

# ***The CACHALOT***

**THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHAMPTON MASTER MARINERS' CLUB**

**No 39**

**March 2011**

## **Post Captain's Log**

It seems like only yesterday when our editor was nudging me for the copy for my first Captain's Log. Fortunately he is away on leave at the moment so I have no worries in that direction for my swan song.

December was a busy month with the Christmas meals at Kings Court. Numbers were down slightly, but very likely the early wintry weather had something to do with it. However, those of us who made it enjoyed the customary seasonal fare.

On Wednesday, 8 December, the Southampton City Carol Concert, attended by about 500 people, was held in the new Ocean Terminal, by kind permission of Doug Morrison, Port Director. Outstanding musical accompaniment was provided by the Southampton Youth Brass Band and the VOXpop choir. So much so, in fact, that they have been invited to provide the music again this year, when it is hoped that even more people will attend this delightful start to the Christmas Season.

After the Christmas and New Year festivities came quite a busy January, beginning with the Docklands New Year service held in the Seafarers' Centre Chapel on 4 January. This was closely followed by the Past Captains' meeting when it was agreed to appoint Ivor Salter and Peter Grant respectively as Captain and Staff Captain for 2011. The Executive and Finance Committee met immediately afterwards.

The Cricket Section AGM was held on 10 January. The cricket team had a very satisfactory season as has been reported in previous issues of this magazine. David Turner was elected as President, and Nick Salter, (no relation of our new Club Captain) was elected as Captain for the forthcoming season.

Our Chief Administrator, Richard James, celebrated his 60th birthday in the Clubroom at lunchtime on Wednesday, 19 January. Snacks were provided by the various ladies he has befriended over the years, which, no doubt, accounts for the great difficulty he experienced blowing out all the candles on his birthday cake.

Thursday, 20 January, saw our own well-attended AGM where the most generous offer from our landlords was discussed. This will enable us to retain our Clubroom, and is reported more fully elsewhere.

Unfortunately, Chris Davidson, who has regularly piped in the "wee beastie" at our Burns' Night Suppers, was indisposed. However, Alec Macpherson, not only piped in the haggis but still had enough breath left to give us Burns' address "To a Haggis". After the customary toasts the evening concluded with "sangs and clatter" consisting mainly of well-known Scottish songs mixed in with some shanties for good measure.

The final event before going to press was the Sea Pie Supper held on Friday, 4 February. Sadly numbers were rather low this year, possibly because of the current economic situation. We are hoping, therefore, as probably much of the population, that matters will be much improved by the time of the 2012 event, next February 3. So enter the date in your diary now. In spite of the low number of guests the sea shanties were sung with just as much enthusiasm as usual, and I think the evening was enjoyed by all. *Cont. over*

## **Your new Captain**



**Capt Ivor Salter**

Ivor is a master mariner with command experience, currently employed at Warsash Maritime Academy in the School of Management and Postgraduate Studies in the petrochemical group. Prior to that he was employed in School of Professional Studies teaching Law, Management, Orals and Wet Cargoes.

During his 23 years at sea Ivor worked for all sorts of companies, from the very best tanker companies to some of the more interesting vessels. He has a diverse experience on many ship types and sizes, including chemical, oil tankers, bulk carriers and gas carriers.

His first command was a molasses tanker operating in the Caribbean when he was 29. He went on to command VLCCs and chemical tankers and was Master of the worlds largest methanol tanker - the 100,000 dwt *Methanol Explorer*.

He was employed as a Marine Superintendent by two well known shipping companies, Mitsui Osk and James Fisher, where as part of his duties he over saw building of ships, docking of vessels and worked with the chartering team to arrange charters and the purchase, sale or hire of vessels.

As well as his Class 1 Certificate of Competency, Ivor gained ONC and HND (Nautical Studies), BSc.(Hons) in Maritime Commerce and MSc. International Maritime Studies-(Shipping, Ports and Environment). His teaching awards include NVQ Assessor Awards D32/33 and PGCLT (Higher Education).

He is also the author of *Business and Law for the Mariner*, Nov 2008.

He lives in Fareham with his wife, Grace.

Finally, for those who have managed to read this far, I would like to thank the Past Captains of the Club who accorded me the privilege of representing the Cachalots for 2010. As usual the year has passed very quickly, and I want to record my grateful thanks to all the Club Officers and Harpooners, and Richard James for their unstinting support in the running of the Club during the year, and I wish Ivor Salter a successful year for 2011. Gerry Cartwright.



*Richard James, the Club Administrator, struggles to blow out the everlasting candles at his surprise 60th Birthday do in the Club Room on 19th January..*

*I am indebted to ABP and two of my ex-colleagues, Martin Phipps and Noel Becket, for this update on the pilots' world .*

2010 has been an interesting year for the pilots as the recession, double dip, world trade etc. etc. continues to show its mark on shipping in random ways. We have seen more maiden calls of various types of ship than ever before in Southampton. 17 of them have been container ships, including the 'CMA CGM Christopher Colombe' and her sister ship, being the largest yet at 13,344 teu, 365m long and 52m wide. The visits of these ships has caused a lot of organisation as most of the berths in the Western docks had to be vacant to allow safe passage. ABP are awaiting the final planning permission to re-build 201/2 berths to take the next generation of container ships.



2011 brings the prospect of more ro-ros with new trades exporting to China. The railway in the Eastern docks has been renewed and upgraded. 22 car trains are expected each week (up from 8 at present). More bulk vessels are already stemmed for the Western Docks. Several new passenger ships appeared in 2010 and are now based in Southampton, including 'Celebrity Eclipse' and 'Queen Elizabeth'. The 'Independence of the Seas' is running out of Southampton throughout the winter and all (including the Captains) are waiting to see how well this works. A new multi-purpose cruise/Canary fruit terminal is planned for 104 berth and, as there is a prospect of more passenger trains running to serve the 350 passenger ship calls planned for 2011 (already 400 for 2012), a new station is being thought about in the Western Docks. The pilots will have carried out around 8950 acts this year, an improvement on last year. The numbers were given a boost at the end of the year by a dredging campaign in the container port where 205 to 207 berths are being made wider and/or deeper.

## **Boatsteerer's Locker**

### **Introduction**

2011 is well under way and probably like me you are looking forward to summer days, balmy evenings and holidays. But before we get too carried away, my year really began late and at midnight on the 4th February when George Angas handed me the badge of office at the termination of yet another successful Sea Pie Supper. I would like to thank George for his significant contribution to the club during his past four years as Boatsteerer and indeed to the team that work hard to support our events and the well being of the Cachalots, thank you. It is my duty to maintain those high standards and I intend to promote the club at every opportunity.

### **The Club Room**

2010 was the year of the "Club Room" and I had hoped to report that all was now secure for a few more years however we still need to sign the contract and ensure we can afford to keep the facility. The lawyers are putting together a draft lease and until this is agreed and approved we cannot confirm our continued occupation all looks good and we are hopeful of a successful conclusion. I will keep everyone informed of progress as soon as we have more news.

### **2011**

This year like all others will no doubt have it's lows and highs but I would like to make the focus this year on promoting the Cachalots and in improving membership. With this in mind I make an appeal to all members and readers to tell friends and colleagues particularly those with a Maritime interest and where possible to recruit new members, bring them along for a drink invite them to a function. We are not intentionally a profit making organisation but all organisations need funds to survive and one of the best ways to do this is to promote a strong and active membership and this is key to the well being of the Cachalots and we aim to be here for another 83 years.

### **So make 2011 the year to introduce a new member.**

We intend to open the club on a Wednesday evening from 1800 to 2100 and at the first such opening a curry buffet will be available courtesy of the club. In order to budget for this an estimate of how many members and guests intending to attend would be appreciated. This could be the ideal opportunity to bring a friend to see our facilities and meet the locals! Could you email or call the office to let us know if you intend to attend especially if you are bringing a guest.

This event is on a trial basis so I'm afraid it's a use it or lose it.

### **THE FIRST SUCH EVENT WILL BE ON THE 30th MARCH. ALL ARE WELCOME.**

And Finally,

I would like to welcome Ivor Salter as our Captain and Peter Grant as our Staff Captain for 2011 and assure them of our help good wishes for a successful year.

No edition would be complete without a mention of the Royal Wedding and on Friday the 29th April the club will be closed for this special occasion.

