

# ***The CACHALOT***

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHAMPTON MASTER MARINERS' CLUB

**No.19**

**March 2006**

## POST CAPTAIN'S LOG

My year as Captain of the Club has drawn to an end, an extremely interesting and enjoyable twelve months. It has been a great privilege, not only to have represented the Club on numerous special occasions, but also to have had a wonderful opportunity to become acquainted with so many of our members. Thank you all for your loyal support and friendship.

Yet more exciting events featured in the last three months.

On 19 November, Win and I were invited to attend the prestigious Laying Up Dinner at the Royal Southern Yacht Club, as guests of Commodore Barry Peddley. It was an excellent evening, and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Annual Past Captains' Meeting took place in the Southampton Seafarers' Centre on 3 December. Captains George Angas, Robert Bristow and Clare Holmes were elected to serve the Club in 2006/07 as Captain, Staff Captain and Sea Staff Captain respectively. Captain Lionel Hall was re-elected as Boatsteerer. On standing down from his post as Storekeeper, Captain Douglas Gates was thanked for his loyal service. Mr Gerry Cartwright who was elected as Storekeeper, also retains his important role as Functions Officer.

It is with great sadness that I have to tell you that Bob Bristow died at the end of last year before he was able to take up his appointment as Staff Captain, a position he was greatly looking forward to holding. He was a keen member of the Club and will be greatly missed.

The Past Captains reconvened on Thursday 5 January 2006, and I



## **2006 CAPTAINS INTRODUCTION**

It was a privilege to have been installed as your Captain for 2006 at the Sea Pie Supper on Friday 3<sup>rd</sup> February. After 45 years working within the maritime industry it is indeed a pleasure to be able to make, together with my Club Officer colleagues a contribution to The Cachalots who have been a part of Southampton's maritime development for the last 78 years. I look forward to meeting many of you at the events in our busy social calendar and representing the Southampton Master Mariners when and wherever possible.

After spending 14 years at sea in all ranks up to and including master, I joined the Warsash Maritime Centre in 1973 and was its Director from 1985 to 2001. I joined VT Group in 2001 as their Marine Services Executive and since my retirement last year I have been providing Marine Consultancy Services to VT Group and Flagship Training.

During last year, we carried out a strategic review of The Cachalots. This review identifies what the working group consider to be the more important issues and challenges are that face us now. It also makes some suggestions for action to ensure that the Cachalots continue to stay up to date with the maritime industry and therefore in a position to adapt to the changes, that are often beyond our control, and continue to provide a club meeting place and profile that are in accordance with your wishes. You will see a copy of this review in this copy of The Cachalot. Please take time to read it and respond with any comments or recommendations that you may have. Once we have received your comments – no later than the 1<sup>st</sup> April please, your officers will develop an action plan, a budget to achieve it and an implementation plan to achieve our agreed objectives.

I look forward to hearing from you shortly.

George Angas.  
February 13<sup>th</sup> 2006.

am pleased to announce that Captain Peter Marriott was elected Staff Captain.

We enjoyed two Christmas events, the Club Dinner on 3 December and Club Lunch on 10 December, both held in the King's Court, Chandler's Ford. Roast turkey with all the trimmings, jovial company, and enthusiastic carol

singing at the dinner, made that these two events a great start to the festive season.

Unfortunately because of a bereavement, Win and I were unable to attend the first event of 2006, the Annual Dockland's Service, which was held in the chapel in the Southampton Seafarers' Centre.

The Club's AGM took place on 11

January when the Club Room was full to overflowing with members. Some lively discussions took place, the outcome of which is reported elsewhere with The Cachalot.

Our first social event of the year saw us back at King's Court for our annual Burns' Night celebration. It was a really good evening, held in the traditional manner, with excellent food. Alec Macpherson addressed the haggis, with Drew Fleming delivering "The Immortal Memory". Lionel Hall proposed the toast to "The Lassies" and the Captain's Lady responded. Finally, Ian Stirling made a very moving tribute to Captain William Robertson ("Robbie") who died suddenly in May last year. We were all particularly pleased that Jane Robertson was able to be with us for Burns' Night.

On 1 February, I was honoured to represent the Club at a Court Luncheon on board HQS Wellington in London, at the invitation of Captain Anthony Speed, Deputy Master of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners. Most of the other 120 guests were Masters or officials of the various London Livery Companies.

Two days later, the Club's main social event of the year, the Sea Pie Supper, took place. It was a pleasure to welcome more than 600 members and their guests to the Guildhall in Southampton. Following the meal, I invested Captain George Angas with the collar and insignia of the Club. He then introduced the new Staff Captain, Captain Peter Marriott, who in turn introduced the Principal Guest, Air Marshal Graham "Dusty" Miller RAF. His speech was witty and entertaining and very much appreciated by all.

Before closing I would like to thank the Club Officers, Harpooners, Cachalots, Judith Peck, Avis Hunt and Liz Benson for all their support and encouragement given to me during my year in office.

I know that, as our new Captain, George will serve the Club well. I wish him all the best and hope that his year in office is an enjoyable as mine has been.

God bless you all.

Captain Simon Harwood



### Scene at the SeaPie Supper

**Capt. George Angas**

**Mrs. Mary Fagan**

**Cllr Mrs. Edwina Cooke**

**Rear Adm. Sir M. Morgan-Giles**

**Air Marshall G.A. Miller**

**Capt. Simon Harwood**

### Coming Soon

The first curry lunch of this year is to be held on Saturday 4th March at The Southampton Seafarers' Centre, Queen's Terrace, at a price of just £6 per head. At the time of writing there are already 64 names on the list, with a maximum of 70, so probably fully booked. This is the first time for the Club at this venue and if it is successful and members are satisfied then the subsequent curry lunch on Saturday, 20th May will also be at the Seafarers' Centre, and hopefully at the same price. Non curry meals are available if ordered in advance.



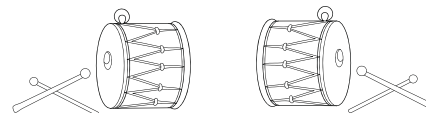
The Skittles Evening at Southampton (Old) Green Bowling Club on Friday, 31st March at 1900 also has a curry flavour this year. Chicken Curry and Rice with poppadoms and Mango Chutney followed by Bread and Butter Pudding all at £11 per head, Fish and Chips or Scampi and Chips alternatives at the same price. Payment due by 17th March.



The popular trip to the Springtime Concert performed by the Lucknow Band, Prince of Wales Regiment, at Tidworth Garrison Theatre will be on Tuesday, 4th April this year with the usual pick-ups:

So'ton (Old) Green Bowling Club 1700  
Chilworth roundabout (if requ'd) 1715  
Chandler's Ford 1745

The price will be £22 per head, names to the board or to the office please.



