

Wavelength



Last day at the docks for (from left) Harry Stallard, Harry Mills, Tommy Rodd and Len Bannister. - picture Tony Wingrove.

It's a long, long story!

For the last 72 years at least one member of the Bannister family has worked in ship repairing at Tilbury Dock. In fact if you add together the service of Bill Bannister, his sons, Bill, Syd, Len and Alec, his son-in-law Bob Sherwood, his brother, Syd (known to all as Uncle Syd) and his sons, Syd, Ted and Bert is comes to an incredible 374 years.

Sadly this tremendous achievement came to an end on 31 October with the

retirement of Len Bannister, the foreman electrician at R & H Green and Silley Weir, Tilbury, who including his time for the Orient Line, had worked for the group a staggering 47½ years.

Len said on his retirement that although some of his 47 years were difficult and trying periods, there were also very many pleasant and exciting times. He had formed many friendships, not only with workmates but also with crews, ships' electricians

and superintendents of hundreds of ships.

Bill Bannister snr., who was also a foreman at G & S W had the distinction of being the first shipwright to be employed by the P & O when the company opened its own workshops in Tilbury Docks. Previous to this he had worked at The Thames Ironworks on the building of the Thunderer, the last battleship to be built on the Thames.

Although the Bannister's link with Tilbury has come to an end the family's link with G & S W has not been completely broken: Len's brother Alec, with 38 years service, is still working for the firm at the Royal Albert Dock.

Three other Tilbury foremen also retired last month. They were Harry Mills (25 years), Harry Stallard (28 years) and Tommy Rodd (47 years).

All their friends at Tilbury wish the quartet a very happy and long retirement.

Spirit of London sails on her maiden voyage

California here she comes.....

After a lightning visit to Southampton to complete fitting out and storing, Spirit of London sailed off on 11 November on her maiden voyage to San Juan, Puerto Rico with 500 American and British holidaymakers.

From San Juan, Spirit of London will undertake two Caribbean cruises before proceeding to the West Coast of America. She will then begin her first season of 15 ten day Mexican cruises, calling at Mazatlan, Manzanillo, Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta.

Built in Genoa by Cantieri Navali del Tirreno e Riuniti the 17,370 ton Spirit of London is commanded by Captain Gerry McGowan.

During her three week stay in Southampton the cruise liner was the venue for many important functions. In addition to a visit by the press, a luncheon for port and city officials and a Master Mariners' luncheon, the ship catered for over 400 members

of the London Press Club, which celebrated its 90th birthday on board.

The guests arrived on 4 November stayed overnight and attended a fashion show, cocktail reception and dinner followed by a full scale TV spectacular staged in the Churchill Room. This is to be screened later in the year.

This was Spirit of London's first and last visit to this country. On arrival on the West Coast of America she will sail year round in a series of short holiday cruises to Mexico and Alaska.



The £10m Spirit of London leaving Southampton on her maiden voyage to San Juan, Puerto Rico.

In brief

Captain E C Snowden of Passenger Division laid a wreath on behalf of the Group at a Remembrance Day service organised by the Honourable Company of Master Mariners at the Merchant Navy Memorial, Tower Hill, London.

★ ★ ★ ★

J A Miller - better known to all his friends as Dusty - has succeeded N L Brayne-Nicholls as Welfare Officer for Passenger Division sea staff.

Orcades - symbol of an era

During the Second World War the Orient Line lost four of its eight passenger liners. Over 83,000 tons comprising some of the finest ships of their day, Orcades II, sunk in the South Atlantic on 10 October 1942, was then the most modern ship in the fleet. It was therefore fitting that the first post-war ship to be built for the fleet should bear the same name.

On 13 October 1972 the present Orcades was decommissioned at Southampton after serving 24 years. Twenty four years of drastic change in the role and operation of passenger liners.

From conception Orcades provided a need which had not previously existed, and has been doing this throughout her life.

In 1945 when she was laid down at Barrow-in-Furness a new type of ship was required for the Australian run. A war had just ended and the requirements of the new world were very different from the pre-war pattern of regular sailings with predict-

able passenger and freight loadings. The jet age of regular air services was kicking in the womb and its future influence on sea-borne passenger trade not appreciated.

In the late 1940s a fast high capacity link with Australia was required. The new ship cut the voyage to Sydney by nearly a week and carried 1,200 passengers in two classes divided almost equally between first and tourist.

During her early years there was no lack of passengers in either direction. Australia House filled the tourist class with British migrants travelling under the assisted passage scheme and the first class comprised holiday makers, business and servicemen. Homeward bound the ship carried a six-year backlog of Australians who still considered their "trip" to Europe and "home" a part of their way of life.

Apart from the increased speed the voyage was not

unlike pre-war travel. Entertainment was mainly organised by the passengers themselves who elected their own sports committee. A Palm Court quartet "tipped toed through the tulips" on alternate evenings in the first and tourist class. Assistant pursers called houseie and film shows were given on deck. Soon after 11 pm the ship was dead with hundreds of tourist class passengers asleep on stretcher beds on the after decks.

By E. L. French

By the mid 1950s the post-war travel boom was quietening; foreign competition was becoming serious and Orcades had to move with the times. Cruising had been re-introduced from the UK and in 1952 Orcades made a cruise from Sydney, the first since before the war. In 1954 her younger sister Oronsay made the first trans-Pacific voyage and Orcades was soon to follow.

The sellers market was over and new ideas were needed to entice passengers to travel by sea. Air travel was making an impact and the ocean liner was called upon to show all its talents.

A major re-fit made Orcades fully air-conditioned. Entertainment became a major feature of a voyage or cruise. People travelled by sea because they wanted to, not because they had to. Permanent liaison officers and hostesses replaced the passenger sports committee. Two orchestras were carried and dancing became a nightly feature in both classes, supplementing another event.

For the next few years Orcades was amongst the finest liners in the British mercantile marine. She had a reputation for comfort and good living. Her Grill Room with its view over the stern provided the perfect setting for dining out at sea. These were perhaps her greatest days although the greatest of all must have been 15 June 1953 when she led the

government guest liners at the Spithead review.

In 1964 the inevitable happened and the ship became a one class tourist ship. Poker machines made their appearance in the Tartan bar, re-named the Casino. The Grill Room had become a permanent cinema; a former tourist class lounge became a night club, remaining open until the small hours. A far cry from the silent ship at midnight with passengers sleeping on deck trying to catch a non-existent cool Red Sea breeze.

By now the Orient Line had merged with the P & O and in 1967 the Orient Line house flag was lowered for the last time. Since then Orcades has sailed under the P & O flag.

The passenger shipping scene to-day is very different from 1945. Orcades has seen and survived many changes. Built for a specific trade she and her sisters have been adapted to changing needs.

Continued on page 20.

Fractured skull

Himalaya waiter, C Buller, who was admitted to hospital with a fractured skull after being assaulted on the quay side in Papeete, Tahiti in October was flown home early this month. He is still unfit for duty and we wish him a speedy recovery.

★ ★ ★

Congratulations to Terry Oliver and his wife Rita on the birth of a son Ashley David on the 4 November. Terry is a driver/warehouseman at Pandair's Northampton branch. Ashley weighed 8lb 11oz.

Fernie's first visit Port Talbot

A reception was held on board our 74,422 dwt bulk carrier Fernie at Port Talbot recently to mark the ship's first visit.

Fernie was carrying a cargo of iron ore from Dampier, Western Australia for the British Steel Corporation.

Executives from the Corporation as well as local civic dignitaries were welcomed on board by Captain Don Penberthy and his officers.

Our picture shows (from left): Alderman Griffiths, Captain Penberthy and Patrick Stuart Williams, Fleet Manager, BSD.



Commodores take up their appointments

Captain B D H Thomson, RD RNR (ret'd) has been appointed Commodore Master of BSD. He took up his new appointment on 1 October - the same day that Mr J R McCorkindale became Commodore Chief Engineer.

Captain Thomson, who in December will take command of the new 250,000 dwt ore-oil carrier, Lauderdale, joined P & O as a Deck Cadet in 1932.

He gained his Second Mate's Certificate of Competency in 1936 and his Master's Certificate in 1947. He was promoted to Chief Officer in 1952.

In 1956 he was promoted Staff Captain of Himalaya and for five years served in this rank before gaining his first command in 1961 in the tanker Mantua.

Captain Thomson joined Trident Tankers in 1963 and in addition to Mantua has commanded Queda, Malwa, Ottawa, Orissa, Ellenga, Opawa, Eridge, Ardtaraig and Ardshiel.

During the war Captain Thomson, as a Royal Naval Reserve Officer, held various appointments until rejoining the P & O in 1946. He is one of the few tanker Masters qualified to fly the Blue Ensign and now holds the rank of Captain RNR.

Captain Thomson holds a Reserve Decoration. He is married with two daughters and lives at Henfield.

Mr McCorkindale served his apprenticeship with the Ayr Shipbuilding Company Ltd, after which joined the British India Steam Navigation Company as a Junior Engineer Officer.

He served with BI from December 1934 until September 1938 when he joined the



Captain Thomson



Mr McCorkindale

Hain Steamship Company. In 1964 Hain and Nourse were amalgamated to form Hain-Nourse and at the Group re-organisation in 1971 he transferred to the Bulk Shipping Division.

Mr McCorkindale was promoted to Chief Engineer Officer in 1949 and has served in many ships including most of the "TRE" boats, the "B" boats which were owned by P & O and managed by Hains, and the five dry bulk carriers, Athirstone, Buccleuch, Cotswold, Duhallow and Fernie.

He is married with one son and lives in Edinburgh.

Ardlui's Goanese celebrate India's Independence day



Some of Ardlui's Goanese crew. Back row (from left) M I Gonsalves, C F D'Souza, B Viegas, C Rodrigues, J M Fernandes. Front row, P Fernandes, I Fernandes, S Vieira, E E Aguiar, S J Fernandes.

In the last issue of Wave-length we reported the celebrations held on board Ardlui to celebrate the Silver Jubilee anniversary of the Independence of India. We have since received the following report from Leading Steward Joe M Fernandes, who tells of the celebrations held in Ardlui.

The 15 August was a great day throughout the whole of India being the Silver Jubilee Independence Day.

We Indians (Goanese) in Ardlui also celebrated the Silver Jubilee, inviting all the ship's staff to our Goanese Mess Room.

A cable expressing P & O's best wishes to all Indian Nationals was received on 12 August after which Chief Steward C F D'Souza, Leading Steward J M Fernandes, Chief Cook M I Gonsalves and all the other Goanese decided to arrange a celebration party. Captain B W Kelly gave his help.

Merry Music

The "Goa Serenades" with B E Viegas (drums), J M Fernandes (Indian tabla), C F D'Souza (Japanese xylophone) and George Wong (mouth organ), played some merry music under conductor Joe Fernandes. The "Fabulous Four" played the Indian National Anthem which was sung by all Indians (Goanese), Goan folk songs (Mandhe) and songs in English, and Hindi. Thus the evening passed happily and joyfully.

Some delicious food was served and all the ship's staff enjoyed themselves, the party ending at 23.00 hours with the loud cheers of Jai Hind, Jai Mrs Indira Gandhi, Jai Goa.



Junior Engineer B Terry, Leading Steward J M Fernandes, Chief Engineer M Wild, Chief Steward C F D'Souza, Captain B W Kelly, Chief Cook M I Gonsalves and Chief Officer C Hunt at the Independence Day party.

Passing the parcel!

While on our loaded passage from Das Island towards Trieste, writes Heythrop Navigating Cadet N Stevens, we received a message from the company advising us to arrange a rendezvous with Grafton to transfer spare bearings for her turbo-blowers.

"Sparks" got in touch with Grafton and a rendezvous was arranged for Sunday, 8 October in the Mozambique Channel.

It was intended to lower one of Heythrop's lifeboats to ferry the spares across, but when we met in the early afternoon it was decided that there was too much swell to lower a boat safely, so some other means of transfer had to be found.

Eventually it was decided to float the spares to her. We wrapped them well in polythene and canvas and lashed them to the centre of an unmarked lifebuoy, which was tested in the swimming pool and found to float well. We made this fast to one end of a heaving line and a plastic one gallon container, painted

red, to the other.

The Chief Officer, myself and some of the crew stationed ourselves on the poop deck with our "parcel" while the Captain manoeuvred us into a position to windward of Grafton which was lying stopped and head to wind.

We came past Grafton's starboard side from astern and then went hard-a-port across her bows. As the poop deck came in a line with Grafton we sent the buoy, complete with spares, over the side. As we moved off to resume our course for Cape Town, Grafton moved ahead to meet the parcel floating towards her.

A few minutes later Grafton called us on the VHF to thank us, saying that she had got a line to the buoy at the first attempt and was continuing on course for the Persian Gulf with their new spares.

This was good news because few had expected them to pick it up at all, let alone at the first try.



Mrs Lloyd (centre) on the naming platform. With her in the foreground are (from left) Mrs Janson, whose husband is a director of Eriksberg, Mr Lloyd, Mr Janson, Mrs Marshall, Canon Sprent of the Anglican Church, Stockholm, Mr Eneroth, Managing Director of Eriksberg, and Mr Marshall.



Kildare alongside her sister, EMV 656, which is to be named Naess Viking. Due for delivery at the end of the year, she too will be chartered to ABC.

Welcome Kildare!

Bulk Shipping Division took delivery of the 150,000 dwt oil-bulk-ore carrier, Kildare, last month – but not before a last minute hitch had caused some embarrassment and smiles at the naming ceremony.

Mrs Jennie Lloyd, wife of P & O director, Mr Richard Lloyd, had released the bottle of champagne from the platform but instead of a crash there was a thud – and the bottle remained intact!

Unperturbed, Mrs Lloyd made her way down to the quay and with a mighty swing she sent the bottle crashing against Kildare's bow.

yard in Gothenberg, where Kildare – the fifth new ship to join BSD inside a year – was built. Among the guests were Mr and Mrs A B Marshall.

Ordered in October, 1968, the vessel's keel was laid in November 1971. She was "floated out" – she is too large to be launched conventionally – in July of this year.

The ship has been chartered to Associated Bulk Carriers Ltd – the company owned equally by P & O and Zapata Naess – which will be responsible for her trading.

There are now 28 ships in the BSD fleet. They total some 2½ million dwt.



Kildare's master, Captain Derek Lambell talking to Mr Lloyd.

Having failed to smash the bottle of champagne across Kildare's bow from the naming platform, Mrs Lloyd tries again from the quay. This time she was successful.

The naming ceremony took place at the Eriksberg



Bill Halliday and Eriksberg's Managing Director, Mr Eneroth.



Ewan Sweeney of Technical Services Division and his wife. During the construction of Kildare, Ewan was project naval architect.



A group of guests watching the flag-changing ceremony from Kildare's bridge.

On patrol in the 'trawler' Mata Hari

Dear Sir,
I was very interested to read Captain Poole's article on Mata Hari in the July issue of *Wavelength*. Between 1939 and 1940 I served as Third Officer and latterly as Sub-Lt. (Temporary) RNR in that out-of-the-ordinary and pleasant little ship.

I was only able to do one run on the 'feeder' service described so well by Captain Poole as in August 1939 — just before the outbreak of war in September — the vessel was taken over and commissioned by the Admiralty as HMS Mata Hari. She was, I believe, put under the general classification of 'trawler'!

About 15 Malay RNVR ratings, with a Petty Officer and a British Sub-Lt RNVR were posted to the ship to handle the weaponry and signals, and the remainder of the ship's company signed on T.124 Articles with the officers holding temporary RNR Commissions. Our duties were to patrol the edges of the minefields which the Navy had laid off Singapore, to report shipping passing through the Strait by Aldis Lamp to the signal station at Mount Faber — and to challenge warships passing our way by flashing the code of the day and hoping for the right response. From our first patrol until I left Mata Hari at the end of 1940 we were never out of sight of Singapore. In port, we lay, as previously, in the Inner Roads, close to our HQ ship HMS Laburnum.

Our RNVR officer was, incidentally, an assistant with Mansfield's — our present Singapore agents and in those days principally concerned with Blue Funnel and Straits Steamship Companies — a smart young man named Smyth.

Our weaponry was on a quite modest scale. A 12-pounder at the bow, depth-charge racks aft and depth charge throwers, one on each side aft of midships. We also had a Lewis gun and a few rifles.