David Stocks

## Captains, Stowaways and Distinguished Guests at the Sea Pie Supper



From the left:

Captain Ivor Salter, Captain Elect.

Mr. Alan Lovell, High Sheriff of Hampshire.

Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Julian Oswald, GCB, Stowaway.

Captain Christopher Fagan, DL.

Dame Mary Fagan, DCVO, Stowaway.

Councillor Mrs. Carol Cunio, Mayor of Southampton.

Captain Sir Malcolm Edge, KCVO, Stowaway.

Mr. Gerry Cartwright, out-going Captain of the Club.

## Burns Supper

The Burns Supper was well attended again this year, with 70 laddies and lassies trying their hardest to get through trenchermens' portions of Haggis & Clapshaw, Roastit Beef and Topsy Lady. It should have been 71 but the one to go down with the seasonal lurgy was the Piper himself. It fell to Father-in-law, Alec MacPherson, to hold the fort on his own and he made the usual excellent job of addressing the haggis, which he swore blind was a left handed, or should that be *footed*, free range one.

There were a couple of changes to the usual programme, with Ian Stirling providing an alternative to the *Selkirk Grace* and the Captain introducing the *Old English Loyal Toast* -circa 1670 - the one that is sung and starts *Here's a health unto her Majesty, with a fa la la la la la la, Confusion to her enemies....etc.* Confusion as to the tune as well. The words (fa la la's) had been provided on a crib sheet but it seems that when you get past six la las, the eyes, and mouth, struggle to cope.

Ian Caldwell coped exceedingly well with The Immortal Memory though. Songs, verse, jokes and sentimentality without ever a trace of mawkishness, the man is a true disciple of the bard himself.

Lionel Hall gave us the toast to the Lassies again. And, again, without repeating himself from previous such occasions, other than in his well crafted and humorous delivery.

Mrs Anne Cartwright responded in style and managed to turn the tables on her husband's unlikely tale (from the Autumn Dinner dance) of late night shenanigans and things that go bump in the night. She presented him with a clock that will give an authentic "cuckoo" rather than a hiccup. (You probably had to be at both occasions to appreciate it all and it would be unlucky to repeat the tale for a third time here.)

The theme this year was Burns' *To a Mouse* and Kate Blackwood gave us the *Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie*; translation thoughtfully provided.

The raffle, which started as just three Scottish themed prizes: single malt, haggis and a box of shortbread, has ballooned, with the generosity of the throng, into a more full blown affair, with a corresponding increase in the time needed to complete it. By the time a full song sheet had been handed out by Alec, the *Sangs and Clatter* was in danger of becoming a *Sing a-pro-long*. But nobody was minded, not even some of his fellow Scots who had been dragooned into leading us in *I belong to Glasgow*.

All in all, another enjoyable and memorable Supper.



***A reward for telling an unlikely tale***



***A chorus from some common old working chaps***

# **INFLUENCING POLICY FOR THE SOUTHAMPTON REGION**

## ***Introduction***

On Tuesday January 11<sup>th</sup> 2011 I attended a morning seminar at St Mary's Stadium on this subject. In addition to listening to presentations from the speakers who were: Malcolm Le Bas, Chairman Business Southampton. Dawn Baxendale, Executive Director of Corporate Policy and Economic Development – Southampton City Council and Grant Woodall, Consultant, we were seated within the following action groups:

- Transport, Logistics and Maritime.
- Inward Investment and Urban Renaissance
- People and Skills
- Olympic Legacy
- Digital City

Needless to say I represented the Cachalots in the TL&M group. The purpose of the seminar and action groups was to be given an update on the current political and budgetary situation and to try and identify the possible impact these would have on the various groupings.

## ***Presentations***

The 'Southampton City Council Perspective' was given by Dawn Baxendale and the content of her presentation was I think relevant and I précis this here for the general interest of Cachalots:

### ***General Overview:***

- Large vacancies of both warehouses and shops.
- Youth unemployment down by 62%
- Housing completions in December = 1
- Overall crime figures down 14%
- GCSE results (5A\* - C, Inc English and Maths) was up by 4.1% to 47.2% of all candidates.
- The number of people not in employment, education and training (NEETS) fell by 9.4%.

So, a mixed bag which seems in some cases to be contradictory, but not all doom and gloom.

### ***Financial Context:***

- 71% of City income comes from central government grants
- A 1% increase in Council Tax will generate an additional £800,000 revenue.
- The council are not allowed to increase many of the charges they make.
- City management accountants have calculate that to raise car parking charges anymore would trigger an income reduction due to the law of 'diminishing returns'.

### ***Local Government Headlines***

- There will be a 7.1% reduction in central government funding this year and a 28% reduction over four years.
- The revenue support grant will be reduced by 10% for 2011/12.
- This will mean an actual cash reduction of 12%.
- Savings of £25M will be needed this year with cumulative savings of £39M over the next two years

In effect this means that Southampton City Council are faced with approximately a 30% reduction in funding at the same time as receiving increasing demands for services.

### ***SCC Priorities:***

1. Working to develop sustained economic growth
2. Improve the provision of low cost efficient services

Whilst the above may sound a bit like a 'Motherhood and Apple Pie' wish list, DB did identify:

- £1.4Bn funding for sustainable growth projects:
  1. 16,000 new homes
  2. £25M for new street lighting
  3. Guildhall square
  4. Ocean Village information centre
  5. Sea City Museum
  6. Arts Complex.
- £250M for Apprenticeship schemes
- £150M equity investment and loans to small businesses.

## ***Summary***

Whilst it is obvious to us all that times are hard, Dawn Baxendale gave a balanced presentation that did not attempt to conceal the bad news and the likely impact that it will have, but also gave a clear and credible plan of action to manage the situation and build for the future.

With senior SCC staff of this calibre and obvious ability one felt more confident that the Council are in control and that with a fair wind should get through this current difficult period.

George Angas.



## Waypoints of a Previous Age

Lighthouses have always had a very special place in the hearts and minds of seamen, specially those of the navigating kind. We plotted our courses between them and anxiously strained our eyes through the rain and the murk to identify their characteristic flash. Many a time you could pick up their loom long before they popped above the horizon and you would climb up to the monkey island, counting the seconds under your breath (one ... AND ... two ... AND ... three ... AND ... four ... AND ... five ...) to confirm their interval and to take a bearing. Many a ship's master has been comforted during a sleepless night when the whistle on the voice pipe from the bridge peeped shrilly and the OOW finally reported that such and such a light had been sighted.

So, no wonder then that they will attract us like a moth unto a flame when we come across one, perhaps when on holiday, and have the chance of seeing them up close. It happened to me two years ago at Cape Leeuwin on the South West edge of Australia where the Southern and Indian Oceans meet. I just had to take the conducted tour and was quite amazed, when in discussion with the tour guide, to discover that he had not only heard of my old shipping company but had actually made a model of one of my old ships, the *Trefusis*.

It also happened to Captain Barry Young at the eastern extreme of that same continent. Barry, who, you may remember, contributed a tale of B.I. Days and his poem "Becalmed" in issue 33 of Sept.'09, was on a trip to the Gold Coast with his wife and they visited the Byron Bay lighthouse. He noticed while walking along the peninsular near the tower that the large double fresnel lens was rotating even though it was daytime and the light was off. The museum curator explained that the lens had to be kept moving to prevent the sun from being focused by the lens into a beam which could start bush fires in the interior behind the light!

Barry sends us a picture of the lighthouse and a very fishy "pome" to go with it.

Anyone else out there with an anecdote or two about lighthouses. We could start another feature:  
"Lighthouses I have seen"

## The Lightkeeper's Daughter

By Max Holmes – one time keeper of the Byron Bay lighthouse, Australia's easternmost lighthouse. This poem is on display in the museum at the base of Byron Bay Lighthouse.

She was only a lightkeeper's daughter  
A lonely life she led  
She'd sit all day by the salty spray  
And dream that she was wed.

A chap called at the light one day  
Wearing a **LEATHER JACKET**  
**SGT. BAKER** was his name  
A **TAILOR** was his racket.

This **FLATHEAD** thought "Now here's my chance  
To **SQUIRE** a lonely **SALLY**  
I'll press her **SWEETLIPS** close to mine  
And tell her of one **TREE VALLEY**."

