooper (CooperG66)

Events: The Branch's ExCom was planning to survey our US and Canadian membership about interest in holding this year's Branch AGM in Victoria, B.C. in mid-September 2020. However, casual/non-essential travel to Canada is still not permitted for the U.S. membership until we all get adopted by either John, Stan or Keith! We do not see this situation changing in sufficient time to allow planning for a physical event.

In the Maritime industry we see most 'in-person' events originally planned for the last few months, and through to September, have all been re-scheduled to the 4th Quarter or 2021, or been converted to virtual events or webinars. North America's "Shipping Week" Conference is still only a tentative for mid October 2020, and may well become a Webinar or be cancelled, like Posidonia.

In my home, NYC all live performances like Broadway and Off-Broadway have been postponed till 2021, even Baseball, Ice Hockey and American Football have been changed to TV audience only.

Therefore, we will plan for Virtual AGM or Zoom Meeting(s) to be held in Mid-September, to set the course for the Branch's activities in 2021. Please watch for announcements on the WA website and in Facebook and through e-mails.

Conway, Pangbourne, Worcester (CPW) - Stan Bowles (BowlesS69): Stan Bowles (Editor) was invited to a luncheon and become a Conway Companion and subsequently 'The Group' of ex-CPW 'apprentices' in 2016. The lunches began as a result of attending a Conway Club meeting. Captain David Whitaker, ex Conway, and I had a lunch together in South Surrey, B.C. with the subject concerning Nautical Professional Education Society of Canada (NPESC) business. David and I are both Directors of the NPESC.

At this meeting, David mentioned that the Conway Club gatherings were getting smaller as the years past. It is also very true of Worcester and Pangbourne. I remarked that it would nice to see other sea schools joining together for lunches. It just so happened there was a Conway luncheon in North Vancouver the following day. I joined in. Conways at that meeting were Ian Hopkinson, Terry Powell & his wife, and David. It was agreed that the Vancouver Conway Club would invite others to join in. We did not want to lose the name Conway Club so we called it Conway Club & Companions. Names and addresses were sought and David compiled a larger gathering for the next lunch. Records from 2017 show a substantial increase in numbers. Sometimes the wife of the Conway or Companion member would participate by themselves to be with other like-minded wives. We have members from Conway, Worcester, Warsash, Dufferin, General Botha, London Nautical School, Hull Trinity, Grimsby, South Shields and Belfast Nautical Schools. A real mix of the past!

Up until the beginning of 2020 the luncheons were held regularly once a month and at the Equinox and Solstice, all would gather for a sit-down dinner at a 'special' restaurant. Unfortunately, the COVID 19 crisis overtook events and many went into lockdown most are retired and in some cases, health restrictions are paramount. It is hoped that once this pandemic is over the events will continue. They will be featured in ALL HANDS.

As an organisation, the Warsash Association can learn and expand its recognition throughout the industry and provide much needed 'companionship' to all in their career retirement and in some cases, younger involvement learning from the past. This will also become a feature in subsequent editions of All Hands. Please provide any feedback on this initiative – Stan – Ed. (Conway Companion).

3 Warsash Maritime Academy News

3.1 Why I Love Maritime – OC Emma Jarmen & Christina Coats (Youtube - Ed)

I enjoy the training because it is hands-on, it's in the field, it is like an apprenticeship at sea. You've got guys there to support you and help you though everything. They have done exactly the same course, so they know what you are going through and how they can help you and get the best out of you. You could go anywhere in the marine industry with this sort of qualification. Do your research. See what side of the industry you want to go into, because there is plenty to do; you've got container ships, oil, cruise ships, super yachts - there are so many different avenues you can go down. I became a cadet because I wanted to try something different – I did not want a nine-to-five job.

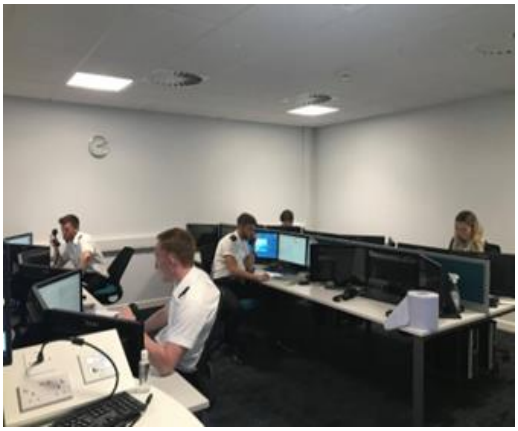
It's the fact that you can walk onto a ship, with an average age of 50 at 18 years old and fit in, and everyone becomes a big family. People are just incredible and happy to teach you anything you want to know. That's what I most enjoy about it.

So hopefully I want to get onto either a super yacht or a cruise ship, and then work my way up, hopefully end up as a master mariner at some point in my life. Don't let anybody say "you have to do this, you have to do that."

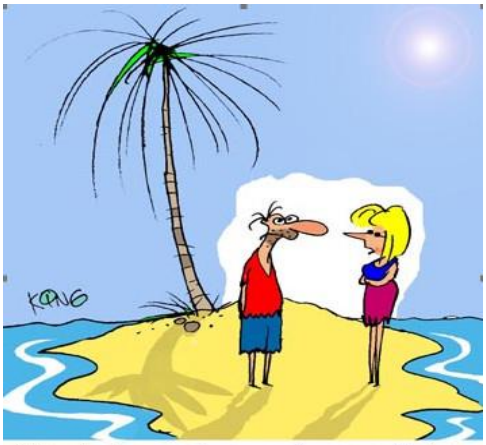
If you want to go to sea and you want to do this as a career, don't be afraid to tell someone "this is what I want to do."

3.2 Some Normality Returning to the School - WMA Website (09/07/20)

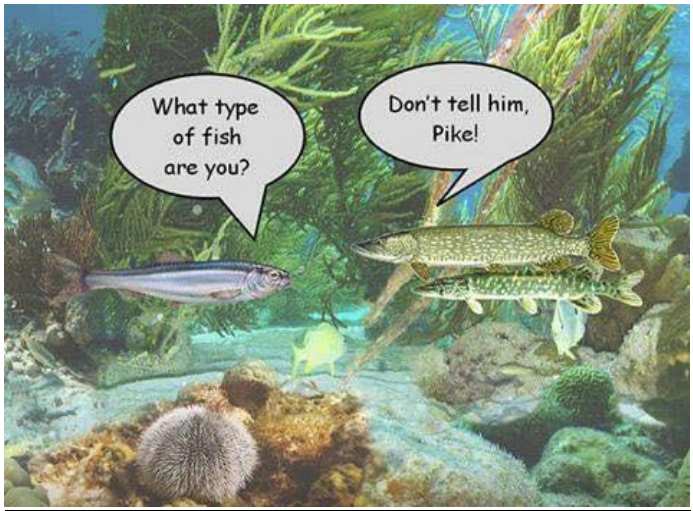
We are really pleased to restart some of the STCW safety courses, GMDSS and engineering workshops this week, so that cadets can move onto their next phase and get to sea. We also managed to hold SQA exams as well for OOW. Thank you to all our University colleagues, lecturers and management for the hard work and efforts to be able to run these courses safely for our seafarers.



4 Lighter Moments – Chris Clarke (ClarkeC59)



"You had enough power in our cell phone to make one last call, and instead of getting us rescued, you cancel your tee-time?"



Thank you 'Dad's Army' TV series script-writers David Croft & Jimmy Perry for so many laughs over the years.

Some of the questions people have asked while on board the *Royal Caribbean Lines*:

a) Do these steps go up or down?
b) What do you do with the beautiful ice carvings after they melt?
c) Which elevator do I take to get to the front of the ship?

Submitted by:
Roger Purdue
(PurdueR60)

d) Does the crew sleep on the ship? Is this island completely surrounded by water?
e) Does the ship make its own electricity?
f) Is it salt water in the toilets?
g) What elevation are we at?
h) Where's a photographer onboard who takes photos and displays them the next day.
i) If the pictures aren't marked, how will I know which ones are mine?
j) What time is the Midnight Buffet being served?

5 Houlder Brothers and Company Ltd.

5.1 Summarised History – (Ed.) Courtesy of Wikipedia

The Houlder Line comprised a number of related British shipping companies originally established by the Houlder brothers.

The Timeline:

- 1856 Houlder Brothers & Co. was formed in London and operated with chartered tonnage;
- 1861 They acquired the GOLDEN HORN. Originally sailings were made to the USA and later to New Zealand, Australia and the Pacific Islands;
- 1861-1939 London - Australia UK - South and East Africa;
- 1863-1939 London - Australia - New Zealand;
- 1883-1947 UK - River Plate, Argentina;
- 1861-1939 London - Australia UK - South and East Africa;
- 1863-1939 London - Australia - New Zealand;
- 1883-1947 UK - River Plate, Argentina;
- 1881 the company entered the River Plate passenger and cargo trade which was eventually to become their mainstay route;
- 1902 the subsidiary Empire Transport Co. was established;
- 1906 the Federal-Houlder-Shire Line was formed with Federal Line and Turnbull Martin's Shire Line to operate services between Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester and Avonmouth to Australia and New Zealand, but this was later confined to Australia only;
- 1911 Furness, Withy & Co. purchased a 50% share in Houlder Bros and withdrew from the Federal - Houlder - Shire partnership;
- 1914 the British Empire S.N. Co. was established;
- 1915 the Furness-Houlder Argentine Line was formed;
- 1937 A substantial holding in Alexander Shipping Co was purchased;
- 1947 Complete control Alexander Shipping Co was acquired;
- 1954 Ore Carriers Ltd was founded;
- 1960 Warwick Tanker Co was founded;
- 1966 The British Empire S.N. Co. was renamed Welldeck Shipping Co.;
- 1970s fleet numbers were depleted within the Furness Withy Group;
- 1975 Empire Transport Co. was renamed Dee Navigation Co.;
- 1977 the FW Group consisting of Shaw Savill, Royal Mail, Pacific Steam Navigation, Houlder Brothers, Prince Line and Manchester Liners formed a General Shipping Division effectively finishing operations except for ship's names for registration purposes.
- 1980 C. Y. Tung, Hong Kong took over Furness, Withy and associated companies and the remaining Houlder Line ships were transferred to Furness, Withy;
- 1987 Houlder Line ceased operations. The company continues as the independent engineering consultancy Houlder Ltd.

Ships' Names: To the right is the first of four Houlder ships to be called Oswestry Grange. Built in 1902 as a refrigerated cargo vessel and sold in 1912. Many Houlder ships were recognisable by having names ending in Grange. The group re-used some of these names three or more times on successive ships: Beacon Grange, Elstree Grange, Langton Grange, Oswestry Grange, Ovingdean Grange and Royston Grange. The first

word in the ships name was usually an English village having an initial making up part of the company name such as Hornby Grange, Oswestry Grange, Upwey Grange, Langton Grange, Dunster Grange and Elstree Grange. Until the 1972 disaster Royston was traditionally used to supply the 'R' but after this Ripon was used.

Ships Operated by Houlder Line

Canonesa was operated by the Houlder Line and was torpedoed in the North Atlantic in 1940. El Argentino was operated by the Houlder Line. She was bombed and sunk west of Lisbon in 1943 with the loss of four crew.

STV Royston Grange was destroyed by fire after a collision in the Rio de la Plata on 11 May 1972. She was the first British ship to be lost with all hands since 1951. Oswestry Grange (1964) was the last of four ships of this name and the last ship of the Houlder line. She was a collier and was sold in 1985.

The 7,113 ton Royston Grange, carrying 61 crew, 12 passengers (including six women and a five-year-old child), and an Argentinian harbour pilot, was bound from Buenos Aires to London with a cargo of chilled and frozen beef and butter. As she traversed the Punta Indio Channel, 35 miles from Montevideo, Uruguay, in dense fog at 5.40 a.m. she collided with the Liberian-registered tanker Tien Chee, carrying 20,000 tons of crude oil. The Tien Chee immediately burst into flames and a series of explosions rapidly carried the flames to the Royston Grange, which burned particularly hot due to the cargo of butter and the oil escaping from the Tien Chee. Most of the crew and passengers were asleep.

The ill-fated Royston Grange

Although the Royston Grange did not sink, every person on board was killed in the fire, most of them probably by carbon monoxide fumes emanating from the refrigeration tanks, which burst in the collision.

The Tien Chee subsequently ran aground, blocking all traffic in and out of the port of Buenos Aires. Eight of her 40 crew, who were mostly Chinese, also died, but the remainder, along with the Argentinian pilot, managed to abandon ship and were picked up by cutters of the Argentine Naval Prefecture.

Aftermath: Royston Grange Headstone at the British Cemetery in Montevideo

The remains of the victims, mostly little more than ashes and charred bones (much of the flesh having been stripped from the bones by the hoses used by Uruguayan tugs to put out the fire), were buried in six urns in two communal graves in The British Cemetery Montevideo on 20 May 1972 by the Right Reverend Jonas Ewing White in the presence of 130 relatives who had been flown out to Uruguay by the ship's owners. A memorial service was held at All Hallows-by-the-Tower in London on 8 June 1972.

The report of the Liberian enquiry into the disaster concluded that the master and pilot of the Tien Chee, in an attempt to get enough water for her deep draught, had probably been navigating too far to the south of the channel and had pushed the Royston Grange onto the shelf that bordered it. The British ship had bounced off and into the tanker.

The officers of the Royston Grange, it concluded, were probably not to blame, although there may have been some human error in attempting to avoid the collision. The master and pilot of the Tien Chee probably should not have entered the channel in the first place in the tidal conditions prevailing at the time. The report also criticized the lack of maintenance of the channel.

The Royston Grange was towed to Montevideo, and then to Spain, where her hulk was scrapped at Barcelona on 20 May 1979. The Tien Chee was also scrapped at Buenos Aires in August 1976.

5.2 The Big Chilled Meat Carriers of Houlder Line – Norman Middlemiss

This interesting article by Norman Middlemiss is courtesy of Shipping Today and Yesterday (March 2014).

Houlder Line chilled meat carriers had the distinction of being the largest fully refrigerated chilled meat carriers in service in the world at the time of their building. Operational restraints in the river Plate region required ships

with as large as possible cubic capacity on a restricted overall length. As a result, Houlder Line developed a series of big, chilled and frozen meat carriers with a 'square-like' appearance and the largest cubic capacity in the world.

The food shortages in Britain during and after World War II made the construction of these big chilled meat carriers one of the highest importance with the shipyard orders placed on an almost equal footing as naval warship orders. The chartered steamer Meath had brought the very first Houlder meat cargo home from the Plate to London in January 1884. Contracts were signed for meat with several Argentine and Uruguayan meat companies including La Blanca Company, Sansinena Meat Company, Frigorifo Uruguayo and the South American Export Syndicate. Furness-Houlder Argentine Lines Ltd was formed in June 1914 to provide more tonnage for an additional contract with a meat company, including Abadesa, Canonesa and Condesa, with Canonesa abandoned with war damage to the British Government in 1918 and Condesa torpedoed and sunk on 7th July 1917.

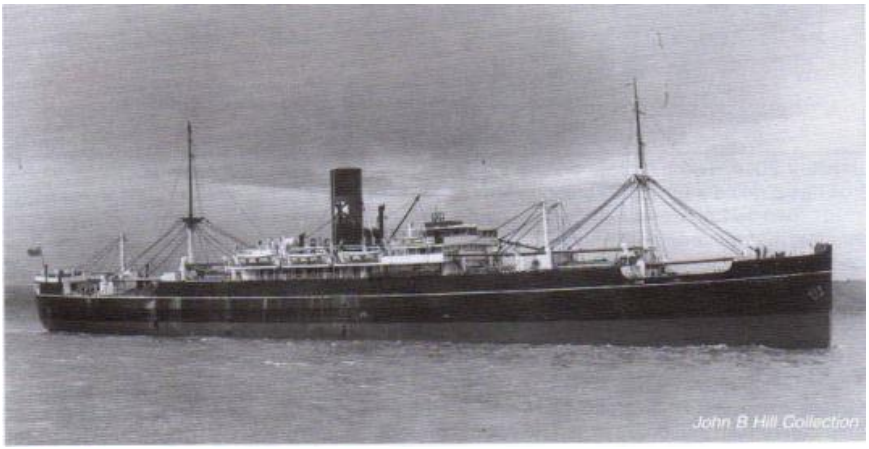
Four refrigerated sister ships of between 460,000 and 470,000 cubic feet insulated capacity joined the Furness-Houlder Argentine Lines Ltd fleet in 1918 as Duquesa, Baronesa, Marquesa and Princesa from yards in West Hartlepool, Middlesbrough, Port Glasgow and Glasgow. These were twin screw ships powered by two triple expansion steam engines, with six holds and numbers 2, 3 and 4 hatches being part of a very long raised central structure. They had two masts and two sets of posts carrying a fine array of sixteen derricks.

Inter-war Chilled Meat Carriers: A standard turbine powered 'G' class meat carrier was purchased from the British Government and was launched as Canonesa (2) with 457,000 cubic feet of insulated space on 6th March 1920 at the Belfast yard of Workman, Clark & Co. Ltd. These 'G' class standard meat carriers were the best and largest standard ships of World War l, and the fastest with a top speed of 13 knots. They had five holds with number three hold between bridge and funnel, and the plated-in midships Houlder Line structure of Houlder designed vessels was absent. Canonesa (2) had dimensions of length 450.2 feet, beam of 58.3 feet and depth of 37.1 feet with a fo'c'stle of length 44 feet and a poop of length 35 feet.

In the inter-war years, Houlder Line also built large, fully refrigerated meat carriers to their own design in Hardwicke Grange of October 1921 with 476,787 cubic feet of insulated space, Upwey Grange and Dunster Grange of 1925/27 with 557,500 cubic feet of insulated space. El Argentino was completed in 1928 for the Furness-Houlder Argentine Lines Ltd with the same amount of 557,500 insulated cubic feet space. Upwey Grange was the first motor ship in the Houlder Line fleet in 1925 with two 12-cylinder 2SCSA oil engines by the Fairfield yard at Govan, who also built the ship.

On 25th October 1927, Mrs. Walter C. Warwick launched the motor ship Dunster Grange at the Fairfield yard as an exact sister of Upwey Grange, and she was completed on 22nd January 1928, and later became the only pre-war 'Grange' vessel to escape destruction during World War ll. Upwey Grange and Dunster Grange had dimensions of length 431.3 feet, beam of 64.5 feet and depth of 35.4 feet, with a fo'c'stle of length 82 feet and a long Bridge Deck of length 250 feet. They had three decks with a fourth deck in the holds, and a duct keel forward of the machinery spaces. They had cruiser stems, cellular double bottoms of length 369 feet, and were fitted with Marconi wireless and direction finders.

El Argentino was launched on 12th January 1928 at the Fairfield yard as an exact sister of Upwey Grange and Dunster Grange for the British and Argentine Steam Navigation Co. Ltd with Furness, Withy & Co. Ltd as managers.



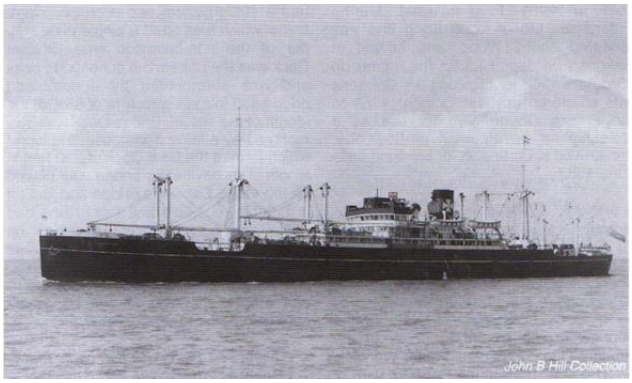
Later in 1936 when the British & Argentine company was wound up she was transferred to Furness-Houlder Argentine Lines Ltd with Houlder Line as managers.

Dunster Grange had the honour of carrying the Royal cars for the visit of the Prince of Wales and Prince George to South America in 1931. She also carried an unusual cargo of galvanized iron sheets in September 1933 to South America to make barriers against the locust pest that was ravaging the continent. Hardwicke Grange brought home an enormous cargo of 27.82 million apples from Seattle during that year of 1933.

The 8,731grt Princesa was built in 1918 by Alexander Stephen at Linthouse. She was broken up by Hughes Bolckow at Blyth in July 1949.

Frank H. Houlder, Chairman of all of the Houlder Line companies, died on 21st January 1935 aged 68 years at his Argentine cattle ranch, Estancia Houlder, at Curumalan in the foothills of the Sierra de Curu Malal near Bahia Blanca about 400 miles southwest of Buenos Aires. He spent up to six months of the year at the large Estancia Houlder in the latter years of his life and had gained many valuable contacts in the Argentinean cattle and meat industry by living in the country for long periods. Bahia Blanca was founded in 1828 as a fortress and developed later into a major port, known as the 'Liverpool of Argentina' and has a dredged depth of 45 feet, with the important and largest Argentine naval base of Puerto Belgrano only twenty miles away. He had been a member of the Baltic Exchange since 1890, a Freeman of the City of London, and a member of the Shipwrights Company, and had travelled extensively throughout Argentina, Australia and New Zealand to further the business.

Meat being unloaded at Southampton from the 8,286grt Condesa



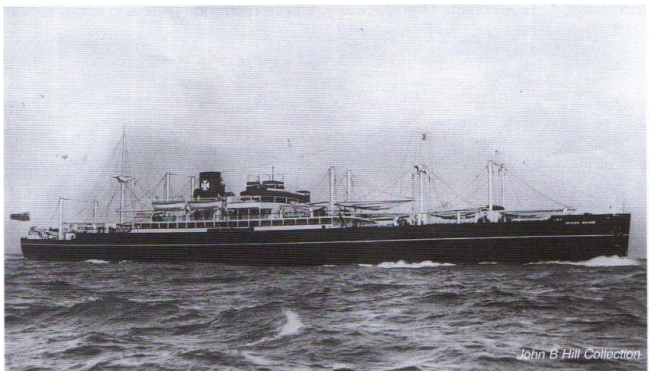
The 9,501grt El Argentino was built in 1928 by Fairfields at Govan. On 26th July 1943 she was bombed and sunk by German aircraft NW of Lisbon whilst in convoy OS 52KM when on passage from Glasgow to Montevideo in ballast. Four crew members were lost.

Upwey Grange (Capt. Williams) was torpedoed and sunk on 8th August 1940 by U37 when two hundred miles northwest of Donegal while on a voyage from Buenos Aires to the U.K. with chilled meat, 37 crew members lost their lives including Capt. Williams, as his lifeboat with survivors was never seen again. Canonesa (Capt. Stephenson) was torpedoed and sunk by U100 in HX72 convoy on 21st September 1940 in the North Atlantic while on a voyage from Montreal and Sydney (NS) to Manchester with frozen meat, cheese and fish. Duquesa (Capt. Bearpark) was captured by the German battleship Admiral Scheer on 18th December 1940 while on a homeward voyage from the Plate with chilled meat, and after being used for two months as a storeship she was scuttled on 18th February 1941, her crew being sent in a prison ship to Bordeaux. Hardwicke Grange (Capt. McNamara) was torpedoed and sunk by U129 on 12th June 1942, 450 miles north of San Juan (Puerto Rico) while on a voyage from Newport News to Trinidad and the Plate with a part cargo including 700 tonnes of refrigerated cargo. Capt. McNamara and three of his officers were decorated for bravery for commanding four lifeboats with 78 survivors for two weeks before they landed safely in the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba and Turk's lsland. El Argentino was destroyed by German aircraft off the Portuguese coast on 26th July 1943 in outward bound convoy OS52 when in ballast from Glasgow to the Plate.

Beacon Grange: She was the first of the big twin screw insulated chilled meat and passenger carriers that were built during or immediately before World War II and the post-war years of 580,000 cubic feet insulated capacity. They were built for the Brazilian and River Plate trades but during certain times of the year they were transferred to carry large consignments of fruit from New Zealand and Australia. Beacon Grange was subdivided into 63 separate insulated chambers with the refrigerated machinery supplied by J. & E. Hall Ltd of Dartford. Two dozen derricks ranging from 6 to 25 tonnes capacity were mounted on two masts and four sets of posts, the forward posts being goalposts. Accommodation for a dozen passengers in single berth staterooms was arranged in the bridge house, and abaft of the cabins was the large Dining Saloon and above the saloon there was a large, comfortable Lounge. In the after wings of the Lounge, there were small verandahs that could be opened to the deck in hot weather.

The navigating bridge had the latest aids to navigation, and had wooden, enclosed docking bridges in the wings for bringing the vessel alongside the quay on arrival. Two Hawthorn-Werkspoor single acting four stroke cycle airless injection diesels were constructed at the St. Peter's, Newcastle upon. Tyne works of her builders, Hawthorn, Leslie & Co. Ltd. The twin engines had eight cylinders 650 mm in diameter by 1,400 mm stroke, and were provided with supercharging and together developed 6,700 bhp at 124 rpm and a service speed of 15 knots. Four diesel

driven electric generator sets, each of 260 kW capacity, were also installed in the engine room, plus three Cochran auxiliary boilers, two for alternate exhaust gas and oil firing and one oil firing only.



Beacon Grange ran her trials off the Northumbrian coast on 2nd May 1938 and sailed for Buenos Aires on her maiden voyage from London. Three years later, on 26th April 1941 she was torpedoed and sunk by U552 in position 62-5 N 16-26 W to the south of Iceland while on a voyage from the Tyne to Buenos Aires in ballast. Two men were missing from her large crew of 82 during her independent route to Admiralty instructions to North America, zig-zagging without escort. She had previously been bombed and set on fire off the East coast of Scotland by German aircraft based in Stavanger on 22nd August 1940.

The 10,119grt Beacon Grange was built in 1938 by Hawthorn Leslie at Hebburn.

Rippingham, Grange and Condesa (2): These sisters were the second and third vessels of the wartime quartet, Beacon Grange being the first and Hornby Grange the last. Condesa (Spanish for countess) and Rippingham Grange were built under licence during wartime at the Hebburn yard of Hawthorn, Leslie & Co. Ltd with their diesel engines from the St. Peter's works of the builder at Newcastle upon Tyne. They were five feet shorter in length than Hornby Grange, with Rippingham Grange launched on 6th March 1943 and completed in September, 1943 for Houlder Line. Condesa (2) was launched on 17th August 1943 and completed in April 1944 for the Furness-Houlder Argentine Line. The difference between them was, although they had the same hold and 'tween deck arrangements, some 115,510 cubic feet of Condesa was left un-insulated for general cargo, thereby reducing her insulated space. They both sailed independently of convoys to Montevideo and Buenos Aires in wartime due to their high speed and survived the war to give twenty years of service.