The trials of our depth-charge dropping propensities were conducted with some awe as it didn't seem quite certain whether our speed of 11 knots was sufficient to get us clear even at 100 feet setting. However, all was well.

Apart from warning shipping of normal dimensions off the minefields, if they showed an inclination to stray, we had quite frequently to put a burst of Lewis gun fire ahead of local craft such as junks and tongkangs (a sort of shallower draft junk) if they tended towards danger.

The Eastern minefield, which Mata Hari fortunately was not patrolling at the time, caused the loss of Sirdhana when that vessel entered the minefield from the inside on leaving the harbour on her way to Hong Kong, shortly after the start of the war. We saw her strike the mine as we were almost cut off from view by St John's Island to the south of the harbour on a bright sunny morning. She was carrying a large number of Chinese deck passengers at the time and the first aid to reach the many

survivors in the water was from a Japanese vessel lying in the Eastern Roads which sent off lifeboats. Seabelle, the Singapore Governor's former yacht, which was patrolling the minefield involved, and Mata Hari on her way to the western approach minefield were too far off to seaward to render immediate assistance.

The war, of course, had not yet reached Singapore by this stage and it was a pleasant place to be in and around. As events in Europe intensified with dramatic and horrifying speed from early 1940 it seemed then that we were, or Europe was, on a different planet. In any case, Singapore was deemed to be 'impregnable'!

And fancy Mata Hari ending up west of Ryuku Islands as Nichirin Maru!

Our patrols were peaceable affairs, though of course one never knew what might crop up. One dark night when I was on watch a huge black warlike shape manifested itself ahead approaching on the opposite course. I gave the challenge letter of the day on the Aldis. No response. Again a second and third time the challenge and it had become worrying. However, third time lucky and the right response came. It was the French battle-cruiser, Strasbourg, and I'm glad that we didn't have to follow Naval tradition and steam into her with our 12-pounder blazing!

I gave ourselves a fright one day by manoeuvring a little too close for comfort ahead of a powerful Japanese cargo vessel which was passing through the Strait and was ignoring our flag signal. She was doing about 18 knots to our 11 and apparently being very obtuse or obstinate. However, I did manage to keep clear and got an answer in the end.

By the time the real show-down came in Malaya and Singapore late in 1941 and early '42 I was at home on leave. Until I read Mr W A Laxon's letter in the September *Wavelength* I had no idea of Mata Hari's ultimate fate.

Ian Dickson
*Insurance and Claims,
General Cargo Division,
Beaufort House.*

Shipping enthusiast seeks pictures

Dear Sir,
Although I am not at sea I am very interested in ships and have a collection of many ship photographs and postcards.

I am sure that there are many readers of *Wavelength* who have postcards, photographs, negatives, and slides of ships at home which will end up in the dustbin in due course; and it is to these good folk that I especially address this appeal.

I should be pleased if photographs of any ships that are not wanted could be sent to the undersigned for inclusion in my collection. Naturally I will acknowledge all letters and repay postage if



Takliwa — the ship in which Mr Monk served as 2nd mate until eye trouble forced him to leave BI in 1936.

The BI Alphabet sums up 'Coast' life....

Dear Sir,
In September's *Wavelength* I read Captain V P Harvey's appeal for some ex-officer to provide the words of the "BI Alphabet".

Lest this immortal ballad be lost to posterity, I enclose herewith a copy (see page 16) typed from my own dog-eared version acquired some 40 years ago. Certain verses, critical of the Asiatic, might tend to bring a grim smile to the face of Mr Enoch Powell;

certain others imply dissatisfaction with BI conditions and pay at that date. However, I think this poem gives a good impression of "Coast" life as it was then and I hope you can print it.

The group photograph of Woodarra boys brought back a load of memories; how about a similar group from the Wangaratta at about the same date? Many of these lads would be retired, or about to retire, now, and a

photograph would, I am sure, be appreciated.

One of the thoughts in the forefront of the mind when looking back over happy years gone by must be "What happened to old so-and-so?" In the Woodarra photo, back row, fourth from the right, is one of my own old buddies — "Tangye" Law, 2nd, of Nuddea about 1935, of whom I lost all trace. Anyone know if he is still around?

My own connection with BI started in 1925 with Captain W R Steadman in Mulbera. I left the company with eye trouble in 1936 as 2nd Mate of Takliwa and a war disability left me unable to return to sea after RNVR service. So I am now enjoying the fruits of my labours of 27 years as a local government officer, retired at Leigh-on-Sea. But I am still proud to think of myself as having once been a BI 2nd Mate!

W Monk
18 Sairard Gardens,
Eastwood,
Leigh-on-Sea

Miracles! yes we often achieved them

Dear Sir,
Through the medium of "Postbag" I shall be pleased if I may bid *au revoir* to the many members of the Group, principally afloat but also ashore, with whom I have been acquainted during the last five years in which I have been in charge of the Penang agency.

I am now leaving Penang to take up an appointment in

Kuala Lumpur within the Harper Gilfillan group.

A very great part of the enjoyment of these past five years has been due to the continuous interest that has been generated by dealing with the men and the ships that now form part of both General Cargo Division and Passenger Division.

I owe a special debt of gratitude to the many Masters and Chief Officers who have bent and adjusted to my entreaties and demands that frequently have arisen from the need to "sail before arrival" or put a "quart of cargo in a pint pot". I am perpetually grateful to them. The impossible was so frequently achieved even if the miracle occasionally took more time. To all of them my grateful thanks.

I think it highly likely that my present parting will not be an irrevocable separation from the group as since the days when I was a very junior passenger on the Matiana (Mombasa to Falmouth 1934) I appear to have been returning like the proverbial bad penny. Until the next reunion my best wishes to all.

R D Frase
Harper Gilfillan
(Malaysia) SDN BHD
Hong Kong Bank Chambers
P O Box 156, Penang.

My 20 hour day as a stevedore

Dear Sir,
While looking through the September issue of *Wavelength* the article, "To India and back in the Roaring Twenties" brought back many memories of 44 years ago.

I can recall when as a lad of 18, I worked on all those ships for the BI as a stevedore when Captain Anderson was the dock superintendent.

In those days we worked from 8 am then came back at 11 pm and worked through the night until 7 am the next morning. We did this three times a week, the ship coming in on Monday and sailing Saturday.

After the war I joined the stevedore staff of The New Zealand Shipping Company. I would like to add that my cousin Mr G Huzzey was one of the survivors of the Rawalpindi during the war.

G Kinney
148 Shrewsbury Rd,
Forest Gate
London E7.

Family's link with P & O goes back 120 years

Dear Sir,
In *Wavelength* and past issues of *BI News*, I have read of family connections with the company and wondered if you would be interested in mine.

My grandfather, William Smith had premises in Canute Road, Southampton, and in the 1850s supplied the P & O Company with clocks and chronometers. From 1880-1900 my father, Peter Mackinnon, supplied the BI with sails, awnings and hatch covers etc., and his son, John Mackinnon, by a previous marriage was Chief Officer of Byculla.

My brother, E J W Mackinnon, joined the R A D Office in 1903 and served for 50 years, finishing as Chief Cashier of the Stevedores Department. I, myself, joined the Dock Office in January 1909 as export office boy, starting at 6.30 in the morning working until 9.30 most evenings at the rate of 4d an hour overtime. I retired in 1955 after 46 years.

My son Kenneth Edward Mackinnon, joined the company in 1940. After serving with the RAF he returned to the BI office. He is now with Bulk Shipping Division.

Edward Mackinnon
South Road,
Broughton,
Stockbridge,
Hampshire.

Not long after sending us the above letter, Mr Mackinnon, who had been in ill-health for some time, died at his home in Hampshire. We have printed his letter at the request of his family.

Pandair manager home from Africa

Pandair Freight has promoted Keith Wright from his post as Manager of their South Africa branch to Sales Manager of the company's UK South East region.

Mr Wright, who joined EMG Air Services in November 1968 as sales representative in his native East Midlands' area, has spent the last eighteen months travelling extensively in South and Central Africa.

His post as Manager-South Africa has been filled by the first South African to be appointed to a managerial post by Pandair, John Tibshirany, who has spent four years selling air freight throughout Southern Africa.



W R Eddison (left) presenting Mr Urell with the television set. Looking on are Mrs Urell, David Knight (background) and N E Harper. Picture: The Western Morning News Co.



TV set for Travellers' manager

A J Winter has been appointed Ferrymaster's Southern Region Marketing Manager.

Mr Winter, who is 28, was once in the Shipping Department of Baker Perkins, and the Shipping Manager of Polymark Export.

He joined Ferrymasters in 1969 as Sales Representative for Kent, Surrey, Sussex and Essex and was promoted to the London West End and City Sales area in June 1971.

A portable television set was presented to Mr F H W Urell when he retired as head of Travellers (Coast Lines [Services Ltd], Plymouth).

The presentation was made at a farewell dinner by Travellers' Plymouth manager, Mr W R Eddison on behalf of Mr Urell's colleagues. Mrs Urell was given a bouquet.

Mr N E Harper, Co-ordinator of P & O Short Sea Shipping was amongst those

at the dinner, together with members of the Plymouth and Falmouth staffs and representatives of various air companies, tour operators and British Rail.

Mr Urell, who commenced work with the Great Western Railways, joined Coast Lines in June 1926 to open the nucleus of a travel agency in Plymouth. He served in the Royal Air Force during the war and afterwards returned to Travellers, taking over the

running of the Passenger Office in November 1960.

Mr David Knight succeeded Mr Urell on 1 October. He joined the company straight from school in September 1948 and carried out his National Service with the Royal Air Force.

He is a founder member and past chairman of the Plymouth Travel Trades Club and is also a member of the Devon and Cornwall Skat Club.

Family's link with Belfast Steam comes to an end

The retirement of Reginald William Berkeley CBE, JP, FCIT this month brought to an end a family association with the Belfast Steamship Co which has lasted over half a century.

Since 1921 when Samuel Berkeley was appointed general manager of the company there has always been a Berkeley as chief executive.

Reginald Berkeley joined the Belfast Steamship Company as a cadet in 1927 and served three years in Dublin, one year in Belfast with Harland & Wolff and one year in Liverpool. In 1932 he

returned to Belfast as assistant manager of the company.

Appointed manager in 1941, he was promoted assistant general manager in 1944 and finally succeeded his father, Samuel Berkeley, as general manager in April 1947.

Also in 1947 Reginald became a Belfast Harbour Commissioner and 20 years later in 1967 he was elected chairman for a five-year period.

A much respected member of the Northern Ireland community Mr Berkeley devoted a great deal of his own time to the welfare and prosperity of the province.

For over six years he was a member of the Northern Ireland Tourist Board. He is a past chairman of the Northern Ireland Section of the Institute of Transport and a member of Lloyd's Register of Shipping General Committee, London.

For a number of years Reginald was chairman of the Northern Ireland Borstal Institution.

As well as being managing director of the Belfast Steamship Company and Burns & Laird Lines, he was also a member of the executive committee of the British Shipping Federation London; chairman of the North of Ireland Shipowners' Association; chairman of the North



Reginald Berkeley

Road haulage chief hands over to son

One of the best-known personalities in the British road haulage industry - Ron Jones - has retired and handed over the control of bulk liquid hauliers A S Jones & Company of Bromborough.

An inventor of a number of special vehicles, Ron Jones started out on a long career in road tanker transport in 1929 when he joined the family business after undergoing technical training. He was appointed a member of the Board in 1940 and a director of Coast Lines Road Transport Board 14 years later when A S Jones merged with the Liverpool company. On the 1971 merger of Coast Lines with P & O he was promoted to Technical Director as a Board member of P & O Road Services Limited.

Before saying a final farewell and heading for his smallholding in North Wales, he was presented with a cine-camera, projector and screen on behalf of his colleagues by Mr P H R Turner, Chairman of P & O Road Services.

Succeeding him as general manager is his son, Dr. Norman Jones, who is a highly qualified engineer. After graduating from Liverpool University he first joined ICI as a project design engineer at Runcorn. In 1966, he moved to the

former family haulage business as personal assistant to the general manager. Two years later he was appointed to the Board as assistant general manager.



Ron Jones



Norman Jones



Harold McMurray

of Ireland Port Welfare Committee; a member of the Industrial Court Northern Ireland and a member of P & O Short Sea Shipping board.

On his well-earned retirement Reginald will no doubt devote much of his time to his favourite passtime - golf.

Harold O McMurray, formerly assistant managing director, Belfast Steamship Co and Burns & Laird has succeeded Mr Berkeley as managing director of the two companies.

Harold joined the staff of the Belfast Steamship Co in 1935. During the war he served with the Royal Ulster Rifles and was later commissioned into the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

He was appointed assistant manager of Anglo Irish Transport in Londonderry in 1963 and subsequently manager and general manager. In 1970 he returned to Belfast as assistant managing director of his present companies.



Gift for handicapped

Hearing that the Southampton Home for the Mentally Handicapped lacked a good record player, the crew of Southern Ferries' Eagle made a collection among themselves and passengers, and bought the home a combined stereo record player and radio. Captain Gordon Renshaw, who made the presentation on behalf of his ship, is seen here giving encouragement as one of the residents puts on the inaugural record. Behind Captain Renshaw is Mr S I Brunyee, who with his wife has run the home since 1966 for the City Social Services Department. The residents were thrilled with the gift, and with the record that went with it, "The Soul of Spain", one of their favourites. Eagle has promised to send them a Portuguese record to remind them of the ship's most frequent port of call.

EUROPEAN AND AIR TRANSPORT DIVISION

Business Club's new president is well-known shipping man

N R N Parry, manager of General Steam, Edinburgh has been elected President of Edinburgh City Business Club.



N R N Parry

Mr Parry is well-known in shipping and travel trade circles in Scotland and has held many important appointments in the industry including President of The Scottish Passenger Agents' Association, founder Chairman of The East of Scotland Study Group of Travel Agency Managers, and Chairman of the Edinburgh Section of The Skail Club of Scotland.

At present he is Vice-Chairman of the Scottish Branch of The Institute of Freight Forwarders and serves on the Scottish Tourist Consultative Council of The Scottish Tourist Board, Edinburgh Tourist Advisory Committee and Consultative Committee for Edinburgh Airport. He has recently been

re-elected to the Scottish Retail Agents' Regional Committee of ABTA.

During the war Mr Parry served with the RNVF and was awarded commendations on three occasions while a Lieut-Commander in South East Asia.

He is an Elder of Glencairn Parish Church, Glasgow and is married with a son and daughter.

Edinburgh City Business Club is an association of business executives, founded in 1929 with the object of promoting the civic, educational and industrial development of the city. Each Tuesday notable speakers are invited to the weekly luncheon to address the members on topics of interest. The number of members is restricted to 350.



Henri Dupart retires

Henri Dupart, manager of General Steam Belgium, pictured on the occasion of his presentation with a retirement gift by B J Elson, general manager of P & O Freight Forwarders. Henri joined the company in 1928 at the age of 17, and remained for the whole of his career apart from the war years. An expert on cargo and ship agency matters, he had the reputation of having helped to train a number of senior people in the Group when they did their stint in the busy Antwerp office, among them Peter Parry, now Chief Executive of Passenger Division, and Reginald Grout, formerly Chairman of GSN. He took over as manager of General Steam Belgium from Gerry Morrish in 1964.



Computer system for GSN Edinburgh

GSN Edinburgh, who are the General Sales Agents for British Caledonian Airways, have had four Incoterm computer terminal units - keyboards with television screens - installed in their office for the airline's reservation system which is now computerised. The system is linked both by satellite and cable to two IBM 360/65 computers in Los Angeles, California, and enables the staff to obtain details of seat availability within three seconds of request and to make firm bookings right up to departure time. Our photograph shows travel assistant, Helen Campbell trying out one of the units watched by her colleague Karen Johansen, and Norman Parry, manager of GSN Edinburgh. The GSN ladies in this department wear the uniform of the airline.



Captain receives clock and wallet

Captain David McCausland of the Belfast Steamship Company was presented with a clock and cash-filled wallet when he retired a few weeks ago. The presentation was made by P & O Short Sea Shipping's Chief Marine Superintendent, Captain R G Morrison. Captain McCausland first went to sea in 1928 with Wilson & Reid of Belfast.

Short Sea staff changes

W B Wilson has been appointed director and manager of Burns and Laird Lines.