Of what a lovely **PLAICE** it is  
And maybe I can **SNAPPER**"  
The drongo didn't have a **SPRAT**  
Although he looked so dapper.

She said "You **PRAWN** you have no **SOLE**  
And I'm full to the **BREAM**  
Quit **FLOUNDER**-ing here, your **PORPOISE** is clear."  
And that was the end of him.

She was only a lightkeeper's daughter  
And never went out at night  
And although she was always out by day  
She finally saw the light.

*Barry assures me that these are all genuine names of Aussie fish.*



## **Continuing Chapter 14 of "The Unforgiving Minute", the personal memoirs of Stowaway Member Rear Admiral Sir Morgan Morgan-Giles.**

### **Life on Vis Island**

My title was SNOVIS. Navy House was located in Komiza Harbour where the Coastal Forces craft used to moor. This fine modern house had belonged to the Mardesic Family, who had owned a large sardine and anchovy canning factory. For many years the factory bought the catches of the local fishermen and employed a large number of their families and so contributed greatly to the local economy. Komiza Sardines are well known and exported all over the world.

When the Partisans took control of the Island, they requisitioned Mr Mardesic's house (which became my HQ) and took over the factory, which was used for storing ammunition and military material. As a "Capitalist", Mr Mardesic was out of favour with the Partisans, and he was given nowhere to live but had to camp on the hillside above

the town. He and his wife were not even given a Ration Card and would have starved but for the fact that we were able to give them a few supplies "from our back door". Eventually we were able to smuggle them over to Italy in a Landing Craft.

Komiza, as I have already described, was a beautiful port with some antique buildings, one of which was a very charming small Church called "Our Lady of the Pirates"! Partisan ideology was very strict and, of course, it was atheist, so this little Church was used by them as an Armoury.

Komiza was used exclusively by the Royal Navy and the slightly larger port at the other end of the island, named Vis, was used by the Partisans as a base for their Navy ships, which consisted of small fishing boats. These were mostly used for conveying military supplies from Vis Island to the mainland, as already described.

Admiral Cerni, in charge of the Partisan "Navy" had his HQ in the village of Borovik near the centre of the Island. Tito's HQ was on the slopes of Mount Hum overlooking Komiza, and Major General Tom Churchill had the British Army's Garrison HQ in Podhumlye. Squadron Leader Tony Le Hardy, RAF Liaison Officer, worked from the small airstrip which had been created in the centre of the Island. Fitzroy Maclean's residence, by far the most attractive, was on the coast near Rukavec.



**Komiza Harbour - "Navy House" on the right**



**Lt.Cdr (Spider) Webb RNR**

There were no facilities at all for the crews of the Coastal Forces boats, but they worked too hard to be given Shore Leave. If the weather was suitable they would be at sea on patrol almost every night, then on return to harbour they would be busy refuelling their boats and hoping to get a little sleep before the next patrol. My own small HQ Staff were also very busy in the Radio Office and in the Operations Room.

My de facto second-in-command was Lieut Cdr Kenneth ("Spider") Webb RNR, and the Chief of Staff (and Staff Officer Operations) was Lieut Bill Clinton-Baker RN. These two headed an excellent small Headquarters staff throughout the year which we spent in Vis.

I have already described that there were a large number of British Army Units on the Island and many thousand Partisans. The raids carried out on other Islands often involved casualties and so two hospitals were set up. Major Bill Ricketts of the RAMC was in charge of one of these, and another RAMC Officer ran a hospital for the Partisan Forces in the town of Vis. Facilities were extraordinarily primitive and the Operating

Theatre would consist of a whitewashed room in a cottage, with lighting facilities provided by a cluster of bulbs in empty tin cans. The most seriously wounded would be sent back to the mainland in our boats, which would be going to and fro almost every night. Another activity was a small repair yard in Vis Harbour, nicknamed "John Browns". Dalmatian shipwrights have been famous through the centuries and even our Gun Boats were able to have temporary emergency repairs carried out here.

In a strange military outpost such as Vis, many unusual and eccentric personalities were to be found. One was Admiral Ivo Preradovic. He had been an Officer in the Austro-Hungarian Navy in World War I. When Yugoslavia became independent in 1919, he had transferred to the Royalist Yugoslav Navy and had risen to the top of it, being the Captain of their fine big Flagship "Dubrovnik". On retirement he had become the British Vice-Consul in the Port of Split, but when Italy entered the war he had been arrested for his pro-British sympathies and sent to prison in Italy. Eventually he escaped and walked right up Italy, round the head of the Adriatic, and down to Split. He found his house burnt to the ground and had no sign or word of his family ever again. In his distress, and wishing to fight the enemy, he joined up with Tito's Partisan forces and was sent to Vis. Being obviously a man of authority and a firm Royalist as well, he was something of an embarrassment to the Partisan Command who did not really know what to do with him: But then Admiral Cerni had a bright idea to attach him to my HQ as Partisan Navy Liaison Officer.

Ivo was an absolutely delightful man in every way, very much one of the "Old Guard". He was very experienced in Naval matters and he was most helpful and informative to me in every way. He became a great friend and, of course, it was very useful for me to know somebody who sat in with the Partisans' War Council on the Island.

Ivo was much older than any of the rest of us. Occasionally when the weather was bad we were able to have a Dinner Party and invite Ivo to join us. He would sometimes be able to arrange for a small Quartet from the Band of Partisan Fifth Proletarian Brigade. Ivo was always good company and very much liked his gin! We used to give him one bottle for the evening and a second to take home in his greatcoat pocket. He wore the nondescript Partisan khaki uniform and always the standard little forage cap made out of Army blankets, with a small tin Red Star on the front of it. One night, going home at the end of a good dinner he said to me quietly, pointing to the Star with his finger, "Not so Red you know: Not so Red".

The sad footnote to his story is that when I left Vis at the end of 1944, he was put into a British Destroyer to give them a little advice: But on his first trip the ship hit a mine and blew up and he was lost.

Another strange British character was Admiral Sir Walter Cowan. He was aged 75 when he arrived on the Island. In World War I he had commanded a Battle Cruiser. He had been Admiral in charge of the Royal Navy's Forces in the Baltic at the time of Gussie Agar's raid on Kronstadt (already described in a previous chapter). Walter Cowan had been many years retired but in 1940 he persuaded the then Director of Combined Operations, Admiral Keyes, to appoint him as a Liaison Officer to the newly formed Commandos, to serve unofficially and unpaid in the rank of Commander.

With the Commandos, Walter Cowan was sent to the Mediterranean and he took part in Geoffrey Keyes' abortive raid on Rommel's HQ. He had other adventures before being taken prisoner at Tobruk - last sighted firing his revolver at a German tank! He was taken to Italy as a prisoner of war and eventually, to his absolute disgust, he was released as being beyond military age. He took this as a great insult and hated the Italians thereafter! "Titch" Cowan was a tiny little man. He had been in the Anzio landings and somehow was knocked off his mule by enemy gunfire. Dusting himself down, he said "That's good, isn't it". "What do you mean?" "Well" he replied, "I mean they have got the range correct, haven't they!"

When he came to Vis he lived in our Mess and charmed everybody, and he never attempted to interfere in any way. All he did was to parade up and down the quayside in a khaki uniform with a rucksack and a little mug hanging from it, to make sure that he was never left behind when a raiding party set out. Once I found him walking up the hill several miles out of Komiza. I stopped and said "You are a long way from home Sir" He replied "Just testing myself through". So I put him in my Jeep and we went up to see an American Liberator Bomber which had made an emergency landing on the airstrip. There was a hulking great U.S. Air Force Captain standing beside the aircraft with one of those baseball caps they always wore. Admiral Cowan went up to him and said "Did you have a good trip?" to which the American replied in a slow drawl "You're not kiddin, Bo, we sure laid it into them!" As we walked away, the Admiral looked up at me and in a small voice he asked "What did he say, Morgan?".

While at Vis Walter Cowan struck up quite a friendship with Marshal Tito and when Tito visited London in 1953 I met him and his first question was "What have you done with your old Admiral?". In fact, Admiral Sir Walter Cowan was an enormously distinguished man and brave as a lion. It was even said about him that at the end of his life he was determined to die in action. Despite all his efforts he did not achieve this, but returned to Warwickshire to take up Foxhunting again!



