

The CACHALOT

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHAMPTON MASTER MARINERS' CLUB

No 61

September 2016

Captain's Log

Apart from the Shipping Festival Service, the period June to August inclusive is usually quiet for the incumbent Captain. There are normally few functions to attend and the holiday period exerts its influence. This year was a bit different as "The Cachalots" were faced with the prospect of "being made homeless" and the Management Committee had to turn to and investigate options in order to prevent this happening. Happily, they succeeded, and as you now know, we are – at the time of writing (early August) - in the process of moving to premises within The Royal British Legion Southampton Club on Eastgate Street. The premises are smaller than we enjoyed at the Seafarers' Centre, but offer us a venue to meet on Thursday and Friday lunchtimes in our own room (with bar!). Richard will have his own desk in a shared office next door. I will leave the details for our "humble" (his word) Boatsteerer to fill in, otherwise he might feel left out of things! Suffice to say that I am very grateful for all the hard work put in by the various Officers of the Club and Members of the Management Committee, and sub-committee. I will not name them personally, because I am bound to leave somebody out! Thank you all!

The Shipping Festival Service at Winchester Cathedral went very well. That statement is based on the number of very favourable comments I and fellow members received from VIPs and others. This year was the centenary of the Battle of Jutland; it also commemorated 100 years since the loss of HMS "Hampshire" off the west coast of the Orkneys with heavy loss of life, including those of General Kitchener and most of his staff. It was fitting that these events were remembered during the service by the lighting of two candles, one each side of HMS "Iron Duke"'s bell, by fellow Cachalot Lt. Cmdr. Andrew Jones RNR and myself.

The Address was given by the Reverend Reg Sweet RN, The Master of St Cross. He is also Chaplain to the Honourable Company of Master Mariners, Honorary Chaplain to The Royal Fleet Auxiliary Association and Chaplain to The Anchorites. In previous years, Reverend Sweet was also Honorary Chaplain to "The Cachalots". With these credentials and experience, Reverend Sweet was bound to set the tone of the service, namely one of colour, solemnity and emotion. It really is a service that encompasses people of all religions – and none.

I have written to those who played a leading role in this year's service and offered them my thanks on behalf of the Club. The Management Committee and Officers were of course deeply involved, as were several other Past Captains and Members, but this time, I would, with respect to all others, mention the names of Cachalot Paul Leece and Chief Petty Officer Ken Turley RNR. Paul is not a member of the Management Committee, but carried out sterling work in liaising with the Cathedral Staff, amongst other details. Ken was – again – the Parade Martial and did a superb job in that respect, including dealing with VIPs, Flag Bearers – and others.

There are two more persons who deserve our long-standing thanks. Past Captain Lionel Hall had the responsibility of striking seven bells on HMS "Iron Duke"'s bell to start the service. Some of you may have noticed that the bell

was rather close to the ground (it should have been raised to a height consistent with a person standing to strike it, but something prevented that happening), so Lionel had to kneel, or nearly so, to perform his duty. Meanwhile, at the other end of the Cathedral, there was a slight delay caused by the inspection of the guard of honour. Lionel waited for the signaland waited.....It was only two minutes, but to Lionel – thinking he had missed the signal – it felt at least an hour!! Eventually, the signal was given, seven bells were struck, Lionel stood up – eventually, and with some difficulty - and retired to his seat, having seemingly lost at least a stone in weight!

Finally, for many years Carolyn Lee, widow of late Past Captain Geoff Lee, has beavered away in the background organising the various eats that we have enjoyed at many of the Shipping Festival Services. Carolyn is now retiring from the task and I would like to thank her on the Club's behalf for all her hard work over the years and also remind her that she will always be welcome in the Club Room, as indeed is her right.

There is a tradition that, weather permitting, we are invited by the Dean to partake of refreshments on the lawns of the Deanery Gardens. This time the weather was nigh on perfect, The Southampton Albion Band, who had played all through the Service, was ensconced on the lawn. Almost everybody was there enjoying at least their first drinks – and "tab-nabs" (small eats to the non-initiated). After a few nods from suitably placed colleagues, and the Bandleader, I interrupted the proceedings at an appropriate time. Following, I hope, suitable opening remarks and thanks, I asked the Dean, the Very Reverend James Atwell, to join me on the slight mound in the lawns, whereupon I was privileged to present him with, in order, a Club tie, A silver "Cachalot" and, finally, with a Certificate of Life Membership of The Cachalots. Neither James Atwell nor his wife had an inkling we intended to make the presentation. It was received in good grace and perhaps with a tinge of emotion. It was of course his last service before retiring. In fact it is my understanding that he "slightly adjusted" his timetable to enable him to officiate at "our" service – and we were very pleased and grateful for that. We wish James and his wife Lorna a very long, healthy and happy retirement!

Yet again I missed the Curry Lunch on 9th July as Ann and I had to attend a Wedding Anniversary in Essex that weekend. I understand all went well, as is the custom.

Apart from meetings and a plethora of emails over many weeks on the subject of our replacement Club Rooms, the only thing of note in the next few weeks was a Management Committee Meeting on 28th July. This meeting set in motion the events that are now taking place to finalise our move from the Southampton Seafarers' Centre to the Royal British Legion Club in Eastgate Street.

On a final note, I hesitate to contradict the Editor of our well loved journal, "The Cachalot". In the second paragraph of his "**This 60th Edition**" in discussing editorial policy, he states...."*.....and not repeat too much of the stuff you can find in other, bigger and better, nautical publications.*" Bigger, Terry, maybe, but NOT better!

I hope you are all having a very good summer, despite the variable weather.

Leslie Morris Club Captain.

From the Editor

This edition sees the last episode of ‘Fifty Years on Salt Water’ and the start of a four part series by Roy Martin of his time as a salvor in the Far East.

Also another contribution from Phil Messinger, recalling a medical emergency mid-Pacific and the AMVER organisation’s admirable response.

I have also included two recent articles from Michael Grey’s *Viewpoint* column in Lloyd’s List.

The colour pages carry scenes from the Shipping Festival Service at Winchester Cathedral. Photography is not permitted at and during Cathedral services but because of the special nature of this year’s Service I was exceptionally granted special permission by the Dean and Chapter, as long as I acted unobtrusively.

Below, I copy some thoughts of a former Dean on the Shipping Festival Service.

Extract from “A Dean’s Diary”

by the Very Reverend Trevor Beason,
Dean of Winchester from 1987 to 1996.