The Argentine Government began a policy of cabotage in the chilled meat trade in the 1950s with half of all meat cargoes to be carried in Argentinean flag vessels. Thus, the volume of chilled meat to be exported in Houlder Line ships fell, and they were periodically redeployed on other Furness Group services, especially in the apple and fruit trade from Bluff on the southern tip of South Island, New Zealand and Brisbane in Queensland and Hobart in Tasmania.

The Houlder Line weekly general cargo and mail service in the last quarter of 1956 was operated from London, Liverpool, Newport and Swansea to Montevideo and Buenos Aires by Elstree Grange, Langton Grange, Oswestry Grange and Ovingdean Grange as well as Holmbury and Queensbury of the Alexander Shipping Co. Ltd., taken over by Houlder in February, 1947. The Houlder refrigerator vessels Rippingham Grange, Hornby Grange, Condesa and Duquesa were chartered out during this period for the Australian and New Zealand fruit season.

Rippingham Grange was sold in 1961 to Far East Marine Enterprises Ltd of Hong Kong and was renamed Abbey Wood, and arrived at Hakodate in Japan under this name on 23rd April 1962 for breaking up. Condesa was chartered on 31st October 1960 to the French Government for use as a storeship for frozen meat at Boulogne, and arrived at La Spezia for breaking up in June 1962.

The 10,367grt Condesa was built in 1944 by Hawthorn Leslie at Hebburn. On 25th June 1962 she arrived at La Spezia to be broken up by CN del Golfo.

Hornby Grange (1946) had no less than 78 separate compartments for a total of 555,820 cubic feet of insulated space for frozen meat, dairy produce or fruit. Hornby Grange (yard number 683) was launched by Mrs. Cyril W. Warwick, wife of the nephew of the Chairman of all of the Houlder Line companies, Walter Warwick, on 31st May 1946 at the Hebburn yard of Hawthorn, Leslie & Co. Ltd. Trials were successfully conducted on 9th December 1946 for the main engine machinery and the elaborate refrigerating machinery, and she sailed from London on 13th December on her maiden voyage to Buenos Aires. She had six insulated holds with seven hatches and four 'tween-decks in each of the four forward holds, and three 'tween-decks in each of the aft two holds, the bridge and superstructure being placed well aft of 'midships. Dimensions were length overall of 480.6 feet, length between perpendiculars of 460 feet, beam of 65.6 feet, depth to shelter deck of 37.9 feet and loaded draft of 30.9

feet. She had a gross tonnage of 10,785 and a dead-weight of 11,820, and a good service speed of 15 knots from twin propellers and twin four cylinder Hawthorn-Doxford oil engines of 8,900 bhp, the first Doxford oil engines manufactured by the St. Peter's, Newcastle engine works of the builders. A total of 146 Doxford oil engines were built at the St. Peter's Engine Works in Newcastle between 1945 and 1962.

She replaced Baronesa of 1918 in the Houlder fleet, and had the same square external appearance as her earlier sisters, with the 'two-thirds aft' location of the main engine and bridge and superstructure. The hull was subdivided into six holds, engine room, forepeak and aftpeak. She had a straight stem and a cruiser stern, below which was fitted a single plate rudder of the non-balanced type. A Shelter Deck was the uppermost continuous deck and was surmounted by a combined bridge and focsle structure of 85% of the length of the vessel.

The Bridge Deck was surmounted by a large deckhouse, the top of which formed the Boat Deck of 210 feet in length. The navigating bridge was placed on top of the Captain's Bridge and just aft of number four hold and hatch. She had two masts and 23 derricks placed on these and four pairs of kingposts, a funnel of pear shaped section, and four lifeboats. Number six hold was served by two hatches (numbers 6 and 7), and the capacities of the big holds were as follows:

- Number 1 hold 49,650 cubic feet
- Number 2 hold 98,850 cubic feet
- Number 3 hold 128,440 cubic feet
- Number 4 hold 130,450 cubic feet
- Number 5 hold 87,590 cubic feet
- Number 6 hold 60.840 cubic feet

Clear of the machinery spaces, there were three decks below the Shelter Deck, namely Upper, Main and Orlop Decks, the latter being represented by the top of the shaft tunnels in the aft holds. The cellular double bottom extended from the collision bulkhead to within a few frames of the aft-peak bulkhead, and was subdivided both longitudinally and transversely into a considerable number of compartments. These and two deep tanks abaft the fore-peak, plus the fore-peak and aft-peak could hold 1,543 tons of fuel oil, 2,436 ton of water ballast and 469 tons of fresh water. The anchors, cables, hawses and warps conformed to Lloyd's Register standards, and the deck auxiliary machinery was electrically operated. The electro-hydraulic steering gear was located in a house at the aft end of Shelter Deck. The Clarke Chapman windlass was mounted on the forward Bridge Deck (surely should read 'focsle'), and there were 22 Clarke Chapman electric winches for loads of between 4 and 25 tons on the 23 derricks. A special topping lift drum was provided at each winch to facilitate the hoisting of the derricks. The heavy lift derrick served number three hatch and had four winches available for its operation in two pairs of two winches, port and starboard.

Hornby Grange had four lifeboats, each suitable for sixty persons, including a motor lifeboat supplied by John I. Thornycroft & Co. Ltd to their 'Handibility' design. These boats were carried in gravity davits supplied by Welin-Maclachlan Davits Ltd. The Navigating Bridge had up to date equipment consisting of a gyro compass, magnetic compasses, echo sounder, sounding machine, radio installation, direction finder, and comprehensive fire extinguishers. Excellent accommodation, all in outside cabins to port and starboard, was provided on the Boat Deck for a dozen passengers, together with the ship's doctor in a port cabin and a stewardess in a starboard cabin. The cabins were tastefully decorated and appointed in panels of guerea wood, peroba and Brazilian walnut, and could be used in pairs to provide en suite accommodation, with communicating doors between adjoining rooms.

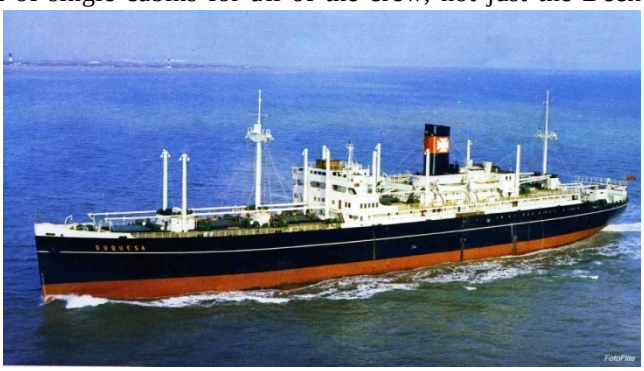
The 10,785grt Hornby Grange was built in 1946 by Hawthorn Leslie at Hebburn. In 1969 she was transferred to Royal Mail Lines as Douro before she was broken up at San Juan de Nieva in 1972.

The Main Lounge at the forward end of Boat Deck and the Dining Saloon immediately below the lounge on Bridge Deck (should this read 'boat deck?') were both equipped with bars and were finished in French walnut panels, and figured avodire, a smooth-textured decorative whitish to pale yellow wood of a large tropical West African tree of the mahogany family. At the aft end of Boat Deck was a pleasant verandah cafe overlooking an open air swimming pool.

The Captain and Chief Engineer each had a suite of rooms, comprising a day-room, bedroom and bathroom, the day-room being panelled in weathered sycamore. Single berth cabins were provided on the Bridge Deck for all of the navigating officers, engineering officers and refrigeration engineers and supplied with hot and cold running water. The Officer's Smoking Room was a spacious room panelled in brown oak and a meeting place for both deck and engineer officers on the starboard side of Bridge Deck abreast the boiler casing. The Engineer's Mess-

room was on the starboard side opposite the Officer's Smoking Room. A study for two apprentices was also provided on the starboard side of this deck abreast number four trunked hatchway and a cabin was provided for a company representative travelling to the South American estates of the company. The able seamen, firemen and deck ratings were accommodated in two berth cabins at the aft end of the Shelter Deck. Hornby Grange had a very successful career of 26 years with the Furness Houlder Group, and was renamed Douro in 1969 on transfer to Royal Mail Line, and kept this name on transfer to Shaw, Savill &Albion Co. Ltd in 1970 and arrived at San Juan de Nieva, Aviles on 6th June 1972 for scrapping.

Duquesa (2) (Spanish for duchess) of 1949 differed in a numbered of respects from the four previous big fully refrigerated vessels built between 1938 and 1946. Duquesa had a huge total of 591,830 cubic feet of insulated space, and took over from Hornby Grange the title of the largest chilled meat carrier in the world. However, her bridge was detached from the main superstructure to give a 'split profile' with the Master and Deck Officers in a separate bridge structure from the engineers. She was launched at the Hebburn yard of Hawthorn, Leslie & Co. Ltd in July 1948 by the wife of Maurice C. Houlder, the Managing Director of Houlder Line, and was completed in March, 1949 for the Furness-Houlder Argentine Line Ltd (Houlder Brothers, managers). She replaced both Marquesa of 1918 and Princesa of 1918 in the Houlder fleet, and in sharp contrast to her other three near sisters, she was given double reduction geared turbines driving a single screw, obviously a dichotomy of opinion existed at the time as how these large chilled meat carriers should be powered. Duquesa had six holds subdivided into many insulated compartments, and a 'cutaway' stern with the hatch of number six hold one deck below number five hatch. A much improved feature was the provision of single cabins for all of the crew, not just the Deck Officers and Engineer Officers.



After her acceptance into service, a useful film was made onboard the vessel by a BBC Television Unit, showing the improvements in the standard of crew accommodation and catering of the largest chilled meat carrier in the world. Duquesa was of 11,007grt and 12,075 deadweight and had a taller funnel than the earlier quartet of fully refrigerated vessels built between 1938 and 1946 that made her, in my opinion, the best looking Houlder Line vessel of the post-war years.

The 11,007grt Duquesa was built in 1949 by Hawthorn Leslie at Hebburn.

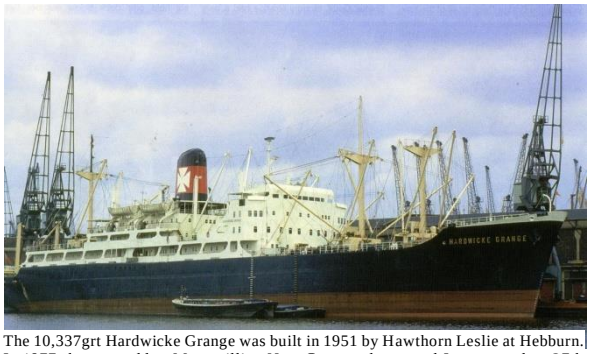
In 1965, Furness, Withy & Co. Ltd purchased all of the remaining shares in Royal Mail line that they did not already own, which resulted in closer co-operation between Houlder Line and Royal Mail Line on South American services. The unprofitable passenger service of the three 'Amazon' class ships, Amazon, Aragon and Arlanza, was discontinued and they were transferred to the New Zealand service of Shaw, Savill & Albion Co. Ltd. The big Royal Mail trio had considerable refrigerated capacity, and to cope with this lost capacity, Hornby Grange and Duquesa were transferred to Royal Mail Line in 1968. Duquesa kept her Spanish name, unlike Hornby Grange, and she then continued in the same chilled meat trade for over a year longer until she arrived for breaking up at La Spezia on 14th August 1969.

Royston Grange of 1959 and Hardwicke Grange of 1960, both again from the Hebburn yard of Hawthorn, Leslie & Co. Ltd, replaced Rippingham Grange and Condesa in the Houlder Line fleet for the chilled meat and fruit trades in conjunction with Hornby Grange of 1946 and Duquesa of 1949. They were of 435,267 cubic feet insulated space with a gross tonnage of 10,234 grt and a deadweight of 10,580 tonnes as a closed shelter-decker on dimensions of length 489 feet, beam of 66 feet, depth of 35.3 feet and loaded draft of 29 feet. They were powered by two steam turbines developing 8,500 shp and manufactured by the Newcastle engine works of their builders DR geared to a single screw shaft to give a service speed of 16 knots. Steam was supplied by two Foster Wheeler boilers at a working pressure of 500 psi at a rate of 78,000 pounds of steam per hour. A desuperheater of the coil type was fitted to each boiler, capable of 10,500 pounds of de-superheated steam per hour. All of the main auxiliaries, except for the turbine-driven main feed pumps, were electrically operated. Four diesel driven generators supply DC current at 220 volts, and two evaporators were each capable of producing 40 tonnes of fresh water per day.

Royston Grange was launched by the wife of the Houlder Line Marine Superintendent on 23rd June 1959 and entered service later in 1959, followed by Hardwicke Grange in December 1960. The pair were designed for the carriage of chilled and frozen meat, fruit and dairy produce, with a space in the bridge 'tween decks abreast of number five hatchway for general cargo and mail. The cargo holds and 'tween decks were each divided into three compartments, which were insulated throughout and cooled by an air circulated system of refrigeration. All cargo

spaces were fitted with ozone making apparatus for use when fruit cargoes were carried. The twelve passengers were accommodated in spacious and well-appointed cabins. The pair were distinctly handsome ships in comparison to the previous high sided, box like Houlder refrigerated vessels. This pair had good lines of flair with extended and streamlined superstructures and funnels, and prominent focsle. They had six holds with numbers 4 and 5 hatches trunked through two decks of cabins. They differed here also, in that number 5 hatch was trunked through an extra deck in the case of Royston Grange.

In January 1966, Hardwicke Grange stood by the disabled German ore carrier Kremsertor in the North Atlantic, which later sank. Royston Grange had previously rescued all of the crew of the Spanish coaster Morcuera on fire near the lle de Batz in the Bay of Biscay on 14th February 1965. Royston Grange, Hardwicke Grange and Duquesa were laid up for three months at the Queen Elizabeth Wharf in Falmouth at the beginning of 1968 during the meat import ban from countries where foot and mouth disease was endemic.



The 10,337grt Hardwicke Grange was built in 1951 by Hawthorn Leslie at Hebburn. In 1977 she was sold to Montezillion Nav. Corp. and renamed Jacques and on 27th March 1979 she arrived at Kaohsiung to be broken up by Shyeh Sheng Huat Steel & Iron Works.

One of the trio had night watchmen and some crew to look after the other two, which were 'dead ship' without any crew. Hardwicke Grange left first in late February under the command of Capt. T.A.G. Head, the Senior Master of Houlders at this time, Duquesa left a few days later under the command of Capt. George Boothby, and Royston Grange left last on 4th March in ballast for the Plate to load chilled and frozen meat.

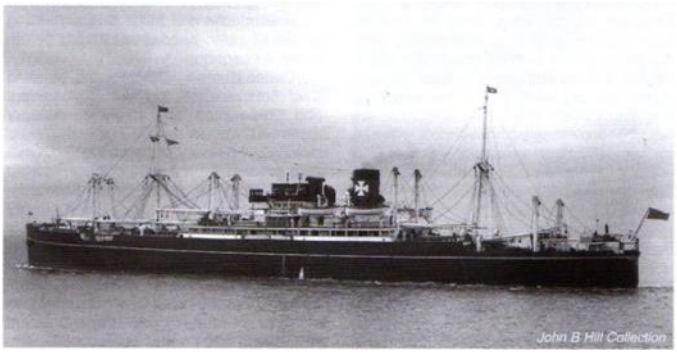
As previously recounted in section 5, disaster befell Royston Grange on 11th May 1972 when under pilotage in the Indio Channel, River Plate. Following a collision with a Liberian Flag tanker in dense fog all 61 crew and 12 passengers were killed in the resulting fire.

Her entire crew of 61, twelve passengers including the wife and daughter of the Chief Steward, and the pilot all burnt to death in the ensuing fireball or were killed by carbon monoxide fumes emanating from the refrigeration units, which burst in the intense fire.

The total death count was 82 as eight crew died on the tanker. John B. Hill, the last Marine Superintendent of Houlder Line, immediately flew out to Montevideo, where the blackened shell of the vessel had been towed.

The butter in the holds had increased the temperature of the fire to a very high figure, and there were only ashes and charred bones left of the crew to be buried in Montevideo. Royston Grange was later towed to Barcelona in Spain for breaking up in 1979, in an extremely sad episode in Houlder Line history. Hardwicke Grange sailed on without her sister until 1977 when she was sold to the Montezillon Navigation Corporation of Liberia and was renamed Jacques. She arrived at Kaohsiung on 27th March 1979 for breaking up.

The ill-fated 10,262grt Royston Grange was built in 1959 by Hawthorn Leslie at Hebburn.



Duquesa (2)

The Houlder Line fully refrigerated vessel with by far the longest career was Dunster Grange of 1927, which was sold in 1951 to Finnish owners and renamed Vaasa and then resold in 1958 to Japanese owners as Kinyo Maru. She was converted into a crab fish factory ship in Japan in 1963 and arrived from lnnoshima at Aioi on 25th May 1974 for breaking up after a very long career of 47 years. Reefers of 650,000 cubic feet insulated space are being regularly constructed today, showing that Duquesa (2) with almost 600,000 cubic feet of insulated space was a big ship at her time of construction in 1949.

What is certain is that her unique design and that of her near sisters will never be repeated again.

Postscript: The longest serving of all these was the 9,494 grt Dunster Grange which was built in 1928 by Fairfields at Govan. In 1951 she was sold to Vaasan Laiva Oy of Finland and renamed Vaasa and, in 1958, she was sold to Hokuyo Suisan KK, converted into a fish factory ship, and renamed Kinyo Maru. In 1963 she joined Nippon Suisan KK as Yoko Maru and was broken up in 1974 in Aioi.

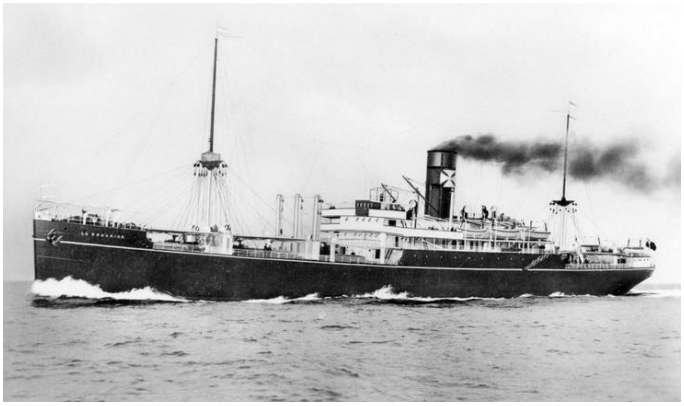
5.3 Memoirs of R/O Neil Thomson Semple (1917 - 1932) - by John Martin

Extract from Shipping Today and Yesterday

My last ship before the end of the war (WW1) was one with a very beautiful name. The La Rosarina (The Rosario girl) was a large frozen meat ship belonging to Houlder Brothers and permanently on the Liverpool to the River Plate run. I have since lost all my records relating to her statistics but she was about 10,000 tons gross and had been the largest refrigerated ship in the world in her time. For a purely cargo ship, she was quite imposing, although hardly beautiful. But there was a very solid and powerful look about her which inspired confidence. The meat carriers were reckoned to be very safe ships to be on because of their massive compartmentalisation. A cadet shipmate told me that he had been torpedoed on the Condesa some months earlier and she had taken nearly 24 hours to sink. One's survival in war hangs on such fortuitous circumstances as this. The cadet in question was W. Myerscough who later became Captain Myerscough and had a distinguished career as Navigation instructor at a famous London navigation school.

My senior was Robert Eric Blair, a chap just a year older than myself so we became good pals. As I have already related, he had narrowly escaped with his life from the torpedoing of the Tortuguero and he was more than a little nervous on that account. Before leaving Liverpool he had taken me to visit his family who were living in New Brighton at the time and they were very kind to me indeed. He had a very beautiful sister and after we had all spent a very happy day on the New Brighton beach, Blair and I caught the ferryboat Daffodil back to the Liverpool Pier Head en route via the famous overhead railway to our ship which was sailing at midnight.

A word here about the Liverpool overhead railway. By this time I had become very used to hopping on and off this magnificent train. It ran between Garston in the north and Seaforth in the south skirting the whole line of Liverpool docks en route. I can hardly imagine anything more valuable to a seaport than this well-thought out line.



The La Rosarina (right) turned out to be a comfortable, well-fed, and well-found ship and I enjoyed my one three-month voyage on her very much. However, there were drawbacks, such as the fact that, in keeping with our 'Aunt Sally' tradition, we were relegated to the engineers mess room for meals. From a navigating officer's viewpoint then, that was as low as we could go. It didn't end there because we were sub-divided again by the Second Engineer (the titular head of the mess) to eat at the refrigerator engineer's table. At the main table were the six or seven engineers and at the other the three 'freezer' engineers and the two radio operators.

That kind of thing didn't bother me much then and I usually got on well with all my shipmates. But they were a stuffy crowd and no mistake. Always on their dignity and obviously suffering from an inferiority complex a mile wide. Everybody deferred to the 'Second' in conversation while at our table everybody deferred to the 'Chief Freezer'. He happened to be much the oldest man there and as such was shown a good deal of respect by all including the mighty 'Second'.

Blair and I held our end up quite well and I don't remember any trouble except with one odd character who was reputed to be 4th Engineer but who wore the uniform of a Lieut-Comnander R.N. and who acted as such. We never did find out what he was doing on the ship so there sprung up dark rumours that he was on a special mission for the Admiralty or that he was a secret service man of some kind or other. His name was Davies and I was told that his home was Hooton Hall in Cheshire. We never did find out about him, and Blair had a first class row with him when he demanded that a copy of the news bulletin received each night be sent to his cabin in the morning.

The Chief Officer was Percy Lavender, lst Officer Mr. Harrison, 2nd Officer Mr St. Pierre and the 3rd Mr Hoffman. Mr. St. Pierre was French but was I think naturalised for he could not have held a Master's Certificate otherwise. Dark and Gallic looking and very much in love with his girl in Liverpool. I saw him more than once, weeping over her portrait, but he was no sissy for all that and was well liked. Years later I heard that he became Marine Superintendent for the Houlder Line which is a good measure of his efficiency, and during the sixties while working on a Houlder Line new vessel being built in Burntisland I was told by the then superintendent that my old shipmate was dead.

But the bête noir of the La Rosarina was the captain, whom I have no hesitation of placing in my private category of 'difficult'. Fortunately, as a junior, I did not come into contact with him very much, but poor old Blair had to

put up with a good deal of abuse at times. He was small, insignificant looking and decidedly nasty. He never said a kindly word if there was a handier brutal one, and he led his navigating officers a dog's life.

We were still in the period when a shipmaster had complete power over his crew, and there was never much chance for a seaman to buck that power. To disobey a lawful command by the Master was punishable on the spot by fines and the docking of a day's pay. In extreme cases the seaman could be put in irons. Also there was the final sanction of a 'bad discharge'. If a seaman's discharge book at the end of the voyage was endorsed 'DR' for ability and conduct (decline to report) he would have much difficulty getting another job. Technically anyone could be given a bad discharge, but it was very unusual for an officer to be given one such, although it could happen and I have actually seen it.

In the case of one very well-known Shetland master in the employ of a well-known Leith shipping company, he was known to have given bad discharges to almost all his crew, including officers. Nowadays such conduct would not do a master any good because his rulings would probably be reversed by the Shipping Master, and in any case, his own employers would not stand for it. I have heard of threats that masters were more easily obtainable than ABs or junior engineers, and it is also a fact that many of the old powers of the master over his crew are now gone forever.

The only criterion that carries much weight now is the age-old situation of 'the safety of the ship' on which only the master can rule. Ships Articles in the early part of the century were still much weighted in favour of the shipowner. They had to be read out to the crew when they gathered in the Shipping Office to sign on. The Agreement was for two years on a foreign-going ship which could not be broken by a seaman except at the final port of discharge at the end of a voyage, or at any port between the Elbe and Brest. There were many bye-laws to be observed by the seaman, the principal one being against the bringing on board of 'spirituous liquors'. Sometimes those signing on sessions were quite hilarious. Many men would be pretty drunk and eager to get back to the pub. One old Welsh Shipping Master in Barry Dock used to read the articles at a great rate but he would slow down very considerably over the 'spirituous liquor' paragraph. I can also remember a Chief Engineer demanding a delay in sailing because his second engineer had not turned up only to be told testily by the shipping master that there were only two members of the crew that a ship could not sail without, namely the cook and the Radio Officer.

We had a considerable submarine scare outward bound while still in the Irish Sea and our escort of destroyers went careering around dropping depth charges. One of those landed fairly near and nearly lifted us out of the water. Blair jumped to the conclusion that we had been 'bumped' and set about preparing to send a distress signal if he was ordered to do so, while I was given our confidential books to destroy by dumping overboard in their lead covers. It was all very exciting and I went out on deck to see what was going on. Fortunately we had not been torpedoed and I don't think any of our convoy suffered more than a good fright.

From then on our trip towards the River Plate was uneventful and we arrived at Monte Video late in August, and left almost immediately for Buenos Aires, about l00 miles further up the Plate estuary and on the Argentine side. We arrived there the next day and for the next two weeks were busy discharging a general cargo and loading frozen beef for Britain.

Argentina at that time was very much a British orientated country and a landmark visible for miles out in the river was the huge bulk of Harrod's department store. All the Argentine Railways were British built and owned, a state of affairs that continued until into the Second World War when they were regrettably sold for the cash or credit that we so badly needed then.

Buenos Aires was a very beautiful city with very many fine wide boulevards and splendid buildings. The main thoroughfare was the Avenida de Mayo which led into the fine square of the Plaza de Mayo. On one side of the Plaza (nearest the dock area) was the magnificent Casa Rosada, the principal residence of the President, so-called because of its rose pink colouring. I am not sure to this day if that colour was natural or had, been painted on. Of course there were many rather sleazy streets and the dock road was skirted by a continuous arched walk way or broad pavement. Here all the delights of a sailor town could be found. Small drinking bistros and bodegas where almost anything, from a needle to an anchor could be purchased. The narrow street called '25 do Mayo' which led off the plaza to the westward was the home of some pretty rough music halls, where French style variety shows proliferated. Those shows were reckoned to be pretty naughty in that day and age, but compared with what goes on in Europe these days, they were quite innocuous.