**Admiral Sir Walter Cowan with Tito**

*To be continued*



# Save Our Shieldhall



There are, in Southampton at this time, two vessels that are very much in need of your support. The first, *SS Shieldhall*, is close to my own heart. When I was an authorised Southampton Pilot I piloted her a few times when her own Pilotage Exemption Certificate holders were not available and I thoroughly enjoyed these excursions. When I retired I kept up a Pilotage Exemption Certificate for her myself, for five years until my ticket came up for revalidation. During that time I did many trips on her, sometimes as Master and sometimes as Mate with a PEC.

When the big dry-dock in Southampton was in use and it was time for her bi-annual inspections, they used to let *Shieldhall* in with other vessels when there was room. We might have to move her in and out a few times before the work was completed but it was local and cost effective. The loss of this facility has caused some considerable problems for her. The nearest alternative is at Falmouth and to steam her that far and back is a costly exercise and much different from her usual day excursions. Although she is run entirely by volunteers and there is no labour cost as such, the cost of the fuel is prohibitive when there are no paying passengers on board to offset it.

It is estimated that the cost this year will be between £80,000 and £100,000 and if they don't raise this sum by May then no passenger certificate will be issued and in all probability she will have to be scrapped.

She is the largest remaining sea-going steamship in the UK, the last fully operational coastal passenger/cargo steamer in Europe and is one of a small number of vessels forming the UK's National Historic Ships Fleet. She was named 'Flagship of the National Historic Ships Fleet' in 2009 by the National Historic Ships Unit, making her officially recognised as being of pre-eminent national or regional importance.

However, unlike historic buildings, the UK's heritage ships are not eligible for grant-aid towards sustainability and running costs. In the past she has received some help from the National Lottery fund but such awards are not granted on a continual basis.

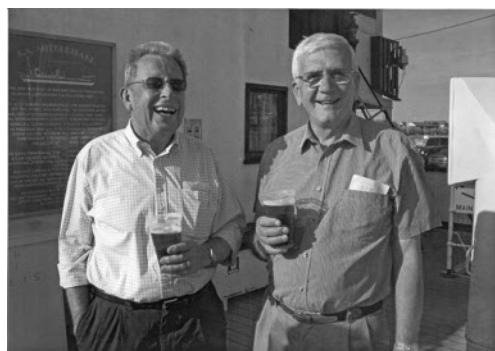
By way of comparison, English Heritage is planning to spend over £11 million on property maintenance this year and the National Trust spent over £166 million on routine property costs, according to the last available figures.



Heading down the Western Solent, in 2006, on a private charter, Hurst Point fine to starboard. The Birthday Boy, whose occasion it was, and seen here addressing the crowd, was our newest Stowaway, Mr. Robert Woods, CBE.

To the right, on the occasion of the Fleet Review in 2005, then Post Captain Andrew Tinsley in the company of some of the Ladies of the Club.

Below, Peter Tambling captured this shot of two other Past Captains, Peter Marriott and Simon Harwood, relaxing in shirt sleeve order. I don't know the occasion but no doubt Tambo will remember.



The very appeal of the *Shieldhall* is that she is working, moving steamship, very different from a static exhibit.

Not just an excursion vessel, she has been used in major films (*The Secret Agent*, *Angela's Ashes*, *Bright Young Things*) and many TV programmes. You may have seen a recent news report where she was steaming in the Solent, testing new, towed, anti-pirate measures. She usually affords the best viewing platform for the major maritime events in Southampton, being present at all the big arrivals and departures.

The *Shieldhall* has featured in this magazine many times in the past and Cachalots have enjoyed many a trip themselves, as can be seen by the pictures on this page.

It will be a great shame and loss to the local maritime scene if this vessel is condemned to remain alongside, unable to continue to earn her keep.

Her management company, The Solent Steam Packet Ltd, is urgently seeking donations and support from individuals and businesses who are not prepared to allow a unique part of Britain's maritime heritage to be sent to the breaker's yard.



Donations may be made as follows:

**Credit / debit card:** Visit [www.justgiving.com/shieldhall](http://www.justgiving.com/shieldhall), or link from our own website [www.ss-shieldhall.co.uk](http://www.ss-shieldhall.co.uk) or telephone 07751 603 190

**Cheques** (payable to The Solent Steam Packet Ltd): Shieldhall Dry-dock Appeal, The Solent Steam Packet Ltd, 15 Foxhayes Lane, Blackfield, Hampshire SO45 1XX

**Gift Aid:** UK Taxpayers please complete a Gift Aid Declaration to enable us to reclaim tax from HMRC. Forms are available from the Appeal address or via the website.



The second appeal deserving of your attention comes to us via Andrew Tinsley and an ex-colleague of mine, Nigel Bassett, Southampton Pilot, and I have copied it below.

## A New 'ALISON MacGREGOR'

Solent Dolphin is a registered charity (no. 900604), whose sole purpose is the management and operation of a boat called the m.v. ALISON MacGREGOR. Solent Dolphin was started in 1989. Since then it has grown from strength to strength with over 70 volunteers involved in the day to day running of the vessel.



The ALISON MacGREGOR (named after a local yachtswoman who was killed in the 1988 Clapham Rail Disaster) is a boat, which was specially designed, to take people with disabilities for trips out to sea in Southampton Water and its tributaries. She carries 12 passengers and 4 crew at a time, and now takes out more than 3000 passengers annually, from May till September.

The first ALISON MacGREGOR was a flat landing craft - a Rotork SeaTruk. She saw service from 1989 till 1996. She was then replaced by our second ALISON MacGREGOR, a Blyth 33 catamaran, whose design considerably benefited from the early years of experience on the previous boat.

However, after nearly 14 years of service, the wear and tear on this boat is beginning to appear, since during the season she is heavily used - going out 3 times a day, seven days a week. The fabric of the hull has been refurbished many times; machinery is likely to become less reliable and more costly to maintain. Importantly, the size & weight of many modern day wheelchairs requires an increased deck size. With the complement of vulnerable persons on board, and to avoid the disappointment of cancelled trips, it is essential to have fully reliable boat which continues to be 'fit for purpose'.



Thus within a few years the existing ALISON MacGREGOR will need replacing. The cost of the present boat, some 14 years ago, was £120,000. A replacement platform will now cost *circa* £220,000. So the Board of Solent Dolphin will embark on a programme of fund-raising during 2010/11, with a view to replacing the existing boat. This will be some 21 years after the founding of the charity, by which time some 50,000 passengers will have enjoyed their trips out to sea on one of the ALISON MacGREGORs. A new boat will ensure that many more people of all ages, with various disabilities (plus the occasional guide dog!), will be able to extend their boundaries and enjoy future days out on the water for many years to come.

*A piece in the last edition has prompted this contribution from Cachalot Reg Chave.*

Reg Kelso's article on Naval Aviation took me back a bit - to sometime in 1943, in fact.

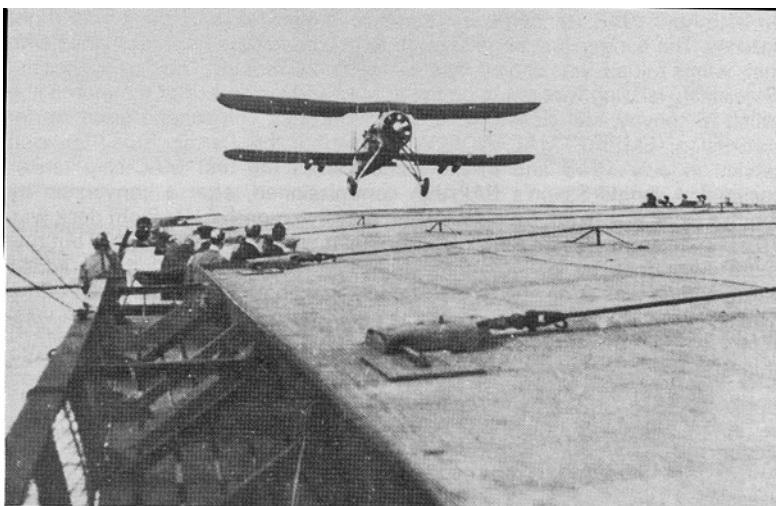
"That's not one of Dinah Shore's best", said my pilot. We had just left the eastbound convoy, I had closed down the operational radio channel, and we were listening to AFN as we went into the circuit of RNAS Maydown, HMS Shrike.