Friday 9 June 1991

The Annual Shipping Festival service at which I preached last evening is remarkable, not so much for its content but for the fact that it continues to take place. It was started in 1931 when both the Royal Navy at Portsmouth and the Merchant Navy at Southampton were of considerable strength. And with the exception of two or three years during the darkest period of World War II it has gone on without a break. What is more, the number of people attending the service seems hardly to have declined. Given the reduction in the size of the two navies, I would have expected the occasion to have been given a decent burial some years ago, but there is no sign of this. The service and the party on the Deanery lawn afterwards are greatly valued.

The memorial books in the Cathedral containing the names of those in the Merchant Navy who lost their lives between 1939-45 are in many ways more moving than those of the Hampshire and Rifle Regiments. The number of names listed runs to many thousands and they were in no sense fighting men, but simply civilian mariners who set sail in the most hazardous of conditions and for a long time with the bare minimum of armed protection. The youth of many of them is also striking –sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds employed on ships in some capacity or other – and the manner of their deaths in the North Atlantic is described only too vividly by Nicholas Monsarrat in his great novel “The Cruel Sea”.

Boatsteerer’s Locker

“In Omnia Paratus” (in all things ready and prepared).

After we were advised that the Southampton Seafarers Centre Building was ‘For Sale’ and we would have to look for a new Club Room a Management Sub Committee was formed to look for alternative accommodation. Several venues were considered and we decided that where we were previously ten years ago at the Southampton Royal British Legion Club in Eastgate Street was the best choice both from position and financially. The first floor had been redecorated since we had left and the R.B.L. staff were most accommodating and pleased that we were returning there.

Now that the dust has started to settle after the seismic tremor of our move to R.B.L. Club and the EU Referendum we must look to the future.

Unfortunately we cannot display all of our memorabilia, artefacts and pictures in our new Club Room which is for our use on Thursday and Friday lunch times only, and is used by others of an evening. However much has been put into a storage unit in ‘Lok N Store’ while decisions are made as what to keep and what is to be disposed of.

The Club must thank that valiant band of Cachalots who helped with the packing and the removal, they will not be forgotten when, like the second coming, the bottle of malt whisky appears.

Our new Club Room, although smaller than the previous one, still presents a warm and friendly atmosphere with the bar being supervised by our Liz who is now dispensing drinks a bit cheaper than previously.

Unfortunately food cannot be provided but there are nearby sandwich /pizza outlets.

We have managed to display some of our memorabilia in the small display cabinet, and the bell and the clock are suitably mounted. Some plaques and the framed photo of our benign Club Captain are also displayed around the bar.

For informal Club Suppers we can use the large room on the ground floor of an evening, when the Legion is normally closed, and can use our own caterers.

To ease entry when the Club is open we can purchase a front door entry fob from Richard for a one off £4 (without key ring), this will stop the wait for one of the Legion staff to come and open the door.

I am pleased that we have finally moved as amongst my many recent duties I no longer have to apply bleach to the ladies & gents thunder boxes and check the paper consumables.

When my wife Margaret heard of this responsibility, I was delegated with this position at home and I’m now a trained operator able to work without supervision.

Cachalot David Stocks has decided to relinquish his post as a Trustee. David as Boatsteerer succeeded George Angas and both were instrumental in steering us to the present Management Committee Structure and Implementation which replaced the General Committee and the Executive and Finance Committee. We are sorry to see him go and his place has been taken by Past Captain Terry Clark who was recently made an Honorary Life Member of the Club.

The Club Trustees are now Terry Clark, Reg. Kelso, Barry Peck, and Jeremy Smart.

Prior to the closure of the S.S.C. a final Chapel Service was held at which the Club was well represented.

The High Sheriff of Hampshire, Thomas Floyd, has invited the Cachalots to attend ‘The Law Society’s Service’ at Winchester Cathedral on Sunday 9th October at 11-00 hrs and take wine afterwards.

cont. on next page

When clearing the Winchester Service flags we came across these two unknowns:



Any suggestions ??



New Key Fob

A plastic dongle which will gain you access to the RBL Club is available from the office for a one-off payment of £4

The Cachalot key ring is also available for £1.50

Please note the Club's new address :-

**First Floor, The Southampton Royal British Legion Club,
Eastgate Street, Southampton SO14 3HB
Telephone, 023 8022 6155, and Email remain the same.**

Ken Dagnall

Merchant Navy Day Services

On the Isle of Wight

Merchant Navy Day is on **3rd September** and on that day Cachalots are invited by

The Merchant Mariners of Wight

to attend the unveiling of a plaque which they are having installed to commemorate all those Merchant Mariners and Fishermen who lost their lives in the world wars and subsequent hostilities.

The event will be attended by the Lord Lieutenant of the IOW and other dignitaries and will take place on the Bandstand on Cowes Parade at 1100.

In Southampton

Captain Morris will be laying a wreath on behalf of The Cachalots at the service to be held at **Holyrood Church** on



Sunday 4th September at 1200

This annual Service is organised by the Solent Branch of the Merchant Navy Association and will be conducted by Chaplain John Attenborough.

In attendance will be the Mayor of Southampton, the Southampton and Netley branches of the Royal British Legion, the Royal Naval Association, the Southampton Sea Cadets and other local maritime organisations.

Standard bearers will muster at the front of the Church at 1130 and the Mayor is expected to arrive at 1150.

Function Changes

Due to the change in our circumstances some of our previously advertised functions have changed also.

The Club Supper at Chilworth on 9th September has been cancelled and was replaced with a 'House Warming' event at the RBL on 24th Aug.

The **Macmillan Coffee Morning** will take place on the date planned, **Friday 7th October**, but will now be a joint event with the RBL and held in their downstairs room. See the notice on page 14.

We are still seeking alternative venues for the **Trafalgar Dinner** and the **Harpooners Dinner** and this might mean a change in dates.

Due to the loss of venue and dwindling numbers the **Christmas Lunch** has been **cancelled** but the **Christmas Dinner** will go ahead as planned at **Kings' Court** on the **10th December**.

Members will be kept advised by *Cachalite*.

Sea Pie Supper 2017

**Friday 3rd February
St.Mary's Stadium**

Tickets, to members only, go on sale on

10th November

on a first come basis (that also means first paid)

Prices expected to be held as before, but tbc:

Members £52, guests £60



Curry Lunch



Our last Curry Lunch for this year has been booked at our favourite hot-spot,

Kuti's in Oxford Street.

Join us if you can.

Saturday 12th November, 1200 for 1230.