There will be a Club Buffet Supper held in the downstairs room at the Royal British Legion on Wednesday 3rd May with a talk by member Alec Macpherson entitled "Cruising to St. Kilda". Buffet will be provided by John Davis who has done us some excellent buffets in the past. No details of menu or price at this stage but keep an eye on the notice board or contact the office.

(Continued on the back page)

## Burns' Night 2006

*As the Post Captain reported in his log, the Boatsteerer, in his inimitable way, proposed the toast to "The Lassies" and it fell to the Captain's Lady, Win Harwood, to respond. Her response was so well received that several members present asked if it could be published here and Win has graciously agreed.*

On behalf of the lassies, thank you Lionel for your kind words. As always, what charm, what eloquence, what panache, what an act to follow!! Lassies I will do my best!

I am proud to be wearing this Dougall tartan sash tonight. I am entitled to do so, not because I was called after the dog on the Magic Roundabout, but because my family name was Dougall!

I have spent endless hours trying to think of how to link Robbie Burns, the immortal poet, with the Cachalots – not an easy task I assure you.

First of all, my thoughts turned to the Cachalots and to the Club motto "*in omnia paratus*" – "ready for anything". And, yes, I am sure you lassies will agree that when you're married to a Cachalot, you certainly have to be ready for anything!!

Ladies, let us just remember whom we are talking about here. These are the chaps who don't ring bells, they strike them; they don't have walls, they have bulkheads; floors are vertical; and a deckhead survey has absolutely nothing to do with work!

I note with amusement that the definition of a Cachalot is "a species of whale which has the thickest skin, blows the hardest and spouts the most". Well, I need say no more, I rest my case!!

After that research, I decided to start reading a few of Robbie's poems, and what better place to start than some of the verse he'd written about the sea. For example, in 1795, he wrote:

*"How can my poor heart be glad when absent from my sailor lad....  
on the seas and far away, on the stormy seas and far away:  
nightly dreams and thoughts by day, are aye with him that's far away."*

Lassies, like the Cachalots, Burns loved his ladies and, even in 1789, two-hundred and sixteen years ago, he had the foresight to write a poem to the Captain's Lady! Well, how could I not go on reading his volumes after that? I soon discovered that in his poetry, as well as being reflective, Burns also had a somewhat bawdy sense of humour, maybe one that would appeal to many of our men here tonight.

Although there was a poem about the Captain's Lady, I couldn't find one about the Captain himself, so tonight I have decided to read to you a little verse I penned about our own Cachalots in a style that I hope Robbie would have approved of...

*The Cachalots are characters,  
They have their little ways,  
They sometimes go on spouting  
For days and days and days.  
When we lassies come across them  
On our visits to their Club  
We're welcomed with arms wide open  
And sometimes with a hug.*

*The Cachalots are diverse men  
Who come from far and wide;  
From Union Castle, Clan and Shell,  
They sailed upon the tide.  
They toiled for Cunard and BI,  
Orient, Ezzo, BP too,  
They worked damned hard for P&O  
And **also** for Blue Flue.*

*The Cachalots are lively men  
Their ships are always merry,  
They've sailed on tanker, liner, tramp,  
Container ship and ferry.  
We love their tall sea-stories,  
They fill us all with mirth.  
Of how the seas did roar and rage....  
And **that** was on the berth!*

*The Cachalots are worldly men,  
They've travelled wide and far,  
They're good at navigation,  
They can **always** find the bar.  
The pilot gives a helping hand,  
He is the captain's friend,  
He's great at giving good advice  
But can steer you round the bend.*

*The Cachalots are loyal men,  
They have their hopes and fears,  
They've served the Merchant Navy now  
For years and years and years.  
But when they're in the Club House  
They don't talk about their charts  
For the Cachalots are social men  
They're not a bunch of f... f... flirts!*

*The Cachalots are great men,  
There's Kelso, Clark and Hall,  
Thompson, Cartwright, Moffat, Fost,  
We love them one and all.  
There's Tinsley, Gates and Stirling,  
And many many more,  
Let's not forget the great Dane  
Who **never** seems to bore.*

.....

So tonight, as we celebrate Robbie Burns' birthday, let us all remember that .....

*A lassie with her laddie  
Is a really lovely tale,  
For all girls love the sailor  
Who wears a silver whale.  
So Lassies ...raise your glasses now  
and join me in a toast -  
To the Cachalots, the ones we love,  
Who care for us the most.*

To the Laddies!  
May God bless them all!

Winifred. A. Harwood 2006.





# SQUAT!

Hardly an elegant title is it?

However, every shiphandler must have suffered from it at some time. At least, it began to become apparent once ships deserted sail for steam or diesel, growing larger, faster and deeper in the process. It was not only the deck department that suffered from the condition. Engineers on the sorely missed Thoreson car ferries used to ring the bridge to complain that they were being bombarded by stones beating on the bottom plates of the engine room as they proceeded through the North Channel, off Hillhead in the Solent. It seems the noise distracted them from the crossword or Page Three of their newspaper. (They didn't have Su Doku in those days!).

Of course, the word is used to describe the apparent increase in a ship's draught while travelling through the water. More accurately though, it ought to be described as a reduction in its underkeel clearance. It is particularly noticeable in shallow water but is even more apparent where the ship is navigating in channels which are not just shallow but narrow as well. This brings us to the next thought; Squat is merely one symptom of a more general navigational disease known as 'Interaction'. Interaction can have a very deleterious effect on river banks, lock gates, bridges, quay walls etc. and can cause any ship involved to look distinctly wrinkled and even torn.

Those of you who look after your teeth will remember the dentist thrusting a suction tube into your mouth. This was used to suck out all the dribbles you made through trying to conduct a conversation over the noise of the drill - hoping to kid him that you weren't frightened! You will recall that the tube was powered by an electric pump. However, there are people who can still remember when the tube was connected to a tap on the spittoon at the side of the patients' chair. The amount of suction could be adjusted according to how frightened they were. Some people dribbled so much that the tap had to be turned full on. That was alright until the mouth ran dry, whereupon the end of the tube would latch on to the inside of the cheek like an octopus tentacle. The patient (some people) could only be released by turning the tap off. Once the treatment was complete and the patient had ceased to dribble some people inquired how the water driven saliva pump worked. The short answer was that it was a 'Venturi'.