A good deal of our time was spent at the Victoria Sailor's Home which was run then by a Mr Parker. In fact, Buenos Aires was well served then by the Missions to Seamen and the local branch of the 'Flying Angel' was well patronised by seafarers generally. It is a sad fact that most people started to go there only when their money had run out, but apprentices and impecunious wireless men tended to be the best customers of what was after all very

generous free entertainment. The principal 'Mission' at that time and for many years after was made famous by the presence of the 'Fighting Parson', Canon Brady of the Church of England. This title had been earned years before by a certain Canon Karnie and had passed on honourably to Mr Brady. They were both very skilled boxers and used to perform in the well-equipped ring at the Mission. A boxing night each week was a sure way of bringing in the sinners from the Merchant Navy and some very real talent was in evidence. Brady himself occasionally provided one in which he fought with three hefty cadets at the same time. The results were often very hilarious. Young Argentine boxers used to turn up frequently to practice their skills and earn a few pesos at the same time. Many years later I was to see a very good professional fight there between Pancho Villa and the second cook of the Raphael.

Canon Brady was a somewhat controversial figure in the legends of Buenos Aires. In some ways I think he was a bit of a Peter Pan for he used to join in on some of the rough houses we had in cabins on the La Rosarina. Our four apprentices were just like puppies and Blair and I frequently had to fight for our lives when we went visiting the boys. We were all the same age and our scraps were devastating and quite marvellous. I remember the mate, Percy Lavender, looking in one evening when the din must have been appalling. He said "Good God" and beat a hasty retreat. What was more sinister about Mr Brady was the rumour that he was a British Secret Service agent. Whether there was any truth in this I am not sure but it is a fact that some time in the thirties he was ordered out of Argentine at very short notice by the Government.

After loading a large quantity of frozen beef from the various 'frigorificos' of Messers Armour and Swift, we left Buenos Aires for our final loading port of La Plato/Ensenada some distance down the Plate estuary. Those ports were very primitive then and held little lure for us so I do not think we bothered to go ashore at all. After the delights of Buenos Aires we had become quite selective! The loading was soon completed and we sailed for home and also for what was to be the happiest of landings about a month later.

A convoy was picked up at Sierra Leone, then a British colony in West Africa, and generally known as part of the 'white man's grave'. It was still a fever ridden hole of a place, of which it was said that one either died of malaria or whisky, the idea being that there was no other choice. Fortunately we had not long to wait and the final leg of the homeward voyage was completed without incident when we arrived in Southampton early in November l9l8. This famous port which I was to get to know very well at a later date was a great place for entertainment and Blair and I had a very happy time going to dances, drinking moderately, and also visiting the local music halls. A very happy week's enjoyment with one of the nicest girlfriends I ever had culminated in the arrival of Armistice Day.

The memory of it has a kind of dreamlike quality. I met my girl some time in the afternoon and we just wandered around the High Street, hand in hand, amidst the milling crowds of near hysterical people. We ate somewhere and then wandered some more, losing all sense of time. The lass lived over the river in Woolston and I suppose it must have been around two o'clock in the morning when we finally found our way there via the 'floating bridge'. We were saying goodbye when her mother appeared on the scene and tore her from me. I never saw her again. After a brief call at Cardiff, the La Rosarina finally reached Liverpool in late November 1918 where we all paid off and a new era was to start for me.

Bank Line will be the featured shipping company in our December edition AH2020-3. If you have ever sailed with Bank Line, please do submit an article.

6 What Did Warsash Do for You? – Rod Stanfield (StansfieldR55)

With the passing of time many will reflect on their time at Warsash and ask themselves "What did Warsash really do for me"?

The answer could run something like this; some accepted it, enjoyed their time and got on with being a Cadet, for some they may not have been over enamoured but tolerated their time there and for some they thoroughly enjoyed the whole experience. For my part I came to enjoy the whole experience and found that it completely transformed my future life. I am sure I am not alone in this reflection, but let me explain.

I arrived at Warsash starting September 1955 with the customary level of trepidation and foreboding. My academic achievement being modest at best, having failed the 11+ and ending up at a 'Secondary Modern School not noted for producing Nobel Prize winners, having been brought up in a cotton mill village in Lancashire, a long way from the sea. My only 'marine' experience being the Knott End ferry at Fleetwood and a holiday on the Norfolk Broads. Coupled with this the only person from a foreign clime I had been in contact with was a Polish family that settled in our village after the war.

Why did I choose to go to sea?, well from an early age I read a lot, and developed a fascination with foreign lands and how people navigated from place to place plus a developed excitement of sailing the oceans of the world.

Arriving at Warsash was a cultural shock, folks from all over the world, differing religions, beliefs and colour along with many from the UK. Overarching all this was the rigid discipline of Warsash enforced by the Cadets, some with more exuberance than others. I was in a cabin with Burmese, Iranian, Greek, Swiss and Brit, and we quickly formed a team with the 'glue' of mutual respect.

The first term created a lasting impression of life totally different from the one I had led hitherto. The discipline of being on parade with Billy, being inspected for turnout, mirror polished boots, starched collar, tie and suit/battledress neatly pressed with creases to sever a finger. Then who can forget Bosun Khullman shouting "No bloody homeward bounders" whilst palm and needle sewing. The subliminal message being that mediocrity is not acceptable. Then there was the invite to dinner at 'The Salterns' by Captain and Mrs Wakeford. Reply had to be in the correct format and we received training from Pearl Wakeford on table etiquette, I had never seen so many knives and forks.

The matron gave us tuition on ironing shirts, then on Wednesday evenings Jimmy Noyce took his 'Self Defence' class where we knocked hell out of each other, on the other hand we had dancing classes sometimes with invited young ladies - white gloves and mess dress. During that first term we all worked together with the aim of being the best, beds neatly made, floor polished and not a hair out of place. Dreaded 'overtime', was a clear signal that if you make a mistake then it had to be paid for - in this case wheel-barrowing sand down onto the spit in the freezing cold.

To my amazement after the first term I was appointed a JLC. The 2nd term was great, I had a number of trips on Moyana with Captain Stewart in command, a man I learned to admire and fear in equal measure. His calm crisp decision making left folks in no doubt where they stood. During this time I took an increasing interest in the academic side, understanding that detail mattered and sloppy work not tolerated.

At the end of that term I was appointed SCC Port Watch: this really lit my fire, a position of authority in helping to uphold the reputation of the School. However, I quickly learned that authority carries responsibility and attendant accountability, a lesson learned for later life. After Warsash, I left to start my apprenticeship with the Shaw Savill Line, a completely different person from the one who had entered a year earlier. Moving through apprenticeship by starting at the bottom was a sobering experience but a necessary part of development.

Moving on, after obtaining Masters whilst working for Cunard on their cargo vessels I developed an interest in advanced mathematics and physics by correspondence course. This then spurred me on to take Extra Masters in Liverpool. The course was great and progressing well having got a part but unfortunately I ran out of money.

A spell followed, part time on the docks supervising discharge of cargo and obtaining an education in industrial relations – was not to be missed. However, I needed something more substantial and replied to an advert in the local paper for a person to join an expanding marine department; the person should have in depth naval architecture knowledge and be prepared to travel. I applied, got the job with a view to rebuilding my coffers and completing the course.

The company was a subsidiary of the Pilkington Glass empire and the marine department was expanding - by 100%, me. My boss was one of nature's gentlemen, a Blue Star man and great raconteur. After arriving he laid out the plan: he had managed to get authority for the company to quote for all the thermal insulation on the Queen Elizabeth 2 being built at John Brown's yard on the Clyde. He told me the naval architects wanted full stability and thermal calculations to be submitted along with prices to the subcontractors, he then confided by saying he didn't have much idea how to start.

After around six months or so of working with the yard, we landed the contract. This then led to pursuing other contracts for admiralty work including the nuclear submarines. By this time I had been drawn into commercial life and the thought of carrying on back in Liverpool evaporated. At the same time it quickly became clear that I was ill equipped to deal with the environment in which I was now living, so back to school - evening school, to obtain qualifications in Economics this was then followed over the next 12 years gaining qualifications/certification in Marketing and finally Accounting. During this time, movement up the echelons of 'power' gained traction. I found commercial life exciting but in many areas lacked the discipline and commitment to excellence instilled at Warsash. In fact I found many areas 'sloppy' and mediocrity accepted and bias instead of tolerance.

My first real test was as MD of a small/medium size business that had got itself in a mess. After turning this around I moved on to take charge of Triplex the big name in automotive glass. This then lead to my appointment as CEO of Pilkington UK, a position I would never have dreamed of. 'Saturday jobs' then came my way - (these on top of the day job) as Chair of the emerging Business and Technology grouping set up by the Government in the late 80's plus Advisory Board at Lancaster University Business School. However, these positions had to be relinquished as I moved to Brussels as the 'Common Market', as it then was, took shape.

The cultural experience gained at SoN and at sea was invaluable as I wrestled with running operations large and small from Spain to Sweden, UK to Germany coupled with dealing with the administration of the Brussels Commission. To say I was successful would be an overstatement - more like spinning plates!! What followed was more exciting as I was asked to relocate to the US to take over as President and CEO of arguably the largest glass operations in the U.S. stretching from Canada to Mexico. This was a venture with a large Japanese company holding a substantial but not controlling shareholding. Sadly the corporation was in a poor shape and needed reviving.

A most exciting time culturally handling the ethnic issues of the day, north to south, east to west, plus the Japanese obsession with detail whilst strategically moving the corporation to a sustainable future. Again more 'Saturday morning' jobs emerged as I was asked to join the Board of the Toledo Symphony Orchestra - you've guessed right; it was in financial difficulty, this plus local charity, all of which proved most rewarding. The business was returned to good health with happy shareholders so I decided this would be a good time to retire, having moved house 12 times, and we returned to the UK.

This lasted about six months when in 1997 I was asked to restore the fortunes of the largest glass company in Africa, a public company quoted on the Johannesburg exchange. The company had operations throughout South Africa, Botswana, Namibia and Zimbabwe. This was a most exciting prospect and we moved to Johannesburg. South Africa was just emerging onto the world stage under the policies set out by President Mandela and was having problems adjusting.

Arriving in SA was reminiscent of arriving at Warsash for the first time. Folks from different ethnic backgrounds, colours, religions and beliefs, a true rainbow nation. After five years the company was in great shape and an opportunity arose for the small team I had built up with our Chairman to buy the company which we did. The operation being returned to full South African ownership ten years later, and we returned to the UK.

So what did Warsash do for me?

It instilled in me a level of tolerance and respect for people of backgrounds that differed from my own. Coupled with this was a great sense of discipline and a fact that mediocrity is not acceptable and the strength of success that comes from team effort, everyone has a part to play.

I am sure that my experience will have been similar to that of others who pursued different careers, all being moulded by the values we were all fortunate to have during our time at The School of Navigation Warsash.

7 A Mariner's Log – John Millican (MillicanJ75)

John Millican is Warsash Association's current President and an ex-Director of the Warsash Maritime Academy.

Most of the recollections in All Hands seem to come from members who were at Warsash in the Whalley Wakeford era, with very few from we youngsters who went to sea later. That is why, in the last edition, I suggested that it might be interesting to know what it had been like at Warsash for cadets from different decades, and to find out how their careers panned out afterwards. Good idea, they said, off you go...

Preamble: I was a cadet at Warsash in the 1970s. There was no history of seafaring in my family and I did not even think about going to sea when I was at school in Sunderland. My father was a coal-miner, and the only career advice he ever gave me was that, whatever I did, I should not go down the pit. Thankfully, I was saved from that when I managed to pass the 11-plus and get into the local grammar school, where I did reasonably well.

After 'A' levels I was supposed to go on to get a degree in mathematics but that ambition was thwarted when I was seriously ill with appendicitis and had to have an emergency operation. It didn't seem like it at the time, but that may have been a blessing in disguise because it gave me pause to think about what I really wanted to do with my life.

My father had been in the army during the war, sailing on the Capetown Castle and serving in India and Burma, and I wanted to have experiences like that too. I didn't want to join the army exactly, but I wanted to see the world and do something more adventurous than working in I.T., which is probably what a maths degree would have led to. Above all, I was desperate to get away from Sunderland.

I had started thinking about the Merchant Navy when one evening I got talking to a retired Chief Engineer in the local pub. He had sailed round the world several times and had a host of tales to tell. That persuaded me. I did some research in the local library, made my decision and, on his recommendation, wrote to P&O.

P&O would not even give me an interview, but they did pass my letter on to another company, British and Commonwealth. I was interviewed in London by the Training Officer, Captain Chris Abbott, who had been on the staff at Warsash some years earlier. He pressed me hard on my motivation for going to sea, as I was going to be a

couple of years older than most cadets, but he was willing to give me a chance. Warsash was just about to start a new 'A' level entry cadetship scheme and I fitted the bill, so he offered me a place on condition that the college would accept me too.

As he drew the interview to a close he told me that he always liked to offer some words of caution to new cadets, because life at sea could be hard, cadets sometimes got a rough time and you had to be able to stand up for yourself ... but you grew up in Sunderland, he said, so I won't bother with any of that.

Phase 1 at Warsash, April 1975: In my time, Warsash was known as the School of Navigation. It was part of the University of Southampton, but for all practical purposes operated as an independent college. Captain Chris Phelan was Director, and although he was faithful to the legacy of the past it was under his leadership that Warsash started to move into the modern era.

The 'A' level entry cadetship was the shortest possible route to a first Certificate of Competency. It was designed for entrants with 'A' levels in maths and physics, who would therefore be exempt from those subjects in the Board of Trade examinations and ought to be able to cope well with the more academic parts of the curriculum: navigation theory and stability.

The college part of the cadetship consisted of a two week pre-sea induction and just two full terms, one at mid-apprenticeship, and the other leading up to the exams. The sea-time requirement for a first deck certificate was 24 months, but you were allowed to sit the exams once you had 20 months, making up whatever remained afterwards.

I arrived on Sunday, April 27th 1975 and reported to the Duty Divisional Officer. It wasn't a particularly warm welcome - the first thing he said was "no shore leave" – and then he directed me to the bowels of Shackleton. I had the interview with Captain Willsteed the next morning and was duly accepted.

Each day started with an early morning run followed by 'cleanship' when we were required to prepare the cabin and bathroom area ready for inspection. We then had to stand to attention while an officer wearing white gloves searched for dust and tutted disapprovingly, supported by a grovelling senior cadet ("… it's not very good is it ?" " It's not very good at all sir").

One morning the inspecting officer told us about something called the Southcott Trophy which was awarded every week to the cadet cabin which did best in the morning inspections. He told us that, as 'A' level cadets, and therefore a cut above the rest, we were expected to win this. The moment he left the room, we looked at each other and agreed that this was The Sniveller's Cup and that on no account was it to end up in our cabin.

Induction was supposed to be the Merchant Navy equivalent of a forces boot-camp but it was a lot easier than my introduction to grammar school had been – you might get shouted at, but nobody got beaten - and it was only for a couple of weeks anyway. It had just the basics to make you safe when you joined your first ship: 2-day fire-fighting, survival, first aid, a bit of seamanship, how to address the Captain and so on. There was even a visit to the Good Hope Castle when she was berthed in Southampton, with a precious (and forbidden) stop off at a pub on the way back.

I even enjoyed the morning run, although I was probably the only one who did. I played a bit of football in the local Sunday league in those days, and after that I got into the habit of running occasionally to keep fit for it.

Off to Sea: Clan Line cadets usually did their first trip to sea in a unit of ten with a dedicated Training Officer. The Clan Menzies, and her sister ships Clan Matheson and Clan Malcolm, were ideal for this purpose because they had been built to carry a maximum of twelve passengers on the Southampton / St Helena / Capetown run. Now that they no longer did this, the officers lived in what had been the passenger accommodation, leaving the original officer cabins for the cadet unit. They were old-fashioned general cargo ships with wooden hatch boards and heavy lift derricks which provided plenty of opportunity to practise seamanship under the guidance of the Training Officer.

The pre-sea induction course that I did was an additional one that had been squeezed into the programme and it was out of step with the training-ship schedule. So I was sent straight to my first 'normal' ship instead, the reefer Clan Robertson. It took me a few days to settle into the routine on Clan Robertson and I remember being very nervous about going into the Saloon for the first time. Sunday morning sights were a bit of a challenge too, because I hadn't had any tuition in navigation at all up to then. But after two voyages, and then one on my second ship, the Clan MacIver, I felt like an old hand. So when I was appointed to join the next cadet unit on Clan Menzies I was dismayed at first; I had already been through the 'first trip' bit and this seemed like a step backward. But then it was explained that I was to go as Senior Cadet to support the Training Officer and have a (small) bit of responsibility and leadership.

That voyage was the most enjoyable of my time as a cadet, mainly because there was a very good crowd on board and the other cadets in particular, both deck and engineering, were a great group of lads. But it was also one of those trips when everything just falls into place. The Training Officer had a small budget for trips ashore, the weather always seemed to be good and we went to some great ports. We sailed from the UK, called at Ascension Island (organised tour of the space monitoring station) then St Helena (organised trip to see Napoleon's house), round the Cape (party in Durban with nurses from Addington hospital), Mauritius (water-ski-ing) etc..

After that, and a short coastal voyage to squeeze in a few extra days of seatime, I went back to Warsash for the first proper college phase.

Warsash, Mid-Apprenticeship, September – December 1976: Most of the strict social restrictions from Induction did not apply to us now, but it was still a lot more structured and disciplined than a normal college experience.

I liked the fact that it was all very practical and grounded. I had been in the top stream at grammar school where we were told how special we were and how the world was our oyster. There was none of that at Warsash. The best you could hope for in a report was 'could do better'. Many years later, just as I was retiring as Director, I came across my old cadet file. I still have it, and I particularly treasure the 'must try harder' comments for seamanship and cargo-work from one lecturer in particular. If only I had had that file to hand a few years later when he was a Head of Department and I was doing his appraisal ...

There was no choice of subjects, the syllabus was set, and you had to pass everything which was a problem. Because I could not, for the life of me, cope with Morse code. The signals exam was at the end of the college phase, i.e. just a few weeks away, and I was absolutely hopeless. We would go to the lecture theatre once or twice a week to read a block and a message, and for me the flashing light was, literally, a blur.

We had been supposed to practice signals during the sea phase, but of course I hadn't. We didn't really do that in Clan Line. But the RFA cadets had practiced signalling regularly whilst at sea and the practice sessions went at their pace. It wasn't the first time I hadn't done my homework, but this time it really caught me out.

I sought help from one of the lecturers who lent me some practice tapes and a light box that plugged into the headphone socket of a cassette recorder. For the next two or three weeks I practiced religiously: I did a block and a message first thing in the morning; then another block and a message after breakfast; yet another block and a message at smoko and so on until bedtime. After a few days of this I started to improve and in the end I passed the exam at the first time of asking. But the experience taught me a lesson.

I also discovered that this way of learning – small, bite-sized chunks throughout the day - suited me better than long revision sessions. From then on I used the same technique whenever I needed to memorise something.

Back to sea: If Clan Menzies had been the highlight of my time as a cadet, the next ship was something of a come-down. The Master was a dominant individual who seemed to think that giving cadets a hard time was part of the job description. The only thing I learned when I was on the bridge with him was to keep out of the way as much as possible.

So I wasn't exactly overjoyed to discover that he was the Old Man when I joined another Clan ship a couple of years later. But by now I was a certificated Third Officer, filling in sea time on the coast before going up for Mates, and it was very different. To my surprise he introduced me to the Chief Officer as one of the best third mates in the company *"because he had trained me"*. We sailed from Swansea up to Glasgow and arrived off the Clyde with a couple of hours to kill. He left me to it, telling me that I could do whatever I wanted to run down the time – take a few turns round, whatever I thought best – and just call him when it was time for the pilot.

After more 'coastals' to squeeze in a few extra days here and there, I completed the 20 months minimum sea time for second mates. Or very nearly; I was actually four days adrift and at one point it looked as though I would have to make up the shortfall at weekends whenever there was a company ship alongside in Southampton. Fortunately, somebody at the MCA said that would be silly and it would be OK to sit the exams provided that I made up the extra days afterwards.

Warsash, final college phase, September – December 1977: The final college term was dominated by trying to meet the incredibly high standards which were required in the safety-related subjects, navigation and stability.

It's not that the questions were particularly difficult that made them so challenging, but the fact that you had to get them right. Completely right, every time.

There was none of that 40% pass mark nonsense. The pass mark was 70%, and the paper was marked on a 'principles' basis. You could get away with the odd clerical error, such as getting an interpolation slightly wrong, because then you only lost 10% of the marks for the question. But if you did something fundamentally wrong,

such as adding a correction when you should have subtracted it, that was an error of principle. It didn't matter whether or not it made much difference to the end result. If you made an error of principle you lost half the marks for the question.

If you made two errors of principle in a question all of the available marks had gone, and the rest of it was not even looked at. The whole answer was simply scored through in red ink with a big red 'P' written next to it. In navigation, the first question accounted for 40% of the total marks, so two errors of principle there meant you failed the entire paper.

Another challenge was surviving the orals preparation sessions led by Mike Ward and Neville Hall. Neville was especially demanding, and if you could get through a mock oral with him you were well prepared for the Board of Trade Examiner. I also discovered an excellent book, "A Guide to the Collision Avoidance Rules" by Captain A.N. Cockroft and J. Lameijer. The significance of that will come later.

In the event, my oral exam was very short, only 30 minutes, but it was not without incident. The first came when the examiner handed me the sextant and told me to show him how I would check for index error. I did that, then he told me to put it back in the box.

I just couldn't get the damned thing to go in. He became increasingly irritated because I was taking so long, but I was nervous and I couldn't get the legs to align with the holes in the wooden pillars of the box. That is when he told me, grumpily, just to leave it on top. A previous candidate had dropped it, and one of the legs must be bent.

That wasn't the stress-free start I had been hoping for, but things settled down and I started to get my confidence back. Did I know any of the Rules of the Road verbatim? Yes I said, all of the steering and sailing rules. He got me to quote two of them, which I did, then he went on to lights and shapes. He got the blackboard and magnets out and put up a few configurations which I knew right away. It was all going really well.

Then he put this one up that I didn't recognize. It looked like a cross between a pilot vessel and a fishing vessel with nets. I was sure he had made a mistake, but didn't dare say so. He got irritated again; it was another sextant moment. I knew I had to say something so I pointed a nervous finger at it and asked him if he really meant that. He grabbed at it, turned two of the magnets over and, grumpily, showed it to me again. It was the fishing vessel.

There were only a couple of questions more after that and it was over. I had passed Orals, and just needed to learn the results of the writtens. When the results came out I was on the Kinpurnie Castle in Middlesbrough, Smiths Dry Dock, with the ship getting ready to sail. I was summoned to the Master's cabin to be congratulated on passing my Second Mate's, escorted to the Smokeroom for a celebratory beer, then told to get my backside up to the bridge wings to clear the snow in preparation for the pilot. It wasn't exactly a Passing Out Parade.

A few days later I learned that I had won a prize for getting the highest marks in the Board of Trade examinations. I hadn't been a prize-winner at school so this was a first, and the fact that it was the P&O prize made it especially sweet, as that was the company that had turned me down three years earlier.

However, my joy in passing everything was moderated by the fact that I still had four months and four days of sea time to do before I could actually hold my certificate of competency. I still don't understand the logic of that; I had already been found competent and nothing I did in that final seatime was assessed. I did not even have to submit a report, or keep a log. It was just doing time for the sake of it.

Until then it had been usual in Clan Line for cadets who had passed their exams to be promoted to 4/O or uncertificated 3/O whilst they completed their sea time. But now there was a surplus of officers, that did not happen. Although I was used as an extra watchkeeper most of the time, with the C/O going on daywork, I was still officially a cadet, and paid as such, until I had done every last day of the remaining sea time. I was finally promoted to Extra 3/O on that same ship on 18th May 1978, just a few days over three years since I started.

What happened next? The next four and a half years were an odd mixture of achievements, experiences and frustrations. I was still living in the north east, so when I had the sea time for Mates I went to South Shields Marine College. The actual tuition there was very good, but it wasn't the life-changing experience that my cadetship at Warsash had been. I did, however, pick up the running again; the first Great North Run was announced just as I started the course and I trained for it at lunchtimes.

I found Mates to be much easier than Second Mates. A lot of it was the same anyway, and now I had more experience behind me. Even the oral examination went without any awkward moments. About the only thing that stands out was the silly pretence I had to go through in demonstrating how to use the DF equipment. Souter Point was the only signal station within range of the MCA offices in South Shields, and we all knew perfectly well what the bearing was before we entered the room.

When I first went to sea I had the ambition of sailing round the world as that Chief Engineer had done, and during my time as 3/O I did it twice. Neither was the kind of planned circumnavigation that a cruise ship might do; it was just the way the cargoes happened to take us.

I had some adventures too, most notably when I was involved in a rescue at sea. A Korean bulk carrier was taking on water in bad weather in the Pacific and the distress call came during my watch. It felt a little surreal when the ship sank as we approached; the lights slowly went down and then the radar target disappeared altogether. You don't really expect to see something like that. Fortunately, it all went well, we got all of the crew on board safely and diverted to Singapore to put them ashore.

Soon after that, though, the frustrations were starting to outweigh the satisfactions. The sale of ships was having an impact on morale throughout the fleet, and no matter how good you were or what you did, there was no prospect of promotion. I felt ready for a Chief Officer's job, let alone 2/O, but I was still sailing as 3/O and it was looking increasingly likely that I would carry on doing so even if I got Master's. As far as we could tell (because we were not told very much) the company was gradually pulling out of shipping.

The crunch came when the office staff started to go. One of the senior marine superintendents was serving out his notice when he visited the ship on our arrival in Sheerness. I asked his advice, and he told me that it was only a matter of time before I would be made redundant, along with everyone else. If there was another company I wanted to go to, or something else I wanted to do, I should do it now, whilst I could do it on my own terms. Once I knew what I wanted to do I should write to him and he would try to help me.