Based at the company's Ardrossan port office, he succeeds N C B Wright, who is relinquishing his posts of director and general manager of Burns and Laird and as a director of Trend Holidays.

In two further appointments W L Rushford, passenger manager, Burns and Laird, is joining the Board of Trend Holidays, while F W Olohan has been appointed planning manager at the Liverpool headquarters of P & O Short Sea Shipping.



W B Wilson

Pandair appoint Hong Kong manager

Pandair Freight has renamed the two Hong Kong companies it acquired recently and appointed a general manager in the colony.

Flying Cargo Ltd has been renamed Pandair Freight (HK) Ltd and First City Travel has become Pandair Travel.

Geoffrey E Hill, who has held several financial and administrative posts within the P & O Group, is the new general manager.

Educated at Malvern College, Worcestershire, Geoffrey spent a brief period with the P & O before 1939, and during the war served with the Indian Army in India, the Middle East and Burma. He rejoined P & O in 1948 and transferred to Pandair in 1967.



N C B Wright

Insurance award for Hull man



A member of North Sea Ferries' Freight Department staff in Hull, David L Hill (above) has won the 1972 Thames and Mersey Marine Insurance Award for the best paper on cargo insurance in the Institute of Freight Forwarders final examination.

David, who is 22, has been with North Sea Ferries for three years.



F W Olohan

News in brief

Alf Webb, former general manager of Thomas Trapp, was seen recently in Southampton, working harder than ever in his retirement.

Mr Thornton, retired director of GSN, made a trip in the Eagle recently.

Winnie Yare, who retired from Moss Hutchison in 1971, has had trouble with her eyes but is now better.

Bermuda's new governor sails out in Oriana

Former British Minister of State for Home Affairs, Sir Richard Sharples, KCMG, OBE, MC, took over his duties as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Bermuda last month with the customary ceremonial pomp and circumstance.

Sir Richard and Lady Sharples - who have exchanged their manor house and farm in Alton, Hampshire, for Bermuda's Government House for at least four years - arrived in the mid-Atlantic resort colony in

Oriana which anchored offshore.

Although Bermuda is a self-governing territory - the oldest one in the British Commonwealth, with a parliamentary system going back 350 years - Sir Richard will play an important part in the conducting of the affairs of its 53,000 residents.

As the representative of the Queen he will preside over the Executive Council, or Cabinet, of the ruling United Bermuda Party, and appoint his chosen members to the Legislative Council, or Upper House. He will also convene and prorogue the House of Assembly on the Queen's behalf.

As Conservative Member of Parliament for Sutton and Cheam since 1954, vice-chairman of the Conservative Party and Minister of State for Home Affairs, Sir Richard will clearly not feel out of place in his new role.

As Governor he receives a \$30,000 (£12,500)-a-year salary, plus \$33,000 for entertainment expenses. His predecessor, Lord Martonmere, served for an unprecedented eight years and during that time entertained a number of world leaders, including Pope Paul, Prince Charles, President Nixon and Prime Minister Edward Heath.

A keen yachtsman, Sir Richard is planning to have his 32-foot sloop sailed to Bermuda by his two sons so that he can participate in the colony's year-round sailing pleasures.

One privilege the Governor enjoys which is denied other Bermuda residents is a large car. His Daimler limousine exceeds the legal limits which keep the size of Bermuda's 10,000 cars to proportions fitting to the narrow winding roads and 20 mph speed limit.

African qualifies as marine pilot

A colleague in Kenya has written to tell me that Captain Andronicas J Ketoyo, who received his initial training with the BI, has become the first African to be appointed a marine pilot. He is now in Mombasa familiarising himself with harbour pilotage duties.

Captain Ketoyo, a 30-year-old Kenyan, attended the Southampton School of Navigation before joining BI. After obtaining his second mate's certificate, he served with the company as a Third Officer and then attended the Liverpool College of Technology to study for his first mate's certificate.

Captain Ketoyo then had another spell at sea, after which he went to the London Polytechnic School of Navigation where earlier this year he obtained his Master Mariner's Certificate.

Arkadus goes to press

Full marks to the chap who dreamt up the title of *Arcadia's* recently-launched newsletter which is circulated free to all the ship's company.

The name he suggested was *Arkadus*. Captain Anthony Dallas, the editor, thought it was so good, he promptly gave the name to the new publication - and sent the chap who thought of it a crate of beer!

Captain Dallas tells me that *Arkadus* has about 600 readers. Additional copies can be bought for 2p each and this money goes to the Ship Adoption Society.

Having read the first five issues - *Arkadus* comes out every Sunday - I must say it's a most amusing and interesting publication and I wish it every success.

Incidentally, in the Passenger Division section of this *Wavelength* you'll find an article from *Arkadus* number four. I enjoyed reading it and I hope you do too.



Orsova clock returned to RAAF squadron

This close-up photograph of the "missing" clock which has been returned to No 1 Squadron, Royal Australian Air Force (*Wavelength* No 6) has been sent to me by WA Grassick, a former P & O second steward.

Mr Grassick now lives in Australia and is a barman at the RAAF Officers' Mess in Amberley, Queensland, where No 1 Squadron is stationed.

The clock was originally presented to No 1 Squadron, Royal Australian Flying Corps by the Orient Steam Navigation Company after the Orsova had carried the unit overseas during World War I.

In 1940 when the squadron sailed for Malaya the clock got left behind at RAAF Laverton, where it remained until being handed back several weeks ago.

Mr Grassick says the wood, on which the clock is mounted, is believed to be part of the original bulkhead of the Orsova.

No 1 Squadron, incidentally, was raised at Point Cook in 1916 and is Australia's oldest air squadron. It disbanded in 1919 but reformed in July 1925.

In 1940 the squadron flew its Hudson bombers to Java, where, after a gallant stand, many members fell prisoner.

Reformed in December, 1943, as a General Reconnaissance and Bomber Squadron, No 1 flew Beaufort and Mosquito aircraft until the end of the war.

Disbanded again in July 1946, the squadron began another life at Amberley in 1948, flying Lincoln bombers. After 8 years at Tengah on Singapore Island, engaged in operations against Communist terrorists in Malaya, the squadron returned to Amberley.

The squadron is destined to be equipped with F111C aircraft and is presently operating the Phantom F4E interim strike aircraft.

Guide dog appeal - £65

The crew of OCL's Encounter Bay are to be congratulated on launching their guide dog appeal, a story about which appeared in the last *Wavelength*.

All told the Encounter Bay's crew numbers 37 and to set out to collect £500 - the cost of training a dog - is no small task for so few people.

All the money is being looked after by CFL's Derek Smith who told me that at the last count the appeal stood at £65.

Most of this has already been converted into premium bonds and everyone connected with the scheme is keeping their fingers crossed for a "win".

Let's hope they don't have to wait too long. There are over 112,000 blind persons in this country and what better Christmas present for one of them to hear they are to get a guide dog.

Incidentally any reader who would like to contribute to the appeal should send his or her donation to The General Manager, CFL, Navigation House, London EC3N 1PT.

Now we're all starry eyed!

Inter-Divisional rivalry has raised its head over the Passenger Division's announcement that Canberra is to make an eclipse cruise from New York next year.

The press release contained reference to the saros cycle. General Cargo Division has its sun lovers too it would seem. Barney Leeson (AFM) has jumped into print with a note to the editor saying that he could not permit GCD to be eclipsed by PD - Saros Cycle or not!

Barney writes, "The moon's orbital nodes precess about 19 1/2° per year and complete one revolution in 18.6 years in relation to the stars and in 18.03 years in relation to the sun. This period of 18.03 years (18 years and 11 days) is known as the Saros Period and is the interval between the occurrence of identical eclipses. Due to the orbit of the moon being inclined at 5° to the ecliptic, the maximum declination of the moon during this period will alter from 18 1/2° to 28 1/2° at the half period and return to 18 1/2° at the completion of the period.

The Saros Period is also the greatest component in the cause of nutation, this being the 'nodding' of the earth's pole about the pole of the ecliptic."

After that lot we've all got spots before our eyes. Thank you Barney - the Saros Cycle is now clear to all. Which reference book did you use?



Royal Visitor

While *Carpentaria* was in Fremantle a few weeks ago, Captain WG Howcroft and four members of his ship's company were invited to a reception for Princess Margaret at the Flying Angel Mission. The four nominated to accompany Captain Howcroft were Cadets LG Copeman and SJ Linturn, Deck Tindal Lalloo Soma and Utility Steward JA D Souza, who are seen here talking to the Princess in the Mission's snooker room.

Mackinnon's bid farewell to Roger Wilson

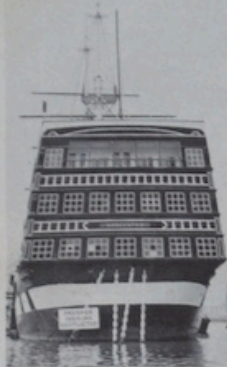
Roger Wilson has left Mackinnon Mackenzie, Hong Kong and set up home with his wife, Kate and their children, Kevin and Kelly in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Roger joined P & O in Cocksbur Street in 1947. He was posted to Bombay in 1958 and six years later transferred to Hong Kong as travel manager.

He became a well-known figure in the colony's travel circles and at various times was President of Skal, a member of the Hong Kong Tourist Association, Chairman of the Local Chapter of the Pacific Area Travel Association and Director of the United Federation of Travel Agents Association.



Floating college repainted



HMS Worcester the Merchant Navy College's headquarters has been completely repainted by workmen from J Kirkaldy and Son. Our photograph (above) shows four of the work team painting one of the masts. In the picture (left) the 68-year-old vessel can be seen after all the repainting had been completed.

Shipping men win Otaki cup final

The Combined Shipping Companies rugby team in Auckland, of which four members were P & O (NZ) Ltd Auckland staff, had a brilliant win in the annual Otaki Cup rugby competition.

This year marked a special occasion in the history of the Otaki Cup since it was first presented in 1922. Half a century has passed and the cup is still keenly sought after by four competing rugby teams: the Auckland Harbour Board, the Customs Agents, Shipping Companies, and HM Customs.

The Otaki Cup is dedicated to the memory of Captain Bisset-Smith VC RNR and his crew of the NZ Shipping Company vessel *Otaki* who gave their lives against the attack of the German raider *Moewe* in March 1917.

Thus, it seemed a fitting tribute that on the 50th anniversary that the cup has been played for, four members of P & O (NZ) Ltd staff in Auckland (Leighton Wynyard, Charles Pitt, Peter Gillan, and Lee Foster) helped the team to win the first game against Customs Agents 17-8 and so qualify for the final.

In this their opponents were the very strong HM Customs team but with brilliant tackling the Combined Shipping Companies team had a great win 8-7 — their first since 1967.

Much celebration was had afterwards as one can imagine and a miniature of the Otaki Cup was presented to the Captain, Alan MacDonald (Union Steam Ship Company staff, Auckland) to be kept as a memento of the game.

Managing Director

Trevor Thomas Hoskins, 51, a director of Bethell Gwyn, has succeeded David Herman as the company's managing director.

Mr Hoskins, who for four years has been responsible for Bethell Gwyn's activities in Swansea and Port Talbot, joined Simpson Brothers — as Bethell Gwyn was then known — as a junior clerk in 1936. He later became a shipping clerk, then assistant manager, and then manager, before being appointed a director in 1968. He is married with one daughter.

We sailed to war in Westmeath - with beer a shilling a quart

While looking through some old papers I came across a card headed "my Westmeath, Avonmouth, May 1956. Luncheon Menu".

The signatures on the back include those of Mr W C How CBE MM and Captain T G Wilson.

That lunch was given by the Avenue Steamship Co Ltd to mark the handing over of a plaque to be displayed in the Officers' Recreation Room. The plaque recalled that the 1st Battalion of the Honourable Artillery Company had sailed for France on 18 September 1914 in the former ss *Westmeath* owned by the Irish Counties Company.

Four of us who had sailed in 1914 were invited.

More reference to old diaries brought back particulars of the short run out in 1914. To get the atmosphere of those days fifty-eight years ago when we were young and light-hearted I can only quote what I wrote afterwards.

"We spent a wet week under canvas at Aveley in Essex and entrained early in the morning. Our officers girded with swords (which were never used) looked most warlike. The troop train meandered all round London and arrived at Southampton in the evening. We waited on the quay: I forget if we had anything to eat but finally we boarded our transport, a 7,000 ton liner in the New Zealand meat trade (this was 'our' ss *Westmeath* — ex *Everton Grange*). I knew of her only too well. She had been aground on the bar outside Liverpool some months previously which had caused me a lot of hard work.

To my consternation I was told that I should have to take charge of the section; in fact to put up a couple of stripes. This didn't fit in at all with my idea of a free and easy life. I declined the honour but was told "to get on with it". I could only say like our churlard at home that "I'd try and oblige".

We moved down Southampton Water in gathering gloom. From a craft we passed dimly outlined in the



The *Westmeath* in which the author went to war.

darkness a strange voice enquired "Are we downhearted?" Appropriately we chorused "No". "You — well soon will be" said the unknown. That British seaman didn't seem to be a cheerful sort of chap.

The section having been allotted space in a smelly meat hold preferred the open air and slept in the lee of a hatch coaming. It was a good idea as they showed signs of being unseaworthy.

Next morning it was obvious that we were going down Channel. The sea was choppy. Those who weren't seasick were hungry. I sought the Quartermaster Sergeant.

For some extraordinary reason (it may have been to provide a reserve in case we had several days fighting which didn't seem likely, or a wish to help the troops to fight seasickness) he was dishing out an inch cube of corned beef and one biscuit (the sort we give to the dog at home) per man. I didn't mention that only two of the section of ten were capable of eating so for the moment we had enough.

The war at sea seemed to be quiet. Two of us got well out of the way up on the forepeak. Here we took cover inside a large coil of rope in which we were well hidden

from official view. We spent some happy undisturbed hours until we felt hungry and thirsty again. Once more I sought the Quartermaster Sergeant but he was not to be found. Instead I discovered a Chief Steward who was willing to sell quart-bottles of beer for a shilling each — two pence back on each empty.

This temporarily solved the ration trouble. After getting a last full quart on our returned empties we noticed that the ship had veered south. We had rounded Ushant and in the late afternoon passed up the Loire to St. Nazaire.

It was Sunday evening. The local populace lined the quay in full force. They cheered. Our soldiers who had been seasick sat up and took notice. We all cheered. As we moved in to tie up there were yet more cheers and volleys of fruit came aboard.

To get a good view and full of bonhomie engendered by a final quart obtained by the refund on our empties I'd climbed up to sit on a derrick, one arm around the foremast. An apple came sailing by. It was an easy catch to one who had been fielding in the slips all that cricket season but to the

French who don't play cricket it looked like Mr Cowdrey at his present day best. There were more cheers. We all began to feel most martial, almost soldierly.

However discipline prevailed and we disembarked full of keenness to cement the entente cordiale, but this glorious feeling subsided as darkness fell and the French enthusiasts went home. The platoon in which I was an unwilling section commander was directed to unload stores. To show how keen we were to get to the war we worked hard; so hard in fact that some of our worn-out fatigue party crept aboard "our" *Westmeath* again and fell asleep. Rounded up later they were horrified to learn that they might have been taken back to England; but that was the only time in four years that they were horrified in that way.

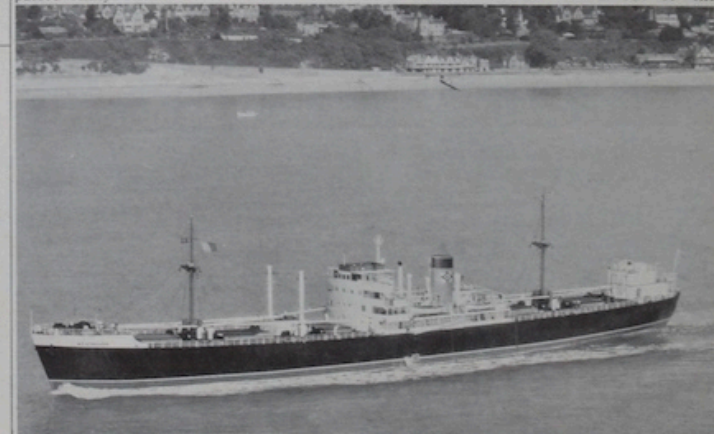
As a first lesson with our Allies we found an obliging Frenchman who escorted us to a small estaminet open in the early morning for the benefit of dockworkers. He was suitably rewarded with what he recommended of which we also drank several. I regret to say that he passed out, mentally. We had to pass out too — and did so physically — to the lorry which arrived to take the last of the stores, as well as our fatigue party, up to the base camp.