Price held at **£12.50** per head.

The Christmas Dinner



will be held at
King's Court Masonic Centre
On

**Saturday 10th December
1900 for 1930**

**£32 per head
Black Tie**

Traditional Christmas Fare

The Shipping Festival Service - 2016



CPO Ken Turley marshals the Colour, Standard and Flag Parties



Capt. Morris welcomes The High Sheriff of Hampshire, Tom Floyd Esq, and Mrs Floyd



The Captain greets The Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, Nigel Atkinson Esq.



The Lord-Lieutenant inspects the cadets of the Flag Party



The Procession is assembled



Past Capt. Lionel Hall gets down to strike seven bells on the bell from HMS 'Iron Duke'



Capt. Morris lights the candle for 'The Battle of Jutland' and Lt. Cmdr. Andrew Jones RNR the one for HMS 'Hampshire'.



After the Doxology the Colours were returned to the Colour Party and blessed by the Dean

Long Legacies of Peril

Lloyd's List Viewpoint 1 August 2016

with permission of LL and the author, Cachalot Michael Grey

It was thirty years ago that Captain Philip Cheek wrote a book that had a lot of shipping people shifting uneasily in their shoes. It was called "Legacies of Peril" and it focussed on his own experiences a few years earlier, after he had been appointed to command the elderly bulker *Tiger Bay*. He found the ship a sub-standard wreck, with a list of serious deficiencies as long as his arm and which the owners had no intention of remedying.

Jobs were not plentiful then but Cheek, who, like many displaced British officers, had known better days, refused to take the ship to sea and swore an affidavit identifying the deficiencies, which precipitated his instant dismissal. This was before Paris Memoranda and efficient port state control, but he did a valuable service in publicising the scandal of sub-standard ships and the way in which unscrupulous owners, aided by doubtful flags of convenience and some inefficient behaviour by class, were putting lives and the environment at risk. His campaigning over several years and his hard work in lobbying anyone who would listen, was a notable contribution to marine safety, as was his explosive book.

Scroll forward to 2013, when Captain John Loftus, an American shipmaster twenty years in command, was sacked by the owners of his container ship, after repeatedly drawing attention to serious safety violations aboard his ship. After failing to make any impression on the owners Horizon Lines, he became a "whistleblower" and reported the violations to the US Coast Guard and the ship's classification society ABS.

Both masters found themselves on the beach, but whereas Captain Cheek was effectively battling on his own, Captain Loftus was assisted by the fact that his was a US flag ship, while US law, in the shape of the Seaman's Protection Act and a very good lawyer could combine to seek restitution. He has now been awarded damages in excess of \$1m, with back wages and a punitive element, along with a sum for the distress of his enforced unemployment.

One might imagine that US operators, noting this result, might be rather more circumspect about the way they treat people they put in charge of their huge floating assets. Shipmasters will permit themselves a thin smile of satisfaction as they read about their US colleague's legal victory. But under very many jurisdictions, and under arguably most flags, it will be no guarantee of any greater job security, with few obstacles against the dismissal of the master, if he offends the charterers, insists on his legal responsibilities or points out some detestable deficiency to a visiting safety inspector (as he is jolly well obliged to do, these days).

It was not many years ago that a very old friend and highly experienced shipmaster confided that his operators were making ever more unreasonable demands about the way they expected him to run his ship. Some of these he considered to be grossly unsafe, putting his ship and his professional qualifications in hazard.

They had become very cunning about their demands, invariably backed up with threats, because, he told me, none were ever committed to paper, which he could possibly use as evidence in his defence, if the worst he feared came to pass. They were instead, uttered through the telephone. He had thought about this at length and then had gone ashore and purchased a sophisticated telephone recording device. He was, he pointed out "bugging the buggers". He has since retired and has, I understand, few regrets about his decision to swallow the anchor. It had become, he told me, far removed from the job to which he had aspired, all those years before, when he had gone away to sea in a fine liner company.

I thought at the time how awful it was for my friend to have to work for swine like this, which had driven a respected and hugely experienced professional to take such action. But there are still shipmasters today who are hired on a casual basis, others even ostensibly "staff" members, but who can be relieved of their command in an instant, by an angry email or telephone call, with no recourse to expert lawyers or the luxury of industrial tribunals to obtain justice and compensation.

"If you won't take the ship to sea, or run it in the way we require" is the implied and almost universal threat - "there are plenty of masters on the beach who will take your job at the drop of a hat". There is absolutely nothing new about such a conversation, which has come down through the generations, pretty well unaltered.

It is, however, worth thinking about the changing circumstances of a modern regulatory regime which exposes the master of a ship to almost perpetual scrutiny. There ought to be decent Safety Management Systems which, if properly drafted, will afford some measure of protection against being forced to act against one's judgement as a commander. But, as one master put it so well, it is "the unsaid menace of expectation", with its implied threats, which can be delivered in so many different ways, in these days of amazing communications.

So let us offer a few cheers for Captain Loftus in his success. I would also suggest putting the evening of the 26th of October in your diary, when "The Master Under Attack" will be the subject of the Cadwallader Debate, with a panel of expert speakers from the law, insurance and ship operations at Lloyd's of London. It seems particularly topical.

rjmgrey@dircon.co.uk

Fifty Years on Salt Water

Episode 15: In this final episode Charlie returns to Southampton and the preparations for D-Day and recalls his post-war working life before his retirement at the age of 65 at the end of 1956.

As stated earlier "D" day was drawing near and the Southampton pilots were called back home. We all had to do a weeks probation, making trips with other pilots. This seemed strange to me, having been a pilot in the district for nearly twenty years. I actually did four or five trips with temporary pilots, some of whom had only been pilots for a month. I have never found out what I was expected to learn from them.

Naturally, after "D" day we were all very busy indeed. Up till then the whole area was completely packed with ships and the majority of them were needed for the "Invasion" and had to be piloted out to sea. Of course there were dozens of small craft that went out on their own and I thought great praise was due to the crews of the dumb barges who put to sea with just an outboard engine attached to one quarter. They must have had a very rough time, as the weather was rough. During the course of the war we all made several trips across the Channel with the fast ship convoys, these were made up of pre-war cross-channel ships as a rule.

As I have said before in this story, there have been so many stories written about the war years that I have nothing more to add except that I was glad when it was all over and we got back to our regular work as peace time pilots.