I still needed a couple of months sea time before I could take Masters, which I had always planned to do before coming ashore. But that meant another voyage, probably four or five months at least, followed by six months in college. That would effectively be a full year or more, even if the dates worked out, and there was every chance I would be made redundant before then. In any case, Clan Line wasn't the only company selling its general cargo ships and there would be no shortage of officers with Masters Tickets looking for jobs in the next few years.

I didn't want to waste my maritime qualifications and experience by doing something completely different, but I didn't want to end up as a professional second mate either. So I began to toy with the idea of studying for a degree in law instead of doing Masters. I still had an unfulfilled ambition to get a degree, and my interest in the law had been stimulated by the Cockroft and Lameijer book on the Collision Avoidance Rules, which quoted legal judgements to illustrate key points. I thought that a law degree would give me more options than a Master's ticket and perhaps allow me to carve out a role for myself as a specialist in maritime law.

Coming shore: This was June 1982. I got a place at what is now the Northumbria University Law School for the LLB course starting that autumn. When I wrote to the marine superintendent he was as good as his word. He made me redundant on the day before the course started and kept me on full pay until then, even though my leave had run out some weeks before.

I had a wonderful three years as a student. It was exactly the right course at the right time for me. I even took up the running again, but seriously this time, and joined the local athletics club.

I won the Sweet & Maxwell law prize in the first set of exams. That paid for all of my textbooks from then on, and more importantly showed me that I had the ability to get a good degree if I put the work in. That mattered, because without a Master's ticket I thought I might need a 2/1 or better to get into academia.

I'm sure that being a mature student helped a lot. Working for a degree may seem like hard work when you do it straight from school, but it's a cushy number compared with working at sea. The discipline I had acquired at Warsash also stood me in good stead when it came to revising for exams. You have to learn an awful lot of cases for a law degree, so I bought a cheap portable typewriter and typed out pages and pages of revision notes with one-line summaries of the most important cases. Then, just like learning Morse Code or the Rules of the Road, I would go through them time and again throughout the day until I had them off pat.

Midway through my final year I knew I was on track for a First Class Honours. It would be quite a thing if I could do that, because they didn't hand them out as freely then as they do now and it had been a couple of years since anyone had got one on that course. But I took a chance and wrote to Captain Phelan, who was still Director at Warsash, and asked his advice about what I should do when I got it. I was really fishing for an opening of course, and it worked out better than I could have hoped. A maritime law project was coming up in conjunction with the Institute of Maritime Law and there could be some part-time teaching at Golf House, the management centre. Would I be interested in coming for an interview?

It was a huge stroke of luck! I finished my degree, got my First, and joined the staff at Warsash for the start of the new academic year in September 1985.

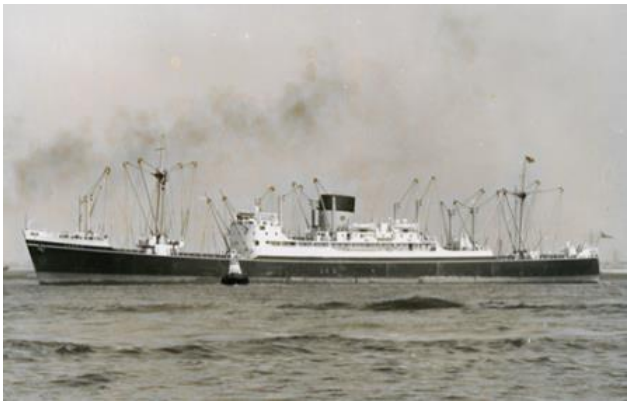
8 MV Cedric - a Voyage with Pregnant Wife – Andrew Hooper (HooperM58)

I originally contributed a short email to a thread on the topic of 'women at sea' which was running among the 58'ers group and which is a subject I am interested in. I was then asked if I would allow that email to be published in All Hands. I agreed - with some reservations and it appeared in the last copy. I have now had several requests for further details about taking my wife Jackie to sea. Furthermore, the editor of All Hands is calling for contributions from the membership, and in this self-isolating world we now live in, I have more than enough time on my hands to scribble a line or two (or 3 or 4 or 100 or so) or cut and paste something already written.

As a result, this is an expanded account of a voyage in a ship called Cedric with my new wife Jackie.

This narrative is part of a collection of experiences which I have put together at the request of my children and which I have called "A funny thing happened on the way to the Equator". The voyage itself was pretty routine – Med. to Australia and back – and I'm sure many members sailed similar trips. Therefore, because the content is aimed at interesting and entertaining my children and grandchildren rather than professional mariners, it may appeal more to members' wives and families than the members themselves. However, I hope this stirs a few nostalgic memories too.

Because this work was planned to last all winter, Jackie and I had rented out our own little house in Park Gate to another mariner who was studying for master at Warsash, and then we had moved up to the Wirral and rented a little house in West Kirby there. However, the shipyard conversion work was beset with delays and other problems and I became increasingly frustrated. Nothing happened for days on end and after several weeks of zero progress I conveyed my dissatisfaction to Shaw Savill personnel department.



In January 1971, Jackie and I had been married for less than a year.

For the previous four or five months, I had been standing by Ocean Monarch during her conversion to a cruise ship in Cammell-Laird's shipyard in Birkenhead

A wee while later I received my new appointment as Chief Officer/Mate of Cedric. I was advised that at that time Cedric was homeward bound and discharging in the Mediterranean. I was also advised that I would probably be able to join in about 10 days' time. I asked if I could take Jackie with me and after having signed a declaration that she was not pregnant, which was true as far as we knew at the time, this was approved together with further advice that Cedric was then waiting at anchor off La Spezia and that it would be another 10 days or so before I would be able to join.

This sort of delay happened again and it was actually early February when, together with about 20 other members of a relief crew, we flew to Genoa and boarded the ship there. The Chief and 2nd Engineers both had their wives with them so that Jackie was not the only woman on board. Senior officers in Shaw Savill ships were accommodated in suites which consisted of dayroom, bedroom, bathroom and office so being accompanied by one's wife was entirely realistic and practicable.

When the bus from Genoa airport arrived at Cedric's berth, I can remember that she had a list of about two or three degrees and appeared rust streaked and old and worn. She was sailing under demise time charter to the Dolphin Line. When we boarded and reached the top of the accommodation ladder, the decks appeared a real mess with cargo beams, sleeping dockers, cargo wrappings and dunnage and litter everywhere. What a contrast from the previous ship Jackie had boarded which was the aircraft carrier HMS Hermes. That had been upon the occasion of her de-commissioning ball to which we had been invited. The Royal Navy does "pomp and circumstance" ceremonial so very well and poor old Cedric failed badly in this regard at this time. My predecessor greeted Jackie with the words: "Oh my god! I forgot" when she entered the Chief Officer/Mate's dayroom. He was looking unshaven, harassed, very tired and generally scruffy (tie loose and shirt buttons undone) and had obviously forgotten that his replacement was bringing his wife.

Anyway, he recovered and chivvied the officers' Steward to manage a quick clean-up of the accommodation before Jackie settled in. He also stayed onboard for an overnight handover. He had received a "new hat" in Italian lira in a previous port and during the evening he treated Jackie and me to a super meal in a famous Genoese restaurant called Zefferini's. After the meal, he still had money to spend so we went on to a night-club with a cabaret that included a strip-tease show which was a novel experience for Jackie. She wrote to several of her friends telling of her adventures and this experience featured in her letters. On another afternoon while we were in Genoa, Jackie and I caught a train along the coast to a smaller seaside town called Nervi. We wandered around and explored a bit but it was the middle of February and I can remember it felt cold so after a short while we repaired to a café overlooking the sea and had a pizza meal with a glass of red wine before returning.

After Genoa, Cedric also loaded in Marseilles and Malaga. I recall a meal in a fish restaurant near the old harbour in Marseilles where we had bouillabaisse which upset Jackie's tummy about six hours later. In Malaga we took a trip one day, together with the Captain, the Chief Engineer and the Chief's wife, to experience a corrida (bull fight) in the nearby resort town of Torremolinos. None of us enjoyed it. I felt really sorry for the poor bulls. We only stayed until the half-time interval. The local agent took the same group out for dinner one evening. We went to a very nice restaurant near the harbour lighthouse. Just before our departure from Malaga we received an overdue container of ship's stores. This included grey paint for the topsides, masts and spars rather than the traditional black for hull and buff for spars. More on the paint later. After Malaga we sailed to Capetown. The Suez canal was still blocked at that time. By the time we arrived in Capetown, we realized that Jackie was indeed pregnant.

I have forgotten most of the details of this voyage, but several incidents come back to me. The ports of call after Capetown and until I left were: Fremantle, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne, Portland, Adelaide, Fremantle, Durban, Genoa, Piraeus, Valetta, Flushing, Rotterdam, Bremen and Antwerp. I know that much of the outward bound cargo was crates and boxes of booze of one kind or another (Italian Asti Spumante, Prosecco and red wine, French Cordon Bleu champagne, other wines and VSOP brandy, and Spanish Fundador brandy, sherry, and cheap wine).

Jackie used to spend the days at sea reading, knitting, studying and typing out the odd bits of paper-work which needed doing. The Captain gave her a personal code book which she copied I remember. In those days most communications consisted of WT messages which were charged per "word" of 5 letters. I think one of the Captain's code book groups was AFXGG which translated as: "Hi darling. I'm all well here. We shall be docking at name of port to follow on date to follow and I expect to be relieved upon arrival. Don't meet me as I shall come home by train/taxi. I shall phone you shortly after we have arrived. Love you lots, love to the children and longing to see you again." 40 + words for the price of one!

Like most Shaw Savill ships, Cedric had a scrappy note-book on the bridge known as the "psailors' psalter" which contained a few quotations from the bible or Shakespeare for use when signalling passing ships. In Cedric's case it was very scrappy and very lacking in useful content. Jackie had taken a complete works of Shakespeare with her and managed to track down a bible in the library. She then spent several days updating and adding to Cedric's "psailors' psalter" until, despite some pretty impressive ones I had seen in warships and passy wagons I had previously sailed in, it was probably best of all. However, the habit of using Aldis signals for long cryptic and witty exchanges with ships in company over several watches was dying out by this time and I don't recall the updated "psalter" ever being used properly.

In the tropics it was fairly common to have flying fish come on board in the night. The crew would find them when they were washing down the decks in the morning. I can remember teasing Jackie by throwing her a fairly large flying fish while she was sitting relaxed in the tub in our bathroom enjoying a morning bath. I know I enjoyed showing her the night sky with the stars being so much brighter in the middle of the ocean. Once a week we had a movie night with a SES (Seafarers' Education Service) film projected onto a white painted canvas screen which was framed in 4x2 and lashed to the mainmast. Jackie and I would sit with the other officers on the after end of the boat deck under a tropical night sky. Jackie found the choice of films and selection of SES books for the library was tailored for sailors and heavily into cowboy and gangster type stories. When she spent time on deck she avoided too much time in the sun. I think she found the other wives pleasant enough company but from different backgrounds and with very different outlooks on life and definitely not kindred spirits. The Captain frequently invited us to join him for pre-mealtime drinks and he enjoyed chatting with Jackie. She also enjoyed chatting with the 2nd Officer/Mate and the senior Cadet who shared the same interests and background.

She was fascinated by the standard Merchant Navy meals which varied little from week to week and in which the green vegetables were boiled for long periods before being served. Jackie preferred vegetables which were boiled for about five minutes before serving. As a guest onboard, she was grateful for the fact that she could enjoy three full meals a day plus snacks and she didn't have to prepare them. However, in typical Merchant Navy style one

could tell what day of the week it was by the menu. For instance curry followed by fish and chips on Friday and steak and chips on Sunday. We sat at the Captain's table in the saloon and one day she remarked to the Captain that she had never had white sprouts before. The Captain agreed with her and then between them they prepared a few suggestions for what they thought might be "improvements" which would add "variety" to the standard menu. The Captain spoke with the Chief Steward and Cook and the next week a few changes were made. After a few days of the revised menu items, I had a delegation from the crew knocking on my door and I understand the Chief Engineer heard from the Engineers too. There were complaints about "raw" vegetables and the last straw had been a Sunday evening meal of steak with baked jacket potatoes instead of fried chips. As a result, I had a word with the Captain and he had a word with the Chief Steward and the Cook and things returned to normal. I also had to ask Jackie not to stir up the Captain to make changes to the crew's traditional fare which upset them enough to cause me problems. Shades of Captain Cook making the crew eat sour kraut to prevent scurvy.

In Capetown, Jackie joined a party with the Chief Engineer and the other wives which took a trip to the top of Table Mountain. We were only in port there long enough to refuel and take water and stores and I wasn't able to go ashore. I think we arrived at about 0700 and sailed about 1600 which was an even shorter duration than my previous visits there aboard Southern Cross and Aranda.

In the S. Indian Ocean, Jackie was not amused by the heavy weather which aggravated her morning sickness queasiness. She spent a couple of days feeling pretty unwell when she didn't leave our accommodation. I recall trying to show her how albatrosses would fly for long periods without flapping their wings by soaring on the uplift from the weather side of large waves. Poor Jackie, who was still feeling poorly was not impressed. I know she experienced cravings for Granny Smith apples when she felt better.

Upon arrival in Fremantle we had a medical examination while we were at anchor in Gage Roads and before we were allowed to dock. This was only the second time I had known this to happen. I recall all hands had to line up for inspection by the port doctor. The chief engineer and his wife initially refused to do so but finally attended when it was pointed out the ship would not be allowed permission to dock unless they did. The whole crew waited for about 20 minutes until the Chief and his wife joined the line. Much muttering and grumbling I recall.

I remember the stevedore in Fremantle invited me for lunch ashore but didn't want to include Jackie. I guess his hospitality budget wouldn't stretch that far and he had already made a reservation for two in a 'men only' pub/club. As a result, I went swanning ashore for a posh meal leaving Jackie behind. However, later that afternoon and evening Jackie and I went shopping together and bought lots of Granny Smith apples. They were supposed to last a week but they were all gone in a couple of days. We also took the train to Perth and explored that beautiful city. I think we took in a movie called "Tora Tora Tora" which was on at that time. I know there was another Shaw Savill ship in Fremantle while we were there. I can't remember this happening but Jackie tells me that after we had turned in fairly early in order to get a good night's sleep, the bedroom curtain was thrown aside suddenly and a visitor stood there calling my name and clutching a bottle (probably gin). I stayed fast asleep but Jackie sat up and realised the intruder wasn't a member of Cedric's crew but before I woke up he spluttered apologies and vanished. I don't remember which other ship it was and to this day I don't know who it was came by for a social visit and was embarrassed to find me in bed with my wife. I also remember the next morning a small number of "jungle-bunnies" had to be evicted from the crew's quarters and chivvied ashore before the crew turned to properly.

All over the world, but in Australia in particular, the dockers, stevedores, longshoremen or wharfies were notorious for being generally work-shy, uncooperative and sticklers for union rules and compliance with safety regulations. They also had a well-deserved reputation for broaching and pilfering of break-bulk cargoes. Despite employing security watchmen during the cargo discharging, it turned out there were a large number of "sweepings" of various bottles of booze when inspecting the hatches afterwards. These were collected up by the Junior Mates and Cadets and stowed in the Doctor's cabin. In the absence of a Doctor, his cabin, which was located on the port side next to my accommodation, was used as a lock-up. Loose full bottles of alcoholic drink were a nuisance to discharge because they had to be stored in a "cage" (customs lock-up) in a warehouse with a Watchman. This was pretty expensive and to be avoided if possible. On the other hand, empty bottles together with their boxes or crates could be discharged to the consignee without any problems. The consignee could then make an insurance claim for damaged goods and the Shipowner received his freight charge. The end result of this policy was that loose "sweepings" with full bottles had to be emptied before discharge. On passage from Fremantle to Adelaide, Jackie and the 2nd Officer/Mate helped me to empty about two dozen bottles of liquor of which about eight were Bollingers Cordon Bleu brut champagne. Most of the bottles of liquor were poured down the sink in the Doctor's cabin but the champagne we treated differently. We rounded up as many glasses as we could and made a lovely pyramid and then poured the champagne into the top and watched it overflow downwards. I vaguely recall that this took place on a large tray placed on my dayroom desk. Naturally we had to sample the odd glass or two in

order to verify that we were disposing of the real stuff. Jackie only had two glasses since she was now about two months pregnant. Both of us slept well that night.

In addition to alcohol, sailors used to become intoxicated and impaired from indulging in other substances too. Ships' boats used to be equipped with a first aid kit which was stored in the boats when we were at sea. These kits included single use injection syrettes of Omnopon which is mainly morphine hydrochloride. As part of the entering and leaving port routine, the Cadets collected the boats' first aid kits and locked them in the Doctor's cabin and then re-stowed them in the boats upon departure. The assumption had always been that the ship's crew wouldn't steal their own lifesaving stuff. However, the 1960s and 1970s were the beginnings of the hard drugs use culture and on passage to Adelaide, two EDHs in the crew were unable to resist temptation and raided the boats' first aid kits for the omnopon.

Their mates either covered for them or told the Bosun that they were unwell and couldn't turn to and It took about 18 hours for me to hear that two deck hands hadn't been at work for a while. I found them in their cabins all groggy and recovering from what was a drugged stupor. I arranged for the Bosun to keep an eye on them and the next day, when they had recovered sufficiently I interviewed them and charged them with stealing the drugs and then using them. They originally denied it but the used syrettes were found in their cabin, the track marks were visible in their arms and in the end they admitted the crime. I discussed their case with the Captain before I took the two up to be interviewed by him. He was too lenient in my opinion.

I wanted to have each deck hand fined one day's pay for stealing and tampering with safety equipment as well as forfeiting a total of two day's pay each for failing to work on the days they had not turned to. However, he thought it would be best if the lifeboat first aid kits were kept in the doctor's cabin at all times and only placed in the boats when clearing away for launching. I actually disagreed and felt the more emergency equipment was ready for immediate use the better. We should be able to trust the crew not to steal life-saving equipment from their own ship. Anyway, "the Captain is always right, even when he's wrong" is one of seafaring's oldest sayings. Nevertheless, the Captain did log them and hand them a written warning. I guess he was looking ahead to the end of the voyage and the Shipping Master investigating disciplinary actions. The two might have argued they should not have been exposed to the temptation and being unable to work was on account of them being "unwell". Que sera sera! As it turned out the two hands kept out of trouble and were OK for the rest of the voyage so perhaps the old man was right. In Adelaide we purchase two new replacement boats' first aid kits from the local chandler.

Jackie thought Adelaide was another beautiful city. Together with the other wives she went for a day trip to the Barossa Valley and its wineries. I know we went to evensong in the Cathedral there one time. We joined the 2nd Engineer and his wife for dinner together one evening and I remember the two women having a fit of the giggles when the waitress asked them if they wanted a "bun" with the meal. I remember buying Jackie a nice opal ring in Adelaide for our 1st wedding anniversary. For the longest time it was one of her favourite rings until she lost it in Calgary.

While in Adelaide I started the crew painting the topsides with the new grey paint supplied by Shaw Savill and delivered to the ship back in Malaga. We had already used some painting masts, samson posts and derricks while in the good weather of the tropical Atlantic. I had read the paint instructions carefully and, despite the Bosun's opinion that it was unnecessary, I insisted the crew washed the area to be painted with fresh water hoses before beginning painting. In simple terms the paint instructions indicated the new paint should then be applied directly over the old. On the inter-port coastal passages Cedric must have looked very weird with parts of the topsides painted the new grey and parts still the former black.

The main problem with the new paint was that it was a latex type of coating which did not adhere properly to the oil based enamel paint underneath. The wave action near the waterline washed off patches of the new paint and produced a sort of camouflage effect. What a horrible sight! Anyway we persevered and made further progress at each successive port. By the time we returned back to Genoa, our first port of discharge, Cedric's topsides looked a real mess. There were large patches of the former black showing through the new grey. I took the photo above to include in my report to the Marine Superintendent.

Part 2 of Andrew Hooper's article will be in AH2020-3

9 Life After Clan Line – Bill Dancer (DancerW54)

In the spring of 1968, the time had come to make one of those big decisions in life. I had spent close to fourteen happy years working for Clan Line, from my first trip, as a cadet on Clan Macleod in October 1954 to Chief Officer on various Clan and Bowater vessels since 1966.I realised that the company was likely to be out of shipping. I estimated that somewhere in my late forties, accurately as it turned out, that I would either be looking for a job unrelated to the marine world, or at best working in a foreign-going seagoing career where time in port was minimal. Neither of these options seemed particularly attractive to me. I had met my wife, now of over 43 years, whose home was in Nova Scotia, Canada. So if it were possible, Canada provided an obvious choice to start a new seagoing career.

Some of the "old Bowater men" who, when Bowater ships came under British and Commonwealth Lines management, had joined the Canadian Coast Guard, and told me that opportunities still existed in that service. The Canadian authorities in London indicated I required proof that I had a job in Canada if I wished to emigrate. The response to my letter sent to the head of the Coast Guard in Ottawa, Admiral Tony Storrs, satisfied that requirement.

On Thursday the 18th July, 1968, I left London on Air Canada flight 860, bound for Halifax Nova Scotia to take up the position of Relief Third Officer in the Dartmouth Officer Pool. A refuelling stop at Gander Newfoundland allowed me to obtain a slip of paper indicating the starting date of a five-year period in "Landed Immigrant" status, a requirement before applying for full citizenship.

The Coast Guard organization at that time consisted of an Ottawa-based policy group, five regional offices, raised to six when the Arctic saw increased oil and gas exploration and ore extraction, and districts within regions which were responsible for carrying out the various programs provided by the Coast Guard. The Programs delivered were Aids to Navigation, Search and Rescue, Ice Breaking, Ship Safety (Regulatory) and later Emergency Response (Marine Pollution). Fleet Systems provided the ships to deliver the programs. In that role it was responsible for the vessels' upkeep, crewing and replacement. Helicopters provided support and were purchased by the Coast Guard and crewed and maintained by the Air Services division of the Department of Transport. Administrative services included Personnel, Finance, and Public Affairs. The Coast Guard College in Sydney Nova Scotia, in my opinion the most significant investment made by Coast Guard in my time, had its first graduates join the fleet. Looking back over the past 40 odd years the college's impact is apparent with graduates having held and continuing to hold senior positions on the vessels as well as other areas in government and private industry.

Joining the Sir William Alexander, an aids tender/light icebreaker, my first meal included a hot beef sandwich which was cold (the gravy poured over it was warm) and cream that was what I had known previously as evaporated milk. This should have been the first small clue that my second career was going to be different.

I joined the Narwhal, an aids tender/Arctic resupply vessel, next day as 3rd Officer for a three month voyage to the Arctic resupplying Dew-Line, early warning stations, and villages in the Hudson Bay and Baffin Island coast areas. Supplies were carried from Montreal to the Arctic in a standard 10,000 ton WW2, Park boat named the Federal Pioneer. Narwhal carried two 52 foot LCMs, a mobile crane and a gang of stevedores from Montreal to carry out the discharge and landing process. My first experience of working in significant ice, which turned out to be the only time being behind rather than aboard an icebreaker, was on this trip, starting on arrival at Brevort at the entrance to Hudson Bay. The whole voyage was a learning experience in ship handling in the close quarters situations icebreaking involves, the speed at which ice conditions can change and of the places, people and wild life of the Eastern Arctic.

I spent six years on icebreakers, working in the Arctic and the Southern East Coast waters. Most of this time, I was on Canada's most powerful icebreaker the Louis S. St.-Laurent. On this vessel, winter and spring were spent escorting other vessels through the Gulf of St. Lawrence and into the many ports that are situated on its perimeter. These ports were situated in Newfoundland, New Brunswick and in Quebec as far upstream as Port Alfred on the Saguenay River. At the time, few ice-capable merchant ships existed, so vessels were organized in convoys via radio from a shore-based, ice operations office. Escort was provided from the Cabot Strait to Anticosti Island for vessels bound for upper St. Lawrence River ports and from there, a Quebec-City-based icebreaker took over. Towards the end of the season, in early May, the added task of breaking out fishing ports called for great care as many wharfs were supported on wooden piles and were vulnerable to moving ice.

Returning to the Dartmouth base in mid-May, meant a period in self maintenance or in a dry dock and preparation for departure for the Arctic in mid-July. Arctic trips on the Louis were always interesting. She was the first vessel navigating into the Arctic which meant escorting the first cargo ship into Nanasivik to load the season's first ore cargo, bound for Germany. In most years you had to wait for the cargo ship to arrive, and standing on the still fast

ice, close to the Louis you were in the right place to see Narwhals starting their western transit of Lancaster Sound, as new leads opened up, and watch Belugas scrubbing themselves in the shallows of nearby stream estuaries.

Heavy ice in Admiralty Inlet, early in the season, meant days of full power, back and forth, breaking a track through the ice. The Louis was steam powered and burning in excess of 180 tons of fuel per day, at full power, so that her 3900 ton fuel capacity was significantly reduced by the time the ore carrier departed and with the loss of this tonnage so was her capacity to deal with heavy ice. Operations had to halt until a tanker arrived to refuel her.

A mid-life refit in the late '80s saw her converted to motor power which reduced fuel consumption overall by over 50%. In the years I was aboard the Louis, we made what was then furthest north, over 82° North, in the Lincoln Sea just to the northeast of Alert, on the northern end of Ellesmere Island. The multi-year ice encountered, was akin to floating granite, some of the most formidable ice anywhere.

On another occasion the Louis did a late probe along McClure Strait to Bridport Inlet on Melville Island in the western Arctic, in connection with the feasibility of establishing a port and marine route to export natural gas. This ended in an adrenalin-pumping run eastward to avoid being frozen in. We made it by the smallest of margins. My time on the Louis was some of the most interesting and rewarding. Her Master, Captain Paul Fournier was arguably the most knowledgeable person in regard working in ice and a good teacher too who, once he gained confidence in your ability, left you to get on with the job yourself.

A promotion in 1972 saw me based in Newfoundland as Chief Officer on the Aids/Light Icebreaker Sir Humphrey Gilbert. Here, winter icebreaking and escort was carried out from St Johns to Notre Dame Bay at the north eastern end of the island. The winter ice regime here is much heavier than in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and in the spring, as late as July in Notre Dame Bay, heavy first and second year ice and growlers carried south from Hudson Bay and the Davis Strait by the Labrador current make for dangerous ice conditions. These conditions have led to many cases of damage to and occasional loss of vessels both large and small.