That was the last we saw of "our" ss *Westmeath*.

Mr How suggested the lunch in 1956. It was a happy and memorable occasion.

When some years later the second *my Westmeath* was disposed of, the plaque was handed back to the regiment.

Only a few of the "passengers" who sailed in 1914 are left. Perhaps there are one or two of the officers and crew who were on board at that time but the ship's bell of "our" ss *Westmeath* (ex *Everton Grange*) stands suitably mounted and brightly polished at Armoury House, the Headquarters of the Honourable Artillery Company.



The *Westmeath* in which the reunion was held.

Group cadets among college prize winners



Mr and Mrs Philip Pennel leaving St Clement Danes church, the Strand after their wedding on 21 October. The bride, formerly Miss Frances Jones, is secretary to our International Relations Director, Mr D D Brown, and the bridegroom is a second navigating officer with Passenger Division. Also seen in our photograph (from left) are Second Officers Jerry Tadman, Mike Gold, who was best man and Bill Dick. After a reception the couple left for a honeymoon in Tunisia.



Miss Frances Anne Bateson and Mr Tony Connolly, who first met in Canberra, pictured after their wedding at Epsom Registry Office, Surrey. Anne was senior telephonist in Canberra which she joined after serving in Orades and Tony was a bedroom steward. The couple now live in Basingstoke where Tony works for Sealine Services.

There was something very familiar about the prize Engineer Cadet E W Blakie received at the Southampton School of Navigation's speech day. For the company who had presented it was none other than P & O!

Edward won the prize — a silver tankard and £10 book token — for having "the most outstanding blend of technical competence, leadership and social qualities" of all the Second Year Engineer cadets.

Passenger Division Cadet M E Fowler won the British and Commonwealth prize — a pair of prismatic binoculars — which is awarded to the officer cadet making the best overall contribution to his course.

Engineer Cadet E C Whalley of CFL won the British and Commonwealth prize which is awarded to the Second Year Engineer Cadet achieving the best work in liberal studies.

He also won the School of Navigation's special prize for the Engineer Officer Cadet making the best progress throughout the course.

Contribution

Passenger Division Engineer Cadet M A Cummin was awarded the School of Navigation prize for the Engineer Cadet making the greatest contribution to his group.

Other P & O cadets to win prizes were Deck Cadet R R D Townner of Bulk Shipping Division (School of Navigation prize for the best academic work of the term in his class); Engineer Cadet M J

Congratulations

... to Ronald Fillary and his wife, Irene, on the birth of a son, Craig William, who weighed in on 30 September at 7lbs 4oz.

... to M D D Constable, Chief Engineer in Manapouri on his engagement to Miss J Summerfield, a swimming instructor from Wellington, New Zealand. The couple met some five years ago when Miss Summerfield travelled in the Rangitoto.



M E Fowler receiving the British and Commonwealth prize for the cadet making the best overall contribution to his group.

Dimond of Passenger Division (British and Commonwealth prize for the best Executive Engineer Cadet); Engineer Cadet J S Hook of Passenger Division (British and Commonwealth prize for the Engineer Cadet best at boatwork and also a prize for the best duty watch); Engineer Cadet K J Vernon of Bulk Shipping Division and Cadet S J White of Passenger Division (prizes for the best duty watches).

P & O prize

The P & O prize, a pair of prismatic binoculars, for the officer cadet achieving the best executive work during the summer term was won by Cadet I A Ross of the British and Commonwealth Shipping Company.

Prizes were presented by Mr P W R Smith, Director and General Manager of Panoecean Ship Management.

The audience included many parents and families of the cadets and several representatives from P & O, among them Frank C Murphy (Fleet Manager, General Cargo Division) and Harry F Spanton (Fleet Manager, Passenger Division).



E W Blakie, who won the P & O prize for having "the most outstanding blend of technical competence, leadership and social qualities" of all the Second Year Engineer cadets.

Peter's £200 Bentley is now worth a fortune

Whit Saturday 1954 was a wet and miserable day.

Peter Sherwood, who is now manager of Group Communications, remembers it well. For after spending most of the day staring into space and deploring the English weather he decided to brighten up the proceedings.

So off he went to Vintage Autos in Tooting, where in the showroom, surrounded by Mercedes-Benz and Isota Fraschinis there lurked a lovely 3-litre Bentley clad in her coat of British racing green.

"I knew at once she was to be mine", recalled Peter "and excitedly but guardedly asked the salesman to take me out on a trial run". He left shortly afterwards, £200 lighter, but feeling very proud

of his latest acquisition!

Peter sadly left behind his lovely 17-75 Alvis Silver Eagle but felt that he was probably "doing the right thing". Most of his friends felt quite differently and comments ranged from "you must be out of your tiny mind" to "what on earth do you want with that old banger".

However, Peter was hooked, and he has never regretted it for one moment.

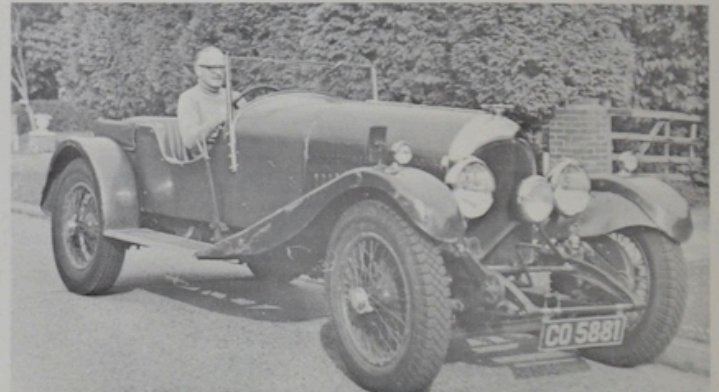
"The car, which emerged from WO Bentley's showrooms in 1923, has always been a source of pleasure to me and my family", said Peter last week "and from the investment point of view my asset has appreciated some 1500%. We have made many friends in the Bentley Drivers

Club and we have only once broken down on the road — shortly after I bought the car — when the top blew off one of the pistons".

This year Peter and his wife went to Lands End and back for their holiday and "we reiterated what we have said for many years — this is the only way to travel on the roads today!"

For the technical-minded the car is a short chassis vintage Bentley with twin SU sloper carburettors, the close ration "A" gearbox and a Le Mans ratio back axle.

The body is of obscure origin but a previous owner whom Peter met recently said he thought it was made by a firm of body makers called "Cavendish".



Peter in his 1923 Bentley.

The Centre Spread



George Hannah.

Ulster Queen's chief steward to retire

After over 48 years at sea George Hannah, chief steward of The Belfast Steamship Company's Ulster Queen is to retire at the end of November.

George joined the Coast Lines Group in 1924 as

Sea Oil reception

Over 70 representatives of the international oil industry attended a reception in the P&O Building, Leadenhall Street to launch Sea Oil Services, P&O's new offshore supply organisation. The reception was designed to tell the oil industry of Sea Oil's plans to support operations on the entire Continental Shelf. Seen below is John Milman of TSD (left) talking to a guest. John played a major part in the design of Sea Oil's new base which is to be built at Montrose. The reception was hosted by Mr Ford Geddes.



Seaman, wireless pioneer, gold prospector, bootlegger, and more. Fred Shaw, who now lives in Henley-on-Thames, has

Over 70 years of adventure

"I wanted travel and adventure and I found both." This is how Freddie Shaw of Salthouse near Henley-on-Thames sums up his years of worldwide wandering covering more than a million and a quarter miles including seven times round Cape Horn, eighty crossings of the Atlantic and five circum-navigations of the globe. During this time he "diced with death" met millionaires, film stars and royalty in California and even went panning for gold in the High Sierras.

This is an adventure story. The story of Fred G Shaw... sometime seaman, wireless pioneer, gold prospector, bootlegger's runner and a full-time adventurer.

Shaw now lives quietly with his wife in a Thames-side backwater. The family have grown up and departed. Shaw, someone wrote earlier, might have stepped from the pages of a John Buchan novel.

"I was fortunate" said Fred Shaw, "to have a wealthy mother who enjoyed travelling." His father was Professor Fred Shaw, Mus.Bac. FRCO, a talented musician and composer of Church music. Father wanted Fred to go into the Church but Fred didn't like the idea of that.

Before he was ten years old he had travelled with his parents to Switzerland, Italy, France, Belgium, Portugal, the Holy Land and Brazil, going out in the Booth Line Hilary and returning in the Jerome in 1910. This gave him a thirst for travel. An uncle Tom Shaw was first violin in the Hallé Orchestra under Hans Richter before the first world war.

Fred's first "shipwreck" was on 20 July 1908. The family lived near Colwyn Bay, North Wales and there was an afternoon sailing from Rhyl to Rhos near Colwyn Bay. The Rhos Neigr of the North Wales Steamship Co Ltd collided with Rhos Pier and sank. All on board were

saved. Rhos Pier was taken away many years ago but the boilers of the Rhos Neigr could be seen at low water until a few years ago.

Fred's first solo adventures abroad came by courtesy of HM Government. The year was 1916. He wanted to go into journalism and was found a very junior clerk's job with the *Manchester Guardian*. "But I wanted to be a reporter," he recalled. "I wrote a memorable sentence and received some advice I have never forgotten. I wrote: 'He traversed the main thoroughfare and entered the portals of the sacred edifice.' The chief sub editor saw it and said: Laddie, why didn't you write: 'He crossed the road and went into the church?'"

But journalism seemed dull with all the world events and Horatio Bottomley was stumping around the country making his recruiting speeches and after one impassioned speech at Rhyl in North Wales — young Shaw was fascinated by the oratory of Horatio Bottomley — young Shaw joined Kitchener's Army. He was under age but not many questions were asked. Within a month he was in France at the Duchess of Westminster's hospital at Etaples. Shaw said: "My job as an Orderly was stretcherbearer and I used to help take the wounded across from France to Dover and to various hospitals in the country. But I got on the wrong train one day and it went to London Road, Manchester. My father had found out about me and was very angry. There was a reception committee waiting for me at London Road, Manchester and I was chucked out of the Army."

But he couldn't go back to journalism so he went to Wireless College and obtained his first class ticket and was soon at sea in the thick of it. He was pushed around from the Moss Line to the Leyland Line, from the White Star to Furness Withy, from the Manchester Liners to the Johnson Line and they carried troops and mules, cotton and benzene, phosphates and dynamite, sulphur and ammunition.

Shaw remarked: "The worst of the lot was mules in the Leyland Line. If anybody wants the story of the Nicosian and the Q-Ship Baralong, I can tell them and it is not pleasant." Later, when Shaw was serving in the Median of Leylands, a U-boat turned up in mid-Atlantic and started to shell them. They managed to get a distress call out and then luckily the fog came down. Only 20 miles away was the USS Quincy a fast cruiser. They heard she got the U-boat. Shaw says: "That was the first of many occasions in my life when I have been grateful for the help of the Americans."

It was when serving in the troopship Adriatic that the full horror of war hit him. "It was at the time of the influenza epidemic in 1918

and I will remember it as long as I live. We had thousands of troops on board and the death rate was over 100 a day. As a man died he was put out on the deck. I had to walk over piles of dead bodies to get to and from the radio house which was at the foot of the jigger mast. I stepped on one man and he grunted. I thought he was still alive. But he wasn't. I had just expelled the air out of his body."

Armistice Day 1918 found Fred Shaw in New York. The streets were filled with ticker tape. In many places drinks were free.

The years following the First World War found Fred Shaw with the White Star Line. Passenger service Liverpool to New York Adriatic and Baltic, Mediterranean service in the Cretic from Genoa and Naples and Palermo to Boston and New York via the Azores, a lovely run. The Australian and New Zealand cargo service in the old Cufic. Eighty-eight times across the Atlantic sounds a lot but it doesn't take many years to do and fro in the White Star Line to put up the count!

It was in Wellington in the Twenties that Fred first met that handsome ship Horarata. She was alongside Cufic and the wireless man had gone to hospital. He expected to be transferred but it didn't happen. Little did he think then that less than 20 years later he would join Horarata in the Royal Albert Docks.

In 1923 Fred Shaw decided to become what he calls a "free-lance traveller" and was more or less able to choose for himself where he should go. It wasn't as comfortable as the White Star Line but he wanted to see the world. So after a few Newcastle colliers and a trip up the Baltic as far as Kronstadt, he joined the Radio Communication Company of London and became a pioneer in marine direction-finding and echosounding. He helped navigate a 7000 ton steamer Cairn-

mona from Canada to Newcastle in dense fog and put up with a lot of abuse from the old-style navigators and then came a spell in North Sea trawlers as far as Bear Island. It was tough. He said: "I was sent to Hull to convince the trawler skippers that this was the only way to be sure of catching fish. I expected a rough reception. I got it. In those days trawler skippers operated by guess-work. They didn't want any new-fangled bloody inventions from people who had never fished in their lives. I had a three-week trip to the Arctic. My equipment was bolted to one side of the galley. The cook did everything he could to obstruct me. But they weren't doing very well, and I got my chance — they had nothing to lose I told them. I said 'Shoot' and they did and they filled the ship. They were converted. Was I glad to get back! I wouldn't go on a trawler again for £10,000 a year."

Fred now had a spell with the Admiralty, with the Director of Stores, known as the Royal Fleet Auxiliaries. They looked after the Royal Navy and carried stores, oil and water. He went out to Malta in the BI liner Devanha and found his ship HMS Perthshire in dry dock not yet in commission so he lived ashore in a hotel in Malta for four months which was not the sort of adventure he was looking for. He was transferred to the store carrier and water distilling vessel Bacchus, but Malta, Chatham, Portsmouth, Devonport, Rosyth, was still too tame. So he joined Houder Brothers Sutherland Grange and had a few glorious trips to the River Plate for frozen meat. Then the general strike of 1926 arrived so he went home to Wales for a holiday.

And then the fun started. To get away from it all, he joined a 900 ton tramp, with a Norwegian skipper, a French mate, a Welsh second mate, a Maltese steward, a West-



Another picture by Fred Shaw. Taken in 1938 it shows the Dutch Australian Bight.

legger's runner - Fred s been them all enture

Indian cook, Shetland seamen and Arab firemen. They went on a Munson time charter to America, but before they got to America they were posted missing as they encountered bad weather, were parish-rigged and underfuelled, ran out of food and had to rig sails out of old tarpaulins. However they reached Baltimore after 42 days. They carried coal and stores to Cuba and brought sugar back.

Later in 1926, Fred was in New Orleans in a small ship loading supplies for Venezuela. Prospectors had found oil at the bottom end of Lake Maracaibo, 400 miles from the city of Maracaibo at the mouth of the lake. Of the 37 members of the original expedition only 19 returned. Fred Shaw described the country as "a wild land hundreds of miles from anywhere inhabited by naked Indians armed with blowpipes and poisoned darts. He said "I didn't see any Indians. I was sensible enough to keep out of the way. But one thing I couldn't dodge was yellow fever." Fred often thinks of those old days when he sees the great wealth these days of Venezuelan Oil Concessions. When his ship returned to the Southern States he was put into hospital at Orange, Texas. His ship departed. His money and property had been handed to the British Consul. He was a DBS (Distressed British Seaman) due to be shipped home within 60 days health permitting. It looked as though Fred's wanderings had come to an end. Stone the crows! Come to an end? They hadn't really started!

The United States was a prosperous country in the Twenties. Fred wasn't keen on going back to England. The people in the tiny town of Orange, Texas, were very friendly. Texas, big in everything was very big-hearted. He was friendly with the man from the Western Union telegraph company. When Fred was able to totter around he sat with his friend

on the back porch of his bungalow and gossiped. His friend said "Why the hell go back to England? Don't be a goddamned fool. Stay in Gard's Own Country."