I once spent a very interesting week on the s.s. *Gothic* which was being prepared to take King George VI and Queen Elizabeth out to Australia and New Zealand. As I was Choice Pilot for the Shaw Savill Company at the time I was looking forward to taking the ship to sea after they had boarded. The ship did several trips down the Southampton Water and practiced lowering and sending away the Royal Barge.

Also practicing the correct procedure when it came back from the shore, with stand in people representing the Royal Family.

Finding out the best place for the band to play, when this was taking place, was another item on the programme, and drilling the crew to line the ships rails and various other things, like manning the dining room for meals. It must be born in mind, when reading this, that the crew were Merchant Service men and not Royal Navy.

The Royal Suite was beautifully decorated, with some furniture from the various palaces. But unfortunately the journey did not take place as King George VI died when it was nearing the date for sailing. The vessel was handed back to the Company, much to everybody's regret.

Some time after, the same vessel was chartered again, to do the voyage but this time Queen Elizabeth was to fly out to Australia and join the *Gothic* to do the cruising around Australia, New Zealand and some Pacific Islands.

I piloted the vessel to sea and left her at the Needles, still hoping to do the docking on her return. But, sorry to say, from my point of view, the Queen left the *Gothic* at some time in the voyage and finished the journey in the *Britannia*.

So ended my dreams of piloting Royalty. I met the man who was Captain of the *Gothic* (*Captain Sir David Aitchison*) on several occasions after that voyage. He had several interesting experiences to relate about things that happened on the ship. He was knighted, for his services to the Queen, and later became the first Captain of the *Southern Cross*, and I was his pilot in Southampton.

A pilots life is very interesting, but there are times when it is also a dangerous one. I had one very nasty experience near the end of my working days. I had piloted a tanker out to the Nab on a dark and stormy night in the month of November. It was blowing a gale from the South East, a very bad direction at the Nab, and there was no shelter from the land.

The tanker had been stopped, making as good a lee as possible under the weather conditions, the motor launch was jumping up and down alongside, waiting for me to come down the ladder as soon as a quiet spell came along. At last this came and I was half way down the ladder when it folded flat like a venetian blind, throwing me into the sea.

I found myself between the boat and the ship's side. In falling I had grasped a rope from the boat's deck as I went by and managed to hold on to it, but in the meantime I was being crushed between the two. I yelled out to the engine man and told him to go astern and back away from the ship. I could only just hear his reply, owing to the wind, as he said, "I don't know how to reverse, this is my first day in the boat." Eventually I was dragged onboard, a very difficult job as I had thick clothing on and it was saturated. I then recalled the words of the sailor on the tanker's deck,



S.S. Gothic in Royal Yacht livery, in Hobart, Feb. '54
Picture from Reuben Goossens site ssMaritime.com, photographer unknown

as he looked at the ladder and said, "I would not like to go down that ladder, rather you than me. It is brand new but too light." His words proved very true.

The boat arrived safely alongside the pilot vessel and I was soon in warm blankets. My clothes were taken down to the engine room and were dry by the time I landed. I did not suffer any ill effects from this immersion but had a few bruise for a time. Lucky I did not catch cold as the water was very cold in November.

The next time I was on that tanker, the Captain apologised and told me that the second officer had been rendered unconscious for some time, after he ran along the deck with a life belt to throw to me, slipped and struck his head as he fell and later did not know what had happened.

This type of accident does not happen very often. I can only recall three such cases during the thirty two years I was a pilot in the district, but there have been several near misses where the pilot landed in the boat instead of the water.

As time went on and I reached the retiring age of sixty five, which had been made optional, instead of seventy. I decided it was time for me to clew up my sails, although I did not feel old, but fifty years on salt water was long enough. So I put my helm amidships and, metaphorically speaking, let go both my anchors in a safe harbour. Now, on the winter nights when the wind is howling outside I just turn over and go to sleep, knowing I have had a full and interesting life during "My half century on salt water", and have not got to face the stormy elements again.



So end the memoirs of Captain Leslie (Charlie) Chapman, a remarkable personal account of ships and seafaring in the first half of the 20th century. Charlie was witness to, and involved in, many of the historical events that occurred and as an officer with Union Castle and later as a Southampton pilot, met many of the great and the good, as well as some of the not so good.

In summary:

The son of a Norfolk farmer, he went to sea at the age of 15 and served his time in one trip on the largest sailing ship in the world, the four masted barque *Brilliant*.

In San Francisco at the time of the earthquake and fire, he and his fellow apprentices, eager to assist, were sent back onboard in case they were mistaken for looters and shot.

He became acquainted with author and adventurer Jack London, who was seeking navigational advice for a forthcoming book.

He obtained his 2nd Mates at the age of 19 and was acting Master of a fully rigged ship, and a tanker at that, at 21.

He was thought to be the youngest ever to gain his masters ticket, at 21 (and a few months), studying under Capt. Nicholls (of Concise Guide). He was immediately offered employment by Union Castle.

In 1916, as 3rd Officer on a requisitioned troop ship, he was in charge of open boats landing troops under fire at Gallipoli. He survived by sheltering under the bodies of those killed.

In 1918 he, and his pet canary George, were among just 24 survivors of the infamous sinking of the hospital ship *Llandovery Castle*. Having been taken onboard the *U86* for interrogation, he survived because their boat was too close to the sub for the guns to bear when the Germans began firing on the occupants of the other boats.

Towards the end of WWI he caught Spanish Flu and lay in a hospital bed at Archangel listening to the sounds of a hole being blasted in the frozen ground for his grave.

In 1921 Charlie was called to Germany to be principal witness in the War Crimes trial of the officers of *U86* and was praised by the court and by Union Castle for his handling of the situation and for his evidence.

Between the wars Charlie became a Southampton pilot and in his position as Choice Pilot for North German Lloyd he would join their passenger liners in Bremerhaven. On one occasion, at a function onboard, he was introduced to Hitler and Goering and on another dined with Goeballs and Hess.