Starting in December, the Gilbert's main work was escorting cargo vessels into ports on the perimeter of Notre Dame Bay for example Botwood and Lewisport and smaller ones such as LeScie. Just as much time was spent escorting small local ferries and fishing boats in and out of very small and obscure communities around the bay and provided rescue service when they got caught out by ice.

As the regular northeast gales occur, the ice comes under enormous pressure. In these conditions, ice builds up along the shore and large floes jump over rocks into the Sir Charles Hamilton Sound and a line of fast ice develops along the shore line to a few cables offshore with a running edge forming where the Labrador Current still manages to drive the ice around the bay. In these conditions, no shipping can move in the bay and the ice ridges form up to heights of 3 meters or more. The pressure on, and depth of, the ice can mean propellers cannot be made to move, even on the icebreakers. You are helpless and drift eastward with the ice and get underway when you clear the land and the pressure eases off the ice. One of the most spectacular sights in these conditions is to see an iceberg, driven by the Labrador Current, ploughing along at 3 knots when all else is stopped, more frightening than spectacular if its bearing does not change. In 1973 I witnessed such a situation as a berg came within less than 60 feet of the vessel we were escorting.

Icebreaking on the Gilbert was not done in the comfort of a large wing-to-wing bridge which the Louis provided. The Gilbert had the traditional bridge deck layout with open wings. Escort to Notre Dame Bay took you inside of Fogo Island up the narrow Sir Charles Hamilton Sound, which comes complete with its fair share of rocks to avoid. In winter, before the sound is frozen over, you are keeping an eye on your escort and watching transit marks of the old fashioned spire in line with prominent rock variety. Many times this took place in a snow blizzard, so watches were doubled up on an hour-outside, hour-inside routine, allowing a thaw out and morph from frozen snowman to a normal human form. The Gilbert's mid-life refit, in later years, provided a fully enclosed wing to wing bridge. Escorting the small ferries between isolated communities was fun if you had local knowledge. Charts were based on mid 1880s information, mainly not large-scale and locals information in regard to "plenty of water" was sometimes based on a "for my fishing vessel" basis rather than actual depth.

Captain George Brown was Master of the Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the most skilled close quarter's ship handler I sailed with and with a vast amount of local knowledge of Newfoundland and Labrador waters. From him I gained much local knowledge and learned many lessons which served me well in later years. He was a "Master Mariner" in the full sense of those words, and one of nature's gentlemen.

All ice operations had air support. The icebreakers carried a helicopter (the Louis could and did occasionally carry two) which provided local ice reconnaissance, mail collection (first priority!!) and ferry people ashore to work sites. Later when crews were changed in the Arctic the helicopter ferried them back and forth to and from the airport. Like the icebreakers themselves, the helicopters were available for, and used for search and rescue missions when required.

In the Arctic, chartered civilian aircraft provided the platform from which strategic ice information was gathered. In the early days, the Ice Observer aboard the aircraft, eyeballed the ice and later synthetic aperture radar was used. This was transmitted to the icebreaker, where an on-board Ice Observer interpreted the information and mapped it for use in planning a route. Helicopters carried aboard the icebreakers over my time were: the Bell 47, Bell 206 and MBB 105, while the aircraft used for ice reconnaissance were: the DC 4, Lockheed Electra and Bombardier Challenger.

The Aids to Navigation program accounted for four years of my sea time, stationed first in Dartmouth then in St. Johns. It was for the most part seasonal, and involved the laying, lifting and checking of buoys, ranging from small plastic spar buoys to eight-ton fairway whistle buoys. The other major component was the resupply of the many light stations around the coast of the Maritime Provinces. This requirement was drastically reduced with the introduction of automation and subsequent de-staffing in the 1970s. In the Maritimes Region de-staffing involved all but one light station but in Newfoundland and the British Columbia, for various reasons, de-staffing occurred to a lesser extent. In carrying out this program, I served on the Gannet, Sir William Alexander (1), Edward Cornwallis (1) and Provo Wallis, out of Dartmouth and Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Bartlett out of St. Johns.

The Gannet was a 230 foot LCT 8 and certainly the most unconventional aids tender I served on. She was fitted with a bipod mast and 20 ton derrick mid-length with a trawler winch as the main lifting mechanism. A maximum speed of six knots and a relatively high accommodation block, aft, made for exciting times both in any strong winds or tides. In winds, leeway allowance was more to do with helm position than degrees and in many places particularly around the Bay of Fundy, slack water was the only time you could work buoys. In good weather and little tide, she was ideal, her low freeboard and huge carrying capacity worked to advantage. The Bartlett and Provo Wallis were equipped with Hallen-type lifting systems while all of the other tenders' lifting gear was controlled manually with railway-signal-like levers for each clutch and brake, for each winch barrel (10 levers in all). These were housed in the winch room, situated two decks above the main deck, with the winches in a separate compartment, at one deck lower than the main deck.

Buoy changing took place twice a year in ice-infested waters, once in ice-free waters. Checking, was a twice- or three-times a year task, to meet IALA standards. Handling the large buoys required constant attention to safety and also to navigation. In many cases there was a small margin for error because of proximity to or being surrounded by hazards. In picking up buoys for the winter, safety became critical as buoys tended to be left in place as long as possible, ensuring some less-than-perfect weather conditions and the possibility of ice having dragged the buoy off position, or iced it up, making it too heavy to lift. Perhaps the most unpleasant task was de-icing buoys in ice-free waters. Large buoys were traps for freezing spray which made them unstable so that they lay close to horizontal in the water. There were no modern methods of clearing the ice so it was beaten off by wooden mallets from the 30 foot, self-propelled barge carried aboard the tender.

Light Station re-supply was carried out in the spring and fall and, for stations in ice-infested waters, a third time in late fall or early winter. In my early days, this was almost entirely carried out by the aids tenders. The SP barge ran in ashore: the groceries; fuel in 45 gallon drums; mail and an assortment of other goods with crew members moving cargo from the landing spot to the lighthouse. As time progressed, a larger, Bell 212 came into service, this operation became very much more an air operation either direct from the Dartmouth base or from an aids tender. Winter re-supply was a less pleasant task. Delivery was made as weather permitted with 2:00a.m. landings not unusual.

My most memorable winter re-supply trip was on the Gannet, to pump fuel oil to Bird Rock, an isolated island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. With a northeaster forecast, we dropped anchor in the lee of the more hospitable Brion Island to ride out the storm. The storm began to abate early the next morning and the Master elected to run for Charlottetown, down the west side of the Iles de Madeleine. We were caught on a lee shore as the wind shifted to the northwest at storm force. We were in spitting distance of the beach when I was called out, but a change of tide and a bit of over-the-red-line revs for the engines, pulled us slowly off shore. We eventually got on a course parallel to the shore line and maintained it with the helm hard to starboard. To make Charlottetown, meant an alteration from a westerly course to a southerly one. This did not happen, as the steering gear valves, unknown to us, had plugged with dislodged residue. It took a few hours for the engineers to clear the lines and recharge the system before finally heading for Charlottetown. It was apparent that in getting clear of the shore we had passed over Glawson Patch, a sand bar, as the decks were covered with a coat of sand: shallow draft has its advantages!

In Newfoundland, the aids program called for basically the same operations as Dartmouth's. One notable difference was: the annual aids trips to Labrador, to lay and lift buoys in Goose Bay and other small ports; to re-battery lights and DF stations and to clear trees from transit markers on the Alexis River. My fondest memories of these trips are of birds. The DF stations were situated on small islands where very few people landed (us and who ever pinched the copper aerial wire each winter). For me, landing and having Puffins walking over your shoes

as you worked and the water so clear you could watch diving ducks catch their prey, was heaven. Not so pleasant, was having to don full protective gear, as insect life was plentiful there in the spring and hungry. Another interesting task, both in Dartmouth and St Johns, was retrieving buoys blown ashore, and there were many. If high and dry, a rope was wound around the leg of the buoy in a similar way to spinning tops. The other end was run out to the tender and made fast on the stern. It was then a matter of steaming ahead and having the buoy spin into the water and it worked very well. In all cases, since the buoys were either close to, or on, the hazards they marked, there was always some tricky navigation and ship handling involved.

Like the icebreaking program the aids program had its challenges but at the end of day left you with a sense of accomplishment or in no doubt of your mistakes, hopefully never repeated. The great advantage of this program over icebreaking was that it was year round and always coming up with surprises, for example pulling up a long forgotten double legged whistle buoy with the buoy weight, or snagging a wreck on the bottom.

The Search and Rescue program was run out of military Rescue Coordination Centres and involved the Coast Guard, Royal Canadian Navy and Royal Canadian Air Force and on occasion the RCMP. At the beginning of my time, the RCMP had a marine division, but this ceased to exist on the east coast soon afterwards and the RCMP's involvement was limited to events involving criminal activity. I served on the Rally a 95 foot cutter and Alert and Daring (the ex-RCMP cutter, Wood) two 230 foot cutters. All three were dedicated to the Search and Rescue Program. I should mention here that all other Coast Guard vessels carried a secondary responsibility to the program which became their primary responsibility if activated by a Rescue Coordination Centre. Into the mid-70s, on any of the most productive grounds, switch your radar to 12 miles radius and you would have upwards of 200 fishing vessels on the screen from many nations, from factory ships to 47 foot inshore local fishermen. The vast majority of the work in those days was towing-in disabled Canadian fishing boats and berthing them in the nearest port. This was fishing overkill and when stocks diminished and new regulations came into being, this workload reduced dramatically but continues to be a main component.

The area covered by the Dartmouth-based cutters was the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Atlantic waters off the Maritime Provinces. Placement of the larger cutters was at a central spot on the eastern and southern shores and the Rally and her sister Rapid, likewise inshore, with regular trips to Gulf in the summer months. I spent a total of 18 months on one or the other of cutters responding to calls for a tow and also representing the Coast Guard at the many festivals held in various ports in the summer months. While the program had its benefits, the main being a time-on time-off leave system which was not applicable to the other vessels at that time, for me its negative component was the hours you spent on search and rescue standby.

I cannot claim to have been part of what I would consider a heroic rescue incident but one or two took place in terrible weather and one did get considerable press attention but from my perspective presented little difficulty. I was acting as Master of the Sir Humphrey Gilbert when called at home by RCC Halifax at five in the morning to say a balloonist was presumed ditched off Cape Bonavista. It took an hour to get a skeleton crew aboard the Gilbert and sail north toward Bonavista. An air force Argus had found the gondola and led us through the fog to the scene using flares. The gondola was damaged having been torn down one side as the balloon detached on hitting the water. The balloonist was lying in the bottom very seasick. It was blowing, so we got the derrick ready and got down wind and let the gondola come alongside where the 3rd Mate hopped into the gondola attached a rope sling round its metal frame and we hauled it aboard. The whole process took less than 5 minutes from sighting to having it safe aboard on Number 2 Hatch. Media were on the phone within minutes and I explained all was well and it was a simple and fast operation. Within 30 minutes Ottawa Headquarters was on the phone. I was left with the impression Headquarters had planned for a more flowery response. The story has a sad ending: the balloonist made a second attempt at a crossing from the coast of Maine but ditched shortly after take-off and did not survive. Thank goodness someone has now made all the 'firsts' and such flights of fancy have ceased.

In January 1979 promoted to the So-MAO 12-level Relief Master on the large icebreakers and so realized my initial ambition. I subsequently did trips on both the Labrador and Louis S. St-Laurent as Master.

Since the late 1970s I had been largely seconded ashore to both the Regional Office and Ottawa headquarters. In the Regional Office my work involved officer and crew leave schedules and planning and costing fleet time on the various programs, probably because they were jobs that fleet personnel were not keen on. I also spent a good number of years on teams doing special projects in Ottawa. The most memorable were Priority One, which involved Coast Guards response to an initiative by the Defence Department to manage all government fleets.

The Coast Guard remained intact at the end of the day, so I think you could say we won that one. The most important project came shortly after this. The Polar 8 project sought to have a year-round-capable Arctic icebreaker, built to support the projected oil and gas traffic anticipated in the Arctic. Another cogent argument was that Canada needed this capability to substantiate its claim to sovereignty to areas of land and water regarded as Canadian and which were in dispute internationally. Sadly, instead of the expected laying of first steel, the

polar icebreaker was cancelled at the last minute. As I write this the Louis S St.-Laurent replacement, the John G. Diefenbaker, is close to being able to have the first steel laid. I await this with baited breath!

Another first for me at this time was to appear as an expert witness on ice technology for the U.K. Department of Trade and Industry at a hearing into the circumstances of the tanker Kurdistan breaking in half in the Cabot Strait while in ice. There were many parties involved in these hearings and considerable financial implications hinging on what caused the break-up of the vessel and resulting pollution. I learned from the DTI's legal advisor a considerable amount on how to conduct yourself under questioning and presenting evidence.

January saw a move for me from the Marine Officer category to a Civil Service Senior Management (SM) category on being the successful candidate in the competition for Regional Manager, Fleet Systems in the Maritimes Region. This saw the end to my seagoing in Coast Guard, but not quite in total. The job, as the title infers, was to be responsible for all aspects of fleet operations in the region.

In 1992 I was invited by the Civil Service Commission to enter the competition for the position of Regional Director General Western Region based in Vancouver, British Columbia. That I was the successful candidate was a surprise to me and I suspect for many others. One thing I would say about the competition was that the third part which involved fewer words than this article, how you would effect a rather large budget reduction without reducing levels of service and the rationale for the cuts you made. This was a clue to what the future held. It was just to make good on the words I had written, which became my main task for the three years I was Regional Director. As a result, Federal Budget cuts from twenty to thirty percent were required. In the big picture, the Coast Guard as well as many other parts of Transport Canada, to use the parent Ministry's new name, were either privatized or transferred to another Ministry.

In the case of the Coast Guard it was transferred to the Department of Fisheries and Oceans, but with the regulatory arm, Ships' Safety remained within Transport Canada. This move incorporated merging all vessels in the fisheries and oceanographic fleets into Coast Guard, thus effectively completing civilian integration and also making the position I held redundant. I was given the choice of two jobs to see me to age sixty, one to sell the newly introduced pleasure-boat- operators' certification to yacht clubs and the other to pick up Operations Manager position for the second year's work on raising an oil barge from the bottom of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. I choose the latter which entailed seeing that the contractor, Don John Marine of New Jersey, carried out this work safely, and that all requirements to start work were in place. This all took place in 1994-5 and since then, Coast Guard has become a Special Operating Agency within the Department of Fisheries and Oceans, giving it a high level of control over its operations, with regional heads now known as Assistant Commissioners.

The barge, Irving Whale sank in the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the 7th September 1970 in 67 meters of water off Prince Edward Island and the Iles de Madeleine. Over the years, despite numerous efforts to seal off leaks, small amounts of oil continued to escape and pollute local beaches. In 1995 the first year work was begun on lifting the barge, but bad weather and the realization at near the end of the season that the heating system included the global-warming pollutants, PCBs, led to work being stopped and a re-assessment to be required.

Environmental groups and the public had lost confidence in the project, so a complete new set of public consultations had to be arranged. With the discovery of PCBs it was necessary to negotiate a new insurance coverage through Lloyds. Overall, there was a huge amount of work to complete to get everything in place for the start of work in June 1996 from our starting date of November 1995. One priority was to gain the confidence of both public and press and get the team out of the position of always being on the defensive. It was agreed that communications with the public and press would be timely and give the truth of the matter, good, bad or indifferent. This proved to be a very smart decision, for as time went on, the team's information was largely accepted.

Nothing came easy as the core team, of 30 or so people, went through all the necessary work. The largest interruption was caused by having to argue before the Supreme Court of Canada, the viability of the project, in response to a challenge from an environmental group, two thirds of the way through the preparation stage. This was made worse when an electronic glitch caused the temporary loss of half of the French translation of the original in court submission in English, at the last minute. The finding handed down by the court was to allow the project to proceed, but terms of "on your head be it".

In mid-June recovery operations began in the gulf, off of the BOA 9, a large semi-submersible barge. Apart from heavy weather, which required the project vessels to shelter off Prince Edward Island, all went well. Lifting day was reached on July 30th, just inside the limit allowed by our insurance policy, and turned out to be the calmest day in the whole process. There was just one more surprise. A small bomb-like object was found on the stern of the Irving Whale when she was raised. We called the bomb squad in Halifax and that little problem was removed within hours. The barge was transferred to the BOA 10, a sister submersible barge, and towed first to a sheltered

bay where all contaminated mud and sea life was stripped and placed in sealed drums and then towed to Halifax where she entered dry dock to be decontaminated. A small portion of her 4200 tons of oil and drums of contaminated materials were transported to special incinerators in Swan Hills, Alberta while the remainder of the unpolluted fuel was sold to a local power station. The Irving Whale was converted and renamed and is still in service as a wood and chip carrier. The project involved an old Clan Line shipmate, Les Morris, who was employed as a consultant by the Federal Government. It also, together with Will Vickery, a Ship's Safety Officer, led me to London to negotiate insurance terms with various parties.

Individuals from various government departments, individuals from private industry and the contractor made up the team that, under less-than ideal circumstances, made the project a success. It was a great way to end what had been a long, twenty eight-plus years in a great organization that had led me into work experiences I had never dreamed I would have. I have been retired for sixteen years now, fourteen living here in Victoria, British Columbia. I keep both mind and body active by being involved in volunteer work, the majority of which involves nature and getting school children out in it and having some understanding of it. The only other volunteer job was a $2 a month job as 2nd Officer on the Simon Fraser from July to September 2000, my last seagoing job on a Coast Guard ship. It provided support to the RCMP's centennial project, making a west-to-east transit of the Northwest passage in one of their aluminium catamarans Nadon, renamed St. Roch 11, for that voyage and replicating the voyage made by Henry Larson in the 1940s in the original St. Roch.

A "where are they now?", of the vessels I sailed on, makes for an interesting footnote and in large part validates Coast Guards maintenance and mid-life refit policy.

Louis S St.-Laurent ('69) is still very much in service based in Newfoundland and was replaced in 2016; Labrador (53) replaced in '87 scrapped in India; Gannet (50) sold in '71 renamed Dogfish, sank in the Atlantic en route to West Africa; Sir William Alexander ('59) sold in '90 wrecked in the West Indies, later in a hurricane; Edward Cornwallis (49) decommissioned '86 sold and presently used as a restaurant in Ontario; Provo Wallis (69) decommissioned 2011 presently for sale as 2011-2 at Patricia Bay near Victoria; Sir Humphrey Gilbert ('59) sold in 2001. Sold-on again and still in service as the Arctic Prince; Bartlett ('69) still in service based in Victoria B.C.; Narwhal ('63) sold in 2000, still in service as the super yacht Bart Roberts lately in the Persian Gulf area; Rally (63) transferred to the navy in '83 and still in service as a reserve training vessel; Daring ('71) sold and arrested a few years later as a drug running mother ship; Alert ('69) placed in reserve '94, sold in '97 and still in service as Ocean Alert; Simon Fraser ('60) decommissioned in '97, sold a few years later for conversion to a small eco-cruise vessel.

10 Memories of a Ben Line Cadetship – Mike Waight (WaightM66)

As my time at Warsash neared its end there was the application and interview process to go through and in due course application to my choice of company - Ben Line - was made and an invitation to attend for interview was received. Normally Ben Line interviewed at their then head office - 10 North St. David Street, Edinburgh - but as I was from the south, I was told to report on board the Benloyal at F Shed, West India Dock on such and such a date. On the appointed day I travelled by train to London and then by bus and foot to West India Dock. This was all very mysterious to me, the entrance gate, the dock police and the lorries all over the place but eventually I made my way to F Shed, dodging said lorries and dock trolleys as I went. These days I'm sure there would have to be special pedestrian access and walkways but not in 1966.

I was totally taken aback when I first saw the Benloyal, her sheer size close-up, which to me as a novice, was staggering. The forest of cranes swinging around, the dockers yelling and shouting, slings full of baled coir fibre, nets full of baled rubber being lowered to the dockside and then, with two hooks released, hoisted up allowing the rubber bales to cascade down to the quayside and bounce around all over the place, dock trolleys full of boxes and crates travelling hither and thither, men with hand trolleys rushing to and fro. To me it was a madhouse. Finally, I found the gangway and stepped up the steep incline - she was practically light ship hence the impression of size earlier - until I reached the top where that first smell of ship hit me. A smell that was to dominate my working life for some years to come. I can only describe it as a combination of hot oil fumes, cooking odours, cargo aromas and grease!

I must have asked about three or four people in the main deck alleyway where I should go but no-one seemed to know. Eventually I found the entrance and stepped in to be greeted by a young man, like myself, dressed in working gear who eyed me up and down and then burst out laughing. This puzzled me a bit but then following his references to my uniform - "ye'll nae need much of that" - I gathered that uniform was not the usual attire of a working cadet. He was a cadet on the ship and was on his way out to some job or other but showed me where to go; I can't recall that I ever asked his name.

He deposited me at the entrance to the Smoke Room. I went in and was greeted by the sight of three or four other young men like me; they all sprang up assuming that I was a member of the ship's complement and I realised that it was the uniform that had made them leap to their feet. I hastily corrected them and sat down. Strangely none of us spoke to each other. After five minutes or so the door opened and in came two men, one in uniform with three gold bands on the sleeve and a back curl similar to the Royal Navy but not as wide in the width, either the First Mate or Chief Officer as Ben Line carried both at that time. The tall man in a suit introduced himself as a Marine Superintendent and after introductions, the one in uniform left. My memory fails me as to the marine superintendent's name but he interviewed all of us en-bloc which was not what I was expecting. After asking the expected questions - why do you want to go to sea, what do you know about our ships, what do you want to become as your career progresses, have you had pre-sea training - he then went on to ask about hobbies. Now I had thought about this after a briefing from the college about how to deal with interviews and decided that apart from the obvious like reading, perhaps the wisest course of action was not to profess an undying love of outdoor pursuits. So when my turn came I indicated my keen interest in books, photography, indoor games like chess and visiting museums and art galleries when the opportunity presented itself. One of the other interviewees gave a whole list of his achievements in playing practically every outdoor sport one could think of. At hearing this long list, the marine superintendent, raised his eyebrows and stated bluntly that there wouldn't be much time for that! I have no idea how many of us were taken on as I never saw any of them again. We were given cups of tea and my first experience, but not my last, of ‘tab nabs’ (cake or biscuits) and sent on our way.

As my time drew to a close at Warsash I received a letter from Ben Line stating that my interview had been acceptable and that in due course they would be offering me employment as a Navigating Cadet. They also advised me to register at my nearest Mercantile Marine Office and obtain a Discharge Book and Seaman's Identity Card and have the obligatory eyesight and colour test. Although I have no recollection of it, I was issued with my Discharge Book and Identity Card at the Mercantile Marine Office in Southampton on 29th March 1966 - and judging from the photo in my discharge book I look like the inmate of a secure prison.

After leaving the college I went home and waited to hear from Ben Line. I did not have to wait too long before a package arrived containing a letter together with a box of uniform Ben Line buttons, cap badge and cadets' epaulettes. The letter indicated that I would receive joining instructions shortly; indeed, shortly was the operative word as it came the next day appointing me to Benvalla in a coastal capacity as cadet - a rail warrant was also enclosed.

I joined my first ship, Benvalla, on 14th April 1966 at F Shed, West India Dock, after an emotional departure at Dover Priory Station from my parents and sister. As with the Benloyal the ship seemed a vast structure of grey, the colour of the sides, along with a band of green being the boot-topping. The remainder of the ship towered above me and left me dodging between dock trolleys and pallets, dockers and hand carts. My memories of my first ship are few and far between as much of it was a blur of learning and making a lot of mistakes. I had joined the Merchant Navy and Ben Line. Before being let loose to go deep-sea I, like many a Ben Line cadet, remained 'coastal' for a while (perhaps in case one decided the life wasn't for one).

.Lighting and flags stick in my mind to this day. Every morning and evening whilst in port it was the cadets' job to raise or lower the flags - Red Ensign, House Flag and Stem Jack and turn on or off all the exterior lights around the ship but mainly the large mast lights illuminating the decks. Since in those days there was no central switching system on the bridge for all deck lights, each one had to be done individually and locating where all these switches were was an effort in itself until one memorised them. In and out of masthouses, alleyways and the focsle. With the flags if there were sufficient cadets, they were all attended at the same time by the 3rd Mate blowing a whistle from the bridge wing; if it was only you then you started at one end and worked your way to the other! In a breach of flag etiquette I soon realised that instead of removing the flags from the halyards you could lower the flag, then leaving it bent on (connected to the halyard), roll it up, put a quick release knot around it, then hoist it back up again. This meant you could run around the next morning and just pull hard on the halyard and the flag would unfurl. Needless to say this was seen by the Chief Officer at one point and a return to the time-honoured system of removing flags each evening restored.

Within a short space of time I had joined the other two cadets and was introduced to climbing down into the lower holds and tween-decks, to collect up dunnage and then to start sweeping up the detritus left by the cargo and its packing. I had no trouble assimilating to the manual effort involved and in fact enjoyed getting 'stuck-in'. A variety of jobs followed too numerous to remember now but one does stick in my mind as it involved the only trick I fell for.

The job in hand was to turn out the offshore gangway and platform for maintenance by the cadets and two Seamen with the Third Mate overseeing the work. They had previously agreed that this was the perfect job to catch me with the "sky-hook" trick. As things turned out it didn't go to plan. The Second Mate, a large Shetlander who's

name escapes me now, decided to play a game of his own by telling me what was to happen and instructed me to act, after a suitable time interval, as though I had a sky-hook (handy-billy) and make it seem if I was carrying it, then, leaning slightly over the side, pass the imaginary hook up to the deck above. The Second Mate would then lower a real handy-billy down for us to use when swinging the gangway platform. It all worked perfectly although I felt a complete twit pretending to carry the piece of kit and then passing an imaginary hook up to the next deck. Since I hadn't fallen for the prank I was required to buy the first round when we went ashore that evening. And even at one shilling and a penny for a pint of bitter it took a fair chunk out of my daily income of 17/4 (17 shillings and fourpence)!

Since we are on the subject of drinking - whilst on Benvalla in London my first experience of over indulging and staggering back on board and bouncing off either side of the gangway and in the process destroying many of the light bulbs that were strung down the outboard side of the gangway resulted in a visit to the Master - a Captain Plenderleith - who stopped my shore leave for the rest of our stay in London. In fact he probably saved me money.