That very idea had crossed the mind of Fred Shaw when he came out of hospital in Orange. Unfortunately he was a Distressed British Seaman. His discharge book, his passport and his clothes were with the Consul. That Consul was about to make leisurely arrangements to have Fred on his way home within 60 days. But Fred wanted to go to California. That needed spondulicks, oof, dough, cash, dollars, iron men, greenbacks, mezumeh... He had money in England. The first problem was to get hold of some of that money. The bank manager of the First National Bank of Orange, Texas, solved that for him. He cabled England for the money. Money was transferred to Orange, Texas.

Fred, still in the country illegally, worked out a plan on the back porch of the bungalow, with the full agreement of the Western Union man and the bank manager, eased along by a few swallows of potent homebrew. (They were the days of Prohibition.)

The plan was: Fred wrote to some friends in Canada saying he was coming home that way and could they put him up for a few days? He explained of course privately that he wasn't coming at all but enclosing a letter saying that he had arrived in Canada, which after a suitable lapse of time they were to post to the Consul in Orange, Texas, saying he's arrived and would they please forward his Dis.A., passport and money to Canada. Then Fred booked a seat on the famous "Sunset Limited" from New Orleans to San Francisco. The Western Union man cabled it to stop at Orange for one passenger. It did. He was seen off by the Western Union man, the bank manager, the Sergeant of Police and the local drugstore chief and after three days across Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Southern California, Fred arrived in San Francisco. He found a "rooming house" - five dollars a week, spotlessly clean, iced water and tooth-picks free, but get your chow where you liked. Fred settled in, took some bearings of his situation, wrote his friends in Canada and asked them to send on his papers and money. They turned up a few days later. He was a free man.

Fred was to spend the next five years in the States. He wasn't fussy about jobs. He took what turned up. Garbage collector's assistant, ditch digger, vacuum cleaner salesman, finance house clerk, grocery warehouseman, electrical wireman. One day he walked into an employment exchange and was told "This fellow here wants a mate."

"I thought I would investigate. The 'fellow' turned out to be a gold prospector. I was



A dramatic picture from Fred Shaw's album showing HMS Fearless sinking after being hit by bombs while escorting a convoy to Malta. Fred took the picture from The New Zealand Shipping Company's Durham.

to be the odd job man. No pay. But I could pan for gold when not doing the chores. Off we went to the High Sierras in an ancient Studebaker like a large hearse. I think I breathed the purest air in the world up there. Washed in the purest stream water, I got a shock one day when he shot a deer and said "Clean it up for tomorrow." On professing trembling ignorance, he said "You goddamned Limeys..." and slung it up by its hind legs from a tree branch on a sloping bank, cut its throat to let it drain... and said, "Cut its head off later and chuck it down the bank, slit it from crotch to neck, chuck the guts down the sloping bank and the mountain lions (pumas) will finish them off, cut up some mansize steaks and now I'm off to the placer." No more details. You have to be born to that sort of job.

"The best part of the job was sitting by a stream panning for gold dust. The rewards were not great... about thirty shillings worth a day. No bonanza stuff."

Later Fred got a job in the foothills near Oakland, California, "slinging hash" for Tony the Greek who ran a roadside cafe. The hours were 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. and Fred stuck it for six weeks because the pay was good and in spite of prohibition there was free wine. But after six weeks it was a bit much and Fred indicated his desire to Tony to hit the trail. Fred said: "Tony looked as though his heart would break and he went on his knees and clutched me round the waist and said 'Frederico you no leava me, you da only man no break da dish for sixa week, you and me go partner, we maka da mun, we maka da biga biz Frederico...'" But Frederico had had enough. He says he can still smell that grease!

Fred was thinking that it was about time he found something with shorter hours and a bit more money and not so much sweat and tears. While he was "resting" in San Francisco and enjoying a bit of leisure and sunshine and morning coffee, he met a very pleasant character named Anatol, a prosperous Russian-Jew. Fred said: "After a few meetings I could see he was leading up to something and eventually out it came. Anatol said 'You look as if you are an honest man... you've got an honest face anyhow. How would you

like to work for me?'" I asked him what he did and he said he was a bootlegger. He asked me if I was a Limey and I told him I was a Scotsman. It was much better to be a Scotsman in California in those days... Anyway, he said he was looking for somebody like me. All I had to do was to keep my mouth shut and stay sober. If anybody asked me what I was I was a grocery salesman. I called on people for their grocery orders and they gave me their hooch orders. I simply went round looking clean and innocent and collecting the orders for bootleg hooch. It was the best paid job I've ever had in my life. I never had a drink. I went to the local church." But when there had been a few hijackings in his territory Fred thought he would move to pastures new.

In fact, Fred took a job with the Federal Telegraph Company as a telegrapher and said it was the dullist job in his life and the only highlight of this period was that he discovered a distant relative who was a bailiff on William Randolph Hearst's vast San Simeon ranch and he used to go there for his vacations. He met many famous guests at the ranch including the late Queen Marie of Rumania, Hal Roach the film comedy producer, Mary Pickford, Conrad Nagel and many others. Fred said: "Queen Marie was very interested in what I was doing there, as she was English. She was a great character, usually dressed in flowing black with a foot-long cigarette holder and of course there was no Prohibition in circles like that."

At about this period Fred Shaw had another stroke of luck. He received a legacy which enabled him to fulfil a couple of ambitions. He had matriculated early at the beginning of the first world war and this enabled him to enter the University of California. But he first had to pass Subject A as it is called. This is required from all foreigners at American Universities in order to ensure that they can speak, read and write English. This presented no problems. He chose to read American History and Fine Art and was able to attend because his work with the telegraph company was permanent evening work. He was very interested in marine painting and illustrative art and has many of the specimens still at his Oxfordshire home.

Fred had a few nasty moments when a census was being taken, as he was still in the country illegally. But the census man was very good about it. He said "Listen buddy, all we wants is de facts... ya bin here twenny years, aincer? we ain't interested in how ya got here."

In 1929 came the depression and the Wall Street Crash. The Telegraph Company decided that all its employees must be American citizens. This could have been arranged as Fred had been over five years in the country. But when it came to digesting the small print and to "renounce his allegiance to King George the Fifth, his heirs and assigns, and to take up arms against them if necessary..." this was more than Shaw could take, and he and his wife decided to return to England. He wasn't poor any longer after his unorthodox adventures and the rate of exchange was favourable for anyone leaving for Europe, the rate then being... he forgets whether it was three dollars and 29 cents or two dollars and 39 cents to the pound, but it would be about enough to "double his money."

There was a 2000-ton fourmasted barque in Oakland, California, called the Star of Greenland of the Alaska Packers Association, which had been bought by the Abraham Rydberg Foundation of Sweden and renamed Abraham Rydberg and Fred hoped to "work his passage" home to Dublin in her. But he wasn't able to manage this and he came home via the Panama Canal in the American liner Virginia to New York, had a week there sightseeing and visiting his old White Star haunts and then back to Southampton in the German liner, Bremen.

Things were not too bright in England but it was nothing like the United States. It was really bad in the USA. The Wall Street Crash and the aftermath. The Grapes of Wrath, Buddy, can you spare a dime?

Fred said: "I don't suppose anybody who wasn't around there at the time will ever realise how terrible it was... I was lucky. Officially there were fifteen million or so unemployed, but the figure really was nearer thirty million. Yes, I was lucky, really lucky and I freely admit it. California sure was Grapes of Wrath country. There was no social

security. No dole. If you had nothing you went to the Community Chest and they would give you something, perhaps, not money, maybe a case of rosy red apples to sell... on a street corner... You've heard the song "Buddy, can you spare a dime?" That was a song which really meant those very words. I gave away many a dime... I was glad to... it was the least I could do."

In England, Fred found that jobs on ships were very scarce. So after many months of looking around he went into the laundry business in Bournemouth with a distant relative. He said: "It was a pleasant business in pleasant company in a pleasant place. But it was hard work, from about 7.30 a.m. to 10 p.m. weekdays and on Sundays you did the jobs you couldn't do when the machinery was running."

After three years of this Fred was wondering what to do next so that he would live longer, when the international situation solved his problem. Italy invaded Abyssinia. The Admiralty remembered Fred. They called him up for the "emergency". On 5 November 1935 he left London on the Golden Arrow with a couple of suitcases to join HM Hospital ship Maine in Alexandria as a Wireless Officer. On the same Golden Arrow was King George of Greece from Brown's Hotel in London going back to Athens. But King George had 140 trunks against Fred's two suitcases. From Paris, the train took Fred to Marseilles, then a change for Toulon where he joined the Orient liner Orama, filled to capacity. At Port Said, Fred left Orama, took the train to Zagazig and changed again for Alexandria, eventually joining Maine.

There were 93 ships of war at Alexandria and Fred's ship was busy as a hospital, but not war casualties fortunately. Then the Spanish Civil War broke out and HMHS Maine was sent to the Spanish coast, where in about six weeks they picked up about 1,100 British and foreign refugees (mostly foreign... good old Britain, as usual) from offshore Barcelona, Alicante, Almeria and several unknown little spots privately arranged. One day they went to the island of Ibiza and picked up one refugee, Robert Graves. Fred said: "It was a marvellous summer

Continued on page 13.



Cruising holiday for retired BI master

Captain A Pyatt who retired from BI in November 1955 after 28 years' service pictured with his wife during a holiday cruise on Oriana.



Shippers thank master

Rajula's former master, Captain G. D. Thompson, pictured with the farewell address presented to him by the Indian Chamber of Commerce and Industry, Nagapattinam, after he had handed over command of the vessel to Captain G. C. Woolgar. The address, signed by the President and member shippers of the Chamber, thanked Captain Thompson for his care in safeguarding the interests of shippers "who have suffered a loss due to deterioration of the onions on account of bad storing and stacking arrangements".

Anna Neagle's sentimental visit to New Zealand

Dame Anna Neagle first heard about New Zealand from her sailor father. She was only a small child at the time but as the tales of that far-off country unfolded so she became more and more determined to one day pay a lengthy visit there.

Because of her stage and screen career it was not an easy thing to do but a few weeks ago Dame Anna at long last set foot in New Zealand at the start of what was to be a sentimental visit.

In no time she was visiting the places described to her by her father, Captain Herbert Robertson of the Federal Steam Navigation Company. Places he had visited in the days when the wives and families of sailors saw little of their menfolk and when he himself was lucky to get home for a fortnight twice a year.

Dame Anna Neagle remembers those times well... the excitement and thrill of visiting his ships when they were in port and the wonderful times when all the family went with him for all too brief trips along the English coast.

Dame Anna's mother, the former Florence Neagle, was uncomplaining - she was the grand-daughter of an Irish sea captain of the great clipper ship days of the 19th Century.

One of her sons, Alan, is now a retired naval commander; the other, Stuart, shared his sister's talent and was to become a well-known singer, before his premature death.

Mrs. Florence Robertson was never to know of her only daughter's eventual fame, for she died in 1926.

Captain Robertson was with the Federal Steam Navigation Company for most of his career, commanding merchant vessels plying between Britain and New Zealand before he retired in 1924 - earlier than would normally have been the case - because of a heart attack. He later worked as marine engineer for the company which from 1912 had been amalgamated with The New Zealand Shipping Company and in 1937 made a further visit to New Zealand to see old friends.



Dame Anna with some old family photographs. The one in front shows her mother and father with Anna and brother, Stuart standing in front of officers on Captain Robertson's ship. The other photograph is of her father.

In the grim days of World War I Captain Robertson was ordered to take his ship "Devon" (by then converted to a troopship) to Egypt, carrying Anzac troops who were to fight on Gallipoli. Dame Anna has a much-prized photograph of the ship leaving Aotea Quay, Wellington, in 1915.

As a memento of Dame Anna's visit to New Zealand, representatives of P & O presented her with an attractive brooch featuring the emblem of the Federal Steam Navigation Company at a ceremony held on the Matura. Dame Anna's obvious pleasure at this gesture revealed a trace of the little girl who had hero-worshipped her handsome sailor-father. She said, "If only my father could have known of this moment - he would have been so pleased and proud."

Our thanks to the New Zealand Women's Weekly, from which the above story and photographs were obtained.



Dame Anna with Commodore Barnett on board Matura.

The story of the Otaki scholarship

When Captain North asked me if I would care to write my impressions of my four-month trip to New Zealand as this year's Otaki scholar, I decided that it might be of some interest to note down a brief resume of the scholarship and the event that it commemorates.

This event occurred in 1917 and involved the s.s. Otaki, a refrigerated vessel owned by the NZS Co, and, at that time, bound for New York. En route she was sighted by a German raider, the Moewe. When the German raider commanded Otaki to heave to, Captain Archibald Bisset-Smith (a former pupil of my own school, Robert Gordons College) chose to ignore the

order, and, furthermore, when the German fired a warning shot across his bows, ordered his own men to open fire on the warship with the Otaki's one and only gun.

Despite the raiders enormous superiority in firepower, the battle did not go entirely the Germans way, and although the Otaki was inevitably sunk, the raider burned fiercely for two days.

As the Otaki was sinking Captain Smith ordered his men to the boats but himself remained on the bridge. For this gallant and heroic action he was posthumously awarded the VC, one of only two awarded to the Merchant Service throughout the First World War.

Not long before the

Second World War, The NZS Co decided to take one boy each year from Captain Smith's former school, Robert Gordon's College, across to New Zealand, from where the New Zealand Internal Affairs Department took over and arranged a four to six week itinerary around New Zealand.

I am the 29th Otaki scholar and I believe the first to travel outwards on the mv Otaki, the ship which now proudly bears the old Otaki's VC. The 45-day long trip out took in Samoa and Fiji before arrival at Auckland where I was met by a representative of the Internal Affairs Department. There followed a hectic six weeks in which I visited such diverse places as Well-

ington, Christchurch, Dunedin, Invercargill, Queenstown, Napier and Mount Cook to mention only a few. Most of the time I stayed with families which I much preferred because of the overwhelming hospitality invariably showered upon me.

All too soon my six-week stay was over and I joined the Tongariro in Bluff for the voyage home. The 26 days passed swiftly in the fresh air, working on deck with my cabin-mate, one of the two deck cadets, an excuse to achieve a tan to remind me of a journey to the other side of the world and back for which I now take this opportunity to express my gratitude to the P & O.

Gordon Downie

Small ads

• Large three-bedroom centrally heated house in village near Didcot, with aspects over open farmland in the Thames Valley. Didcot to London 50 minutes by train; Didcot to Basingstoke only an hour by road. For further information contact Mr. Chinneck, 01-283 5220, Extension 2517.

• I have a domestic vacancy which might suit a retiring stewardess. FHL Warren, Red Furlong, The Green, Wick, Bristol BS15 5RA. Telephone Abson 2366.

Any reader wishing to insert an advertisement in this column should send their advertisement to The Editor, Wavelength, P & O Building, Leadenhall Street, London EC3V 4QL. There is no charge.

40 lady pensioners at reunion



Miss C Norman, Mrs Grace King and Mrs G Lamb.

Mataura was chosen as the venue for this year's annual reunion of The New Zealand Shipping Company's lady pensioners.

Commodore Keith Barnett greeted about 40 of them as they arrived on the ship and later, in the absence of Mr H T Beazley who was at a P & O Board meeting, Mr R F A Hosking welcomed them to the function.

Miss N Poole who replied on behalf of the lady pensioners thanked Mataura's crew for organising the lunch and drinks and Mr J W Grant for making all the arrangements.



Mrs Pat Noakes, Mr J W Grant, Miss Barbara Wheddon and Mrs J Munden enjoying a drink before lunch.



Mrs A Sherlock, Miss Sheila Young and Mrs P Paxton talking to CJO R Small and 2/EJO R Sharpe.



Mrs Margaret Hopper, Mrs Anne Candy, Mrs Grace King and Mrs Joan Barnett.

Over 70 years of adventure

Continued from page 11

June-July 1936, and when our ship was overflowing we ferried the refugees into Marseilles and handed them over to their Consuls. There were morning and afternoon bathing parties, chiefly as a hygienic exercise and cases of seawater soap were dished out to the crowds on the rafts, pontoons and carley floats ... it was like a Japanese bath house."

Then the Arab War started in Palestine and HMHS Maine was sent to Haifa, to act as Casualty Clearing Station and when the hospital beds were full Maine dashed down at nine knots to the base hospital in Alexandria, unloaded and returned to Haifa.

When the "emergency" was over Fred returned to London from Malta, night ferry to Syracuse, then a marvellous rail journey through Sicily and Italy with a half day off in Rome, all as a first class guest of HM Government. And so back to London.