Captain Leslie C Chapman



Charlie and George

continued over

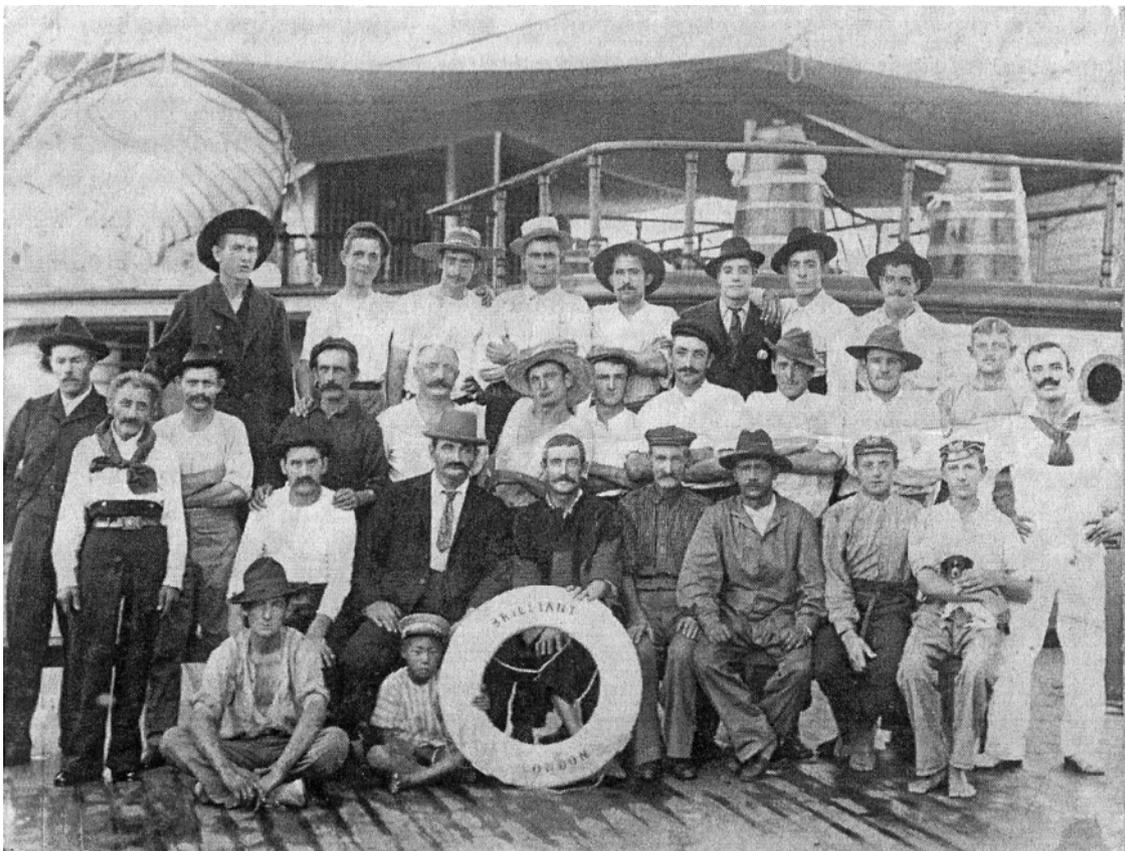
During WWII he transferred to the Clyde and, after his return, became Choice Pilot for Shaw Savill. Circumstances denied him the chance of piloting *Royalty* when the Queen transferred from the *Gothic* to the brand new *Britannia* half way through the World Tour. (See the previous pages in this edition.)

Charlie retired at the end of '56 and went aloft in '76.

My photocopy of Charlie's story was passed down to me through the pilots and the only remaining retired pilot who remembered Charlie was Tom Effeny, whose own Southampton career began in 1955. However, Tom did not know what had happened to Charlie or his family. A bit of digging by Sue Hollyhock, the secretary of the Southampton and IOW retired Pilots Association, came up with an old telephone number for his son Graham. When we tried it we struck lucky and discovered that Graham, now aged 93, lives locally with his wife Annette. So local, in fact, that it is just five minutes up the road from me.

I visited Graham and we had along chat. The family had had 'Fifty Years on Salt Water' printed privately and Graham presented me with a copy. I was pleased to see that some of pictures that appeared within were the very same ones that I had found on the internet to illustrate 'our' version.

I would dearly have liked to have been able to include some of the personal ones in the previous editions, including the two on the previous page and this splendid one of the crew of the *Brilliant*. Charlie said that this crew was the most assorted one that he came across in the whole of his sea-going career, with seventeen nationalities amongst a crew of forty-two, including an American Red Indian and a Chinese cook with a shaven head and a long pigtail.



Some of the crew of the *Brilliant*, That will be Charlie, seated 2nd from the right in the front row.

Graham went to sea with Port Line at the start of the war and subsequently worked in operations ashore with Union Castle and then with BTDB in Southampton, where he became well acquainted with Past Captains Kelso, O'Connor and Hall. Charlie was never a Cachalot but Graham was, joining in 1968, when he was Port Operations Manager with Southampton Cargo Handling, and again in 1976 when he was Operations Manager in the Eastern Docks for BTDB, before retiring in the early '80s.

Charlie's story has been printed here, in fifteen parts, starting in *Cachalot 46*, December 2012 and concluding in this one. (There was no edition in *Cachalot 59*). If you have missed any, or wish to catch up, all previous editions can be found in the *Cachalots' Deck* section on our website.



Did anyone order a pizza?!

It can't be that long ago, can it? - In January 1980 my mid-pacific evening at the movies was disturbed by a very sick pumpman who stumbled into the saloon and vomited blood all over the Chief Steward's shoes!

The title words above were, believe it or not, the first words spoken by a US Air Force Paramedic as he was fished out of the water by the crew of our port lifeboat. He had just flown over a thousand miles, parachuted out of a "Hercules" aircraft from 900 feet and swum around in the ocean waiting for our little orange boat to pick him up. Surrounded by shark repellent and orange dye, he was not alone as he had two fellow paramedics with him, but they were still swimming.

At the time it was all rather serious - the pumpman was only semi-conscious when we broke off our passage from Panama to Japan and headed for San Diego. This was the nearest port, with Honolulu around two thousand miles in the opposite direction.

The United States Coastguard AMVER organisation had been alerted on the night of January 3rd and had provided us with some medical advice, but on the morning of the 4th the patient's condition had deteriorated and the prognosis was pretty serious. There were no ships on the AMVER computer within 600 miles of us, so a request was made for immediate medical assistance. Superb co-ordination between our Radio Officer, San Francisco Coastguard and the US Air Force Paramedic Organisation produced an agreed rendezvous with a C-130 Hercules and a medical team for the evening of 4th January.

While the paramedics were on their way, we prepared for their reception with a life-raft, scrambling-nets, a pilot-ladder and two lifeboats all being made ready. Shortly before 1700 local time, plans were completed and the ship was stopped. The aircraft was sighted at 1720 and the port lifeboat launched under the command of the Chief Officer, with the Second Engineer, the Bo'sun and a senior seaman.