What's a venturi? Well, it just means a horizontal pipe of a certain cross section with a bit in the middle which has been squeezed to perhaps half its previous area. When you turn the tap on, the water runs along at the speed appropriate to keep the pipe full over its whole length (say 1 litre per second). Now here's the clever bit. When it reaches the narrow section it has to double its speed to shift the same amount of water in the same time. The water exerts a pressure on the walls of the pipe which depends on the height of the reservoir, reduced by the speed at which it's running. This means that the pressure on the walls of the narrow bit of pipe is only half as much as in the rest of the pipe. If you plumb another pipe at right angles into the wall of the narrow bit and stick it in somebody's mouth it will suck just like the dentist's.

What's that got to do with squat? Well, the sea may not be moving but the ship steaming along represents the top wall of a square section pipe and the seabed immediately under it represents the bottom, while the water between the two represents the flow through the narrow bit of pipe. You may have noticed that this pipe doesn't have any sides; well, you can't expect perfection. The narrower the gap between the bottom of the ship and the sea bed the faster the water rushes through, the more the water pressure is reduced and the more the ship will squat for a given engine power. Also, the faster it goes through the water the more it will be sucked down for a given depth. Easy innit? The principle behind all that was first described in the 18<sup>th</sup> Century by some foreigner called Bernouille. It is the same principle that gives aircrafts' wings 'lift' to get them airborne. If you turn it vertical it also governs the ability of sailing boats to beat to windward.

Now, the engineers on those ferries weren't necessarily suffering from the d.t's. The stones they could hear were lifted up by the 'upward squat' of the sea bed. That's because squat is an 'Inter' action. Those engineers thought the ship was running aground. It just so happened that the stones were in fact loose gravel lying on the sea bed and light enough to be lifted up by the suction before the downward effect on the ship became noticeable. Some years ago the master of a ferry running across the North Sea reported that he had hit the bottom on unreported sand waves. There never was any report of damage though undoubtedly the paint would have been polished from the ship's bottom. The same thing invariably happens when large ships are proceeding through dredged channels with fairly low underkeel clearance. The bottom mud is not just churned up; it's sucked up.

A few naval architects have spent much of their careers trying to reproduce squat either by experimentation in model tanks, direct observation of ships in canals or by producing mathematical formulae and graphs. Many years ago they even laid upside down echo sounders on the bottom of Southampton Water in order to measure the draught of large container ships while running up the channel at various speeds. The results of that experiment never seemed to be widely publicised. Perhaps they didn't like the results. However, their formulae have been widely distributed and consequently the old rule of thumb underkeel clearance of 10% of the stopped draught has been modified. That had originally been used to avoid grounding on siltation high spots and supermarket trolleys.

Once, a squashed motorcar was lifted from the bottom of the old Ocean Terminal in Southampton. Ships had been sitting on it for a couple of years before it was located. Sadly, it was found to contain the remains of two ladies ('of the night'?) who had never been reported missing.

Nowadays, most large ships are supplied with graphs or tables from the builders to enable the masters to anticipate their squat in shallow water. This even applies to the passage of deep tankers and ore carriers transitting the Dover Strait and the Southern North Sea. They have a maximum draught of 22 metres but the depth of water is mostly well under 30 metres. Similarly, squat has to be taken into consideration by ULCCs passing through the Malacca Straits between Malaysia and Sumatra (especially over the last twelve months).

Apart from sinkage, squat is also likely to affect ships' trim. Bluff vessels such as tankers and bulk carriers tend to trim by the head in shallow water while fine lined ships trim farther by the stern. This effect used to be particularly noticeable when tankers were loaded to maximum draught and even keel in rainy weather :- as they picked up speed proceeding down a river the

rainwater would start to run forward all the way to the focsle bulkhead before splashing over the side, owing to the scuppers being plugged under the anti-pollution regulations.

Manoeuvrability is also affected because stopping distance and the diameter of the turning circle are both increased proportionally as the underkeel clearance is reduced (alright, so it's actually an inverse square effect; but whatever!). Directional stability is also progressively reduced so that ships tend to yaw about when they're supposed to be maintaining a steady course.

Another feature of squat is the wake. This steepens until a breaking wave occurs which then begins to overtake the ship. It is a phenomenon that cannot be ignored as the rough water makes quite a noise. At the same time, as the underkeel clearance is reduced, the water passing under the ship accelerates backwards slowing it down. Anyone who has explored the Midland Canals in a narrow boat will recognise the signs. Since the sea bed is seldom dead flat, the distance of various parts of the bottom plating are at different distances from it. This causes ships to appear to have lost stability so that they list or roll for no apparent reason. You may not be surprised to learn that the s.s. SHIELDHALL has never been reported to suffer from the phenomenon.

## SON OF SQUAT

Just over a dozen years ago a large passenger liner hit the bottom off the coast of a foreign country while travelling at high speed. It suffered considerable bottom damage and had to be drydocked locally at enormous expense. Since the accident occurred within that country's jurisdiction the local coastguard instituted a one man formal investigation in co-operation with other branches of their administration. The immediate reaction on the day had been to breathalyse all those who had been on the bridge and to seize the echo sounder and course recorder traces for analysis. They naturally secured copies of every other relevant document too. They then made a hurried hydrographic survey of the area. The inquiry proceeded to blame the Master, the local coastal pilot and the lack of formal Bridge Resource Management (BRM). That means everyone checking everyone else. On the advice of experts it established that the actual cause of the damage was squat. The chart showed a depth of 39 feet of rocky bottom in the area of the grounding while the maximum static draught had been 32 feet 4 inches. They calculated that the vessel had squatted about 2 metres, or over 6 feet 8 inches in order to hit the rocks. This immediately began to appear as though the figures were being made to fit the facts of the incident.

However, subsequent surveys showed that the vessel actually hit rocks which did not appear on any chart and were 20% higher than the 39 foot sounding. In fact the lines of sounding on the government charts had last been run in 1939 and were separated by 1300 feet. This distance was greater than the length of any ship then afloat. Each line produced a known depth zone 20 feet wide; in other words 98% of the area had never been surveyed.

Diving inspection of the rocks actually struck by the ship showed that they bore abrasions and streaks of red anti-fouling paint. They were subsequently given the names 'Red Rock 1 to 6'. They were found to be rounded boulders up to 12 feet in diameter. They obviously did not belong to where they were found but were reckoned to be what are known as 'erratics'. Such rocks are typical of those caught up in glaciers, calved off in icebergs, and subsequently dropped wherever the iceberg melted. These particular specimens probably fell to the seabed at the end of the last ice age, possibly as recently as 10,000 years ago. Nowadays hydrographic surveys include the use of side scan sonar. This would have filled in the spaces between the lines of vertical echo sounding and would have indicated such anomalous blobs.

It transpired that the ship never passed over the single 39 foot sounding at all. Moreover, we know the area of the Red Rocks was infinitesimal compared with the area of the ship's bottom. The seabed, 12 feet below would have caused some effect but we know that must have been very slight because no one on board detected any wake change, noise, water covering portholes or loss of speed.