But Fred was determined to stay at sea and the Marconi Company gave him a "pier-head jump" on one of France Fenwick's colliers Kentwood running coal from the Tyne to Barking Power Station. Fred remarked: "This was a tough and dirty job after the luxury of the Admiralty, but it was a job, with millions out of work."

Then his luck took a decided turn for the better. One day in East Ham he met Mr. Percy Greenstreet, the

Radio Superintendent of The New Zealand Shipping Company and got his name on the waiting list for a vacancy. Every week from Barking, Fred went round to the Royal Albert Dock and within a couple of months he had signed on the Hororata and a new chapter had started in his life. Listen to Fred on The New Zealand Shipping Company: "This was without doubt the finest company I had ever worked for. They were the lineal descendants of the old Blackwallers. They may have had the motto 'Growl ye may, but go ye must' but you were well looked after. It is painful to hear the grumbles of present day seafarers. They don't know they are born."

Fred served in Hororata, did a relief trip in Essex, stood by Otaio in Falmouth for five months - just think, what company would keep its officers on stand by on full pay for five months - and then late in 1937 Fred was appointed to the cadet ship Durham and in his own words "I don't think there could have been a finer seagoing life. Two training cruises were made each year. Usually in November each year to New Zealand via the Panama Canal returning around Cape Horn and again to Australia about May via the Cape of Good Hope and back again via the Cape or Suez. Sometimes there were variations - north about Australia through the Torres Strait to Darwin and Wyndham and Batavia as it was then, and sometimes a circumnavigation east to west and sometimes west to east.

It was a delightful and solissequious life.

Much has been written of the excellent work of The New Zealand Shipping Company's training ships, usually about 40 cadets from Conway or Worcester or Pangbourne as well as direct entry, all the deck work performed by the cadets. An instructional officer and surgeon were carried as well as an ex-RN physical training instructor. Fred Shaw did not waste his time at sea. He used to broadcast in New Zealand, Australia and South Africa, was special correspondent for about 20 newspapers and magazines and contributed photographic features for many papers and magazines.

Fred Shaw said: "I was known as the chap who never drew any pay from the ship overseas. There was nearly always sufficient money waiting in the various ports for the photographs and broadcasts and articles. I thought of giving up the sea and starting on my own but in 1939 Adolf Hitler put an end to all that."

In September 1939 when Durham was homeward bound from Australia and was three days out from Cape Town war was declared and he received 48 SOS calls from less fortunate vessels. It is one of Fred's little jokes that he was never "called up" in World War II because he was in a Reserved Occupation. Only the Reserved Occupation managed to include Malta Convoys. He said "I would probably have been a lot better off if I had been called up."

Freddie Shaw describes as "one of the queerest feelings of his life" reactions when aboard Durham in a Malta Convoy in 1941, he sat on top of a huge cargo of mines, torpedoes, assorted ammunition, coal and food, with a deck cargo consisting of four gallon drums of high octane spirit, millions of gallons of it, and watched "about 200 of Kesselring's assorted bombers" peeling off in formations of 10 to attack them!

"Durham" however, reached Malta unscathed, but returning disguised as a French merchantman, it ironically ran into a French minefield off Cape Bon, Tunisia. With a hole in the hull measuring 30 feet by 400 feet it limped towards Gibraltar, only to be sunk by limpet mines off Gibraltar eventually being beached on the Spanish coast. As a result Fred Shaw spent five months in hospital. He got home from Gibraltar eventually with about 3000 others in the Polish transport Batory. He says "I owe the Poles a big debt as well as the Americans."

Fred was in hospital in Worcester when a man from the Ministry of Pensions came to see him. Only 15 miles away at Woodnorton was a country mansion where the BBC had been evacuated on the outbreak of hostilities. Woodnorton was the "Hog's Norton" about which Gillie Potter used to broadcast. "The Ministry of Pensions man thought that because of my technical training I should get a job with the communi-

cations department of the BBC. But when I went to see the BBC they offered me a job in the Foreign News Department of the External Services. The Special Department where Fred went, had only started in 1938 and used to listen to what the rest of the world was saying and is now known as the Monitoring Service with a staff of 600. Then it had a couple.

By 1942, when Fred joined it was in full swing. Caversham Park, the HQ, is just north of Reading and dates back to Domesday. In 1542 Elizabethan statesman Francis Knowlles lived there. In 1647 when the estate belonged to Lord Craven, King Charles I was Oliver Cromwell's prisoner here. In 1844 it was bought by the Crawshaw family, South Wales ironfounders from Cyfartha. In 1922 it was sold to the Roman Catholic Oratory School who moved from Birmingham. And in 1940 the BBC bought it for their External Services operations.

It came into its own during the last war when the Ministry of Information used it to eavesdrop on enemy stations. Fred used to listen to the German Transocean Radio and the Japanese Domei Agency among many others. They had private lines to the Prime Minister and Service Ministers, Whitehall, Admiralty, Army, Air Force and Government Departments and Fred remembers one night, after listening to Lord Haw Haw and Goebbels, and after one of our 1000 bomber raids, Churchill rang

up in the early hours of the morning and said "What's the old bastard got to say about me now?" At the height of the war there were over 1000 staff, monitors or listeners, translators, technicians, editors, transport staff, canteen staff and house staff. It was a self-contained little world.

The monitors listen to more than 36 different countries and they listen to and record more than four million words daily. Then after the war the staff dropped to just over 400 but they kept Fred on the established staff for which he was grateful. He went through it all, the cold wars, the battles of propaganda, the Niagaras of Natter, the Middle East crises, the Air Lift, Hungary, Suez, the Sputniks. The BBC now collects its own news. Before the war the announcers used to say: "Copyright by Reuter, Press Association, Exchange Telegraph and Central News..."

For the last 16 years of his BBC service Fred was in the department dealing with Russian broadcasts and it was a very interesting period. Moscow broadcast in 46 languages. Fred was one of a team of 16 who listened to what Moscow said in English to Europe, Asia, Africa, Ireland, America and the Middle East. He reached the retiring age in 1962 and was glad to be "liberated". But he still listens at home to what the world is saying, does some gardening, reading and writing and finds time for some photography.

Was I glad to get this off my chest....

It is a goodly number of years since I gained a second mate's certificate, but I recall only too well that it was at the time of a serious shipping slump during which many officers wore out boot leather tramping round the docks in search of berths for which they were well qualified.

I, as one of them, was staying at the Liverpool Sailor's Home when one morning I was given a tip that a certain firm required a second mate in a two-officer ship, a tramp loading coal in the Bristol Channel. Soon after breakfast I hurried along to the office concerned, in Water Street, to offer my services. On arrival there I was introduced, a step or two inside the entrance door, to a young man of the office-boy type who enquired my business. On my saying what it was he asked, "What 'ticket' have you got?". I said a second mate's, to which he replied with impertinent brusqueness that I should come back when I had got a master's.

After leaving this office I was fortunate to obtain a berth as an AB in a cargo liner bound for the Far East. I never quite recovered from this experience of rudeness in a shipping company's office. It rankled for years, so much so that although (apart from this) I could wish for no better service than the sea for myself, I saw to it that neither of my sons adopted it as a career. Both of them, however, served throughout the last war in the Royal Navy.

Some years later I was again in Liverpool, now in possession of my Master's certificate. Times and conditions were much changed and there was a shipping boom which put masters and officers in the premium class. The matter of my first experience when looking for a job still rankled and I could not resist calling again upon the firm that had given me such a shabby reception earlier.

After stating my profession I was invited on this

occasion into the manager's office and he told me, in detail, all the advantages of service in his employ. Only then was I able to tell him about my previous visit to his office and, from that, I went on to tell him, with great satisfaction to myself, what he could do with his ships.

Only in this manner was I able to relieve myself of a poison that had entered into my soul and embittered me for many years.

At long last I was at peace with myself, with shipowners and the world in general.

•The above article is the first in a series by Commander H C Ganger-Brown.



Zaida's eight heroes

The eight men who manned one of Zaida's lifeboats in rough seas during a search for the crew of a Taiwanese fishing vessel pictured below Zaida's Crusader Line funnel emblem. From left are: D K Chaktaborty, D C Brahma, D N Ghosh, R G Saha, Chief Officer D James, Radio Officer D Alder, Third Officer I Anderson, and Junior Engineer Officer M D Roper. There were 22 crew in the Taiwanese vessel. Seventeen were saved by Zaida but the others were lost as they tried to get clear of the reef on which their fishing boat had foundered. A full report of the drama appeared in the last Wavelength.

My month aboard Captain Scott

by Cadet G G Meegan

For almost the whole of September I was lucky enough to secure a berth on the Captain Scott, a top-gallant schooner and the largest sailing ship under the red ensign.

The 380 ton vessel has an overall length of 144 feet with a 28 feet beam and her main-mast is 99 feet from truck to main deck. Her highest design speed is an incredible 14 knots, although she did only 11 knots while I was aboard. There are two diesel engines that give a speed of about 8 knots in good conditions, but of course, we don't talk about them!

Our Captain was a grey, solitary man who had been a Commander in the Royal Navy, a round the world sailor and a war hero. The mate had an obscure background and his appalling voice could be heard all over the ship.

The Bosun was a second mate from Blue Funnel, a complete seaman who knew about my Company, Hain Nourse, from Shanghai days while Margo, the only female on board, was a splendid cook. Our expeditions were organised by a weedy little man, who had climbed in the Himalayas to 20,000 feet and the Chief and only engineer was a Scot who had a passion for oat cakes!

This then was the permanent crew, our temporary instructors being an Artillery Major, a Royal Naval Lieutenant and a Yale-graduated eccentric American.

The Captain Scott is not a well known ship. She has been operational only since the beginning of the year and her cruising grounds centre on the beautiful, demanding and empty Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland.

While I was aboard, the crew of this splendid mass and confusion of white sails, 'sticks' and 'strings' numbered 36. We came from all walks of life - army, police, industry, breweries, universities and public schools. Surprisingly, we all got on. We had to. And by the end of our month of 'hell' we were a highly efficient crew that worked together and even had some idea what the billions of 'strings' were for.

Our greatest delight on the Captain Scott was undoubtedly 'rise and shine' at 06.30 hours followed by an instant sea-water hose down. Boy, did I love my three spins in the evil, petrifying jet. Try it some time!

It was not long before our fragile hands were blistered and they hurt us horribly as we clamped our swollen mitts on the wet ropes. Everything is man-powered aboard and ropes were handled a thousand times a day!

Most nights were spent in some convenient, lonely

Len bids farewell to the Maori Club



Len Barker and his wife, Florie, with Mr H T Beazley.

Len Barker, friend to hundreds of members and visitors to the Maori Club at Worcester Park, has retired.

For over 20 years Len has been Manager of the Maori Club - ably assisted by his wife, Florie.

Len will be remembered for so many things - his superb way with flowers, his ability as a chef, his cricketing prowess and his position as number one in the snooker league for twenty uninterrupted years!

A party in the Pandor Club to mark Len's retirement drew members and ex-members of Maori, players from visiting clubs and just plain friends.

All had contributed to Len's leaving gift - a cheque with which he intends buying a greenhouse for his retirement cottage in Battle, Sussex.

The presentation to Len - and Florie - was made by Mr H T Beazley.

Jumbo didn't forget the time he was sick

Some years ago, while serving as a BI cadet on a voyage to New Zealand, Captain Eric Plowman was appointed - wait for it - nurserymaid to a sea-sick elephant!

Jumbo's troubles began when a fierce storm blew up. So every hour Cadet Plowman gave him fresh water and in between time spoke to him, petted him and nursed him.

Jumbo responded to the treatment and was delivered

fit and well to a Wellington Zoo.

A few weeks ago, Captain Plowman sailed into Wellington - and decided to visit the zoo.

As he wandered around he saw an elephant with children on its back coming towards him.

Suddenly the elephant stopped, lifted his trunk high in the air and took a big sniff.

Then, with a loud bellow, he thundered towards the Captain.

The children were dumb-founded. So were the on-lookers. But Captain Plowman wasn't.

He knew it was Jumbo - and Jumbo knew it was he.

And when the two came face to face Jumbo stretched out his trunk, lifted the Captain gently in the air and just as gently put him on the ground.

Which goes to show, it's true what they say about elephants. They never forget!

Seamen urged to get new documents

One of the requirements of the Merchant Shipping Act 1970 (Seamen's Documents) is that British seamen should be issued with new discharge books and seaman's cards to replace their current documents which, with one exception will not be usable after 31 December 1972.

GCD have been advised that the new documents can now be obtained from any Board of Trade and certain Custom's Mercantile Marine offices. To do so seamen should take with them their current discharge book, their British seaman's card and two black and white passport-type photographs (size 2" x 2").

In the event of a seaman being unable to make this exchange by 31 December 1972 due to absence abroad, his existing documents will continue in force until his first return to the UK after that date.

All British seamen are advised to obtain their new discharge book and British seaman's card at the first opportunity. Seamen who have not done so before joining their next ship should ensure that they have with them the items listed above so that the new documents can be issued at the time of signing-on.

Continued on page 17

Otaio cadets in drama

Cadets on board the General Cargo Division's 13,725 dwt Otaio have been displaying considerable dramatic talent, according to information reaching us from Dr Ronald Hope, Director of the Seafarers Education Service and College of the Sea.

Dr Hope's organisation recently placed on board Otaio copies of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. At the end of the play which was presented and acted entirely by the cadets, the cheers they received let them know that a lot of the hard words spoken by officers and crew about their work rate during the voyage were not really to be taken seriously.

In a letter to Dr Hope, Captain J Fullbrook, Staff Captain (Instructional) said, "A large audience turned up and had a really good laugh. Certain small alterations had been made to the script and added to the fun - Gwendoline became Hazel and Cicily Sheilah, as these names figured prominently during the voyage, Muffins became Tabnabs, the Court Circular or Gazette was "The M Notices for the period" and the Accident Boat was summoned to the door instead of the Dog Cart. The Captain's and my names were fitted in as solicitors and wards, and needless to say these points were not missed".

Passenger saved by officer from drowning

Prompt action by Karanja's Third Officer, J V B Lawson, probably saved the life of a passenger who fell into the water between the ship's side and quay while the vessel was berthed in Mombasa.

Karanja was alongside No 10 berth when Mr Lawson, who was on duty at the time, heard a splash and a commotion.

On seeing the passenger - a Mr N L Shukla - in the water, Mr Lawson dropped two lifebuoys to him and summoned help.

He then rushed on to the quay in an attempt to get to Mr Shukla, who by this time was holding on to the end of a large floating fender.

In trying to get on to the fender, Mr Lawson fell into the water but he managed to haul himself on to the fender, shin along it and drag Mr Shukla to safety. He then held the passenger until a crane lowered down an empty cargo tray which lifted Mr Shukla to safety.

Captain Francis Poole recalls his service in a ship which once formed part of the Apcar Line

Highlights of a voyage in the Arratoon Apcar

The *Arratoon Apcar* had the old type reciprocating engines, an engineer's delight for he could see all parts working and they were always fascinating to watch with its huge piston rods. A Chief and four other engineers handled it's smooth operation.

Shortly after I joined in Rangoon, I was ambling round the bridge deck when I saw the Chief sitting outside his cabin, so started to chat. There was no response - he just continued to look straight ahead. I thought Hm - Hm - snooty. So ambled round in the opposite direction. When I came up to him on his left side, his eye was closed; he was obviously sound asleep. I wandered back in the opposite direction to find him still sitting in the same position with his right eye wide open still staring straight ahead. I thought that's strange. How can he be asleep one side of his face and wide awake on the other? Eventually the mystery was solved when I was told he had only one eye. The right was a glass one. He couldn't close the lid.

Our next port of call - Shanghai - was cold (I've seen snow there) and all the Chinese looked comfortable in their thickly padded clothes. Not so in Kobe where it was a raw cold and Japan then had the poorest heating system of any country. In the shops you would see the proprietor and his assistants huddled round an Hibachi - a large china pot filled with sand, on top of which were several pieces of red-hot charcoal. But they only gave out heat to the near vicinity. It was also raining and the usual quiet of the Motomachi was broken by a new noise. The click - clack - click - clack of Geta. Wooden clogs or sandals with two thin cross pieces underneath, 2 to 3 inches high to keep the soles clear of the wet ground.