The aircraft made several circuits of the ship – once to spot us, again to gauge the wind and finally, at 1745, to drop the team and their equipment. The weather was not ideal and it was approaching sunset, but by 1757 everything and everybody had been spotted and hauled aboard. By this time the ship had approached to within 100 yards of the lifeboat, which deftly came alongside and transferred its precious cargo before dropping back to the falls for a rather "hairy" hook-on and retrieval in a significant swell. By 1837 the ship was again making full-speed for San Diego.

The Paramedics immediately began examining the patient while their equipment packs were washed off with fresh-water by willing hands. The medical-pack parachutes and strobe markers disappeared around this time, but so later did the odd company flag, so as regards souvenir hunting it was "honours even" – at least at this stage!

The patient was immediately hooked up to two intravenous tubes and his vital signs radioed to the flight surgeon in the aircraft. Over the next 48 hours a procedure known as "gastric lavage" was carried out, and more than eight litres of fluids were pushed into the pumpman - including serum, saline and lactose solutions. His condition was still giving concern the next morning, so a further air-drop was organised to supply more fluids.

This time it was a Coastguard Hercules which came out, and at 1600 on the 5th January the ship was stopped again, making lots of smoke, to await another parachute. Although we prepared for all eventualities, the aircraft was asked to drop the package with a drogue, and long trailing lines attached. The Second Engineer made a big grappling-hook and, with all hands deployed along the deck under cover of the flying-bridge, we waited for the huge aircraft to complete the drop. After one trial run at 300 feet, she came in from aft to forward and flying into the wind. In a superb demonstration of bomb-aiming she dropped the package to land about ten feet ahead of the ship, from where it was easily grappled and brought aboard together with more souvenirs!

With fresh fluids to keep him going, the patient's condition began to improve and by the morning of January 6th he was considered to be out of danger. Originally it was planned to send a Coastguard Helicopter out to pick him up once we were within range, but this was now not considered necessary.

At 0600 on January 7th our pumpman and his paramedic team were transferred to a Coastguard launch off San Diego, and he was taken to the Balboa Naval Hospital for tests and further treatment for a ruptured oesophagus. We resumed our voyage to Japan and the paramedics returned home to Sacramento.

To the Staff Sergeant and two Sergeants it was "all in a day's work", though it was, they admitted, the first time they had done a medical parachute drop "for real". For the pumpman it meant the difference between life and death, and to the ship's company and perhaps all who go to sea, it meant a heartfelt gladness that such organisations and such people are willing and able to help.

The pumpman arrived home in the UK on January 13th, and the paramedics arrived in Sacramento minus virtually every badge or scrap of braid from their jump-suits. They had in return a company flag, a "Woolly Pullie" each and a framed letter of thanks, signed by everyone onboard.

One evening about a week later I received a rather formal invitation to the Officer's Wardroom. On entering I was confronted by loud music and complete darkness, except for the co-ordinated flashing of several high-intensity strobe lights and a mounted exhibition of a range of USCG and Air Force Insignia. Honours Even? – hmmm!



Phil Messinger

(Phil was Captain, or "Ship Manager" of the British Chemical Tanker MV "Anco Empress" from 1979 to 1981).

A Salvor's Lot By Roy Martin Part I - Off to Singapore

Clausentum Yard was where a 22 year old Risdon Beazley started his company in 1926. The yard took its name from the Roman port that had occupied the site; it is now part of Bitterne Manor. The marine salvage side of the Normandy Landings were managed from Clausentum, as were many salvage operations in peacetime. In May 1979 I was in my office there, reasonably happy with my lot, when I got a phone call from the Director of the International Division of Smit Rotterdam.

He told me that I had been chosen, from a list of candidates, to become Managing Director of Smit International South East Asia in Singapore. This came as a surprise as I had never applied for the job, assuming that it would go to a Dutchman. It was rather like one of those phone calls that you get to tell you that you have won a prize in a competition that you hadn't entered. Gert Niemann, the previous MD, had died in January. He had been Operations Manager for Ulrich Harms when I did the same job in Risdon Beazley and we had become friends. I also knew several of the others in Singapore as we had two of our salvage ships working in the South China Sea.

I asked what the package was, he said 'how do you mean?' I replied that I wanted to know what the salary, pension, housing, car etc were. JW called back less than an hour later and gave me the information. I said I would discuss it with my wife when I went home at lunch time; but I was told that had to give my decision there and then. The situation was clearly desperate. I assumed that those who had been offered the job in Rotterdam had turned it down, so this was a suicide mission as far as the Dutch were concerned!

When I got home I just said 'we are off to Singapore!' to my wife's credit she didn't even question why and how! Within a month I was off, the idea being to come back during the summer holidays and bring the family out.

It wasn't until some years later I was having a drink with Weia Peltenburg, by then she was the Managing Director of Smit Spido, that I heard more of the story. In 1979 Weia had been Secretary to the Peter Kleyn van Willigen, the President of Smit International. She was taking the minutes at a board meeting when the subject of the vacancy in Singapore arose. She suggested that they should call me, which JW did.

I arrived in Singapore to find a very demoralized team. The management had done all they could; but the opposition had taken full advantage and allowed very little work to filter through to SISEA. The one job they had, a small tug and two barges ashore in Indonesian waters, was not going well. The office in International Plaza was festooned with photographs of their greatest job, the salvage of the tanker *Kriti Sun*. I didn't make myself very popular when I told them that they should keep only two of the photographs and we were going to replace the rest with new jobs.

There were a number of smaller salvage companies and one very large outfit SELCO, owned by Ernst Kalenburg. EEK had escaped from Germany to Shanghai in the late 30s and he therefore had a hatred of my German predecessor and his team. It soon became obvious that SELCO were hoovering up most of the Lloyd's Form work that made the money.

Lloyd's Salvage Form had been in existence since 1908, but there had been earlier versions. The idea was to provide an agreement that masters of two ships could sign without arguing over the cost of the salvage service: the quantum being settled later by a Lloyd's Arbitrator. The agreement was No Cure – No Pay.

I could not achieve any improvement in the short term and even wondered if it was worth uprooting my family: but I did and in late September we had our first stroke of luck. An Argentinian cargo liner ran ashore on the Helen Mar Reef, on the southern side of the channel, in Indonesian waters. At low water the *Catamarca II* was high and dry. Our salvage manager, Rainer Kasel, and David Hancox from SELCO arrived at the same time. Rainer had managed Harms Argentina for some years and spoke fluent Spanish. He also had a score of Spanish jokes that cheered the old man up somewhat and he agreed to a Lloyd's Form.