Shortly after this disaster the country concerned issued a chart correction indicating 'Rocks Reported (1992) 34',32'. This was a minimal response since the rocks' position and depth was well known by this time while they had also been photographed and analysed. It also transpired that local fishermen had earlier been complaining about these rocks snagging their trawl nets.

As you can imagine, if a civil court action determined that the cause of the accident had been neglect of duty of care by the government's charting organisation, the cost in compensation and loss of face would have been very embarrassing. In fact, suits were prepared and at least one action proceeded for a while but then was quietly dropped. No one could say for sure why they were not proceeded with in the courts but governments can make life very difficult for foreigners trying to do business within their jurisdiction.

Anyway, that was just about the biggest fuss over squat to hit the headlines but it turned out not to have been well thought out by the experts. They simply threw a formula at the figures they were given without pausing to research whether those figures were even applicable.

Makes you think, dunnit?

Ian Stirling

*Any connection between the large passenger liner pictured on the right and the events detailed in the above article are purely coincidental. I had a couple of column inches to spare and thought that the picture would look good here. Ed.*





## Captain James Goodridge and the Mail Packet “Wonder”

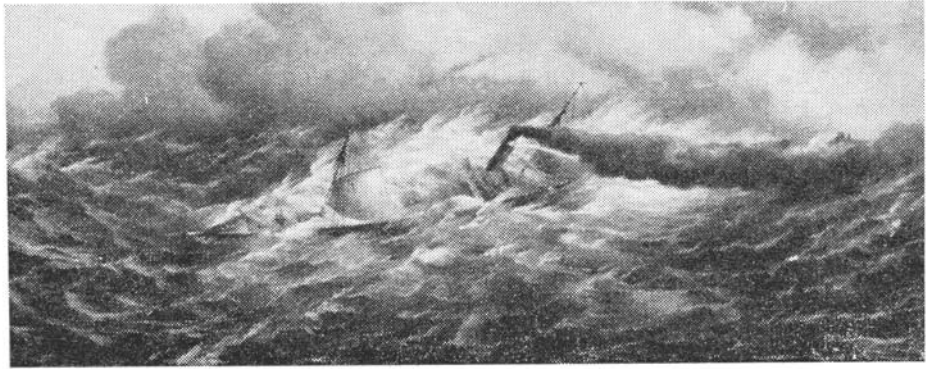
When The Southampton Master Mariners’ Club vacated the clubroom in the Stella Maris building in St.Michael’s Square the vast majority of its memorabilia and artefacts was boxed up and stored at various locations throughout the city and docks.

Before packing, many of the items were photographed and all were catalogued.

Reading through this list recently I came across an item that awoke my curiosity.

It is described as “Silver megaphone with design and inscription -“Presented to Captain James Goodridge of the Mail Packet “Wonder” on the 1st. day of January 1847, in token of the high estimation in which his character for nautical duty, so eminently displayed throughout the fearful storm of Wednesday, the 21st October 1846, and his uniform devotion to the interest and comfort of the public, is held by the Inhabitants of Jersey”. In addition to the megaphone there is a photograph of “Wonder” and a replica of a silver medallion presented to a Mr.Clements, Chief Officer of the vessel and who later was appointed to command her.

The paddle steamer “Wonder” was built on the Thames in 1844 for The South Western Steam Navigation Company. Her builders were the Blackwall company Ditchburn & Mare and she was engined by Seaward & Capel - both companies long since defunct.



**South Western Steam Navigation Company’s packet vessel “Wonder” depicted in the Channel gale described in this article**

Her Certificate of Build gives her a LOA of 158 feet, a beam of 20 feet 6 inches and a tonnage of 250. In those days steamers were few and far between and there was fierce rivalry between new ships in respect of speed. On trials in the Thames “Wonder” demonstrated that she was indeed a very fast ship and well suited for her intended trade between Southampton and the Channel Islands. She arrived in Southampton in October 1844 and records indicate that initially, under the command of Captain James Goodridge, she was engaged in the service to Le Havre until, in May 1845 she took up her appointed trade. On her first voyage she arrived in Guernsey some 15 hours late (due to a damaged paddle) but thereafter she soon established a reputation for punctuality and her speed was the talk of maritime Southampton. Such, indeed, was her fame that she was chartered by the Duke of Devonshire (and later by the Board of Admiralty) in connection with a naval

review in the Channel. It was reported that Her Majesty was so impressed by the speed of the ship that she “organised” a race in The Solent between “Wonder” and H.M.Yacht “Fairy”- a contest easily won by “Wonder”.

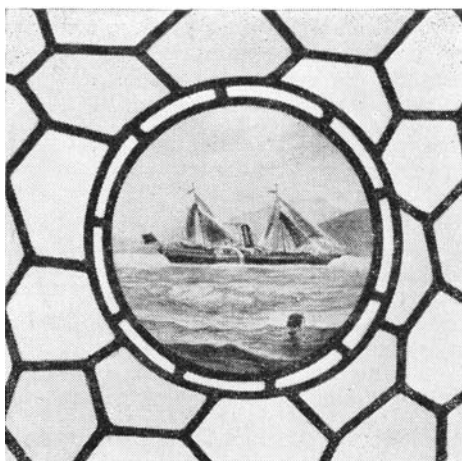
By all accounts the ship traded successfully between Southampton ,Guernsey and Jersey without incident, until October 1846. On Tuesday, October 20th. Captain Goodridge left at his usual time of 1900. As he steamed down the Solent the wind freshened and as she cleared the Isle of Wight Captain Goodridge knew it was going to be an uncomfortable voyage for his passengers. Soon the ship was in the midst of a storm described later by her Captain as “the most boisterous transit I have ever made in countless cross Channel passages”. Off the Casquets “Wonder” broached to and Goodridge feared that she might overturn but his seamanship skills prevailed and she came upright with such violence that passengers were flung from their beds and her bulwarks stove in in several places. Finally, the terrified passengers were greeted by a cheering crowd as Captain Goodridge brought his battered command into Guernsey on the early afternoon of Wednesday, October 21st. Later that day he sailed to Jersey where he was accorded a hero’s welcome. As the story of the storm, and the shipping losses incurred, unfolded the local newspaper, the “Guernsey Star” organised a public subscription to recognise the heroism and professionalism of the Captain of the paddle steamer “Wonder” and this culminated in the presentation of the silver speaking trumpet.



Above: The silver megaphone in the Club’s possession which dates back to 1847. On the right is a close-up of the inscription.

*Continued on page 7*

*One of the leaded lights from the Wonder Inn*



The award was cherished by Captain Goodridge and his family and was handed down through the family until, in 1933, Captain James Goodridge, grandson of the Captain of "WONDER" and himself a Club member, presented the cherished trophy to The Cachalots "in memory of Dr. Woods, Bishop of Winchester and the first "Stowaway" member of The Southampton Master Mariners' Club".