One passenger I was not sorry to see go ashore - a python. One night on my rounds I saw a large box on the poop. Being curious I lifted the lid to see two evil-looking eyes staring at me in the rays of my flashlight. Coiled down inside was a huge snake. I hurriedly replaced the lid.

In Kobe a young Japanese came on board looking for watches to repair. I gave him

mine. He was back the next morning with it, but an hour later, after he had left, it stopped and I just couldn't get it to go. He was on board the following morning so I got right after him. He was full of apologies - took it away and returned it the same afternoon in good working order. Along with him was the cutest little dog. When I remarked on it he said, "I sorry I not make watch good - this present for you. You rike? - I riked. He also had a tortoise and asked if I riked tortoise - I riked. That was how Tiny and Egbert came into my life.

Tiny was two years old and appeared to be part terrier part Heinz. No more than 12 inches high she wore the cutest little red and white old-fashioned ruff round her neck and her most appealing

eyes would have melted anyone's heart. I know it did the captain's when I asked him permission to keep her on board. In fact he said he would have liked her himself. Egbert was a plain ordinary tortoise about six inches long.

And did they have fun together, she would push Egbert around and jump and dance around him which didn't at all perturb him - in fact he liked it. And Tiny was a great favourite with everyone. They both lived in my cabin and were no trouble. Then - Egbert disappeared. We searched the ship high and low - but no Egbert.

Two months later the Deck Serang said he had found a tortoise in the boat deck scuppers, jammed under one of the narrow metal strips, which crossed it on which rested a wooden boat

chock - it was Egbert. Apart from being a bit yawny (it is the funniest thing to see a tortoise yawn) he was quite frisky. How he fed I don't know. Possibly he got sustenance from the water of the several rivers, which we traversed, when the decks were washed down in the mornings. Yet I was never able to solve the mystery of how he got up on the boat deck. He had to scramble up and over a 12 inch high doorstep then climb the ladder to the boat deck. But somehow he had done it.

Southbound we had our usual quota of Chinese D.Ps for Singapore and here is a story of the old days when the only means of transportation to Singapore was in sailing ships.

In bad weather the passengers would be battered down below decks with little in the way of ventilation for the word Hygiene was completely unknown. As life was very cheap then, no one got excited when any of the passengers, mainly coolies, died under those conditions. The bodies were simply sewn up in canvas, a weight attached and over the side they would go with scant ceremony.

We arrived in Calcutta in January 1922 with the city all agog in anticipation of a visit from the Prince of Wales and a right royal welcome had been planned by the British community. This was to include a mammoth procession in which all the Eastern Provinces would participate, including the Native States.

Accompanied by the Governor of Bengal, the prince was to drive in an open carriage from Government House at the north end of the maidan - along Chowringhee, the main street of the European quarter which bordered the far side of the maidan, then turn on to the maidan itself to where a platform had been erected for him to view the procession. On each side of which were rows of wicker chairs for the European and Indian elite of the city.

The procession would also pass along Chowringhee before turning on to the maidan to pass the reviewing stand.

At that period Mahatma Gandhi's non co-operation and non-violent campaign for

Swraj (independence) was in full swing and it was the intention of the Congress movement to hold a big demonstration to block the path of and try to disrupt the procession. This to show their displeasure with the Government of India. Although Mr. Gandhi and his principal supporters, Mr. Nehru and Mr. Sen Gupta, had exhorted their followers to be strictly non-violent during their demonstration, that didn't mean that fanatics and trouble-makers would not take advantage and ignore their exhortations. And a fanatically worked-up crowd could easily get out of hand. In any case, while Mr. Gandhi was in Calcutta it wasn't safe for any European to be out on his own, after dark, in any but the main streets.

The Government of India was also perturbed at the several threats made on the prince's life, hence security was tough. Knowing that serious trouble could easily break out, the police were out in full force and had barricaded the side streets, leading on to Chowringhee, where the demonstrators were told to rendezvous to await the signal to storm the barricades. The Army was also on stand-by in case the police couldn't cope with the situation.

As the prince drove along Chowringhee to a mixture of cheers and sullen silence the police were having their hands full keeping the demonstrators in check. A few people were injured in the several scuffles which broke out but none seriously and the police never lost control of the situation.

I was fortunate in getting a place to stand behind the chairs and fairly close to the platform. But stupidly forgot to bring my camera hence I missed some marvellous pictures. Was I mad, for the weather was perfect.

Apparently all the happenings didn't have any lasting effect on the prince himself. That night at the State Dinner he went up to the orchestra and took over the drums. Very much to the disgust of the very social ladies of the elite of Calcutta who were present.

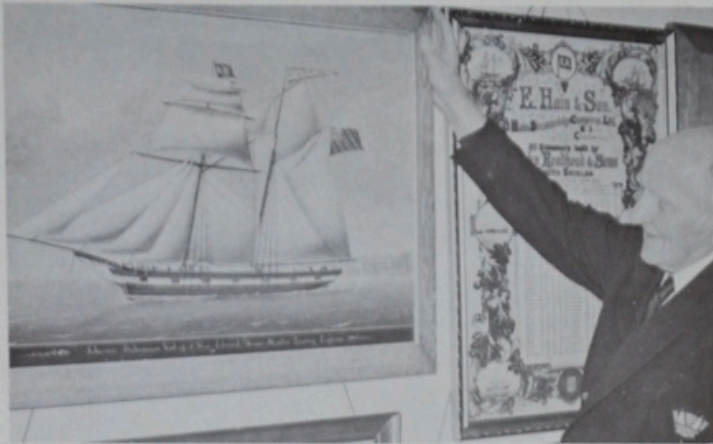


Calcutta - and in the background, the Howrah Bridge.

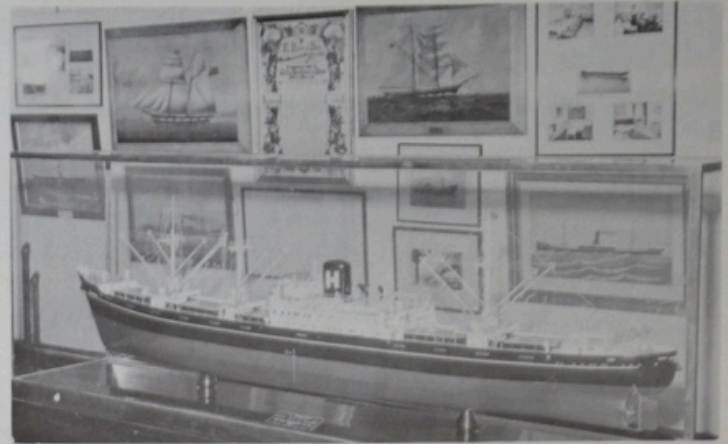


The Arratoon Apcar.

• Another article by Captain Poole will appear in the January issue of *Wavelength*.



Captain Matthews with a painting of the Hain Company's Bohemian Girl.



Some of the exhibits in the Hain Room. The model is of mv Trebartha.

Retired captain opens up a Hain Steamship museum

Twelve years ago Captain John Matthews of St. Ives, Cornwall leaned back in his armchair and with a sigh muttered that things would never again be the same.

The day had arrived when the Hain Steamship Company, with which he had served all his life, was to merge with James Nourse. Captain Matthews agreed it was a wise move from the economics point of view but the thought that the large white "H" would soon disappear from every Hain vessel was a bit hard to swallow.

As the years went by and the Hain Steamship Company slid further and further into history, Captain Matthews decided that something should be done to save the

once famous shipping company from being forgotten altogether. The answer was to open a museum.

It was no easy job. Letters galore had to be written and numerous telephone calls made in an effort to "scrounge" exhibits. But one by one they came trickling in until eventually there were sufficient to open a Hain exhibition at St Ives Museum, not far from where the founder of the Hain Steamship Company, Sir Edward Hain, was born.

Today there are about 50 exhibits in what is called the museum's Hain room. The majority are paintings and photographs of Hain ships but there are also three models — one of the ss

Trevaylor built in 1890, one of the ss Trevanion built in 1912 and one of the mv Trebartha built in 1962.

Of the paintings, perhaps the most important is the one of Sir Edward Hain, alongside which is a brief history of the company he founded.

This tells us that Sir Edward, the son of Captain Edward Hain, was born in 1851 into a family which could trace its history right back to when St Ives first became a port. In fact, the name Hain first appeared in the Borough records "in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I".

Reading on we learn that during "the middle years of the nineteenth century" the family built a fleet of sailing vessels named Camilla,

Mystery, Glyn, Margaret Hain and Bohemian Girl.

Then in 1878 Edward persuaded his father to go in for steam and in that same year the company's first steamer, Trewidden, was commissioned. Soon afterwards several others were ordered — all of them from John Readhead and Sons, South Shields. The last Trebartha, built in 1962, was the 87th vessel constructed by Readhead's for the Hain Steamship Company.

In 1900 Sir Edward was elected MP for St Ives and in 1910 he became President of the UK Chamber of Shipping. The following year he received the Freedom of the Borough of St Ives — he had been mayor of the town six times — and in 1912 he was elected Sheriff of Cornwall. When war broke out in 1914 he was appointed by the Board of Trade to a Committee on Shipping and Shipbuilding.

Sir Edward's only son, Captain Edward Hain, was killed at Gallipoli in 1915 and two years later he too died. Soon afterwards the Hain Steamship Company was acquired by P & O and its head office was transferred from St Ives to London. However the links between the Hain staff and St Ives were not to be broken and for many years afterwards several men from the Cornish port were to serve the company, among them Sir George Christopher who joined the company as a junior clerk in 1905 and was chairman from 1945 until his retirement in 1959.

In the 1890's Sir Edward built Treloyhan Manor on the outskirts of St Ives — it is now a Methodist Guest House — and in 1911 he rebuilt the ancient chapel of St Nicholas on the Island. The Edward Hain Cottage Hospital was erected in memory of his son.

Captain Matthews, who during this summer, watched some 35,000 people visit the Hain room, was with the Hain Steamship Company from 1913 until 1962.

"The early days were tough at times" he recalled, "but it was a case of 'growl you can, but go you must'."

There was hardly a port where you would not find an "H" boat, he says and on a clear day at sea with the ship hull-down, the white "H" was the most easily recognised funnel mark of them all.



A painting of Sir Edward Hain above some other exhibits, including a model of the ss Trevaylor.

The BI Alphabet

In our last issue, Captain V P Harvey, Master of Carpentaria, asked if any reader could supply the words of the BI Alphabet. Our thanks to Wilfrid Monk of Leigh-on-Sea, Essex who kindly obliged.

A for the answer we get by return when applying for work with the good old firm; They give us ten pounds that they know we shall earn In the good old British India.

B for the bicycles carried on board By officers serving the Company abroad — They call us "the cycling sailors", good Lord, In the good old British India.

C for the Coast — most delightful of spots; Of society and pleasure and joy we have lots; And it's only a rumour one's so simply rots In the good old British India.

D for the dirt — it's the natives' delight To wallow in filth by day and by night, And to dirty the paint we try to keep white In the good old British India.

E for the energy shown by the crew In dodging the work that

you've set them to do — But damn it, they earn their munificent screw In the good old British India.

F for the family we all must beware — Match-making mammas with daughters so fair You hardly would notice the tar-brush is there In the good old British India.

G for the gharri, that four-wheeled abortion That joggles our limbs into palsied contortion; We arrive at the Club in a state of exhaustion In the good old British India.

H is for heat, and for Hell, as you know; That word, and Bombay, are synonymous, so It's surely no wonder the naughty words flow In the good old British India.

I for the insects we get on the coast — Mosquitoes and cockroaches come in their host — And we swallow red ants as we're drinking a toast To the good old British India.

J is for "jaldi", a word much in use To encourage the native to be less obtuse; But it's generally followed by lots of abuse

In the good old British India. K is for khaki some officers wear; Short trousers and stockings a la militaire; The sea-going cavalry taking the air In the good old British India.

L is for leave which keeps hope in the breast, But is often delayed at the Company's behest — But we get it when bound for the Isles of the Blest In the good old British India.

M is for marriage; it seems quite a craze To get tangled up in the hymeneal maze — And to live to regret it before many days In the good old British India.

N is for night-work, to Second Mates dear — If it were abolished they'd shed bitter tears; It keeps them quite healthy and full of good cheer In the good old British India.

O is for Office, the pride of Bombay, Where Mackinnon Mackenzie are holding their sway — And filling the coffers with gold, so they say In the good old British India.

P for the palms that wave on the shore And look so enticing, but

what we abhor Are the human palms out-stretched galore In the good old British India

Q is the quiet that always prevails When coolies are working our cargo and mails — And Mistris are spoiling the brightwork with nails In the good old British India.

R are the rupees we earn out here; They're worth one-and-sixpence apiece, so we hear, But it seems everything is most damnably dear In the good old British India.

S stands for Sukunnies, who steer the ship A la Columbus, the whole of the trip — And whom we must never at any time clip In the good old British India.

T is the tailor who makes us our clothes (always different cloth from the one that we chose); And he says to his cutter "The sahib never knows!" In the good old British India.

U is the uniform, vastly absurd — There's naught to distinguish the 2nd from the 3rd; And the Chief wears a lop-sided stripe — in a word It's the good old British India.

V is the voice of the Indian crow That croaks in the rigging so sweet and so low Till a large chunk of coal from the deck makes him go In the good old British India.

W for work, the Chief Officer's bane — And also for whiskey, that fuddles the brain, And accounts for the lot of us being insane In the good old British India.

X is no good, but will do for 'explain'. All the chits from the Office begin in this vein; But we tear them in two with the utmost disdain In the good old British India.

Y are the youths who are serving their time In the Company's Home and Colonial Line; We hope when they're finished, as sailors they'll shine; But not the good old British India.

Z is the zeal we always display When serving the interest of M.M., Bombay; We hope they'll remember to double our pay And we'll cheer for the British India.

'Some are rude and crude... but if they are nice, no one in the world can be nicer'

This is what I think of we Americans.....

The Captain suggested that I write something for the *Arkadus*. Having been at sea as an escort for P & O tours for many years I have learned that when the Captain "suggests" one says, "Yes, Sir" and gets to work. But what can I, as an American, tell you that would be informative, interesting, or amusing? So many things puzzle me. It seems to me I should be getting the answers from you instead of the other way around. Perhaps there are some things I know about Americans that you don't, and there are some things I don't know about Americans, so let's just see what emerges from this old typewriter.

It seems to me Americans are just like everybody else, only at times they are more so. Some are rude and crude and unrefined, and if they are, no-one can beat them at that revolting talent. On the other hand if Americans are nice, no-one in the world can be nicer. They are gentle, friendly, generous, and all the good words you can think of. Give them half a chance and they will turn themselves inside out to make you welcome, and to make you feel at home. They will invite you to their homes (and mean it) which I have found does not happen very often in the rest of the world... at least not until you get to know the other person quite well and he has decided that you are worthy to be a guest in his home.

It really is too bad that most of the people outside of America only get to know tourists and GIs. Not that there is anything wrong with either, but they are all over the place, and if some act badly they are the ones our foreign friends are apt to remember. As an escort I have suffered the American bore... "Everything at home is better"... and wondered why in hell they didn't stay home instead of embarrassing nice people. However, I have overheard just as many Germans, English, South Africans and you name them, and I have heard them being just as loud and tiresome. It is just that when they are Americans, I feel like shrivelling up and blowing away.

Can anyone tell me why Americans eat the way they do? Normally Americans might be considered somewhat efficient, but where eating is concerned, I think them most inefficient. We pick up our knife with the right hand, fork in the left and proceed quite sensibly to cut the meat. Right, there sensibility stops while we drape the knife over our plate, transfer the fork to the right hand. Having speared the morsel we proceed to transfer the food to our mouths with the fork which is in the right hand. Down goes the fork, up comes the knife and the silly process starts all over again. Why? If you know when the habit started, why and where, I'd like to know.

Times change, and so do people. After World War II, and even during the war, America was rather popular. We shared our men and our wealth and it seems to me in those days we had a common interest, and we were all just people together. I remember listening to Edward R. Murrow, "This is London" on radio, and I wept for what you were going through. I wept for myself too, because my husband was in the South Pacific and I was afraid. I revered Winston Churchill, and still do. Just as your taxes went way up so did mine, and I was happy to be able to share. After the war America was partially responsible for the rehabilitation of war-torn Europe and Japan. Oh yes, in those days America was liked and

maybe their bragging about supermarkets and hamburgers and milkshakes and cars had some effect, because now there is scarcely a place left on earth where you don't find supermarkets, hamburgers (don't confuse Wimpys with American hamburgers) and all the rest. (In my opinion, however, only in the early days when Henry made the Ford, did we excel in cars... now I'll take a foreign made car any day).