My dealings with Captain Plenderleith didn't end there. One Saturday - no cargo was being worked; this was London in the 1960s remember - I was told that I would be assisting the Third Mate in showing a party of school children around the ship. Today this would involve extensive pre-planning, risk assessment, high visibility jackets all round and a plethora of ship's staff and teachers. Then it involved just the two of us and one teacher and no HSE equipment of any kind at all!

All went well until the Third Mate had the bright idea of showing the children how a ship's crane worked. That class of ship had two cranes aft of Number 4 Hatch, port and starboard. They were also just forward of the bridge front and accommodation. I was told to go up into the driving position, turn the key to start the crane up and just raise and lower the hook (with heavy weight just above the hook to keep the wire in tension when no load was on it), raise and lower the jib and finally traverse (slew) the crane left and right. It went perfectly until the final evolution of turning left and right. Unbeknownst to me and the 3rd Mate, the Electricians had been working on the crane earlier that morning and were unable to solve a problem with the traversing mechanism resulting in the crane only being able to turn left whichever way the control lever was set.

We arrived when the electricians had left to have a break (universally known at sea as "smoko") and hadn't put up a sign saying 'do not use'. As I went to turn the crane right it did the opposite and went left and despite me trying to stop it, it wouldn't. Unfortunately I had left the hook and weight at a height corresponding to the accommodation windows, specifically the Captain's dayroom window. As you might have guessed by now the momentum caused by the swinging crane resulted in the hook and weight impacting on said window and shattering it completely! The crane stopped when it reached the cut-out stops and I descended to the deck amidst huge merriment by the children and looks of shock from the teacher and Third Mate. My visit to the Master's cabin was short and not sweet until Captain Plenderleith was advised that it wasn't my fault. I gathered afterwards that he had been sitting in an arm chair reading a newspaper with his back to the window and was unharmed as the glass sped past him on impact, the back of the chair shielding him.

I have little recollection of leaving London but do recall being on the bridge at about 0100 the following day going into Rotterdam where I was to record all engine movements in the Movement Book. It seems laughable now but the book would be part of any investigation and court action in the event of a mishap. A similar book was kept in the engine room and it was most important that clocks between the engine room and bridge were synchronised prior to entering or leaving port; court cases have foundered on such minor discrepancies. At some point I was detailed off to call "everyone" for "stand-by" (going to stations for securing tugs or going alongside). Since I lacked sufficient experience as to who did what, throughout the ship at such times, I did just that - called everyone. Needless to say the Radio Officers, Chief Steward, the rest of the catering department and off duty personnel were not amused!

In Hamburg I was looking forward to some shore leave and one day after knock-off was set to go "up the road" (by ferry actually) with the other cadets. This was quickly terminated and the three of us were detailed off to go aboard the Benledi that lay just ahead of us and help out with watching broach-able cargo as their cadets had been on the go for many hours and needed a break. Following a protest from our senior cadet - a tall thick set chap with full beard - we made our way to the other ship and climbed down into the holds and sat watching the cargo. Obviously a cargo of some value but I cannot recall what. After two or three hours we had still not been relieved and when their 3rd Mate appeared he was asked where their cadets were only to be told that they were all ashore and that it was awfully decent of us to help out! At this our senior cadet yelled down our respective hatches and told us to come up. We then stormed back to our ship where after some bawling at each other the Chief Officer and senior cadet came to an 'arrangement'. We got an early knock-off and got to go ashore the next evening and nothing more was to be said about it. Apparently the whole thing had been arranged between the two First Mates

as a private agreement. I never did get the full story behind it but then as what nowadays would be called a "rookie" meant that a lot of things passed me by.

The rest of the coastal trip went by in a haze of learning and cocking things up by turn, until suddenly we were alongside at C Shed Victoria Dock in London four weeks later where I was 'paid-off', put in a taxi and sent back to F Shed West India Docks to join Benledi, (our bête noir from Hamburg) and a very new ship for another coastal trip.

The Benledi was a very different ship, the first of a class of new fast cargo liners with four hatches on the foredeck and one on the raised aft deck. Watertight doors on the for'd end of the accommodation gave access to a vehicle deck which ran the full area of the accommodation and culminated at the aft end at number five hatch. The ship also had a watertight side door aft and small running gantry that projected out through the hull over the side in way of number 5 hatch/hold. A platform suspended from the gantry was used to load/unload the vehicles onto the deck; I never did see this contraption in operation. The hatches at number three and four holds were of the triple type - the idea being to speed up unitised loading of pallets etc. by being able to drop-stow the cargo and negate the established method of winging-out from the hatch square involving many dockers to do so. The main deck hatches were, if memory serves, electrically/hydraulically operated and likewise the upper and lower tween deck hatches. I have memories of being asked to open one of the upper tween deck hatches and being unfamiliar with what lever controlled what hatch promptly started to open the wrong hatch which unfortunately had a gang of dockers and some cargo working on it! The loud and profane yelling that ensued shortly after I activated the lever prompted me to stop quickly and lower the hatch back to the level position. The First Mate rewarded me for such an event by making me learn what all the actuation controls did and then examining me on it; he was of course quite right to do this but I have to say in my defence that there was no formal induction process to start one off in those days and if I hadn't have been passing the hatch at the time the 'permanent' would not have asked me to open it. A 'permanent' by the way was London dockers speak for the man who stood at the top of a hatch, on deck and gave hand signals to the crane drivers when they lost sight of whatever they were lifting. These days anyone in a position like that would be covered in protective high-visibility clothing, a hard hat and a portable UHF radio. In those days he wore old trousers, a greasy old sports jacket and a flat cap!

Although this might seem like a catalogue of cock-ups you have to remember that I was in an alien world and still learning. Which leads me nicely on to my next disaster on the Benledi. A group of us - cadets and ABs - were detailed to sweep up in the lower hold at number 5 hatch. To gain access to the hold the tween deck/vehicle deck flush fitting covers had to be opened and held in the open position by chains that were secured to pad-eyes on the deckhead. All went well and when we finished the flush fitting covers had to be lowered back into the closed position. I was on one of the corners waiting for the instruction to remove the securing chains and when the order came I unshackled the chain from the deckhead and watched as the panels were lowered into the closed position. When closed the corner where I was started to creak and groan and caused me to step back rapidly. As I did I noticed that the other securing chains had been shackled back on to themselves and were suspended from the deckhead, my chain on the other hand was under the panel corner and the load and strain it was under suddenly gave out. A section of the panel fractured and shot skywards at a rate of knots and went clean out of the main deck hatch! Yet another example of a lack of an induction system and an assumption by others that you knew what you were doing. On the other had if I had been more observant I would have spotted my mistake. Given the damage and the costs involved I got off lightly - a visit to the Master (I think his surname was Bruce) and I left his cabin chastened accordingly but no shore leave stopped.

When we departed London I was stationed on the focsle with the Mate. It was a windy day and try as they might the crew could not get a heaving line down to the tug to enable them to take our towing wire. Exasperated the Mate said "give the cadet a go". I duly made a series of small coils and a good hang with the monkey's fist, mounted the step on the bulwark, took aim while allowing for the wind and threw the line. Keeping my other hand flat while the coils flew off, the line curved gracefully down and landed on the aft deck of the tug. "Thank Christ" said the Mate, "jammy bastard" said the crew! I then took the inboard end for'd, threw a bight over the bulwark cap, passed it back though the lead, made a beautiful bowline and threw it all over the side. As it sailed down a groan went up from the crew accompanied by the Mate who was nearing a state of apoplexy and using language that would have severely distressed a nun. An invitation for me to leave the focsle by the Mate was given and some extreme profanity and questionable observation about my mother's ability to produce some intelligent human offspring was made! I had forgotten to pass the heaving line through the eye of the towing wire!

One thing about the Benledi was the introduction it gave me to deep tanks and palm oil. As a modern ship some or all - I can't remember - of the tanks were made of stainless steel and had all the strengthening brackets and frames outside the tanks which left them smooth sided and much easier to clean. I do recall when at Rotterdam puddling in these deep tanks. Using cadets for this job presumably saved on the cost of employing shoreside

puddlers. The tanks internally were very hot and humid as the heating coils had been on in order to keep the oil liquid. Many years later my life as Mate in Bank Line was to be dominated by deep tanks.

I cannot recall much else of my time on Benledi except that I paid-off at Middlesbrough on 23rd May 1966 - the day a national state of emergency was declared in parliament because of the National Union of Seamen's strike which had begun a week before - and went home on leave.

I then joined Benavon at Liverpool on 9th June 1966, roughly halfway into the seamen's strike. There were four of us cadets on the idle ship and we were there to act as "crew". Ben Line had offered strike bound sea-staff on board 3/6 a day (three shillings and sixpence) in lieu of food found or, and this was a big or, food found with the cadets doing the cooking and serving etc. all at the discretion of the Master. Our Master was "Twitch" Wilson and he opted for the cadets doing the work; I would much rather have had the 3/6 a day.

So the four of us under the auspices of the 3rd Mate became 'catering' staff as well as carrying out normal cadet duties - lights, flags, soundings, painting, splicing rope slings, etc. One of us became the 1st Mate's 'runner' taking his betting slips up to the nearest bookmakers each day. We all turned our hand to peeling potatoes and on one occasion the senior cadet took a chunk of his thumb off during the process; I'm afraid we weren't very sympathetic. On another occasion, having boiled and drained a huge pan of potatoes, the 3rd Mate whilst making his way from the galley on the aft end of the accommodation to the officer's pantry at the for'd end, dropped the pan, the potatoes rolling all over the alleyway! We all lent a hand to recover them by sweeping them up with a dust pan and brush and replacing them in the pan; no one thought to rinse them off prior to serving but then no one appeared to suffer from their consumption either.

In the pantry a large hot water urn/boiler provided hot water for tea, unfortunately it didn't occur to any of us to use a tea pot so quarter pound packets of tea were tipped into the urn two or three times a day and provided instant tea, until such time as it clogged up. It took some time to clear it all out and then do things the proper way. Apart from this our efforts at cooking met with a modicum of success, although we did manage to turn a topside of beef into a charred ruin until we mastered the art of roasting. Another disaster which befell the 3rd Mate was his attempt to make a jelly. It all went well until it refused to set, at which point he decided to put it in the freezer cabinet in the store area. When we served it had to be chiselled out of the tray and then slid into a pudding dish. The first recipient was the Captain, who naturally assuming it was proper jelly made the observation "it's nae wobblin' so cannae be jelly". On being assured that it was jelly he jabbed at it with his spoon resulting in the frozen lump of 'jelly' shooting out of the dish, across the table and onto the deck. He was not amused initially but when everybody else roared with laughter, joined in. No more jellies after that.

I still have visions of we cadets acting as stewards in the saloon dressed in working gear, complete with deck boots with a tea towel slung over our arms while we pretended to be waiters!

On the whole Ben Line were good feeders with perhaps the exception of eggs where in my experience they were very tight fisted. Although the senior officers would get two eggs for breakfast everybody else only got one. Potatoes were abundant and came in every permutation one could think of - boiled, roasted, baked, jacket, chips, Garfield, Lyonnaise, snow and mash. Garfield was really a chip but in a cube shape, baked was really a non-fat roasted potato, and snow potato was mash put through a pressure grater; also known as rice potato. To be fair all shipping companies were the same and in fact in Bank Line these types of potato featured for breakfast as well as lunch and dinner.

A couple of days before I left the ship I was detailed off to take on fresh water for the domestic tanks and the fore peak tank. The pipe stand had been left on the quay along with hoses and a turnkey for the shore valve. Having completed the domestic tanks I moved all the equipment up the quay towards the bow of the ship. On the focsle deck near the ship's side there were two identical pipes with covers on, one of which was obviously for water, I wasn't sure what the other one was for and since there were no identification tags (long knocked or corroded off), I had to take a guess. So I duly connected up the hoses, went down to the quayside and opened the valve, then I went for a cup of tea in the duty mess with the other cadets. About half an hour later the Mate appeared and asked me to check why there was water coming out of the gaps in the access doors to the focsle store. When I looked I realised immediately that I had connected the hoses to the wrong pipe and that far from filling the fore peak I had been filling the focsle store via the Suez Searchlight power line pipe. A shout from behind me revealed a full audience of officers and the other cadets standing on the next deck up at the front of the accommodation; they by now all knew what I knew! The Mate instructed me to open the focsle store doors and then stand well back. As expected when the doors opened - outwards fortunately - a great wave of water poured out of the store and cascaded down the foredeck carrying with it anything that would float - part used paint tins, varying pieces of small ropework, pieces of wood, rat-guards, assorted brushes, etc. Needless to say I was drenched and the guffaws from aft failed to inspire me to see the funny side. So, squelching around in sodden working gear I went down to the quayside and shut off the water, reconnected the hoses to the correct filling pipe and filled the fore peak tank. I

also spent many hours removing all the water contaminated store items from the focsle and salvaging what I could - almost 90% in fact, and then cleaning out and drying the focsle store. No one thought to take photos in those days but now it would be all over the internet.

I left Benavon on 15th June 1966 and travelled to join Bengloe in West India Dock in London. At this point I have to confess an almost complete memory lapse concerning my time aboard Bengloe. As far as learning my craft as a trainee deck officer I am unable to recount a single thing! I am also unable to recall how many cadets there were on board or who they were. I do recall spending a lot of time carrying out maintenance on the fire hydrants - preparing and painting the parts that needed paint and polishing all the other parts that were made of brass.

One day while giving my attention to said fire hydrants a rumour went around that one of the Thomson family - the owners - was on board to meet the officers. Later this turned out to be the case since we were called up to the smoke-room where we listened to said Thomson give a speech, about which, yes you've guessed it, I recall absolutely nothing.

On the assumption that my memory is correct for some of the time I will relate a story that I'm sure happened whilst on Bengloe. A group of us had gone ashore and doubtless toured the pubs around West India Docks. On our way back we noticed ahead of us a man weaving and staggering around but who nonetheless was also heading in the direction of the dock gates. Just outside the dock gates there was a vending machine that dispensed cartons of fresh milk in exchange for a 6d piece being deposited in the machine. As we got closer we could clearly hear the staggering man talking to himself in one of the Scandinavian languages. He tottered over to the machine, extracted a 6d piece from his pocket whilst trying to maintain his balance, deposited the coin in the machine, pressed the appropriate button and waited for the carton of milk. One carton arrived, followed by another, then another, then another and so on until the machine was empty! He struggled to keep hold of this sudden bounty by cradling the cartons in his arms and holding them tightly to his chest. He then tottered off to and through the gates, watched by a bemused pair of dock police. All the way back to F Shed we were following a trail of dropped milk cartons and puddles of milk until such time as the man turned off for his ship, a Fred Olsen cargo ship (Norwegian).

Another rumour did the rounds of the ship next day which postulated that the real reason for the Thomson visit was a plan, hatched no doubt by the Marine Superintendents department, that would see one of the Ben Line ships Benarmin (then in the Royal Docks) crewed up with cadets in place of seamen thus breaking the strike for that ship and getting her back into trading again during the NUS strike. The plan was to get cadets with sufficient sea time to sit for a Lifeboat Certificate and Efficient Deckhand Certificate, thus qualifying them to serve as Able Seamen (ABs) and/or Efficient Deckhands (EDHs); those with insufficient sea time could fill Senior Ordinary Seamen (SOSs) or Junior Ordinary Seamen (JOSs) posts. Days passed and no more was heard. Some months later I heard that the NUS had informed Ben Line that any attempt to do such a thing would result in Benarmin being "blacked". Pity really as I was looking forward to sailing as a JOS and being paid considerably more than as a cadet. Years later I remember thinking that such a plan had merits but also problems in that although the deck department was covered, who would they use for donkeymen and greasers in the engine room? The catering department was covered in any case as Chinese stewards and cooks came from Hong Kong.

We left London at some point and I do remember turning-to with the crew, now returned from strike action, hosing down the decks and then just hanging around. This was because the Bosun - the celebrated "Beast" (William Walker) was doing a "deck-head survey" and not able to tell us all what to do next! We returned to London to load outwards for the Far East and I paid off the ship 14th July 1966 at C Shed, Victoria Docks and went home for a short leave.

Finally, I was to get away deep-sea – but that's another story for AH2020-3.

11 Shaw Savill Stories – Assembled by Mike Butcher (ButcherM51)

11.1 Early Life with Shaw Savill - Michael England (EnglandM46)

A first voyage experience: After pre-sea training at the Department of Navigation, Southampton University, as it was then known and cadetship with Runciman (London) Ltd, I joined Shaw Savill with a brand new 2nd Mate's Certificate in May 1950 and was appointed 4/0 of the 15,316 grt 1st class passenger/cargo ship RMS Akaroa, ex Aberdeen Line Euripides, under the command of Captain Steele, both in name and in temperament. The Chief Officer, Mr Payne was an ex Commander RNR and a very good mentor to his rather green junior officer.

An uneventful voyage to Wellington calling just off Pitcairn on the way gave me the opportunity to settle down to Shaw Savill routine and enjoy the company of my fellow crew members and one or two passengers. Captain Steele decided that I should read the lesson at one of the Sunday services and everything seemed to be going very well until homeward bound in the Caribbean Sea.

Mr Payne, whose advice to me was discretion, Bill Beach, assistant Purser, ex-Parachute Regiment Sergeant, who kept many of the lady passengers happy, myself and three passengers were enjoying an evening drink on deck when there was an eclipse of the moon.

This interested us but not as much as the 3/0 who was on watch and decided to acquaint Captain Steele of the phenomenon, although we were tucked nearly out of sight, we were spotted and all hell was let loose. Captain Steele mindful of the Company's rule of no fraternisation, made it plain to me that I would not return for another voyage.

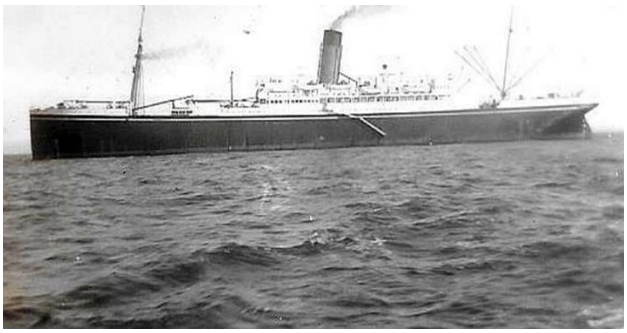
Consequently I was promoted to 3/0 and appointed to one of Shaw Savills' older ships the 11,796 grt s.s Mahana built in 1917 and one of the last coal burning ships. **A second voyage drama**: The Mahana was a very happy ship commanded by Captain Charnley, Eddie Snaith as C/0 and Keith Lindop as 2/0. I was then aged 22 and enjoying the new responsibilities that came with my promotion. Our outward bound voyage took us to Wellington and then to Bluff, where we loaded a part cargo of lamb and some of us took the opportunity to join the oyster boats in the early mornings when we ate as many of the catch as we wanted to. Much of the catch ended up in the fish & chip shops battered and fried and were a very agreeable addition to the food on board

We continued our voyage collecting cargoes from Sydney and Melbourne and then started on our homeward bound voyage to Liverpool calling at Durban for refuelling and Cape Town to discharge some cargo. We were almost in the Indian Ocean when I felt a pain in my tummy. Fortunately we had Dr James Hall on board who was a New Zealander travelling as supernumerary passenger to the United Kingdom to obtain his FRCS qualification before returning to his homeland.

A brief examination with a needle passing over my tummy revealed I had Appendicitis and Captain Charnley was informed and I was ordered to my bunk. The next day the pain increased and the diagnosis became Peritonitis. Doc Hall assured me that all he would do would be to open me up "just to have a little look - no risk just routine" which gave me some reassurance; however my next visitor was the captain armed with a clip file upon which was a paper for me to sign a consent form to the operation. I explained that the doctor had assured me that it was only a little procedure, but Captain Charnley, a very warm hearted man, said I had to sign "in case things go wrong"

The following day was filled with Dr Hall and the Chief Engineer making sure the instruments were in good order and a suction tube was set up between the engine room and the saloon, where the operation was to take place, to remove the blood, pus etc from the wound. One of the cadets wielding a safety razor was instructed to remove my pubic hair and at last all was ready, the ship was hove to and I was given an injection of Pethadine which put me to sleep and I was stretchered from my cabin and on to the saloon table which had been disinfected ready for the procedure. Eddie Snaith the C/0 gave me the anaesthetic, which was drops of ether on a mask over my nose. Two cadets, Adams and Broome, assisted the surgeon and for a while all proceeded to plan until I started to stir and the anaesthetist had to be awoken and Dr Hall shook some more ether on my mask! During this time, I was later told, the donkeyman in the engine room manning the pump from the operating theatre also passed out from the fumes.

I was eventually taken back to my cabin when, after a couple of days it was discovered I had a bowel blockage so more work for the Chief Engineer who fashioned what I think was called a Wagonstean pump to empty my stomach through a tube up my nose which allowed me to drink a cup of tea and watch it reappear in the container beside my bunk. Two days later we docked in Durban and I was taken by stretcher to the hospital where I was encouraged to "blow the sheets off your bed" by the houseman!



Mahana (1917 - 1953):

I fell in love with two nurses, who did not feel the same way as I did and after a short stay was flown to Cape Town to re-join the Mahana.

As a special concession to my fragility Captain Charnley allowed me to sit on the pilot stool in the wheelhouse to stand my 8 – 12 watch and on our arrival home I was granted 5 days leave.

I did three further voyages on Mahana one of which found us, again at Bluff, during the New Zealand stevedore strike. We were loaded by members of the NZ Air Force with pilots on the winches and aircraftsmen in the holds When the loading was completed we had a party on board which resulted in our departure from Bluff with the 4/0 at the helm as there wasn't a sailor sufficiently sober!

We learned later that Mahana was loaded with the heaviest cargo ever thanks to the first class job the aircraftsmen did under our instruction.

11.2 Early Life with Shaw Savill - M J Butcher (ButcherM51)

Having completed my cadetship with Paddy Hendersons and obtained my 2nd Mates certificate at Warsash in late 1954, I returned to Paddys for one voyage as 3rd Mate of the "Koyan" to brush up on my lack of navigation skills and other aspects of my new role.

At the end of the voyage, I applied to Savills, was interviewed by Capt Lockhart and accepted. He appointed me as 5th Officer of the new passenger vessel "Southern Cross" for her 2nd voyage.

A Very Different Lifestyle – the Southern Cross: An Introduction and Benefits Received: Above is the ship I had the pleasure of joining in Southampton in the first week of July 1955. Traditionally one is expected to join before noon and, after a lengthy train journey from Birmingham, I stepped aboard by the appointed hour. My initial reactions were excitement and nervous anticipation, having never been on a ship with such splendour and the fragrance of newness which pervaded the entrance foyer, the grand staircases and the accommodation passageways. Besides which, it had a warmth and welcoming feel as I found my way to the Officers accommodation. There I was greeted by the 1st officer, Willie Newport, a Scotsman. He introduced me to some of the other Deck Officers then told me to dump my gear in my cabin and join all of them in his cabin as it was G & T time. Explaining that it was customary to get together at lunchtime, have a G&T or two and then, in port, our steward would bring up lunch to the ward room which spanned the forward end of our deck. I thought I was in seventh heaven. This was luxury compared with that to which I had become accustomed in Paddy Hendersons.

Needless to say, work soon followed after Willie had explained a few features of the ship and what I needed to learn. The 4th Officer, who was leaving but 'standing by' whilst the others were on leave, was assigned to show me the ropes. Although not air-conditioned the Deck Officers accommodation was comfortable with a spacious wardroom set across the forward end. A stairway led up from the foyer to the Officers deck and continued up to the Master's suite on the deck below the bridge in the photograph. Only his suite was air conditioned whilst we had the old blower system. All the passenger accommodation was air-conditioned including all the public rooms. None of the remaining staff had that luxury either!

It was emphasized I needed to familiarize myself with the entire ship – from keel to masthead - before we sailed. Some task on a 20,000 ton vessel with 450 crew and 1184 passengers. This included, of course, meeting all the other senior staff from the engine room, the catering department, the medical staff, the pursers department and the Petty Officers, Baggage Masters and Masters at Arms (security staff). From stem to stern, from bilges to the bridge, I was inducted into the system. It took at least 3 days to become aware of the quickest way from A to B, where all the fire doors were situated, all the rules and regulations, routines and expectations. It became very clear that the Deck Officers were responsible for the smooth running of the ship overall, although individual department heads had their own responsibilities. Teamwork was the emphasis throughout. It was obviously an extremely well run enterprise.

On the 4th day, those officers on leave returned ready for Voyage No.2. It consisted of three one week cruises in the Mediterranean. The turnaround at the end of each was to be some 36 hrs – an enormous task, in those times - to re-store, change all the passengers, perform any necessary maintenance and sail on time. The Master was Sir David Aitchison, who had been Master of the "Gothic" during the Royal tour to Australia in 1954 and was Knighted by the Queen at its conclusion. The Chief Officer was Angus Baber, the 1st Officer was Willie Newport, the 2nd Officer was Michael England, the 3rd Officer was Ian McEwan, the 4th Officer was Colin Paterson and the 6th Officer was Tony Reed. Most of us kept in touch long after going our different ways. That is indicative of what decent men they all were. Angus became Operations and Personnel Manager of the company before retirement , crossing the bar some 5 years ago. Tony Reed and Willie Newport have also passed away. Ian McEwan got his command but I have no idea of his situation now. Michael and Colin still keep in touch

I owe a great deal to each of these senior officers in particular Angus Baber for his constant support throughout my six years of climbing the ladder and his ability to lead by enthusiasm in everything he did. His insistence in ensuring we all knew as much as possible connected with the operation of the ship, was without question, and a benefit to us all. He had the unique ability to mould all the Departmental heads into one common team. Michael England (England 46) was my senior on the 12-4 watch and brought me up to speed with my noon calculations and many other aspects during our watch keeping time. We have been close friends ever since.

When I was promoted to 4th Officer on voyage 4, I shared the watch with Willie Newport, the 1st Officer, who also helped me considerably with stability calculations and taking star sights. We amazed Captain Sir David Aitchison by presenting him with the ship's position long before dusk! Colin Paterson and I kept in touch over the years as he went on to a successful career in the industry. Tony Reed was up for his 2nd Mates when I was up for Mates with my wife and 6 month old daughter, resident in Hamblemeads next door to the School of Nav.