Catamarca II

We mobilised two tugs, a sheerleg, and one of our mobile salvage crews. The first job was to lay out two ground tackles; our team then started discharging the containers from the deck. Once the ship had been lightened sufficiently the deck tackles were tensioned and the tugs were made fast. After a few hours the casualty was afloat and the next day was spent reloading the cargo.

The salvor acquires rights over the ship, cargo, bunkers and freight at risk if any. To release the property the owners are required to put up security. We detained the cargo that was discharged in Singapore; but allowed the vessel to sail on to Hong Kong. We had asked for 2 million Dutch Guilders, which the owners in BA had promised to put up; but by the time the vessel was nearing Hong Kong no money had been forthcoming.

Our lawyer there arranged to have the ship arrested on arrival. This worked and I had an immediate call from BA, saying that they would send the money straight away if I would arrange for the arrest to be lifted. I refused and upped my security demand to a total Dfls 3.75 million (over £1 million). I was called what I assumed were a lot of nasty names; but the money was lodged at Lloyd's at start of business on the following day and the ship was released.

When the divers had checked the area where the deck tackle anchors were laid they noticed a pattern in the coral. Rainer jettisoned one of the tackles, which gave us an excuse to go back a couple of days later. The marks on the reef proved to be the remains of a wooden ship, with a cargo of Export Ming pottery – of low value but definitely of interest. They retrieved several hundred pieces, which, when cleaned, were distributed among the staff. Six pieces remained, when I asked why I was told that they were for my secretary. I asked Kim why she had not taken her share; she replied that she could afford new porcelain, so why should she want old stuff? After about 18 months we were awarded Dfl 1.3m, including interest.

Ten months later the *Chios Captain* grounded in Bombay. The Salvage Association surveyor advised the master to sign with us. It was a hard and dirty job and the Greek owner refused to put up security for the vessel to enter the port. We towed her all the way to Singapore, venting air from the damaged double bottoms all the way – there we had the same problem. Eventually we got our security of DFIs 5 million, lodged under protest. The owner had not finished with his tricks; he got a telexed quote from a Japanese shipbuilder to effectively rebuild the ship. This quote exceeded the sound value. He contended that the vessel was a Constructive Total Loss, so there was no salvaged fund to pay out an award.



Chios Captain in a former guise as *Silvertweed*. She was finally wrecked in a typhoon in '85, as the *Dennis Carrier*, while laid up in Mariveles in the Philippines

He arranged to have the vessel towed from Singapore to the Philippines, where we heard on the grape vine that it was repaired. Our Commercial Manager said that he could get a copy of the repair invoice. In the meantime I saw in Lloyd's List that a sister ship had been sold; they quoted the price paid, so I had a 'sound value'. The owner very reluctantly agreed to a net salvaged value of £1.05 million, about DFIs 3 million. This was still well below the real value and the Arbitrator awarded us slightly more than that. This was the only time that I am aware of that a salvor has received over 100% of the NSV; the owner appealed, but the award was upheld.

Shortly after the award I was at a meeting in Rotterdam when the subject of what they called the Chaos Captain came up. In addition to the 25% of the award that I had to pay to Smit Towage, they were demanding 12.5% because they had a tug in Bombay at the time of the salvage. I refused as their tug had taken no part in the salvage and had not even allowed our salvage crew to get a hot shower on board. Somewhere in the conversation I complained that I was being screwed, and this wasn't the first time. The then President (Rom Scheffer) took umbrage and we almost ended up having a fist fight in the hollow centre of the table. That evening I was due to have supper with the International Director at his home on the coast. When I got there he gave me a silver miniature milk churn to apologise.

By now we were averaging about twenty jobs a year, about one third being Lloyd's Forms; but I had cash flow problems as the arbitrator's decisions took so long. It was usually about eighteen months before the cash was in the bank. I talked to our bankers about using the LSF's as security for loans, that didn't work. So I made two changes: in future vessels owned by us, they had previously time chartered from the parent, and I started to settle a percentage of the jobs amicably.

Many of the operations are just names to me now. In October 1980 we were in joint venture with Selco fighting a fire on the tanker *Oceanic Grandeur* off the Johore Shoal, my list shows that the total award was about S\$ 2.5 million, of which our share was about two thirds. This may have been the time that we chartered a BP VLCC to take the cargo. The Singapore pilots declined to put the tanker alongside the casualty, so our salvage officers did the job. With Rainer Kasel on one bridge wing and Ted Hosking on the other our salvage tugs did the berthing. At one point in the operation the Master of the BP tanker said that he assumed that Ted had an Extra Master's ticket to do his job, Ted who had been one of Beazley's divers, said he muttered something about being 'extra to the master.'

One evening in February 1981 my pager beeped; I went out to the car and called the office, 'Base – Mike One'. The ops room staff told me that the bulker *Yalung Career*, with a cargo of iron pellets, had grounded off the Philip Channel. These Indonesian waters were the haunt of pirates. As the ship and cargo owners couldn't agree who should be the salvor, I was faced with the possibility of doing a job as a 'Common Law Salvor' and I knew that there was no such thing as Indonesian Common Law.

I decided that I would leave it until the morning, to see if SELCO would joint venture. Shortly after eight in the morning the direct line phone on my desk rang; as he always did the caller said K a l e n b u r g, stretching it out as long as he could. We did the job together, but my salvage coordinator walked out. In all we carried out three salvage operations in 26 hours, two with SELCO, earning a total of S\$1.8 million. You get good days and bad days!

The *SA van der Stel* grounded on the Helen Mar in September 1982; surely one of the most attractive ships to come to grief there. Our team salvaged her and brought her into Singapore. With a full general cargo security became an issue; we were given a copy of the manifest and I started to guesstimate the value of the cargo. There was one significant exception - a parcel that had been loaded in Singapore, without a description. The agents couldn't, or wouldn't, give us answers. In my frustration I asked if they would accept that it was valued at US\$1,000 per ton, my rule of thumb at the time; oh yes they said. We intended to base our security calculations on that: but there seemed to be a degree of relief on the SAFMarine side, without further ado they put up an open guarantee.



SA van der Stel

It rather looks as if most of the casualties were on the Helen Mar, but we had many on the other reefs and rocks, such as Batu Berhanti. There were of course many mishaps further afield. In the same month that we re-floated the *van der Stel* the container vessel *Pacific Express* and the tanker *Botany Tribute* both ended up on Pulau Angsa, north of Kuala Lumpur. We had not long re-floated those vessels when the LASH ship *William Hooper* grounded on the same island.