People often criticise Americans for trying to live abroad as they did at home, i.e. swimming pools, ice in everything, and steaks "that thick". Nonsense, everyone does that. Anyone who ever visited a British colony knows that the British lived their life at home abroad. Take India

Corps. I thought they were wonderful... surely they weren't teaching school, working in the fields, laying pipes, etc for the \$50 per month they were getting. They were I thought the embodiment of what our President Kennedy meant when he said, "Ask not what your country can do for you, but ask what you can do for your country".

I remember well when President Kennedy was killed. My cousin who lives in London wrote me of the thousands of people who went to Grosvenor Square and paid their respects and joined with us in our sorrow. I always appreciated that greatly.

It didn't happen overnight, but gradually American came to be a dirty word. Why was that? The brain-drain, Vietnam, the devaluation of the dollar? I don't know. I only know that the tide has turned and America and Americans aren't so popular any more. It makes me sad.

And now in less than a month I shall be home in California, and shall probably be saying farewell to P & O. This is probably the last P & O group I shall be escorting. This too makes me sad. I have loved the sea, the many P & O ships I have sailed with, the people I have escorted (some I have liked more than others!), but best of all are the many friends I have made on P & O ships... Commodores, Captains, bureau personnel, hairdressers, shop attendants, stewards, deck quartermasters, nursing sisters and surgeons.

I shall never forget them. They are my friends. Just like Americans, I think they are great and wonderful... and I shall miss them one and all.



Captain Cutler retires

Captain Roger J H Cutler, who retired from *Oriana* at the end of cruise 469, receiving a farewell gift - an aneroid barometer - from the Goanese crew members of the ship. The European members of the crew presented him with a candelabrum. Captain Cutler joined P & O as a cadet in 1931, since when he has served aboard *Carthage*, *Chitral*, *Lahore* and *Peshawar*. Apart from cargo ships he has commanded *Arcadia*, *Cathay*, *Himalaya*, *Iberia*, *Oronsay*, *Strathmore*, *Oriana* and *Canberra*. He is married with two daughters and lives near Blandford Forum, Dorset.

These thoughts of Marjorie Walker first appeared in *Arcadia's 'Arkadus'*

respected. And then Americans started to travel and GIs remained, not as warriors, but as a standing army in foreign lands, and it came about that we were known as braggarts and were ruining things by tipping too much, and by buying up treasures (some did get treasures but mostly it seemed to me they arrived home with an awful lot of junk). Anyway they left a lot of money which must have helped the economy. And

for instance, no matter what the weather (and it often is scarcely bearable) the British had their English breakfasts and their roast beef for dinner. Scotch and soda, gin and tonic, and after sundown, they were usually enjoyed in dinner jackets.

Before I worked for P & O I used to fly people around the world, from A to Z (Athens to Zanzibar), I met up with American kids and some of them weren't that young, working in the Peace

My month in Captain Scott

Continued from page 14

anchorage and our already short time in bed was further reduced by an anchor watch to give us 5-6 hours sleep per night. This was coupled with an always exhausting day, in which we did everything at the double, at fever pace and if the work load slackened there was always grueling, circuit training to make us fit. The course includes three expeditions, one to Avron, one to Rhum and a finale on the mainland with the Five sisters of Kintail. Here to complete this high (by Scottish standards) mountain

range, one has to work as never before. The party I was in, minus one member we lost due to a sprained ankle, completed the monsters with eight minutes to spare before safety said we leave the mountain.

Booze and smokes, the mainstay of the Merchant Service, is out aboard Captain Scott and to add insult to the many hard pressed addicts, whistling was met with gallons of press ups and other refined forms of sadism. My favourite was climbing the foremast and yelling at top voice one's mistake, plus name and species, i.e. 'Meegan' and 'Animal'.

One of the finest experiences I had was during our 'Waterloo' or moderate gale, in which, I, as a yardsman in full yellow oilskins worked aloft on the pendulum yards, as they whipped about like an editors pen. The wind and rain combined to keep me wet and cold, but not utterly miserable, as I could see far below the rest of the batch scurrying around like whippets under the Bosun's tongue.

That day as wind met tide in the notorious Minch, the seas were larger than the wind strength indicated and with great delight all round, we pooped one on the starboard quarter.

Despite the blisters on hands and feet, aching shoulders, gulped meals, hosing downs etc., one sees the value of this type of prolonged stunt and comes to love it, especially the leaving, of picturesque Plockton, after the end of a voyage concert.

It is with great pride I see in my discharge book a sailing discharge as a crew member, home trade - an uncommon one in this day of containers and speed.



Oriana bedroom steward Richard Latham, got the surprise of his life when during his last voyage before his retirement Captain P J Reed presented him with a clock on behalf of the ship's crew. Richard, who is 61, joined *Oriana* in September 1930 and transferred to the *Orion* in August 1935. He then joined *Oreades* for her maiden voyage and later *Oriana* for her maiden voyage. Welfare Leading Hand McLaughlin wrote to tell us that Richard plans to take a few month's rest before getting a small job.

THE GREAT SPIRIT BEHIND SPIRIT OF LONDON



Passengers who take in the view from these windows (left) will be going "one above the Captain". The observation deck actually overlooks the bridge in a magnificent sweep of windows designed to pan spectacular scenery during close-coast cruising.



This picture (right) of the Thames Restaurant features a laminate collage of London landmarks by artist David Gentlemen. On the day of completion it was in full operation providing a four-course dinner for over 400 paying customers.

The Churchill Room (below) hub of the ship's social activities, was completed on arrival in Southampton and hours afterwards turned into a TV studio for the London Press Club's 90th anniversary gala.



Captain McGowan.



Maurice Marriott, Chief Engineer Officer.



Christine Dorrell, Hostess.



"Royalist" greeting. This picture (above) of the Sea Cadet sail training brig welcoming Spirit of London into the Solent was taken by an intrepid photographer circling in a helicopter.



Lorenzo Manzi, Chef de Cuisine.



Michael Miles, Purser.



The boldly decorated Union Jack bar (right) was invaded by the press the moment Spirit of London arrived in Southampton. The press, who knew that the ship had yet to complete, were flabbergasted to be received by serene stewards serving a complete range of drinks and sophisticated canapes decorated with the words Spirit of London.

This quiet shop (left) in Thames street is, literally, all at sea. It is one of several mini-London scenes in Spirit of London and arrived on board in Southampton. Delighted Americans on the maiden voyage were asking where they could buy the goods displayed!



This light-hearted account by Maggie Christensen of the birth of our new £10m cruise liner is a tribute to all those, seen and unseen, who helped launch her cruising career



HELLO DOLLY
XIXI



J G Davis, General Marketing Manager.

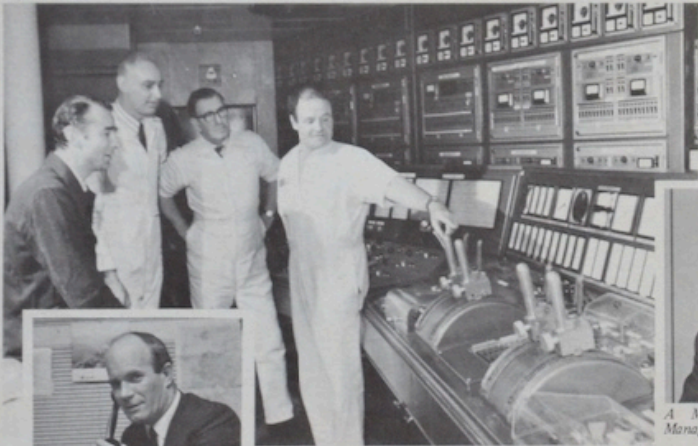
World famous musical star Carol Channing of Hello Dolly fame (above) topped the bill in the London Press Club's gala celebrations. Baggage stewards formed a guard of honour and smiled with the Captain in the pouring rain, for this picture...

... soon afterwards she and her entourage were shepherded to Thames Deck, where Captain Gerry McGowan (below) presented her with a special scroll granting her the Freedom of Spirit of London.



Captain Gerry McGowan (above) demonstrates his versatility by joining in a "knees up" with 70-year-old Pearly Queen Beatrice Marriott, (who named Spirit of London), her daughter and grand-daughter.

It's not easy for six foot top management to don boiler suits designed for smaller mortals. But that's what they did to pose for this shot (below) on trials off La Spezia. The boiler suits were whisked off surprised but co-operative technicians and the antics necessary for the loftier gentlemen to clamber into them closely resembled a French farce. Looking deceptively comfortable are (from left), A M Stirling, P E Parry, H F Spanton and Chief Engineer Officer Maurice Marriott.



P E Parry, Chief Executive.



Brian Langston-Carter, Cruise Director.

Secretaries Augustina Aghadiuno and Linda Faxton (below) of Entertainment Department, study some of the clippings of pictures which appeared in six national newspapers of Spirit of London's arrival in the Solent.



A F Carey, Design Manager, Passenger Ships, Technical Services Division.



A M Stirling, Development Manager, and Project Manager.

Four Cadets - Anita Harris fans - wanted a picture (below) for the family album. Anita, one of the stars at the London Press Club's gala, was grabbed just as she was going ashore and graciously came back to pose with the boys. The cadets are Marcus Blondel, Bob Pinchen, Jim Fortus and Dave Lewis.



Archie Ferguson, Principal Inspector, Technical Services Division.



Captain Reed becomes our Commodore master

Passenger Division has appointed its first Commodore Captain and Commodore Chief Engineer Officer. Captain Philip Charles Reed who is presently in



Captain Reed. command of Oriana, has become Commodore of the 13-strong passenger fleet and Mr Geoffrey Douglas Constable, who earlier this month rejoined Himalaya after leave, has been appointed Commodore Chief Engineer Officer.

Captain Reed, who is 57 hails from Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk. He is married with a son and daughter and now lives in Buxhall, near Stowmarket, Suffolk. He was educated at Culford School near Bury St Edmunds and later HMS Worcester.

During his service with P & O he has commanded the cargo ships Balranald, Cannanore, Karmala, Salsette and Soudan and the passenger ships Cathay, Chitral, Orcades, Canberra and



Mr. Constable.

Oriana. Mr Constable, who is 53 was educated at Paddington Technical College and Poplar School of Engineering and Navigation.

After serving a combined apprenticeship with the Engineering Staff at the Middlesex Hospital, London and Caird and Rayners, Marine Engineers, London, he joined P & O as an Assistant Engineer in March 1940, his first vessel being the passenger liner, Strathnaver.

His first appointment as Chief Engineer Officer was in the cargo ship Karmala in February 1956.

A Londoner, he is married and lives in Lincoln.

Orcades - symbol of an era

Continued from page 1

To-day the fleet's passenger liners no longer provide the Commonwealth link which was so essential. Regular main line sailings are finished. The occasional positioning voyage provides an irregular service to Australia. Although Orcades has retired her sisters provide cruising holidays for which there is now an increasing demand.

It is fitting that within a week of Orcades withdrawal Spirit of London arrived at Southampton on her way to take up station on the West Coast of North America. The Spirit is custom built for cruising. Orcades was custom built for the Australian trade. Let us hope that her successor can show the versatility of a noble predecessor in these changing times.

• Mr French, who is at present Purser of Oronsay, plans to write a full account of Orcades' life as an Orient and later P & O vessel. As a result he would be pleased to hear from anyone who can provide details of incidents involving the ship. Mr French is particularly interested in the background planning of the ship which incorporated more novel ideas than any previous Orient liner.



Canberra in Trieste

Captain P.C. Reed of Canberra being presented with a commemorative plaque by the President of the Trieste Port Authority to mark the ship's first call at the port. Looking on are Government officials and representatives of the Port and City. Captain Reed has since taken command of Oriana.



Governor - General sails home

Sir Arthur Porritt's five years as Governor General of New Zealand ended when he and his family sailed home to Britain in Orsova. Sir Arthur, Lady Porritt and their son, Jeremy, were welcomed on board the liner by Captain J.M. Chester, who is seen here talking to Sir Arthur and P & O's New Zealand passenger manager, P.B. Cunningham. The new Governor-General, Sir Denis Blundell, and his wife arrived in Auckland a day late on board Canberra. The vessel had been forced to reduce speed due to a damaged forced draught fan.

Len Wyeth to retire after 42 years



After 42 years with the group, P & O's senior purser, Len Wyeth, will hang up his seatops in early November after the 45,000-ton Canberra completes two Pacific cruises out of Sydney.

Leonard Claude Wyeth, who, as a 17-year-old Southampton-born youngster joined P & O in 1930, will then retire with his wife to live in Sydney.

"Retire" might not be the right word, as friends say Len could well have a position

lined up with an Australian firm. But with nothing finalised, Len isn't talking.

In fact, the senior purser isn't talking very much at all about the dozens of incidents he must have coped with during his varied life at sea. Len prefers to divulge the facts only.

After joining P & O he spent five years in the Accounts Department of P & O's head office, London, and at Tilbury.

He joined the sea staff as an assistant purser in 1935,

became a deputy purser in 1949, and senior purser in 1971.

On three occasions he relieved the Superintendent Purser of Australia. For World War II service he received five awards.

They are the Campaign Star and the Atlantic Star, the Africa Star, the Italy Star and the Burma Star, all with clasps.

A member of the UK Hotel and Catering Institute, he is interested in most

sporting activities, particularly football (all codes), cricket and golf.

As an Assistant Purser he served on the Viceroy of India, Ranpura, Mooltan, Rawalpindi, Strathaird, Strathmore, Monowai, Ranchi, Empire Fowey and Stratheden.

He was deputy purser aboard the Molaja and purser in the Corfu, Strathaird, Canton, Strathnaver, Himalaya, Strathmore, Iberia, Arcadia, Oriana and Canberra.

Farewell luncheons for long serving staff

A farewell luncheon in honour of Frank Tatam, Robert James and Harold Nevard was held on board Orsova at Southampton last month. Mr W.A. Williams, Personnel and Administration manager, was the principal host.

Frank joined the Orient Line in 1929 and served at sea as an electrical officer. Before coming ashore in 1939 as assistant to Mr Bradish, Electrical Superintendent. In 1960 he was promoted Electrical Inspector within the Engineers Department.

Robert joined the company in 1936 and served at sea as a joiner and carpenter. He came ashore into the Marine Department in 1958 and was Shipwright Overseer until 1971 when he became Hull Inspector.

Harold joined the Orient Line in 1947 and served mainly in the Purser's Department in Orcades. He came ashore in 1968 as Shore Leading Hand. All three left the company in July.

Also last month a farewell luncheon was held at the Great Eastern Hotel in honour of "Jimmy" James and Gordon Lympney.

"Jimmy" joined the company's Marine Department in 1927. Two years later he was promoted in charge of the Import Baggage Section at Tilbury. He was transferred to the West End Office, Baggage Section in 1969 and remained there until he left in July.

Gordon joined the company's Accounts Department in 1933. During the war he served with the 98th Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, and afterwards he joined Pay Department as a Pay Department Representative on board the ships at the docks where he organised ships' pay-offs. He too left the company in July.

At another farewell luncheon at the Great Eastern Hotel in honour of Philip Bendelow, George Gaymer and Dennis Griffin, J.G. Davis, General Marketing Manager was host.

Philip joined the company in 1933 and except for when he was Radio Officer with Marconi's from 1939 to 1946 he was personal assistant to Malcolm Millar, Director P & O S.N. Co., until 1952. He then became Assistant Electronics Inspector and was promoted Deputy Electronics Inspector in 1961. Mr Bendelow left the company in July.

George joined the company in 1930 and was a member of the Passenger Department both in the West End Office and at Beaufort House until he too left in July.

Dennis joined the Passenger Department in 1935 and was posted to Malta Agency in 1936. During the war, he served with the RASC and rose to the rank of Captain in the Royal Armoured Corps. He returned to the Passenger Department after the war and was again posted to Malta Agency from 1947 to 1955.

Upon his return from Malta, he joined the Freight Department and transferred back to Passenger Department in 1971.