Southern Cross 1955

Tony spent many hours with us and often baby sat while we had a break! Tony eventually left the sea, married and became a farmer in Northamptonshire and later sadly developed a brain tumour from which he eventually succumbed at a far too early age.

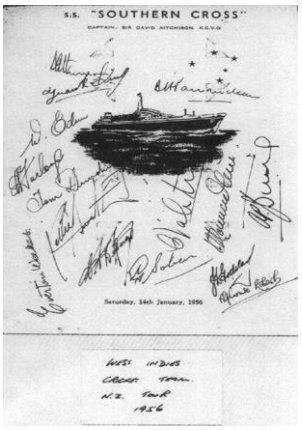
Following four years on their refrigerated cargo ships. and after obtaining my Masters Certificate, I was delighted to return to the Southern Cross in 1960 as 2nd Officer with a brief from the then Chief Officer, one of my early mentors Willie Newport, to learn as much as possible about the 1st Officers responsibilities, as I would be taking over at a later date. As it so happened, I submitted my resignation at the end of the voyage as our second child was due and we were preparing to make our home in Australia, my wife's homeland.

Prior to our departure, Savills approved my application to join the relieving staff and I spent six months on various vessels as Relieving Chief Officer which included another spell on the "Southern Cross" in Southampton.

11.3 Interesting Moments on Voyages – Michael Butcher (ButcherM51)

On the Southern Cross 1955/56: During my third voyage we had some interesting moments. Ian Cameron had become 2nd Officer and Willie (Robin) Reid (still an Australian member of WA) had joined us as 3rd. and I remained 5th Officer. This time the ship was proceeding around the world westbound with our first port of call being Trinidad. Here we were joined by the famous 1950's West Indies Cricket Team cricket team on its way to play New Zealand in a Test series.

We got to know a number of them and both Ian and I, being on watch together, invited them singly to the bridge in the afternoon when we were in the open seas of the Pacific. One of them, Collie Smith – an opening batsman - became a regular visitor, always politely asking us from the bottom of the bridge stairs "May I come up on de Captains Bridge".



He was always polite and overawed with what he learned from his experience. It was equally interesting to Ian as it was to me, but cricket was Ian's sporting passion and he personally was known to a number of the Australian team. The conversation thereby tended to be equally cricket and navigation! Unfortunately Colin later lost his life in a car accident in the UK where he was playing county cricket. The team also included great names such as their captain Goddard, with Ramadhin, Valentine, Sobers, Weekes, Walcott and Worrell and many more. I still have all their original signatures on a Southern Cross menu card as below.

The West Indies team used to train every day on the sundeck abaft the bridge where nets had been rigged up for them. Some of them, in the late afternoon relaxed in the bar. After my watch, as I did the rounds, I often stopped by and had a chat with Everton Weekes who was a great fan of Johnny Walker! He always asked me to join him but I declined on the basis I was still on duty! All of the team were well behaved, friendly with the staff and other passengers. When we eventually arrived in Suva, they disembarked and immediately went to the local ground to 'have a knock' with the locals! The Fijians made them very welcome and, no doubt, offered them a Kava or two before they returned to the ship and finally left us in Wellington.

A part time cartographer 1960 : During my last deep sea voyage with Savills as 2nd Officer (quite ironic as it had also been my first) was eastbound and we made our usual 24 hour call at Papeete, Tahiti. The voyage itself was uneventful but an interesting experience came my way.

After berthing and breakfasting, Captain Leslie Edmeads called me to his cabin to tell me he was convinced the charts for Papeete Harbour were inaccurate. He suggested I gathered a motor lifeboat crew and survey the harbour during the morning prior to my watch. This we did and, together with my trusty sextant a harbour chart and a notebook, we spent the morning taking sextant angles and plotting them. After returning, the chart was redrawn and after scrutiny by the Master it was submitted to the Admiralty in London. An acknowledgement and thanks were received when we arrived back in the UK. Whether it was adopted is anybody's guess!

A Fall from Grace 1960: This article follows my earlier article in All Hands 2019-1 entitles 'A Medical Disaster Avoided'.

My final few days as Relieving Chief Officer on the Coptic were in Glasgow in November 1960, where the outstanding repairs were underway, I renewed my acquaintanceship with our agents, 'Paddy Hendersons', Through them I received my next assignment on a Thursday as relieving Chief Officer on the "Southern Cross" in Southampton on the next Monday.

As I was to leave, I allowed the other Deck Officers to go home for the week-end whilst I would remain as Duty Officer. Maybe that was my first mistake! After they had left on the Friday afternoon and repair work had ceased, I made my way down to inspect the progress of repairs to bilges in No. 4 hatch. I had a light shining down into the hatch (no fixed lights in the hatches on this older ship) and carried a torch in my pocket. No. 4 hatch has a 'tunnel' throughout its length which covers the propeller shaft and passageway from the engine room.

At the after end, a timber ladder follows the tunnel shape down to where the hold meets the bilge. The bilge cover plates had been left off as repairs were to be continued in the following week. Going down the ladder backwards, one of the rungs was either broken or missing and I lost my footing and plunged backwards in to the bilges. I fetched up straddled across the steel frame of the bilge.

Checking I could move and nothing appeared to be broken, I hauled myself up to the unbroken section of the ladder. To this day, I don't know how I got out but can only imagine. I then walked along the tunnel top to the forward ladder – a steel vertical ladder – to reach the main deck. I somehow got to my cabin and called the duty engineer, the only other aboard except for the night watchman. He came up and examined me and we both decided I just had a very bruised lower back which was well swollen.

I managed to get hold of the agency who had a discussion with a doctor. It was suggested I should have an X-ray in Southampton ASAP as I wouldn't be able to get one over the week-end in Glasgow!! I awaited the return of the other officers on the Monday when I departed by train to Southampton and my old ship. I made arrangements to be X-rayed at the local hospital. The report stated I had a badly bruised lower back but nothing broken and all was well. The swelling subsided and I carried on relieving until our departure to the Antipodes in February 1961.

Thereafter working ashore as a Stevedoring Supervisor and still required to be 'on my feet', I had no recurrence for a few years but, ten years later when managing the White Bay Container Terminal, I frequently suffered back pain, mainly after gardening! Gary Stavrou, a Rotary friend in practice in Balmain and the principal of the NSW College of Chiropractic, found I had a bent spine caused by a displaced sacroiliac joint. Over a number of weeks, he manipulated it back to normal. A long time to discover the problem but a satisfactory end although some follow up manipulation was necessary from time to time.

Shaw Savill's MV Coptic 2 (1928-1965) Photograph supplied by my late friend and Shaw Savill Officer Tony (AC) Reed

11.4 Deep Sea Navigation on the Athenic - Frank Pickering (PickeringF64)

8/6/20 Acknowledgements to Sea Breezes Magazine which has granted permission to republish in All Hands.

Since the introduction of satellite navigation systems on ships, it has taken the drama and uncertainty out of deep sea navigation. The days of using a sextant as the traditional means, to determine the ship's position on those long sea passages, are now long gone. The modern ships of today, many with enclosed bridges, rely entirely on the latest technology in navigational equipment, to guide them safely across the world's vast oceans.

The satisfaction however, of making a good landfall from one's own celestial observations was always a feeling of achievement, as well as a great relief. When landfall was imminent, as officer of the watch, you would be constantly scanning the horizon with your binoculars, for the first signs of land, as well as frequently checking

the radar and echo sounder. The Captain would also be making more frequent visits to the bridge. It was an anxious time for those on the bridge, until that first position was established on making landfall. It was also the moment of truth, to see how accurate the last stellar fix was, when compared to the landfall position.

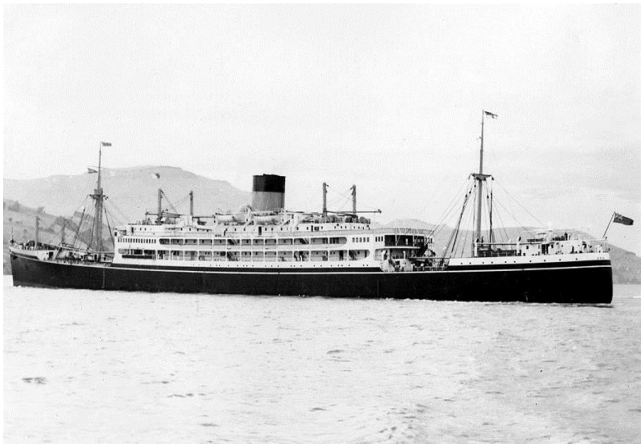
In that almost forgotten era of using the sextant for sun and star "sights", a few of the more senior Masters I had sailed with, seemed to convey the impression that they didn't quite trust this type of navigation entirely in the hands of their junior officers. Captain George Heywood, of the Athenic, was one such a person. Certainly his distrust and intolerance of his junior deck officers was quite apparent.

I joined the Athenic as 3rd officer, at London in September 1966. The ship was built in 1947 at Harland Wolff in Belfast, to originally carry 85 first class passengers and was part of Shaw Savill Line's magnificent quartet of Gothic class vessels. She was then on the third voyage as a cargo only vessel. The conversion had taken place the previous year and much of the passenger accommodation was just blanked off with the rest allocated for the officers and crew.

Captain Heywood, as Athenic's long serving Master since 1957, was none too happy because of the changes to his ship. With his taciturn manner and stern demeanour, he appeared to be a rather lonely person, without his cherished passengers for company. In Athenic's glory days, Captain Heywood had enjoyed a reputation as a very congenial host; unfortunately we only saw odd glimpses of that side of his personality on rare occasions.

When deep sea Captain Heywood rightly expected to know the ship's noon position, speed made good and daily run, in good time, so that he could join with his deck and engineering officers, for drinks prior to lunch, in what previously was the passengers' lounge.

The 2nd Officer as the navigator and I as his assistant then had to be very prompt at working out the noon position from our sextant observations. Once we had both agreed on our calculations from our sights, the 2nd Officer would report to the Captain with the position and other relevant information. Captain Heywood would then plot the noon position on the chart and determine the adjustment to the course for set (the current) if required, before heading off to the officer's lounge. Captain Heywood was more relaxed as he presided over the gathering, thinking no doubt of his long lost passengers and what it used to be like.



Athenic before conversion

Athenic after conversion

On one occasion when outward bound to Panama, in the vastness of the North Atlantic, the noon position was determined by the Ex-Meridian method, rather than the preferred Marc St Hilaire method, because the sun wasn't going to be on the meridian until much later. This meant that at exactly 1200 ship's time we took our sights. The result was quite different to our dead reckoning (DR) position, with the average speed for the day's run about two knots less than expected, which was of concern. However, because our positions had agreed, the 2nd Officer decided that we must be right. Time was then slipping away as we pondered and argued over the situation. With an impatient Captain to contend with; the 2nd Officer then decided to give him that position.

I protested strongly that we had to thoroughly recheck our calculations first, to ensure that the Captain was given the right information. Captain Heywood was not at all impressed, and with good reason, besides it was by now well after midday and he was anxious to get down to the officers' lounge. The 2nd Officer and I then both copped a severe reprimand and our abilities as navigators were called into question.

Earlier that morning on my watch, just before 0930, the gyro compass malfunctioned and started to wander. With the vessel in automatic steering it wasn't immediately noticed as no alarm was fitted. As per standing orders, I always made a point of comparing the gyro and magnetic compasses on the half hour. Just as I was in the process

of checking the compasses, at that very moment the 4th Officer rushed into the wheelhouse to see what was happening, as he had noticed from the wake when he looked aft from the boat deck that the vessel was turning. As there were no other ships in sight, he had wondered why. We then switched to hand steering by magnetic compass and returned the vessel back on course.

The gyro was then thoroughly checked out with the assistance of a supernumerary officer who was on transfer to a Crusader Line ship in New Zealand, managed by Shaw Savill. After some adjustments and cleaning, the gyro performed faultlessly for the remainder of the voyage.

Captain Heywood, with the 2nd Officer surprisingly in agreement, assumed from the disputed noon position that the vessel had been off course for a considerably longer period than I had advised, due to the gyro failure. I strenuously denied the allegation, as I knew by looking at the wake and noting the magnetic compass heading at that time that the ship hadn't strayed too far from the original course. The insinuation about my watch-keeping abilities left me mortified and made me determined to prove to them otherwise.

When I relieved the 2nd Officer for lunch I rechecked my sight calculations and discovered that I had applied one of the corrections the wrong way, so when I then plotted the corrected position on the chart, it came in to roughly where we had expected it to be. Similarly, the 2nd Officer had also made the same mistake. The pressure of rushing to obtain a quick result for the Old Man's benefit had taken its toll. I quickly made some notes in the back of my sight book for future reference. Admittedly I was just a bit rusty with the Ex Meridian method, having been ashore for a few months studying for my First Mates Certificate in the UK, then afterwards spending a period as a relieving officer doing coastal voyages only.

The 2nd Officer later admitted to me, that when he had reported to the Captain with the day's position and was queried as to how long the vessel was off course for, he replied, to the effect that he wasn't sure, but that the 3rd Officer didn't notice the vessel was off course, until alerted to by the 4th Officer. I was dumfounded and very upset by that admission, when it was completely uncalled for. Even though the 2nd Officer hadn't intentionally meant to 'dob in' me to the Old Man as such, it certainly didn't put me in a very good light.

Captain Heywood, no doubt typical of many Masters of that era, was most unforgiving of his deck officers, whom in his opinion, hadn't performed to his expectations. From that day on, I was a marked man. When leaving Port Chalmers, I was in charge forward and as we were singling up in blustery conditions, the wind was increasing which I thought might delay our departure. When the order was eventually given to "let go for'ard", there was a short delay, because the forecastle phone was completely kaput and the orders over the loud hailer from the bridge, were barely audible above the noise of the wind. On returning to the bridge afterwards to take over the watch, I was summoned to the Captain's cabin. Captain Heywood was furious and gave me a right bollocking. I was accused of "endangering the ship" for allegedly not obeying the bridge commands and threatened with the most serious consequences, including having my watchkeeping certificate endorsed as unsatisfactory. I was absolutely shocked by those allegations and whatever I said in my carefully considered defence I was unable to appease him. At that stage, my career at sea appeared to hang in the balance, fortunately though, fate was later to intervene.

When homeward bound across the Pacific to Panama, two days out from Auckland, the 2nd Officer suddenly came down with a virus and was running a high temperature, so he was confined to bed. I then took over the 12-4 watch as the navigator and the 4th Officer then took my place on the 8-12. With another 14 days ahead of us until the Panama, I was well aware that the Old Man would be keeping a close eye on me. It was absolutely essential that I perform my navigational duties to the highest standards, and to the best of my ability.

The 4th Officer and I both realised that our reputations were at stake. He had also fallen foul of the Old Man, on a few occasions whilst on the NZ coast. Captain Heywood was unfortunately not very disposed to his junior deck officers; also, we weren't subservient enough to his liking. Our navigation had to be spot on, and the noon position to be ready for the Captain right on midday – this was the only way that we would be able to redeem ourselves with our good Captain.

The weather was ideal for almost the entire Pacific crossing for position fixing from celestial observations. The 4th Officer and I quickly settled into our new routines. Because of the trust and respect that we had for one another, we were able to discuss every aspect and detail of the navigation and nothing was left to chance. Noon, the time the sun would be on the meridian had to be before 1200 ships time for our daily sights. The almost daily adjustment of the clocks for the changing time zones was carefully worked out so that the changes would be in either half an hour, or one hour increments, to coincide with the day's noon being at a convenient time to us.

We made sure that Captain Heywood was never late for his lunch time drinks, which suited him fine. After a period of time, his attitude had gradually warmed towards me. We were able to converse with each other in a much more open and friendlier way than previously. I felt that we had developed a new respect for one another. I was quite relishing the role relieving the 2nd Officer and judging by the conversations with Captain Heywood, I was

of the impression that I had in fact redeemed myself to a large extent as a navigator, although being the astute and wily person he was, he certainly didn't give too much away.

Meanwhile the 2nd Officer was recovering nicely with complete bed rest, no doubt helped by not having to endure the broken sleep patterns of the 12-4 watch, and was rather enjoying being a patient without having the responsibilities as a watch-keeper. On arrival at Balboa, in the Panama Canal Zone, my stint on the 12-4 had unfortunately come to an end and I returned to the 8-12 watch.

Companies such as the Shaw Savill Line, whose ships were involved on the long ocean passages, deep sea navigation occupied a large part of any voyage between the UK/Europe and the Antipodes. The daily plotting on the chart of the noon position was an important and symbolic part of a Captain's routine. Some Masters liked to get that out of the way before lunch, such as Captain Heywood. Others were content to wait until after lunch, unless landfall was imminent, and then at their leisure, would check with the 2nd Officer the day's results and make the various adjustments if required. One Master I had sailed with, if noon was going to be late, was happy to be given a DR position so that he could personally mark it on the chart right on 1200. If the noon position happened to differ much from the DR, he would then be advised. As deck officers we had to be very flexible in our attitude to accommodate the Master's every requirement - after all, the ultimate responsibility for the safe navigation of the ship, was entirely his.

These days it's just a matter of looking at the GPS – I wonder what Captain Heywood would have thought?

11.5 Shaw Savill Line's 'Splendid Sisters' – Frank Pickering (PickeringF64)

When a good friend from the Shaw Savill Society in the UK, Captain Harry Hignett, recently visited Sydney in November 2017, after a cruise on Royal Caribbean's Radiance of the Seas, he had arranged for me to meet him in the Australian National Maritime Museum's library at Darling Harbour.

Harry had a surprise for me on one of the library's computers when I arrived. There on the screen, was Dr Danny Morgan's Diary, when he sailed as the senior doctor on Shaw Savill Line's passenger ship Northern Star.

Doctor Danny was only 40 at the time and qualified as a doctor at the age of 34 after serving in the RAF during the war. As a legacy from his time with the RAF he was involved in a serious air crash, which several crew lost their lives. Danny suffered broken ankles which gave way to serious arthritis in later life. After he recovered he then spent the rest of the war in Egypt and Iraq as a medical technician and then decided he wanted to study medicine once he returned home.

He had never been to sea, until he applied for a job with Shaw Savill. Having been accepted he was having doubts when he suddenly got the call to fly to Tahiti to join the Northern Star, as the then medico on board had been taken ill. During his last voyage in 1968, he kept a diary.

My brief from Harry was to put it all together for publication, which also meant to write an introduction on Northern Star. It wasn't until I had read through the Diary over the next few days, that I realised what a gem it was, as the good Doctor had been able to capture a rather unique insight about life onboard during those long line voyages to and from the Antipodes, half a century ago. It was then an interesting mix of passengers, many were migrants, better known as "Ten-pound Poms", on assisted passages, heading for a new life in Australia and New Zealand. Also, young adventurous "colonials", either setting off for a working holiday in the UK and Europe, or returning home.

Before I get to the Diary, it's worth mentioning about Northern Star (above left) . She was a larger and more modern version of her running-mate and sister ship, the legendary Southern Cross(above right), which came into service in 1955 and set the trend for liners of the future. Because of the outstanding success of Southern Cross, and to further enhance the round-the-world service, Shaw Savill decided to build a similar vessel. Seven years later in 1962, Northern Star then entered service.

Both ships, were appropriately named from the principal constellations in both hemispheres, depicting their link to the various countries in their around-the-world service. Southern Cross – the stars from that constellation are also on the national flags of both Australia and New Zealand. Northern Star - from the constellation of Ursa Minor, which contains Polaris, more commonly known as the North Star.

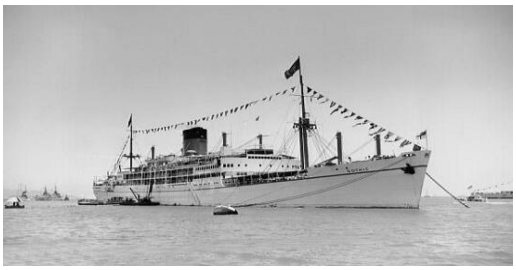
Northern Star: Northern Star and Southern Cross, with their eye-catching profiles, were much admired by passengers and shipping enthusiasts alike, including yours truly. They became known as the "Splendid Sisters", from the book by Alan Mitchell, published in 1966. They were revolutionary and innovative for their time, with engines aft, which allowed maximum use of the available hull space for passenger accommodation and were regarded as the ultimate tourist-class passenger ships of the day.

Southern Cross: Their rather unique colour scheme of light green (eau-de-nil) superstructure and light grey hull, set them apart from the traditional passenger ships of the day, with the exception of P&O's Canberra and Holland America's Rotterdam, both of which had followed the trend, with engines aft design.

Many firsts were attributed to the revolutionary Southern Cross, including when she was launched by Queen Elizabeth, this being the first time a British merchant vessel had been named by a reigning monarch. Northern Star, was also blessed with Royal patronage, as she was launched by the Queen Mother, who continued to take a keen interest in the ship throughout her career. The Royal Family and Shaw Savill Line had enjoyed a great association during the period of the 50's – 60's.

Another milestone for the company was when their cargo-passenger liner Gothic, had the honour of being selected as the Royal Yacht, for the World Tour in 1953-54, carrying the young Queen and her Consort, on their first visit to the far reaches of the British Commonwealth.

Gothic (right, as the Royal Yacht) performed admirably in her role, bringing much pride and recognition to not only Shaw Savill Line, but also the British Merchant Navy.



Incidentally Gothic's Master during the Royal tour, Sir David Aitchison, who was knighted for his services by the Queen as the voyage was nearing its end, was appointed to command the Southern Cross on her maiden voyage.

Northern Star's details: built at Vickers Armstrong Newcastle-on-Tyne; gross tonnage, 24,372; length, 650ft (198m); beam, 83ft (25m), propulsion; twin screw geared turbines, with a max speed of 22 knots (41kms). Passenger capacity 1,437 and crew, 490.

When Northern Star was leaving the Tyne on her acceptance trials, she had a narrow escape when caught in a sudden gust of wind, sending her sideways near the entrance. After some very tense moments, with the tugs struggling to control her, she then rather ignominiously, had to proceed through the entrance stern-first.

The medical staff consisted of two doctors and two nursing sisters. The senior doctor was staff, whereas the second doctor, who mainly attended to the crew, would often be a specialist, signed on for just the one trip, and was either going to the UK to further their studies, or returning home. According to a good friend who had sailed as second officer on Southern Cross, their crew doctor was affectionately referred to as the 'Vet', although I couldn't say that it also applied to Northern Star.

These, two magnificent passengers only vessels, the pride of Shaw Savill Line, were then on a round-the-world service, of approximately 75 days, sailing in opposite directions to the Antipodes from their home port Southampton. Northern Star's then itinerary was: Las Palmas, Cape Town, Durban, Fremantle, Melbourne, Sydney, Wellington, Auckland, Rarotonga, Tahiti, Acapulco, Panama Canal, Curacao, Trinidad then the UK.

Unfortunately, Northern Star was plagued with engine problems throughout her career and eventually had become too uneconomical to operate. With little prospects then for a buyer, during the 73-74 world fuel crisis - not even the Greeks were interested, as she was a thirsty ship. In 1975 she was sent to the ship breakers - after only 13 years in service. On the other hand, Southern Cross, had an illustrious career under several ownerships, spanning 48 years.

12 Maritime Industry Focus

12.1 COVID-19 (BowlesS69 & PurdueR60)

Over the past few months, COVID-19 has dominated all avenues of the Maritime Industry and has had an extraordinary impact on everyone connected to it in all communities. Throughout this crisis, we have come

together in unprecedented and inspiring ways. Whether it's the management companies keeping the supply chains open, it is really all about the seafarers manning the ships carrying the goods to market.

I didn't want to fill this issue with COVID-19 stories and responses. However, I do believe there are some notable situations that need mentioning.

Firstly, the plight of the seafarers…. those well beyond their contracted time and in some cases 'detained' onboard. Companies such as Carnival Cruise Line have taken an unprecedented move to amass a number of their ships and exchange crews onto ships that are destined to countries of the domicile seafarers…… read on!

12.1.1 Article from the Economist (Covid-19) - (Ed)

"I'm Not Comfortable In My Chair With Such A Crew," says the Captain of a cargo vessel in the South Atlantic en route from Bermuda to Singapore. He is eight months into a four-month contract, and almost everyone on board has also already worked at least double his contracted time. He hopes Singapore will accept that sailors who have seen almost no one but each other for months, pose no infection risk and permit a crew change. If not, some may refuse to keep working. On June 16th an industry-wide agreement to allow emergency contract extensions expired, but that is no guarantee that ports will open up. "Believe me," he says, "the situation is critical."

When Rose George, a journalist, wrote about the shipping industry in 2013, she called her book "Ninety Percent of Everything" to convey its importance to global trade. But during the COVID-19 crisis almost none of the mariners who keep the world fed, warmed and entertained have been allowed on shore. At any moment 1.2m to1.3m are in cargo vessels on the high seas. (Half as many again work on cruise ships or vessels transporting goods within a single country's territory.) At least 250,000 have finished their contracts and have no idea when they will be relieved. Similar numbers are stuck at home with no idea when they will next get work. Both totals are rising by tens of thousands each week.

In normal times, crewing the world's merchant fleet is a logistical miracle. Ship-management firms handle the rosters, signing crew on, flying them from their home countries to a convenient port, and getting them off their ships again and on a plane home. Many mariners are from developing countries, in particular: India, Indonesia and the Philippines. They often start and end their contracts in hubs such as Dubai, Hong Kong and Singapore. Contracts are typically of three to nine months, with one month's variation in either direction to make planning easier.

The virus has thrown an almighty spanner in the works. Countries that classified lorry drivers, pilots and cabin crew as essential workers overlooked merchant seamen, even though their work underpins the global economy. Some will accept their citizens, but ships may not be calling at a suitable port, and management companies may not be able to line up relief. With few scheduled flights, the sailors who manage to disembark may not be able to get home.

At first they were proud to be able to help in the global emergency, says Lars Robert Pedersen of BIMCO, which represents about 60% of the world's merchant fleet. They are used to hard work and long contracts. But when official neglect continued, sailors' morale became a problem. "They are fed every day, and they are getting paid, but that's not the point," he says. "They are effectively imprisoned on board their ships."