Little did I know that we were flying over the farmlands of the Kelso family, where our doyen Reg would have been working away as a lad on the farm pending his transition to HMS Conway.

However, I was reminded of all this when reading Reg's article in the December *Cachalot*. I served as a Fleet Air Arm observer on both the *Empire Macallum* and the *Empire Macalpine*. As Reg said, these were both bulk carriers, purpose built with flight decks, crewed by MN and DEMS personnel, with 3 or 4 Swordfish anti-submarine aircraft and their flying crews and maintenance personnel. We were part of 836 Squadron flying from these MAC ships and based at Maydown, N.I. We saw little action: neither our rockets nor our depth charges scored a kill. We had to satisfy ourselves that our dicing with heaving flight decks did keep the U boats down and gave some security to the convoy. As Reg has said, the flying crews included some Dutch personnel. I remember that "return to moving base" was the essential exercise for an observer during training. We, too, had to observe radio silence.

The MAC ships had to turn into wind to operate aircraft. This involved breaking from the convoy lines, sometimes on a reciprocal course. To secure this manoeuvrability and "catching up" ability, the MAC ships were uneconomically over powered. They did not last long in service after the end of WWII.

At the Western end we used the RCAF base at Dartmouth, on the outskirts of Halifax, Nova Scotia, where we rested(?) and watched our eastbound convoy forming up in Halifax harbour.  
RC



Swordfish aircraft landing on **EMPIRE MACALPINE**. This photograph is believed to show the first landing of an aircraft on a "MAC" ship  
Fleet Air Arm Museum

## **Dredgings from the fast-failing Memory of an Electrical Superintendent. By Eddie Hunter**

*Eddie has amended his title to include "fast-failing". So that's another Club you've joined us in, Eddie.*

In response to the Honorary Editor's recent appeal I offer the following dredgings from my memory. Everything will be accurate, in as far as my (fast failing) memory serves, and a few comments may be slightly derogatory to some people, but they will always be affectionate comments and they will never be (very) malicious. Still, having no desire to be duffed-up or sued should any former Colleague take offence, I may occasionally seek refuge in subterfuge by changing names and places.

In my deep sea days, I, like many other long-voyage mariners with whom I sailed, viewed short-sea Ferry Companies and their Seagoing Employees with some disdain. Later, having swallowed the anchor for the usual reason, in my case a very pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed English Nurse, I found myself shore-based. After a variety of shore jobs, some enjoyable and one in particular - Electrical Engineer in a Local Authority Town Hall - a thoroughly miserable experience, I finally drifted into idyllic employment as an Electrical Superintendent within a Ferry Company. I soon found my disdain turn to respect - the North Sea, the English Channel, and the Irish Sea can be just as wild and as frightening as the Bay of Biscay or the Atlantic in winter. A Force 10 is a Force 10, and the cure for seasickness is to sit under a tree, wherever your ship happens to be.

Only once, in my twenty years with Sealink, do I remember a missed sailing due to bad weather. Nobody can say that about those high-speed catamaran skate boards that ply the short-sea routes today, though.

### **The Electrical Engineers' Big Secret**

And yes, the apostrophe is in the right place - the big secret belongs to all the Electrical Engineers who ever used an Avometer.

As the Irish Preacher said, "Before I begin to speak, I'm going to say a few words."

So, before I begin, I am going to tell you all the Electrical Engineers' Secret.

I mean, fair is fair, and you did explain all that "bulkhead" and "Port and Starboard" business to me when I was still talking about walls and Left and Right, so here goes: -

$$I = E/R.$$

That's it. Believe me. That little formula governs everything to do with electricity.

Ohm's Law. Current in Amperes is found by dividing the Potential Difference in Volts by the Resistance in Ohms. That's all you need to know. Oh, and don't forget what you get if you divide a number, say 240, by 0 - because the answer to that little sum is *of mega-importance* to Electrical Engineering practice.

You are now all fully-qualified Electrical Engineers.

And, for anyone who wants to add a post-graduate qualification - unlike poles attract, like poles repel.

Mind you, when I come to think about it, Port and Starboard in exchange for Ohm's Law with the Theory of Magnetism thrown in as well, represents a pretty poor bargain for me. After all, we did invent the gyroscopic compass for you so that you didn't have to stand in the freezing cold up on those monkey islands any more. And we did invent radar for you. All right, so perhaps we were culpable for those early radar-assisted collisions when the heading markers were thicker than pencils. But we did know that we had to sharpen up the focus considerably and filter out all that sea and rain clutter, but you were an impatient lot and simply could not wait to get your hands on the newfangled radar sets before we had perfected them, so maybe those early collisions were not entirely our fault. Perhaps I should change the subject quickly.

### **Two Practical Points**

You can skip this section completely, but, if you intend to put your new-found Electrical Engineering knowledge into practice, there are two practical points to which I should draw your attention.

The first practical point, essential for the long-term survival of every Electrical Engineer is quite simply raw, naked fear. The experienced Electrical Engineer who professes not to be afraid of electricity must be either lying in his teeth or occupying his time in a drawing office from which he never ventures out.

You can't see electricity, but, boy, you sure can feel it! That is why lesser mortals, like Marine Engineers for example, keep well away from anything that has wires on it.

The second practical point is like unto the first, as it says in the Good Book.

There is no such thing as a safe voltage. This practical point is so important that I shall repeat it again in capital letters -

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A SAFE VOLTAGE

And I shall even stress the point — just as there is no such thing as a sympathetic Traffic Warden, a Protestant Pope, or a useful Deck Officer ~ a safe voltage does not exist.

To illustrate the point: --I knew a Dock Worker who was badly burned about his, er, his manly parts because he carried a 1.5 Volt torch battery in his trouser pocket together with a slack handful of small change. While he was riding his bicycle home for lunch, the money short-circuited the battery terminals and the resulting sparks set fire to his pocket. Q.E.D? Yes? Or should that be Q.E.F? I can never remember.

Actually, at this point, experience has taught me that newly-qualified Electrical Engineers, such as yourselves, are still not fully convinced of the dangers that face them, and so further examples are necessary.

Consider this then: — from my four years or so employed in the food industry, I can tell you that it requires only 12 volts to stun a chicken. But — like the Irish woman who habitually took two contraceptive pills to be sure, to be sure,\* —we bumped that voltage up by a factor of two for the same reason.

I am reliably informed that 30 volts will kill a cow.

And, if you have a dickie ticker, be warned, it requires only a few millionths of one volt at high-frequency from a leaking microwave oven to bugger up a pacemaker.\*\*

In America, they really do not need all those thousands and thousands of volts to kill someone in an electric chair. They actually fry the poor buggers, as evidenced by that cruel blistering of burning flesh and the pall of smoke that rises from the victim.

I'm sorry for that last example, but it is your own fault — you should have believed me after the account of the Dock Worker and the torch battery.

So, that's it. Remember those two practical points as you practice Electrical Engineering and you will live long enough to retire. Unless you smoke, of course, in which case you are on your own. But, do bear in mind, if you become complacent with electricity it will do you in quicker than lung cancer. In a flash, in fact.

\* Actually, that's not quite fair -- she took two pills each night because there was a long history of twins in her family.

\*\*PLEASE DO NOT TRY THIS AT HOME.

## DC and AC

I nearly forgot - now that you are all fully-qualified Electrical Engineers, you are bound to come across the perennial question about the difference between DC and AC. So I'd better go into that a little.

DC stands for Direct Current, which is steady all the time and results in a straight line across an oscilloscope screen -just like the straight line that runs across the screen of a cardiograph machine when your moorings got cut because you forgot to be afraid of electricity, or because you have smoked too many coffin nails, or stepped in front of a London bus on your way home from a Club dinner.

AC, Alternating Current, by contrast, wobbles up and down and gives a pretty wavy line across an oscilloscope.

If you really want to blind your tormentor with science, you can tell him or her that the wavy line follows a Sine curve.

And, if that is not enough, you can tell 'em that the wavy line wobbles at 50 Hertz ( if the tormentor is a youngster, like a serving Senior RN Officer. ) If, on the other hand, you are trying to explain AC to some old duffer, like a Club Member who hasn't bothered to read this erudite offering, you could talk about 50 cycles per second. Oh, unless he happens to be an American, of course, in which event you had better say 60 cycles per second, to avoid confusion and a further question.