The ship's home port - Southampton - chose to honour her in the "traditional" way but today few will recall the small public house called "The Wonder". Situated near to Northam Bridge the pub displayed a model of its namesake but the primary attraction comprised four leaded lights incorporated in the doors and windows with each portraying a picture of the ship and the tortuous weather conditions she endured. "The Wonder" closed in the late 1958 and the site was developed for accommodation.

What happened to the model and to the leaded lights has never been revealed but, hopefully, somebody, somewhere knows where they are. I was told recently that the leaded lights form part of the windows of St. Mary's Church - and one day I will go and look.

If the Club's present plans come to fruition then, perhaps very soon, the megaphone and other relics relating to yet another of Southampton's famous ships will once again be on display.

CRK 15/01/06



The Wonder Inn, Northam, Southampton, demolished in October 1958

## TROOPING:

The Orient Line managed one Troopship, The EMPIRE ORWELL on behalf of the Ministry of Transport, however on one occasion the ORMONDE was chartered to take New Zealand troops from Wellington to Pusan early in the Korean war.

The ship, as usual, took UK emigrants out as far as Sydney but after they disembarked sailed, empty, across to Wellington where the 'New Zealand K Force' embarked and sailed for Brisbane, arriving on Christmas eve 1950 for bunkers, then onward to Pusan.

Before arrival the O.C. Troops mustered all his men and warned them that although shore leave would be given, the ship would sail at noon the following (Christmas) day and that, as the next port was Pusan, any man who was not on board on sailing would be deemed to have deserted in the face of the enemy and would be punished accordingly.

The city was 'open house' to the troops who had a tremendous welcome and on Christmas morning the wharf was heaving with residents waiting, cheering, singing and generally working up to an enormous 'send off'. As Noon drew closer the Colonel and ship's Sergeant Major could be seen on the bridge wing looking very worried as two men were 'adrift'. The last gangway had been lifted off the pedestal and was 'on the swing' and the ship singled up fore and aft, when, at 2 minutes



to noon, tremendous cheers broke up at the end of the wharf quickly spreading along to the ship and 2 kiwi squadies could be seen running flat out carrying between them a large, ancient cannon ball which they had 'liberated' from the local Australian army barracks. The brow was put back in and they were hauled aboard by their mates as the ship moved off.

The following morning they were paraded in front of the Colonel and their punishment was that for the rest of the voyage they would burnish the cannon ball until it shone and they could see their faces in the reflection. The night before Pusan the ship was in full farewell party mode, the Kiwi Officers entertaining the ship's officers to much beer!. The one person on board who the Colonel could not stand at any price was the Staff Commander who was a most pedantic man with no sense of humour and a thorough bore so when the Colonel got on his feet and made a speech, thanking the ship for all the help they had had and wishing her well for the future he called the S/Cdr up and presented him with the 'gleaming' cannon ball saying 'If anything, perish the thought, should happen to Ormonde in the future he hoped that the first thing the Commander would grab as he jumped overboard on abandoning ship, would be this memento of the K Force !



## **William John Hayes** **Recollections of a life at sea**

*This contribution comes from Ron Anteney and concerns another small piece of the history of the Club and of the Merchant Navy. Older hands may remember Bill Hayes as Steward of the Club when it was situated at Royal Mail House.*

William John Hayes was born at Birkenhead on 14 June 1893. The family home, at one time, was in Menai Street, Birkenhead. He left school at 12 years of age to begin an apprenticeship as a lithographic printer -hated it - and left after half a day! He then joined a Birkenhead pawnbroker for 12 months before moving to the Co-op at Hoy lake. He eventually became Branch Manager.

Bill first went to sea at 22 years of age (1915) with the Pacific Steam Navigation Company - his only company during a life at sea - having previously amassed what was then a small fortune of £50 to cover his initial expenses (uniforms, train fares, etc.). He joined HM Hospital Ship 'Panama' at Newport bound for Suvla Bay in the Dardanelles. The 'Panama' was a coastal steamer of some 4000 tons and before being requisitioned by the Navy plied between Chile and Peru with cargo, cattle, and a few passengers.

After signing on at £4-10 shillings (£4.50) per month his wage after one year's service was increased to £7-10 shillings (£7.50) per month! His first job at sea was as a waiter, and he was allotted a bunk in the 'Glory Hole' - twenty men slept there. He suffered from seasickness!

The ship was painted white with a red cross and green border. At night the ship was lit-up to show that it was a hospital ship and to prevent attacks by submarines. The medical staff were from the Royal Army Medical Corps and the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps. At Suvla Bay they took on board war wounded. The next port of call was Malta where the patients were taken ashore and replaced with other military wounded bound for Southampton.

After many voyages in the Middle East the ship returned to home waters, sailing between Le Havre and Southampton. They only sailed at night, again with lights showing the red cross. Later the ship was painted grey and, because the Germans did not recognise the neutrality of hospital ships, a gun was installed aft, with two gunners to man it. The crew had to attend gun-drill. It was later decided to paint the ship in camouflage. One incident prominent

in his memory is the night the 'Salta' was torpedoed in Le Havre harbour. He recalls the sad sight of nurses, crew, and military staff struggling in the water. The 'Panama' was ordered to proceed into the inner harbour and was not allowed to provide assistance. The Navy rescued quite a large number from the sea before the 'Salta' sank - a total loss. (This is just one of the many incidents Bill could recall from his voyages during the 1914-18 war).

He remained with the 'Panama' until 1920 and shortly after she was renamed 'HMHS Maine' he left her, having held positions of steward and assistant storekeeper.

Then, in 1920, he joined three ships in quick succession: Ortega, Esiquibo (2<sup>nd</sup> Steward) and Orduna (2<sup>nd</sup> Steward).

In 1921 he joined the 'Lataro' (an ex-Glen Line cargo ship) as Chief Steward. At one time the American 'Grace Line' offered him a position operating from the USA. He was also offered a position with the Falkland Islands Company but his wife, Nora, was reluctant to leave England and both offers were declined. Prior to and during the second world war he served aboard the 'Orduna' on which he went to Murmansk. At the time he was not very enthusiastic about this(!) but as the war progressed he considered it to be no worse than some of the convoys in which he served for the relief of Malta. He was later engaged in trooping to the near- and far-east until the vessel was scrapped in 1948 when he joined his last (and favourite) ship, the 'Reina de! Pacifico', as bar-keeper, immediately after her boiler room explosion in Bermuda. He remained with her until he retired from the sea in 1955 - after 40 years at sea - at the age of 62. His years on the 'Reina' enabled him to obtain an in-depth knowledge of the east and west coasts of South America - voyages from Liverpool were of 3 months duration - and he made many friends, ashore and afloat. He was a very popular barkeeper.