Owners and managers are trying to make confinement more bearable with free internet and wage top-ups, says Andreas Hadjipetrou, the managing director of Columbia Shipmanagement. "One captain asked for gym equipment and karaoke," he says. "The crew created a band and sent us a video clip." More importantly, they are doing everything they can to facilitate crew changes - which takes not just planning, but a hefty dose of luck.

Among the merchant seamen relieved during the lockdown is Hrisheet Barve, a ship's captain and an Indian from the state of Goa. By the end of May he and 16 crew members, also Indian, were months over contract. Since they were sailing along India's coast, he proposed to the ship's management company, Anglo-Eastern, that it divert to the port of Cochin in the state of Kerala for a crew change. The company agreed, despite the cost and delay. Even though the men were all nationals, disembarking required lengthy negotiations with the shipping ministry and port and state officials. They had seen no one else for months, but still had to spend two weeks in quarantine.

By the end, says Captain Barve, he was very worried about his men's mental state. "When you're all in the same boat—pun not intended—you can pull each other down." And tired, miserable sailors are unsafe, he adds. "It just takes one captain to make a mistake and run a tanker aground and cause an oil spill. They will say it was a navigational error but the real culprit will be that he was working way longer than he should have been.".

The International Maritime Organisation, the arm of the UN that deals with shipping, has drawn up a protocol for crew changes during the pandemic. It requires governments to classify merchant seamen as essential workers, thus enabling them to travel and cross borders. Ports and airports need facilities for testing and quarantine, and safe

connections. “We have the standard operating procedure ready to act on,” says Bjorn Hojgaard of Anglo-Eastern. “We just need help from regulators.”

The industry hopes that governments will be prodded into action by the sudden expiry of so many seamen’s contracts. The International Transport Workers’ Federation (ITF) says it will support any seamen who refuse to work. If that leaves too few to operate a ship safely, its insurance policy could lapse, and full liability fall on the captain and owner, who might then decide it was too risky to keep operating. The trade that has flowed so smoothly throughout the pandemic might finally gum up. “Everyone is happy to reap the benefits of global trade,” says Stephen Cotton, the ITF’s general secretary. “But no one seems willing to step up when it comes to safeguarding those who deliver the things they need every day.”

Secondly, to those on the frontline for caring for the affected - the heroic essential workers fighting for our health and access to services. Our industry has set valuable positive ways forward through this crisis by setting protocols that have created effectiveness and sustainability. This includes all those who practice the fundamentals of physical distancing and hygiene. Ship’s personnel are equally concerned about visitors and necessary shore personnel to operate the systems needed to load or discharge cargo and vice versa.

We all respect the need for self-isolation to fight and reduce the spread of COVID-19, the unsung front line workers, have been working tirelessly to provide us with the goods & services we need to live every day. These amazing individuals work in grocery stores, delivery services, construction, utility services, cleaning services and countless other essential service businesses. They are the backbone of many in the fight to get a hold of this pandemic. Those that have died as a result of assisting those in need, deserve the greatest respect. There are not enough words, prayers, sympathy and empathy that can be said for this **To all of the front line workers out there we’d just like to say, *thank you*.** And to the impact of the Virus on all economies but in particular the Cruise ship industry!

12.1.2 Impact of COVID-19 on Cruise Ship Operations in Canada - Roger Purdue (PurdueR60)

This article relates to the Canadian Cruise Ship Operations and the effect on the Canadian economy but can be applied to all other countries where the cruise industry is of major importance.

Since Canada gained independence (in 1867), the country has been reliant on a significant maritime industry. Economic growth traditionally resulted from the export of bulk commodities and industrial goods, with the import of a broad spectrum of finished goods serving not only Canada but also the U.S. market. In recent decades, the popularity of ocean cruising has provided a further important dimension to the marine and tourism industries, bringing large numbers of cruise ships and visitors to Canada.

Cruise ships’ contribution to Canadian economy

According to the Toronto Star, “Last year, 140 cruise ships brought more than two million visitors to Canadian ports. A 2016 study found the cruise industry was large and growing, contributing more than $3 billion to Canada’s economy, including nearly $1.4 billion in direct spending by cruise lines and their passengers. More than 23,000 Canadians were directly or indirectly employed because of cruise ships.” Toronto Star, Large cruise ships barred from Canadian waters until end of October: Garneau, Fri., May 29, 2020

12.1.3 COVID-19 Bringing Cruising to its Knees

But that was then. Today, under the influence of COVID-19, marine cargoes are deemed “essential” by the Canadian authorities and are permitted unimpeded entry into Canada. Cruise ships, however, are considered non-essential. As a result, in Canada (as elsewhere) cruising and the array of economic activities it supports has been brought to its knees. On May 28th, Canada’s federal government announced a ban on passenger ships with overnight accommodations for more than 100 people — including both passengers and crew — until at least Oct. 31. This order broadened an earlier prohibition in mid-March that barred ships with more than 500 passengers from Canadian waters until July.

The most popular cruise ship destinations include, in eastern Canada: Halifax, St. John’s (Newfoundland) and its near-namesake of St. John (in New Brunswick), Quebec City and Montreal; and the west coast cities of Vancouver and Victoria. In relative terms, the impacts will be less in the larger cities of Montreal and Vancouver, while the economic shock will be fairly crushing in the other, more tourist-dependent, cities.

“It puts the final nail in the coffin for the 2020 cruise season,” said Victoria Harbour Authority CEO Ian Robinson. “We were looking forward to having another record cruise season. There were well over 300 ships calls bringing in over 770,000 passengers. It was going to be another record year. Cruise is extremely important economically.” Vancouver had expected a similar volume of cruise ships this season, with 310 ship calls bringing about 1.2 million visitors to the city. Each call generates an estimated $3 million in economic activity.

The Halifax Port Authority indicated that it had been expecting a record-breaking year. It anticipated 350,000 tourists coming to the city aboard the 203 cruise ships scheduled to visit. Now it will be a record-breaking year for all the wrong reasons. Saint John (in the province of New Brunswick) was on track for a banner cruise ship season in 2020, with 90 ship visits and more than 200,000 passengers onboard. (from CBC website)

The decline in cruising activity will be far-reaching. The cruise ships visiting Canada also typically visit Boston, New York, Miami and Bermuda on the eastern seaboard; and Alaska, Hawaii and California on the west coast. Major cruise lines serving the Canadian market include Carnival, Celebrity, Royal Caribbean, Holland America, Princess, Cunard, Norwegian and Disney. And while it's currently expected that more normal operations will be resumed in 2021, this is, of course, subject to the important assumption that the cruise lines can survive this severe economic shock.

12.1.4 Longer-term Implications

Clyde and Company, a UK-based law firm specializing in transportation and related issues, has noted that, "…it is unlikely to be a positive outlook for 2020. Cruise operators may find (that) they are unable to service loan repayments: failing to make a financing repayment when due, may lead to a default under their financing structure which would typically result in an acceleration of the payment of any amounts due … Cruise companies may opt to enter into discussions with their financiers which might lead to restructuring of their financing arrangements. We may also see cruise operators considering laying-up their cruise ships if demand decreases over a prolonged period of time. Typically, the financier's consent would be required for this, or it could result in a breach of covenant under the financing documents. Financiers will be concerned because of the negative effect this has on cash flow and therefore the ability of the borrower to meet the payments required under the financing arrangements … If the cruise industry follows the aviation industry, it could find itself in a deep crisis which will be hard to recover from and which could cause smaller and medium sized companies (if not even the larger companies) to collapse." (see CBC New Brunswick article).

The conventional measures on cruise ship visits - numbers of arrivals, passengers, economic impacts, etc. - are easier to assess than the more esoteric COVID-19 effects: passengers and crew quarantined for indefinite periods, uncertain when or where they will disembark, or whether they will become infected by the most devastating pandemic in living memory. (See Clyde & Co cruise industry article).

The bottom line: stay tuned……!

12.2 Seafarers Awareness Week 6-12 July 2020 - Excerpt by (BowlesS69)

Seafarers UK has coordinated and promoted Seafarers Awareness Week annually since 2010. Each year a new theme for Seafarers Awareness Week is selected. 2020 Seafarers Awareness Week highlighted the challenges faced by merchant seafarers and their families during COVID-19. Seafarers and their families are being confronted by unique difficulties during the crisis. Thousands of seafarers have been stuck on-board vessels, unable to get home, while their families may be coping without the seafarer's income.

Seafarers' families are used to separation, but thousands of crew are months over their contracts and still stuck many miles from home – intensifying the normal struggles endured by a seafaring life. Families face uncertain times as they worry about managing their household finances and the health of their seafarer, many of whom are lacking access to communications. Some seafarers are isolated on board and families are worrying about their seafarer's welfare. Seafarers Centres in ports across the world, which provide respite and communications, have been shut and Ship Visitors who offer a friendly face have been unable to go on-board. For those seafarers stuck at sea it's a miserable time. The challenges of 'lockdown' and restricted movement mean that many are still waiting to repatriate after many months away from their families.

For others the reduction in global shipping and the cruise industry has led to an uncertain future. Seafarers often move from one employment contract to the next. Many are unsure when they will next find work. We must also celebrate thousands of seafarers who have kept trade moving. 95% of what we consume in the UK comes by sea. Seafarers and ports have kept working throughout the crisis to ensure that shelves have stayed stocked. Seafarers Awareness Week provides a free promotional platform for the whole maritime industry to work with Seafarers UK, the UK's biggest maritime charity funder, as we celebrate the vital role these key-workers play, and highlight the challenges of being a maritime family.

There will not be any physical events this year but there are multiple opportunities for video, podcasts and other digital content to be created and shared. We invite our colleagues across the maritime industry and maritime charities sector to support this year's Seafarers Awareness Week through virtual means. Seafarers UK was formed as King George's Fund for Sailors in 1917, so we have a long history of helping all who work at sea. COVID-19 is our biggest challenge since the Second World War and we've released £2 million of additional funds to tackle

the specific challenges brought about by the pandemic. For information, contact Nick Harvey, Campaigns Manager, Seafarers UK, nick.harvey@seafarers.uk, phone 07910 593588.

12.3 Philippines Opens 'Green Lane' for Seafarers – (Ed.)

The world's largest supplier of crew to the international shipping industry – the Philippines – has opened a "Green Lane" for seafarers to allow for free movement and crew change. In a move that should ease the plight of many thousands of Filipino seafarers stranded at sea. The Philippine Green Lane Joint Circular was signed on Tuesday, led by Philippines Foreign Affairs Secretary Teodoro L. Locsin Jr. The joint circular takes effect July 2nd and will allow for the safe travel of seafarers subject to health protocols from the Philippines government. According to government data, over 400,000 Filipino sailors serve on bulk carriers, container ships, oil, gas, chemical and other product tankers, general cargo ships, pure car carriers, cruise ships and tugboats around the world.

12.4 Super-Size Me - Captain George Livingstone & gcaptain

Captain George Livingstone is a San Francisco Bar Pilot.

Super-size doesn't just refer to Hamburgers and Fries. Since the arrival of the container ship *Emma Maersk* in 2006, the definition of big in the maritime world changed and continues to change as Ultra Large Container Vessels (ULCV) just keep getting bigger. What defines a ULCV? Consensus is any container ship over 10,000 TEU's. According to DynaLiners by 2020 there will be nearly 600 ULCV's operating worldwide, the biggest will be 24,000TEU (roughly 400M X 66M) and there are plans for still bigger down the road. In fact, the 24K TEU ships have arrived with pilot groups around the world preparing for them and a few already handling them.

Big and Small: 2006 is not that long ago. In the space of little more than a decade, marine transportation witnessed container ships go from about 294metres (965') to today's 400metres (1312') behemoths. That may not sound like much but considering that added length, width and height have a dramatic effect on overall weight, it is much. The average 294metre container ship is about 55,000 Deadweight Tons; a 400metre container ship is about 191,000 Deadweight Tons. While today's giants may only be about 25% longer than their predecessors, they are nearly 400% heavier and therein lies the challenge. They're not twice as heavy or even three times, they are four times as heavy. Weight matters when talking about something the size of the Empire State building, even if it floats.

Measuring Up: The idea of economy of scale (Ultra Large Vessels) and its implementation has been driven by major international shipping conglomerates, not the IMO, or individual member states or ports or any national or international safety agency. The increase in container ship size has flat outpaced the international ports' ability to adjust and accommodate. According to World Port Source there are roughly 3,000 ports around the world. Of those ports that can handle ULCV's, the vast majority have been left playing catch up regarding a host of issues surrounding ULCV's, the biggest issue being infrastructure.

Five Pounds in a One-Pound Bag: The development and launching of ULCV's seemingly happened overnight. Professionals tasked with manning and piloting these ships did not have abundant time to prepare for the myriad issues complicating their safe movement. Major adjustments in mind-set and training had to occur in a relatively short time frame. Most importantly, as mentioned already, port size was not going to keep pace with ship size. Professionals were going to have to move bigger and bigger ships in ports that were designed for significantly smaller vessels.

Car vs. Coach: Surprising, since the introduction of ULCV's in 2006, there have been relatively few incidents or accidents. I would guess less than two-dozen, worldwide, nothing to shake a stick at. Those include incidents at sea like fire, collisions, breaking up, etc. and incidents in ports like groundings. The few incidents and accidents must be held against the backdrop of how quickly ULCV's came into use, how ill prepared most ports were and the large number of this class now plying the oceans. It is not a normal, routine or simple task to safely move this class of ship, day in and day out. For those readers who are not mariners, think of it this way. One day you get notified that by the end of the year your family car will be taken away, in return you will be assigned a 13metre (40') Diesel Coach to use and drive every day. You will be expected to drive it without incident or accident, not most of the time but all of the time. How would you feel? You are a licensed driver so what's to worry about? Obviously there would be much to be concerned about including lack of experience driving them, road size, parking access, operating in heavy traffic, etc. The introduction of maritime giants caused similar pause from the mariners manning them, with many questions regarding long-term safe operation.

People Make the World Go Round: So why so relatively few incidents and accidents? Because the professional mariners operating ULCV's have entirely stepped up and delivered on overall ULCV operational safety. The officers and crews manning them and the pilots handling them have done an exceptional job incorporating this class seamlessly into the greater marine transportation system. The mariners themselves have made a pivotal difference. We have gone about the business of moving ULCV's with little fanfare. So little that we may have

done ourselves a disservice. I'm not suggesting commendations for doing one's job, but there should be recognition for the professionalism and speed with which this class was handled and the continued job well done under, at times, very difficult circumstances and conditions.

Perhaps because there has been so much focus on automation in the maritime realm that mariners have gotten lost in the shuffle and don't get enough credit or attention for the critical role we still play? Automation will have its day one day, until then, kudos to those seafaring professionals manning and operating colossally big ships while safeguarding those lands and waterways they serve.

How Big is Too Big? Finally, professionals operating this class of ships will continue to ask ourselves, how big is too big? It would be irresponsible to stop asking. Few mariners want to discourage commerce but we want that commerce to be safe; it's in our own interest. The international marine transportation business does not operate in a vacuum; there should be discussions at the highest levels (i.e. IMO) regarding reasonable safe limits on container ship size. This is not a new problem, we have seen this before during the rush to build ever-bigger tankers in the late 1960's and it didn't end well.

Maersk McKinney Moller passing MSC Gulsun Maasmond. Frank Behling ©

Super-Sized Problem: Because we are the end users (actual operators) in the international marine transportation system, mariners are focused on maritime transportation solutions. We are frequently the first to see and recognize potential problems.

If not managed with more care, oversight and safety, many of us believe Super-Sized ships may one day become a Super-Sized problem.

12.5 Online Maritime News– Stan Bowles (BowlesS69)

Please email any suggestions of maritime news or news sources to waahed@warsashassociation.net.

Subject link	Source
UK Maritime Employers pledges to maintain apprenticeships	Nautilus International
Northern Star on Film 1963	Northeast Film Archive
Inaccurate GM Calculation Leads to Grounding of Car-carrier	Marine Insight
Missing Gulf Sky Crew Turn Up in India	Splash 247.com
Potential Spike in Accidents COVID-19	Splash 247.com
IMO / Governments Crew Change Summit	Marine Insight
Reforms Needed for Dangerous Goods Shipments	The Marine Executive
ECCC-Canadian Ice Service	Twitter
The Real Numbers of Suicides at Sea	Splash247.com
Catching the Wave of Digital Transformation	Q88
Relationshipping™ - trust& loyalty	Q88

13 Warsash Graduation (Summer Term) 1971– Steve Pink (PinkS71)

Names by row, left to right (Xx = name unknown)

Back row: Xx, Ben Evans, Tam Coutts, Rob Page, C.F.P. Baxendale, Xx, Xx, Steve Hayward, Xx;

3rd row: Xx, Xx, Xx, Xx, Davey McCullough, Xx, Xx, Pete Cave, Andy Hill, Xx;

2nd row: Dave Ellison, Xx, Xx, Bill Gladwin, Mark Bull, Paddy Lorraine, Paul Debnam, Xx, Xx, D.A. Sudds, Mike Line;

Front row: Mark Putnam, Mike Mitchell, Joe Kolinsky, Andrew Chivers, A. Carmichael, Tim Blackman, Paul Knolson, Xx, Alan Wheeler, Xx, Steve Pink.

Unplaced names: Alexander RC - Armstrong D - Barker, RA - Barton A - Blakie, EW - Brewer, MA - Cummin, MA - Davies, PR - Faulds, AP - Hadley, LM - Hunter SA - McMahon, DP - Martin, GY - Pardington, PA - Proctor, DP - Sinclair, M - Whalley, EC

14 Obituaries

14.1 Richard (Dick) Cockram (CockramR58) – from Dan Archer

Passed away in hospital in Cardiff May 16th 2020. He had not enjoyed good health for the last two to three years and was in hospital. He also tested positive for COVID 19. He was a Port Watch SLC in our junior term.

His special responsibilities included looking after the sailing gig Mayo.

By coincidence, he was also a particular friend of Phil Organ and I believe that both served apprenticeships with PSNC'.

14.2 Philip Organ (OrganP58) - from Dan Archer

Philip Organ passed away in Sherborne in Dorset on 27th April aged 80.

Philip was a former Shaw Savill & Albion deck officer and also saw service with the Royal Australian Navy.

Although not a member of the Warsash Association he left Warsash at the end of the spring term in 1958, joining The Pacific Steam Navigation Company.

14.3 John Clifton Wood-Roe (WoodRoeJ59) – by Victoria Roe Dos Santos (Daughter)

My father John crossed the bar on Friday 12th June 2020. Dearest husband of Diana and beloved father of Victoria and Caroline and proud grandfather of Jonathan, Sophia and William. Treasured elder brother of Bill and Richard. John graduated from the School of Navigation, Warsash, (later to become Warsash Maritime Academy) in 1959 and joined P&O as an apprentice Navigating Officer. For eight months John was a Cadet on the P&O Trident tanker Maloja and sailed across South East Asia and Australia.

It was during this time that John and fellow Cadets, Joe Welch and Charles Lodge, built a small two-man sailboat which was successfully launched in Melbourne. Happy times! (John is farthest right in this group photo).

After obtaining his Second Officers Certificate John decided to change career and left to study building surveying. John settled in Chichester and became a much respected local R.I.C.S. Surveyor. John forged lifelong friendships whilst at Warsash with good friends Capt. Mike Kemp and Capt. Joe Welch. John enjoyed sailing his yacht in Chichester Harbour with his friends and family and was a member of the Chichester Yacht Club. A memorial is planned for June 2021 to celebrate John's life with his many friends. Donations in his memory are going to The Shipwrecked Mariners' Society c/o Reynolds Funeral Service 01243 773311.

14.4 Geoffrey Freame Baker (BakerG60) – by Helen Baker

On leaving Warsash Geoffrey Freame Baker joined Shaw Savill & Albion. He studied for 2nd Mate and Mates Certificates at Warsash and obtained Masters Certificate in London in 1969. He went on to study accountancy and qualified as a Chartered Accountant in 1973. Remaining ashore he joined Esso working in various offices around the country, his last being at Fawley. He enjoyed sailing and building boats and was Treasurer of the Warsash Sailing Club for many years. Geoffrey Freame died on May 25th2018.

14.5 Captain A. J. (Tony) Ireland (IrelandA60) – from Penny Robini (Sister)

Tony Ireland, who has been a loyal member of WA for many years, died on 23rd May 2020. He served in the following companies: 1960 - 1970 Clan Line Cadet/Union-Castle Deck Officer with B & C; 1970 - 1972 Compass Adjuster with F. Smith & Son; 1972 - 1976 Master with M.A.P. (Terkol); 1976 - 1978 Compass Adjuster with C & N Marine Equipment; 1978 - 1982 Trinity House Pilot in Workington; 1982 - 1986 Mooring Master with Occidental in Libya and 1986 - 2006 Gibraltar Pilot.

Anthony married and retired, enjoying wine tasting in Spain. He acquired Board of Trade Certificates for Masters F.G. and Compass Adjusters and was a Royal Naval Reserve from 1964 to 1979 (Lt. Retd).

14.6 Captain N. G. (Nick) Price FNI (PriceN66) - by Captain Brian Hoare FNI

It is with great sadness I must report that Captain Nick Price FNI, a stalwart member of the Nautical Institute, passed away at age 71 on April 24th 2020 after an 18 month period of health problems and finally contracting Covid-19. Family was important to him; he leaves behind his wife Karen, his daughters Kate and Michelle, granddaughter Jessica and step grandchildren Holly and Sam, our condolences to them all. Nick commenced his sea career as a Cadet at the School of Navigation Southampton, later known as The Warsash Maritime Academy, completing his one year's pre-sea training in 1966. He became Senior Cadet Captain of Shackleton Division, a post only given to those with superior academic and leadership qualities and was awarded the P&O Prestige Prize for best all Round Cadet of the of the year.

In 1967 he became an Indentured Apprentice to Alfred Holt & Co, commonly known as Blue Funnel Line, recognised as one of the leading companies for training Cadets (Midshipmen as they called them) in all aspects of practical seafaring and academic preparation for their all-important 2nd Mates exam.

During the next three years sea time he served on their general cargo ships with names evocative of an era when the British flag was still a major force, Myrmidon, Clytoneus, Bhamo, Maron, Deido. On successfully passing his 2nd Mates certificate in 1971 he was appointed as 3rd Officer with Alfred Holt serving on ships such as Laomedon, Memnon, Dunkwa, gaining his Mates Certificate in 1973.

Like many of us, Nick could see the decline of the British general cargo vessel due to the start of containerisation and low-cost foreign flag competition so decided to make a complete career switch to oil tankers. He joined Shell Tankers in 1973 and was appointed 3rd Officer of the Platidia.

He then went on to serve as 2nd Officer on Amastra, Medora, Methane Progress and as Extra Chief Officer on Limnea and Gari in 1977. Nick gained his Masters Foreign Going Certificate in September 1977 and then made another career change to bulk carriers, joining Jebsen's UK Ltd as Chief Officer in 1978. He served as Chief Officer on Rockness, Borgness, Sprayness, Sharpness. He was promoted as Master of Rigness in 1983 and served as Master with Jebsen's until 1986 when he decided to seek shore employment.

He became Operations Director for Nectar Shipping and Bagging Services involved in dry cargo bagging operations mainly for Third World countries and charities. In 1988 he embarked on a career in property management, initially with his own company until 1990 and then with some major property management companies from 1990 until his retirement in 2011. Nick was a founding member of the Nautical Institute in March 1971, he was a long standing member of the London Branch, regularly attending technical meetings, social events and AGMs. He served as Treasurer of the branch for a considerable time until 1997 and became Chairman in 1999. He was elected a Fellow in 1993 in recognition of services to the shipping industry and the charitable aims and objectives of the Institute. Those of us attending London Branch meetings and events will remember Nick as always being immaculately turned out in suit or blazer with his trademark matching handkerchief in his top pocket.

Charities were a part Nicks life from his regular RNLI Christmas cards to his participation as a Ranger and fund raiser for Buchan Country Park, fund-raising for Chestnut Tree House Hospice for children in Arundel and the Marie Curie Cancer Trust for whom he undertook a fund raising walk along the Great Wall of China in 2017, he was also a Trustee for the Luddeke Prize Fund of the Nautical Institute. I first met Nick in 1974 during a series of long RNR courses, I am grateful for his calming influence at times when I became very frustrated with some of the irksome requirements of Naval life including the severe provocation of a group of young Sub Lieutenants fresh out of Dartmouth who treated us like weekend sailors, he probably prevented me from being discharged, court marshalled or both. We stayed in touch ever since regularly meeting at the NI London Branch.

Nick was a sociable person and had a wide circle of friends ashore and afloat who held him in regard as a person and a professional seafarer. There is no better way to end this obituary than by adding some of their comments:-

"Nick held command in traditional style which I think he inherited from his Blue Funnel days and RNR service. He kept a social distance from officers and crew but instigated the quaint habit of asking me to bring the engine room logbook to his cabin for perusal each Sunday morning at sea. This was, of course, mainly a chance for him to catch up with ships gossip over a beer or two while listening to his chosen music, progressive jazz."

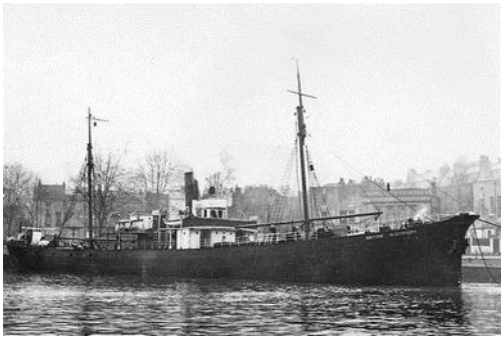
"Nick was a smashing fellow who built up an amazingly large group of friends over the years and commanded his ship with confidence"

"Nick and I had numerous adventures together but all his friends from the sixties and seventies will remember his (to my mind) awful taste in modern jazz. One of his favourites was Roland Kirk playing a nose flute!!"

"I found Nick to be a true professional in all that he did, he thought deeply about matters concerning the ship and was generous in his attitude towards the crew."

Nick, I hope I have done you justice with this Obituary, RIP.

Houlder Brothers and Company Ltd.



Adriana Alexander 1893 - 1933

Tenbury 1965-1984

Malmesbury 1942-1969

Newbury 1951-1973 (Scottish Built Ships)

Kingsbury 1937 sunk 1943 Atlantic

Tewkesbury 1959-1984

Westbury 1960-1983

Hardwicke Grange 1951–1971 (Don Smith Collection)