Lastly, if you become curious and want to know what electricity actually is or how the stuff is made, give me a ring on 01255 502743, and I will lend you a copy of the Marine Engineers' little green book\*.

\*The fact is, some years ago one kind Electrical fellow took pity on all those poor Marine Engineers struggling with those elementary electricity questions in their ticket examinations, and so he put everything we know in that little green book for them - and they still know nothing. I can't really understand that. Maybe he forgot to put in that bit about Ohm's Law, or maybe they don't know how to use a slide rule or do long division. Certainly the 240 divided by 0 sum seems to throw most of them . . . But I digress . . .

Now that you're all fully-qualified Electrical Engineers you will understand any (inadvertent ) technical content in the following reminiscences.

## Addressing the Civils

A number of years ago, just before I retired, I had occasion to address a large group of Civil Engineers about an electrical matter that impinged upon their impending work.

As I rose to say my piece, the Company' s Resident Civil man warned me in a stage whisper that all could hear, "Remember, Eddie, you are speaking to Civil Engineers this morning."

"All right, David," I assured him in a similarly audible whisper, "I fully understand and I promise that I shall speak very, very slowly."

That is the only time I ever put one over the Civils. I didn't bother to tell them about Ohm's Law, either, because they were such a superior lot and not one of them had taken the trouble to tell me how to mix cement, so I didn't owe them anything.





# Tambo's Tales

*Cachalot Peter C. Tambling, Master Mariner and Commander RD\*, has written his memoirs, which he has titled **Memories of R589281** and, comprehensively and modestly, has sub-titled them **From School-Boy in Steam (1946), to Master, Marine Superintendent, Ship Surveyor, Port Manager & Harbour Master, Shipping Agent and back to Master in Steam (1996 - 2008)**. They are due to be serialised in **Shipping Today and Yesterday** magazine, starting in January.*

*Peter has kindly given me permission to reproduce what I can here and for this edition I have extracted reminiscences of his time as a junior officer with Elders & Fyffes.*

## **Elders & Fyffes Ltd.**

On a Mail Vessel, double manning on the bridge team only counted as one-third seetime under the Regulations for the sea service required to be accumulated, prior to presenting oneself for examination.

I was anxious to join a Shipping Company which would give me full counting sea-time towards my next Mate's Ticket.

Two applications were sent off and the first reply came from Elders & Fyffes Ltd. (The other arrived some two years later from the Moss Hutchinson Line who had lost the original letter!).

As the Elders & Fyffes fleet enjoyed short voyages, it used to be a favourite for married deck officers, most of whom held Master's Tickets. I have often wondered if my being accepted into the firm was as a result of my involvement with Jimmy Lowther. He stored the vessels using Avonmouth and had extensive contacts in the world of shipping, being the Agent for Mobil Oil and Berger Paints Ltd. A file of his correspondence between the College and the Union-Castle Line has been found sleeping amongst school reports, thus confirming my suspicions.

My first position was Third Officer M.V. "Reventazon" 4875 grt, which had been one of the war reparations ex German vessels. As a motor ship with Burmeister & Wain diesel propulsion and speed of fifteen knots, she was one of four vessels obtained from the Ministry at the end of the war, to replace a considerable amount of lost tonnage. Most of these vessels were ex Laeisz Line known as the "P"s and had been converted into minelayers or a raider. Reventazon was launched "Panther" and came complete with the German high stools in the Bar. Her steering wheel was an exact copy of that found in an aircraft cockpit, which collapsed one day, being temporarily replaced by a large shifting spanner, after a heavy Quartermaster leaned on it!



**"Reventazon" in Garston Docks**

Joining this vessel at Garston was an education to say the least. There was no road access down to the berth and you had to place all suite cases and hand baggage onto a hand trolley, before running a gauntlet down a slope known as the "Chains". At the top of this incline there was a vast pile of cable bricks, which the local youths hurled down at you. Yes, "Welcome to Garston".

During the last war she received permanent bottom damage, courtesy of a straddling by RAF bombs. A length of timber was carved and held in place during bottom surveys across the indented areas for a Surveyor to sight, in case of further extensions to the indentation.

Elders & Fyffes Line vessels always went out to Jamaica via Flores Island, Turks Island Passage, Tortuga Island and into Kingston. The return was on a full great circle route from Inagua Island to Bishop Rock / Fastnet Rock or directly through the Pentland Firth and into the Baltic ports. This is the longest full great circle track in the North Atlantic, which takes you within one hundred miles of Cape Race. Very rarely does one experience adverse Easterly winds when speed is essential, but fog raises the blood pressure.

An afternoon in a real dense fog off Cape Race will remain embedded in my memory bank forever. It was the duty of the 3/0 to check the stores held aboard every lifeboat each voyage. My Cargo Plans being complete, I decided to carry out these checks, and was hauling out all the tinned sweets from the tanks of No.1 boat. Our whistle was going every two minutes and looking up towards the starboard wing of the bridge, I could see the Master and both other Mates rushing from side to side frantically running fingers through hair. Our radar had obviously detected a target. Suddenly the bows of a large black hulled tramp vessel appeared over the top of the port side bridge wing. No fog signal was heard from first to last sighting, but I observed her lookout man racing for his life away from her stem post!

The time taken to replace the stores into the boat's tanks broke all records!

## **Landfall**

My first making landfall came nearing Flores Island in the Azores group, when Captain Roberts instructed me not to alter course until we were on soundings. The scenery surrounding Flores Island is spectacular and he liked to show this picturesque scene to the passengers. The vessel was rapidly nearing these fantastically steep rising cliffs, and I was desperately waiting to sight a trace on the sounding machine paper.

On and on we steamed, looking upwards at people watching us from the paths around the edges of sheer rocks. All of a sudden there was a tick-tick noise and the sounding machine was collating contours of a rapidly rising seabed. I spun the wheel hard to port, as we were only two cables off land.

"Reventazon" heeled over as she swung ninety degrees at fifteen knots, but from down below there came a large crashing noise, as everything on the Galley stove descended onto the deck! "A bit hasty that, lad, wasn't it? Said the old man, but I had learned a lesson from pure fright.

In poor weather, navigating towards Flores Island under overcast skies necessitated the use of Consul Bearings from Pleinis in France. A special chart was carried for plotting the bearing achieved by counting the dots and dashes. We had not been able to take any sights for two days, and the two navigating Officers were out on the bridge wing using sextants. Suddenly a shout from the Quartermaster "Land-Ahead" caused us to forget the noon sight, as the vessel steamed down the Western side of the island instead of the usual passage past the port.

When I had settled down as a cadet with Union-Castle, Mr. Jimmy Lowther presented me my first sextant. A cheque for £5.0.0 arrived in the post one day with a letter asking me to accept the money, and to present this cheque to his Shop Manager who had my sextant.

This instrument had been used for 50 years with the Bristol City Line by one of their former Masters, and as Kelvin Hughes Ltd. informed me later, it was a hand made classic instrument. There were no markings or name on it. The solid silver vernier scale was difficult to read and I sought a replacement, which came from Kelvin Hughes. This instrument was brought out when sailing, or for demonstrating its use to passengers aboard "Shieldhall" and on one occasion of observing the total eclipse of the sun in mid channel. The original sextant was given to an orphan, who joined "Matina" as Cadet.



*Third Mate with his antique sextant*

### **Hobbies**

Many masters enjoyed involving themselves with hobbies, some in physical exercising, and others in specialised activities. Captain Roberts ("Reventazon") was an electrical specialist.

The master of "Reventazon" had to be engaged in some form of electrical or clock repairs. A failure to find him a constructive task always gave the Second Mate a verbal in depth examination of the results of the day's run and the distance to go, as stated on the Noon Chit. "Where has the odd two miles gone from yesterday" was a favourite criticism.

Our Second Officer was desperate to find some distraction for the "Old Man", who had completed overhauling every cabin fan to stop the electrical interference on crew radios.

On delivery of the Chit one day he asked the 2/0 if he had any old clocks requiring overhaul or cleaning, before going down to lunch. Our navigator discovered an old alarm clock, which he took into the Old Man's cabin straightaway. Half an hour later the lunch bell sounded and father went below, but not before having stripped the clock and laid the bits on a newspaper. In pops our mischievous navigator to insert a small spare spring amongst the pile of clock fittings.