The only occasion his ship was at Southampton was the 'Ortega' in 1920. Always a keen member of the Temperance Lodge in his native Birkenhead, he pursued this interest

during his Southampton visit and at a Lodge meeting he met his future wife, Nora Ellen Gould. They subsequently married at St. Andrew's Church, Dorset Street, Southampton, on 1<sup>st</sup> July 1922.

During his 40 years at sea he visited most of the continents/sub-continents - with the notable exception of Australia and New Zealand. He was actually en-route there in 1945 when his ship was diverted to Kure, Japan, following the Japanese surrender. He had the unique experience of seeing the devastation caused by the atom bomb at Hiroshima, viewing the scene from the top of one of the only two large structures(made of reinforcedconcrete) remaining. D-Day was spent at Gourrock, Scotland, having previously off-loaded American troops in the build-up to D-Day.

Soon they departed for the Mediterranean area for further trooping and POW duties.

He represented the Merchant Service at the Royal British Legion Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall, London, on 7th November 1981.

On retiring from the sea, after a short spell of comparative inactivity ashore, he became steward at the Master Mariners' Club, Royal Mail House, Terminus Terrace, Southampton, for twelve and a half years, (before handing over to his successor - 'Tom'), followed by a 1-year spell with Bramah Coffee (at Royal Mail House), and 1-year at the Solent Suite, Civic Centre, Southampton, before finally retiring from working life in 1969 to devote more time to his ailing wife, who died on 2nd December 1976. During his 40 years seagoing-career he was awarded the following medals:

1914-1918	Victory
1914-1918	Merchant Service
1939-1945	Campaign Star
1939-1945	Atlantic
1939-1945	Africa Star
1939-1945	Italy Star
1939-1945	Victory

Bill passed away peacefully at the The Brookvale Nursing Home, Southampton, on 22<sup>nd</sup> February 1990 - aged 96 years and 8 months..... and he never did learn to swim!!!

(Compiled by Michael Gould during conversations with 'Uncle Will' - April 1985)



## WEI-HAI-WEI

*Another extract from "The Unforgiving Minute", the personal memoirs of Stowaway Member Rear Admiral Sir Morgan Morgan-Giles. It's 1933 and he is a Midshipman on HMS Cumberland in the China Fleet.*

Wei-Hai-Wei was a large and very convenient summer anchorage for the whole China Fleet. It was admirably suited for ships to exercise at sea and also for harbour exercises, pulling and sailing regattas, football and hockey matches etc.

The small island had an Officers' club, a canteen, a few private bungalows, a local tailor's shop called "Jelly Belly" and no permanent Chinese population.

There were no fleshpots for anybody - it was all very bracing and healthy and wholesome but very enjoyable. The cool summer climate was a welcome change from the heat and humidity of Hong Kong.

The Chinese in this province are much taller, stronger and darker complexioned than the Cantonese. In winter their occupation was piracy and in summer looking after the British ships. In particular, they manned quite a fleet of sampans, several being attached to each RN ship. These provided a service for landing individuals, sports teams etc. to ease the strain on ships' boats. The sampans of various sizes, some quite large, were manned continuously by very hardy crews, including women, who were quite as tough as the men. The method of propulsion consisted of large "eulohs" or oars over the stern which could drive them ahead even against strong wind and sea in squally conditions.

The women wore black trousers and loose white cotton jackets, with pigtails - neat and clean, like all Chinese, but not at all feminine.

Old China Hands said that when anybody fell overboard in the Yangtse, the "Sampan Suzies" would not rescue them, for fear of depriving the river gods of their prey; but instead they would push the swimmers down with fearsome iron-spiked boathooks, to be drowned.

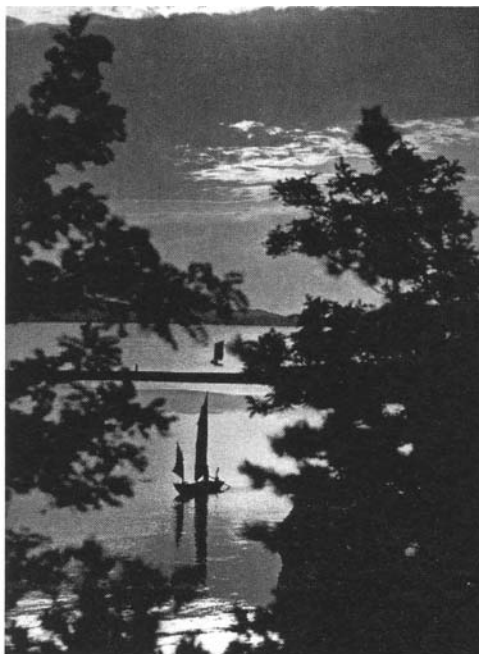
In winter Wei-Hai-Wei was deserted, and the only naval presence was a Surgeon Commander in charge of the RN Sick Quarters. This was a small and primitive establishment, which I came to know quite well because I had my appendix removed here.

This was a strange story. After much strenuous regatta practice, one morning I had terrible pain in my stomach. Our elderly Surgeon Commander examined me and said "I think it is indigestion". He continued "I have a cannon ball in the Sick Bay. I will send it up to you and if you roll it round your belly,

you should obtain relief. Fortunately for me he was accompanied by a very young Surgeon Lieutenant, who had recently joined the ship. With considerable courage this young officer said to the PMO "Excuse me, but do you think it is just possible, Sir, that the Midshipman has appendicitis?"

After some discussion it was decided to send me ashore to the Sick Quarters. So I went up on deck, and was laid down in a large grey-painted wooden box, used for embarking provisions. This was hoisted up by the seaplane crane, to be lowered into one of the ships' boats. A line was made fast to one corner to steady the box, but half-way down it slipped. The box began to spin round and round quite violently. But eventually I was safely embarked in the Ship's Pinnace, a large strong motor-boat of

which, on normal days, I was always in charge. So my own well-known crew took me ashore, landed on the jetty and carefully carried me up the steps, slippery with seaweed. Instead of carrying me any further they hired a rickshaw, balanced my box precariously on top and paid the rickshaw coolie to pull me up the steep track to the hospital. In the theatre I was anaesthetised for the operation, and on waking up I felt only a lot of pain in my right thigh. Through the chloroform fumes I half imagined that the doctor had slashed at my stomach, missed, and hit me in the leg instead. But in fact it was only that I had been allowed to lie on a boiling hot water bottle, which burst; this eventually took much longer to heal than the appendix - and I have the scars to this day!