There was a baffled silence with peace concerning the Noon Chit until shortly before arriving off Plumb Point, when the spring was taken away, the clock having been well and truly stripped and reassembled at least five times!

Every class of vessel that I have served on has been modelled whilst at sea. Placing a new model onto a chart in the Chart Room, always brings suggestions or criticism for accuracy.

One Third Officer specialised in electronic gadgetry as his hobby, arriving on board with boxes of radio chassis and all sorts of valves etc. He decided to make an amplifier and was having a count down to "Switch-On". The set was very compact and I stood at his cabin doorway as he said "Zero". All the lights failed, together with the Radar and Gyro as the ship slowed. Along comes the "Old Man" wondering what on earth has caused his cabin darkness. Down below the main breaker had jumped out in the Engine Room! I have no idea of the electrical malfunction, but it seemed that opposing magnetic fields surrounding his valves had blown everything! As soon as he placed an old wooden cigar box over his valves, peace returned.

Another clever achievement he made was to construct a Sperry Gyro Steering Gear Failure Alarm onto the Autopilot unit, by connecting his system to the main alarm bell in the wheelhouse. For some reason the rudder would go hard to port or starboard without warning during that voyage, and the Sperry Gyro technician was most impressed on our return to Southampton with his discovery.

### **Telstar**

The American press had been giving information on the possibility of an experimental satellite named "Telstar" being launched from the Space Centre at Cape Canaveral in 1961.

At the time I was serving as Second Officer aboard "Changuinola" and just about to pass through the passage through the Turk's Island Passage. This was a cloudless night with a strong north easterly wind assisting us into the Caribbean on passage to Kingston Jamaica,

This channel has a slight bend in it, and navigation is made easy by using the light from Turk's Island. A heavy ground swell is found on both sides of the channel, necessitating the use of radar for clearance distances. Once inside the reefs the following Atlantic swell vanishes, giving way to calm seas, which also allowed afternoon sunbathing up on Monkey Island for those off watch.

I recall having to call the master during one entrance into the Caribbean. The picture on our radar had vanished under a mass of wavy and zigzagging lines. It was a case of taking running bearings



*"Changuinola" rolling well in Atlantic,*

with considerable ladder climbing as the middle of the bend approached the gently rolling vessel. Radio Stations had been giving information concerning an expected rocket launch from Cape Carnaveral for days.

Suddenly the horizon over towards the Florida coastline was illuminated, and we watched the lift-off take place as Telstar left the ground rising into space. The launching section broke away with clouds of smoke leaving the casing from both top and bottom, and red lights flashed to indicate its length. Slowly this dark tubular structure drifted down wind towards the south-eastern horizon where it must have had a watery funeral. Since then I have often wondered what it must be like to be Officer of the Watch and observe a mystery object descending from space! You cannot do much in a ten-knot tramp/bulker, and the Collision Regulations do not cover such scenarios!

Later Telstar was very useful to us when on holiday in Polperro, as it passed across the sky every evening. The landlord of the public house would call out "Telstar in Sight", and his customers all rushed out onto the breakwater.

This enabled our finding a seat as I had seen it all before!

## GONE ALOFT

### M D A LEE

Anthony Lee was born In Leicestershire on 4.9.1924. At the age of 16 on 19.9.1940 Tony signed indentures with British India Line. He later saw service on the Troopship Empire Pride, which was managed by Bibby Bros.

His first ship as an OOW was an American built Liberty Ship, the Sampep, managed by Houlder Brothers upon which he served as Second Officer until 17.12.1947. He then joined the Delane, of Lamport and Holt as Second Officer. His next vessel was British Dragoon of the British Tanker Co. upon which he served as Second Officer. He then served as Chief Officer of the British Workman.

He passed his Extra Master's examination on 28.3.1951 and shortly afterwards in that year joined the lecturing staff of the 'Junior Department' (Cadets) at the School of Navigation at Warsash before being transferred to the staff of the 'Senior Department' (Certificate of Competency courses) later that year.

Upon the retirement of Captain C. Nicholls, Captain Lee took over as Head of the Senior Department. Under his guidance he steered the department through the turbulent changes within the shipping industry of the 1970's and played a major role in establishing the concept, not only of providing short industrial training course for serving ships officers (e.g. Radar Observers, Radar Simulator, etc.), but was also instrumental in setting up the first management training courses for the industry.

Captain Lee was a quiet, self deprecatory man of considerable foresight and integrity to whom the shipping industry owes a considerable debt of gratitude.

We offer our condolences to his wife Eileen his son Tim and his daughter Jonquil.

*George Angus*

### PAUL RICHARD DAVIES

Paul Davies, who passed away peacefully on 13<sup>th</sup> February at the age of 68, served his apprenticeship with Shell Tankers, during which time he joined the Royal Naval Reserve. On gaining his Second Mate's certificate he moved to the RFA, and, in 1966 joined the world's first Maritime Studies Degree at Plymouth School of Maritime Studies (now part of the University) graduating in 1971 and majoring in Navigation and Hydrographic Surveying. In 1973 he left the RFA as a Senior Second Officer and came ashore, joining Vickers on various nautical projects, before, in 1978 setting up his own consulting company, Lumburn Consultants Ltd, which remained active until January this year.

In parallel with his commercial career, Paul was an active and enthusiastic member of the Royal Naval Reserve. During his early years he served on a number of ships, particularly the survey ships, where he achieved high RN qualifications in hydrographic surveying. This was to serve him well when he came ashore in his consulting role to the submarine pipelines and cable industries. However, he remained active, rising in rank to Commander and from 1987 to 1998 served as Senior Naval Officer on merchant vessels chartered for the various naval exercises in the Atlantic and the amphibious exercises off Norway. He transferred to the Retired List in 1998.

Both for business and pleasure, Paul became proficient in computers, and was involved with CData Services, who host the Club's website and e-mail services and which is owned by Cachalot Clive Robinson, an old University friend. Despite living in Stratford upon Avon, Paul had joined the Cachalots. When the Club moved to its present premises and wanted to set up its own website, CData offered to host the website and Paul was the main designer. He was an keen attendee at Sea Pie Suppers, and despite his distance from Southampton was always willing to assist in any way he could, particularly with website advice.

Paul was an enthusiastic supporter of the Stratford branch of the Sea Cadets and until he became too ill could be found driving their RIB on the Avon. He used the Club as a contact several years ago to get our Stowaway, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Julian Oswald, to take the salute at their annual parade. (*See Cachalot 26*)

Paul's other great passion was sailing. He owned a number of boats during his life and during his last years was often to be found on the Solent with friends and family in his Fisher 34 "Lutra".

In 2003 he was diagnosed with leukaemia and given seven years to live, and in the last year was very pleased to have got past the prediction. He leaves behind two daughters, four grandsons, and many very good friends who will deeply miss him.

*Barry Peck and Clive Robinson*





# Rope Ends

## SKITTLES EVENING

at the  
**SOUTHAMPTON (OLD)  
GREEN  
BOWLING CLUB**

(The world's oldest bowling green,  
Lower Canal Walk, Southampton.)



ON



**FRIDAY, 25 March at 1900**

### MENU:

**Fish & Chips  
Home-made Fruit Trifle**

Will Anne Cartwright take the prize for the highest scoring lady for a fourth consecutive year? Will their strict training regimes pay off for the other eager contenders and pretenders? Who will be awarded the wooden spoon this time? Come along to find the answers to these vital questions.

Price held at a very reasonable **£13** per head for this fun evening. Names and cheques to the office a.s.a.p.

The Central Band of the Royal Air Force is giving a performance at 1930 on Wednesday, 11 May in Winchester Cathedral, in aid of the RAF Charitable Trust.

The music will be mainly English composers, including Walton's "Crown Imperial", Elgar's "Nimrod", Arnold's "English Dances" and Holst's "Planets" amongst other. Ticket price is £16. You can either book direct from the Cathedral Box Office or online at [airtattoo.com/concerts](http://airtattoo.com/concerts), or Gerry Cartwright will liaise bookings until 30 April only.