*Sunset at Wei-Hai-Wei*

(This reminds me of a story later in life. In Southampton a poor Chinese sailor was in hospital with great difficulty in breathing. The day came when the chaplain visited the hospital. The chaplain leant over, but could not understand what the man was trying to say, so he took a step nearer the bed, bent over and said "Would it help you to write down what you are trying to say, my son". The man nodded. The sister produced a pencil and paper. The man wrote something in Chinese characters on the bit of paper. But of course the chaplain couldn't understand a word of it. Anyway the problem was solved because the poor man gave one last gasp and dropped back dead on the pillow.

When the parson got home that evening his wife said "Your cassock's looking a bit grubby. You'd better have it washed." So the next morning the parson took it in to the local Chinese laundry. He looked in the pockets to see he hadn't left any fivers in there (just like we all do) and he found this bit of paper. So he said to the Chinese laundryman "You are just the chap. Can you tell me what this means please". The laundryman held it up and gazed at it for a bit. Then he said "It's very strange. But what it seems to say is "You are standing on my oxygen tube"!)



## Cachalot by email?

It's probably not much of a surprise to some of you, but it costs us about as much to mail you your copy of *The Cachalot* as it does to produce it. With the increase in the use of email and broadband in particular, it could be that you would be happy to receive your future copies electronically and help save the Club some pennies.

I do not profess to be in any way a computer expert but let me try and explain how I think it may be done. (Those luddites with an antipathy to all things 'pewter should look away now.)

I produce this newsletter on my home computer with a desk top publishing (DTP) program called PagePlus, from Serif. Originally I had to print out each finished (A4) page individually, on to the best paper and to the finest definition that my printer could produce, and take them to my local printer who would copy the pages and then collate, staple and fold them into the finished product. Sometimes the photographs and other graphics did not come out very well in the process.

As Serif upgraded the PagePlus program they included the facility to produce the files in **Portable Document Format (PDF)** which allows formatted pages of text and graphics to be viewed and printed correctly on a variety of machines without the necessity of having the original (PagePlus) program installed. What one does need installed however, is Adobe Acrobat, which program is probably familiar to those of you who use the internet and is freely available to download.

So now, having edited the newsletter to my satisfaction, I click the button marked "publish as PDF", copy it to a CD disc and take it to the printer who produces it from the original files without the need for any further physical copying.

I could, in fact, send it to him by email but I do sometimes feel the need for a bit of fresh air and to converse

verbally with a real live person. But I *can* send it to you over the internet if you are on broadband and have the Adobe program installed. Just send me your email address. Mine is [te.clark@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:te.clark@tiscali.co.uk) or you can contact the club at [cachalots@smmclub.fsnet.co.uk](mailto:cachalots@smmclub.fsnet.co.uk) I will then send you the newsletter as a PDF attachment. And you can either print it out or read it on the screen.

Well, that's the theory anyway.

How long will it take to download? I hear you ask. I experimented with the last issue (18) which was 1.12Mb in its original PagePlus form and 6.87Mb in PDF. I sent it to myself and it took 6 minutes to send and 1min 25secs to download when it finally arrived back home, having spent 30 mins in the ether.

I then tried it with this, nearly completed edition, which was 4.51 Mb in PagePlus but 20.2 Mb in PDF! Again I tried sending it to myself but after 21mins or so I got an error message saying that the message was too big. After much searching on Tiscali's website I discovered that the maximum file size for attachments is 10 Mb.

I think the anomaly in the respective sizes is all down to the photographs and graphics that I use in the various issues. Because colour photographs tend to be a little dark when converted to b&w I tweak the brightness and contrast with a picture editing program called PhotoPlus, another one from Serif. The more I twiddled, the larger the files became.

I have now discovered another strange thing while writing this article. Take the picture of the new Captain on the front page: it was 735Kb as received from him and 1770Kb (1.77Mb) after editing with PhotoPlus. I then tried doing the same editing with another program installed on my computer, Adobe Photoshop Elements, and this reduced it to a JPEG file of just 185Kb, which one would expect having dropped all of the colour information. But when I inserted it in to page 1 the computer tells me it is now 2070Kb! By doing the same exercise but with the copy/paste function, the final picture is 1120Kb.

Compare this with the picture of the VIPs on page 2 which was 1390Kb in its colour original. I edited with PhotoPlus and got two versions, one of 4256Kb and one of 17240Kb. Re-editing with Elements gave me a JPEG of just 341Kb which this time stayed the same when transferred to the page?

The four photos with the "Wonder" article come to 7.42Mb in total. I had scanned these myself, at a greater definition than normal because of the quality of the originals, and then lightened them a bit, so this is probably the reason for their large file sizes. But how the final publication (4.51Mb) can be less than some of its component parts is beyond me, unless pictures don't count in PagePlus but do in PDF.

None of the above makes much sense to me at the moment and is probably of no interest to anyone else anyway.

What I shall do is to try and keep the whole caboodle as small in file sizes as possible, to enable a more rapid download. I now have three months to find out how that may be done, unless there is some DTP/computer expert out there able to enlighten me.

Meanwhile here is a verse for computerphiles that tickled Mavis Stirling when she read it in the Daily Telegraph.

### POE TREE IN MOW SHUN

Eye have a spelling chequer,  
It came with my pea sea,  
It plainly marques four my revue  
Miss takes eye can knot sea.

Eye strike the quays and type a  
Word and weight four it two say,  
Weather I am rite oar wrong, it  
Shows me strait aweigh.

As soon as a mist ache is maid it  
Nose bee four two long  
And eye can put the error rite-  
It's rare lea ever wrong.

I've run this poem threw it,  
Eye am shore yore pleas two no,  
It's letter perfect in its weigh;  
My chequer tolled me sew.

(Anon)



# Rope Ends

## THE FOOLISH YOUNG:

Before arrival on the Australian Coast every member of the ship's company was required to sign a massive customs form known as the 'form 5' when any goods they had, and intended landing to family or friends in Oz had to be declared and placed in bond. Getting this form completed usually landed on the plate of one of the most junior of the Pursers Officers.

I was engaged in this happy task on one occasion, accompanied by the Crew Canteen Manager, a Petty Officer, when a first trip Bellboy (about 16 years old) appeared at the hatch snuffling and snivelling. The PO said "What's your trouble son" and the lad's reply was "Second Steward belted me sir".

PO, "I expect you deserved it, what have you done ?" The Bellboy pulled up the sleeve of his uniform jacket revealing a very nasty, new, suppurating tattoo obviously done ashore in Colombo a few days earlier. It comprised a lurid red tombstone on a green mound and below it the words "In loving memory of my mother".

PO, "You're a bloody young fool, that looks as if it was done with a dirty needle, you better go and see the Surgeon, I'm not surprised the 2<sup>nd</sup> Steward belted you".