## CURRY LUNCH

21st May

**KUTI'S  
BRASSERIE**

Oxford Street  
1200 for 1230

£11.50 per head

## CAPTAINS & OFFICERS 2011

CAPTAIN:	I.Salter
STAFF CAPTAIN:	P.Grant
SEA STAFF CAPTAIN:	I. Odd
BOATSTEERER:	D. Stocks
STOREKEEPER:	B.Peck
POST CAPTAIN:	G.F.Cartwright
FUNCTIONS OFFICER:	P.Grant
MEMBERSHIP OFFICER:	D.Gates
HON EDITOR:	T.E.Clark
ARCHIVIST:	H.Roberts
MARKETING/PUBLICITY OFFICER	D.Healy

### PAST CAPTAINS:

1973 O'Connor B.M.	1977 Corner A.J.	1978 Phelan C.N.
1986 Fenwick M.	1987 Renshaw G.	1988 Downer I.
1989 Noble J.M.	1990 Moffat J.C.	1991 Thomson I.B.
1992 Kelso C.R.	1994 Moore P.	1995 Stead P.J.
1996 Hall L.W.	1997 Hughes T.	1998 Smart J.C.
2000 Clark T.E.	2001 Carr D.A.	2002 Stirling I.W.
2004 Tinsley A.R.	2005 Harwood S.	2006 Angas G.B.F.
2007 Marriott P.B.	2008 Morris L.R.	2009 Mileusnic J.N.

### HARPOONERS:

C.Coote, K.Dagnell, G.Draysey, R.Dunn, D.Gates, D.Healy, P.Leece, A.McDowall, F.Pedersen, R.Pretty, J.Pugh, J.R.K.Smart, M.Wallis, T.Winsborough

GENERAL COMMITTEE: Includes the Captains & Officers, Past Captains and Harpooners identified above. I.Salter (Chair)  
D.Stocks (Sec)

### EXECUTIVE AND FINANCE COMMITTEE:

I.Salter(Chair), D.Stocks (Sec), G.Angas\*, T.E.Clark\*, D.Gates, R.Kelso\*, P.Marriott\*, J.Mileusnic\*, L.Morris\*, A.Tinsley\*.

\* = Co-opted Past Captains

### BURSARY SUB-COMMITTEE

P.Marriott (Chair), G.Angas, P.Leece, L.Morris.

### ENTERTAINMENTS SUB-COMMITTEE:

P.Grant (Chair), D.Stocks (Sec) T.E.Clark, C.Coote, L.Hall, A.McDowall, F.Pedersen, J.Pugh.

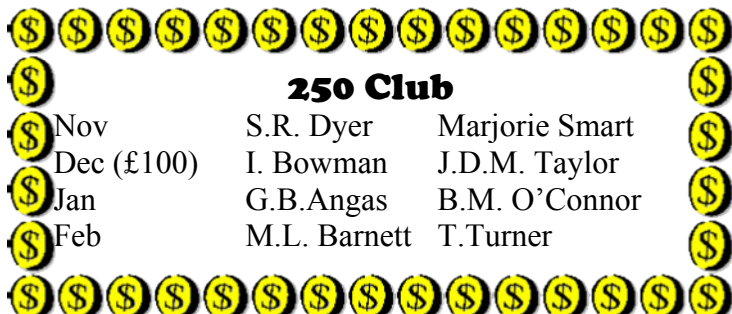
### MEMBERSHIP SUB-COMMITTEE:

D.Gates (Chair), D.Stocks (Sec), T.E.Clark, M.Wallis.

The five Officers of the Club and the Post Captain are members of all the above Committees.

HON. CHAPLAINS: Rev'd A.Huckett, Rev'd F.Sahetapy, Father R.Stone.

HON. SHANTYMAN: D.King.



## 250 Club

Nov	S.R. Dyer	Marjorie Smart
Dec (£100)	I. Bowman	J.D.M. Taylor
Jan	G.B.Angas	B.M. O'Connor
Feb	M.L. Barnett	T.Turner

## **GONE ALOFT**

### **CAPTAIN THOMAS WALL BARNETT Bsc**

Tom Barnett was brought up in Bewdley in Monmouthshire and so was his future wife Mary. Part of his childhood was spent in Egypt, when his father was working there as a Suez Canal pilot. A colleague of Tom's father at that time was another Canal pilot, Ron Freaker. Tom served his time as a cadet with BI and subsequently became master, at about the time the P&O Group, including BI, was split up to form separate passenger and general cargo divisions. Tom decided to come ashore and study for the BSc Nautical Degree. In 1977 he joined the MCA as a nautical surveyor at the Marine Office in Cardiff. I joined MCA early the following year and was appointed to the same office. We were both later transferred to other ports, Tom went to Immingham and then to Swansea. In the mid 1980s Tom was transferred to Southampton and we again served at the same Marine Office, which at that time was located in South Western House. When promotion came for Tom he was appointed to the Shetland Islands as surveyor-in-charge at Sullom Voe, at that time a busy tanker terminal for the North Sea oil fields. He thoroughly enjoyed his time in that posting, which was to be his last before retirement.

Tom collapsed and died suddenly in December after returning from a walk near his home in Raglan, near Monmouth. Tom Barnett (*a member from '82 until '03 when he moved to Monmouthshire*) was a thoroughly likeable colleague and friend.  
*David Dunn*

### **CAPTAIN PETER WATKIN ROBERTS SMITH**

Peter, who died on November 19<sup>th</sup>, was born in Chester in 1926 and educated in North Wales. He joined the Merchant Navy with the British India Steam Navigation Company as a cadet in 1943 and served during the war on convoys out of Liverpool. He gained his first command in 1963 as Captain of the oil tanker *Ellora* and transferred to the newly formed Trident Tankers. He joined shore staff in 1965 and went on to lead PanOcean Shipping and Terminals Ltd, a joint venture between P&O and Ocean to run chemical carriers. He formed PAL Shipping Services Ltd in 1982 and retired in 1985.

During his life ashore Peter contributed greatly to programmes, such as Sealife, to improve ship manning and seamen's conditions for which he was awarded the Queen's Silver Jubilee medal in 1977 (one of only 40 in the UK shipping industry) and the OBE in 1984. Peter was admitted to the Honourable Company of Master Mariners 1970.

He frequently visited the Southampton Club room with his brother, James Wilson Smith, in the seventies and eighties and hugely enjoyed many Sea Pie Suppers during those years.

He will be remembered as a charming gentleman and is sadly missed.

Condolences to his wife Brenda, children Jill and Nigel and all his family.

### **GEORGE GIFFORD**

George was born in 1941 in the West Midlands and was introduced to sport in his early years, learning to play cricket and sail at the age of seven. When he left school he joined the Second Royal Tank Regiment, serving in Cyprus as part of the Peace-keeping Force. Apart from developing a strong team spirit and learning to drive 'tracked vehicles', George further extended his sporting prowess to skiing, shooting and the pentathlon.

After leaving the Army he spent some time at the Calshot Activities Centre as an Instructor before moving to the School of Navigation, Warsash in 1968 as a Bosun/Instructor on the school's sail training vessel, *Halcyon*.

George married Hazel in 1968 and his daughter Alex was born in 1972 and in 1974 George 'came ashore' to spend more time with his family. In 1978 George obtained his degree from the OU.

In 1996 George was elected as a Cachalot, he was Captain of the Cachalots Cricket Section for two years and was the only player to win the Sutton Trophy for two successive years in 1998 and 1999.

Latterly, as the President, George left the Southampton Master Mariners Cricket Section with two superb legacies - via family connections, the Otterbourne Cricket Club ground on which to play our home matches; and his overseeing of the design of our new Club sweater.

Unfortunately, due to the limited space in the Cachalot, we can only give a brief picture of George's life and times but close with our thanks for his legacy and the memories that he has left us. Our thoughts and condolences go to Hazel and all of his family.

**The Southampton Master  
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(The CACHALOTS)  
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The Club room is currently open **two** days a week, Thursday and Friday, 1130 - 1500. Liz will be only too happy to serve you a drink and she can take your orders for meals, sandwiches and snacks.

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.

### **Dates for your Diary**

#### ***! Some Changes !***

***Please note that the dates for the two Club Suppers have changed, as under, to reflect the availability of our preferred caterer, John Davies.***

***Now Friday 8th July  
and Friday 9th September.***

***Further details will be posted  
when available.***

***The Curry Lunch on Sat 21st May  
has been booked at Kuti's in  
Oxford Street.***

***Please amend your  
Programme of Events 2011***

***Cut-off date for the next edition:  
13th May 2011***