Boy, "Its not the Second Steward I'm worried about Sir, it's me mam, she ain't dead yet!"

I was returning from Australia on the "Artemis" recently. As we sailed from Los Angeles, I spotted the club tie on the Promenade Deck being worn by none other than Paul Townsend. Thus two old salts and Cachalots were embarked together for a long Ocean Passage to Southampton via the Panama Canal ! Quite unique.

It subsequently was found that there were a total of five retired Master Mariners on board including a retired Manchester Ship Canal Pilot. After swapping yarns it was mutually decided that I was the most senior and therefore was dubbed "Commodore"!

Apart from a "too close for comfort" approach with a container ship when entering the Channel for the Panama Canal and a diversion to Martinique to helicopt off a sick crew member, the voyage was well lubricated and very pleasant with exceptional calm weather on the North Atlantic

Alistair Campbell-Cant

## Officers & Committees 2006.

<b>CAPTAIN:</b>	Capt. G. Angas
<b>STAFF CAPTAIN:</b>	Capt. P. Marriott
<b>SEA STAFF CAPTAIN:</b>	Capt. C. Holmes
<b>BOATSTEERER:</b>	Capt. L.W. Hall
<b>STOREKEEPER:</b>	G.F. Cartwright
<b>POST CAPTAIN:</b>	Capt. S. Harwood
<b>FUNCTIONS OFFICER:</b>	G.F. Cartwright
<b>ARCHIVIST:</b>	Capt. H. Roberts
<b>HON. LEGAL ADVISOR:</b>	S. Daniels

### HARPOONERS:

G. Draysey, P. Fost, R. Gage, A. Gravestock, R. Hellier, N. Hunt, G. Lang, A. McDowall, R. Martin, J. Mileusnic, I. Odd, R. Olden, K. Owen, B. Peck, F. Pedersen, J. R. K. Smart, J. C. Smith, J. Whorwood.

### Executive & Finance Committee: 5 Club Officers plus:

D. Gates, A. Gravestock, N. Hunt, J. Mileusnic, R. Olden, B. Peck, J. R. K. Smart, A. Tinsley, J. Whorwood.

### Entertainments:

T. E. Clark, P. Fost, A. Gravestock, N. Hunt, F. Pedersen, I. Odd, J. R. K. Smart, J. Whorwood,

### Church Committee:

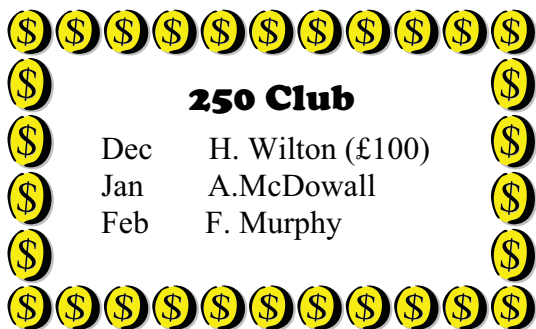
G. H. Draysey, R. Martin, K. Owen, J. C. Smith, P. J. Stead, A. Tinsley, I. Thomson.

The 5 Officers of the Club and Post Captain are members of all the above committees.

The General Committee comprises the 5 Officers of the Club, the Post Captain, Past Captains, and all Harpooners.

Shantymen: Mr. David King

Chaplains: Revd. P. Foley, Revd. A. Hockett, Revd. W. McCrea.



## *More of What's to Come*

Seminar - due to a likely change in our circumstances the Technical Seminar that is scheduled for Wednesday 24th May may have to be postponed - see the Club noticeboard for the latest information.

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Please note that the Club Buffet Supper currently booked at the Royal British Legion in June has been changed from Wed. 14th to **Tuesday 13th June**, buffet by John Davis again. This time there will be a talk entitled

### ***"The Rag Trade"***

given by

Bill Atkinson, ex Managing Director of Christian Dior. We understand from John Smart, who was instrumental in obtaining Mr. Atkinson's services, that he is a very entertaining speaker.

### **NEW** **CACHALOTS**

Ivor Salter  
Emma Tiller

Don't forget the Annual Shipping Festival Service at Winchester Cathedral on Thursday, 15th June, the Curry lunch on Saturday, 1st July and the Cowes Fireworks Cruise on "Shieldhall" on Friday, 4th August. The latter will cost £28.50 per person but unfortunately that will not include the meal on board. We are advised that hot meals will be available, payable on board on the night. More details of the above events will be promulgated in the next edition of *The CACHALOT* in June and will be found on the Club noticeboard in due course.

### **Stop Press**

You should find two inclusions with this mailing, both of which are of some considerable importance to the future of our Club. Please find time to read and consider them, they are the result of a great deal of behind the scenes effort.

The Club is routinely open four days a week, Tuesday to Friday, at lunch time. Liz will be only too happy to serve you a drink and on Thursdays and Fridays she can take your orders for:- Homemade Soup of the Day, freshly made sandwiches, (which can be toasted,) filled Jacket Potatoes, Ploughman's lunches and other snacks. It is hoped to extend this service as custom demands.

Suggestions for events, for improvements, offers of help, articles and anecdotes for inclusion in this newsletter will all be received with pleasure. We are even prepared to receive complaints if they are constructive.

The Club's address is:

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Editor: [te.clark@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:te.clark@tiscali.co.uk)

<http://homepages.tcp.co.uk/~glang/smmc.html>

### **Dates for your Diary**

Sat	MAR	4	Curry Lunch
Fri	MAR	31	Skittles Evening, So'ton (Old) Green Bowling Club
Tue	APR	4	Tidworth Concert, Lucknow Band, Prince of Wales Regiment
Wed	MAY	3	Club Buffet Supper
Wed	MAY	17	Entertain Watch Ashore to lunch
Sat	MAY	20	Curry Lunch
Wed	MAY	24	Technical Seminar
Tue	JUN	13	Club Buffet Supper
Thu	JUN	15	Shipping Festival Service, Winchester
Sat	JUL	1	Curry Lunch
Fri	AUG	4	Cowes Firework cruise, S.S. Shieldhall
Sat	SEP	2	Curry Lunch
Tue	OCT		Tidworth Concert, Last Night of the Proms.
Sat	OCT	28	Autumn Dinner Dance, Brook House
Fri	NOV	3	Harpooners' Dinner
Tba	NOV		Wine Tasting
Tue	NOV	14	Sale of Sea Pie Supper tickets
Sat	DEC	2	Meeting of Past Captains
Sat	DEC	2	Christmas Lunch, King's Court
Sat	DEC	9	Christmas Dinner, King's Court

### **Gone Aloft**

**R. Bristow  
D. Thorne**