In 2001 the container ship *CMA CGM Normandie* grounded on the Helen Mar. Readers may well know this vessel by her later, and final, name *MSC Napoli*. The Helen Mar Reef is now marked by a light, as is Batu Berhanti.

Food for thought

Lloyd's List Viewpoint 22 August 16

with permission of LL and the author, Cachalot Michael Grey

Who would want to be a ship's cook these days, with multinational manning requiring cook to rustle up all sorts of strange dishes to suit the palates of all? We also live in a world of fussiness and faddish behaviour when it comes to what we eat, so the poor old cook may well have to cope with vegetarians and vegans, people who only eat pulses and those who faint, if cereal touches their lips.

Hopefully a ship's crew is not as fussy as people ashore, but far from the attractions of land, food assumes a lot of importance. I have just been re-reading our former columnist Richard Woodman's *A Brief History of Mutiny* and his book contains some salutary lessons about the importance of food at sea, with murder and mayhem sometimes the result of a cavalier attitude to catering. One hopes that we have advanced somewhat from sailing ship days when, according to Richard, more than one angry crew threw their officers over the side on account of their harsh life and the quality of the hard tack. But we shouldn't become too complacent.

It is also an important contributor to health aboard ship, according to some wise words by the Steamship P&I Club. You might recall a couple of years ago that a large ship was almost totally disabled off the Bahamas when all but one of its crew went down with severe food poisoning. The US Coast Guard had to put people on board just to get them into port. On this occasion it wasn't the cook who was directly to blame, but a large fish one of the crew had caught and upon which they had most unwisely dined. The sole person not hospitalised couldn't stand fish at any price and had probably stuck to red meat, or perhaps an omelette.

As part of a campaign to keep seafarers healthy, the Steamship has partnered with the International Seafarers' Welfare and Assistance Network to produce a range of guidance on food health. In some respects it is all basic and sensible advice that used to be taught in domestic science lessons at school, let alone catering college, but the partners clearly would not have bothered if people were not being made ill aboard ship, by what they were eating.

It arguably matters rather more than it did, with ships run with absolutely no leeway as far as the manning scale might be considered. Just a couple of hands down with a bout of severe tummy trouble and the vessel might legally become unseaworthy, while breaking hours of work and rest regulations. If poisoned people have to be hospitalised and repatriated and replacements flown in, the costs start to mount up.

It also is important from the point of the Maritime Labour Convention, which enables the port state control teams to take a far more thorough look at the health and hygiene in the catering departments of ships they are inspecting. If you have ever looked at those TV programmes featuring health inspectors descending on kebab shops or hotel kitchens and finding all sorts of horrors behind the deep freeze, you will see precisely what their maritime equivalents are facing. And just as those officials ashore can bring a curry house business to a grinding halt on account of a few mouse droppings in the wrong place, you don't need a dead rat in the cold store to see a ship detained. And that is a very good thing, too.

But it is the consequences of poor food treatment and lousy hygiene that the Steamship-ISWAN messages focus upon. It is all common sense, well presented and there is really no excuse for illness if the advice is assiduously followed. It is about ensuring that the food is checked properly as it is delivered, hopefully before it is loaded, that it is stowed properly and that the expiry dates are followed. It is about a proper understanding of the need to keep raw and cooked foods separate from one another, the use of procedures to ensure that there is no cross-contamination and a great deal to do with cleanliness.

There is important advice about refrigeration, the need for appropriate temperatures and the importance of this equipment for the maintenance of health. There is attention paid to the serving of food, not least when it is presented in a buffet. The cleanliness of drinking water is also underlined as one of the essentials for on-board health, with both the tank and the water itself requiring close attention. There are still lots of places where shore water is highly suspect, but if the ship's system is contaminated, all the assurances from the agent don't count for much.

Cynics might suggest that all this concentration upon crew health and diet has an element of self interest among those producing the information, but we shouldn't worry too much about that. It is not a lot to ask that those at sea should have a good, healthy diet and what they eat should not harm them. They probably won't mutiny, unless it really is bad.

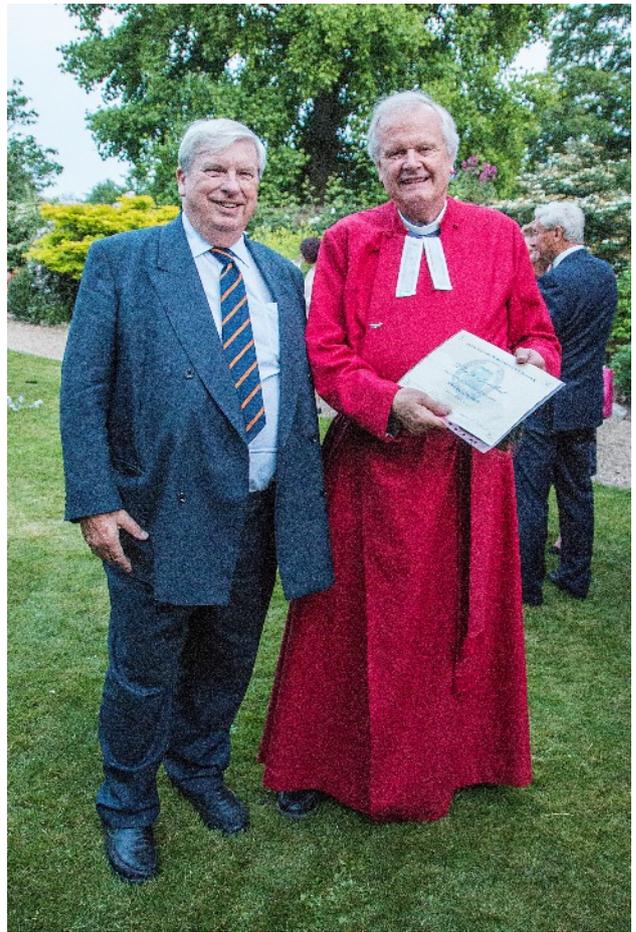
There was a Scandinavian ship owner in the 80s who, after he had whittled his crew numbers down to about the same as you would find on an aircraft, tried to feed them aircraft meals. That didn't last long. I also have memories of the explosion of rage from our master one day on the New Zealand coast, when the fresh eggs had run out and he was served up powdered egg for his breakfast. He was going to sack the entire catering staff. I suppose you could call it a sort of mutiny in reverse, but it demonstrated, in a most vivid fashion, the importance of food aboard ship.

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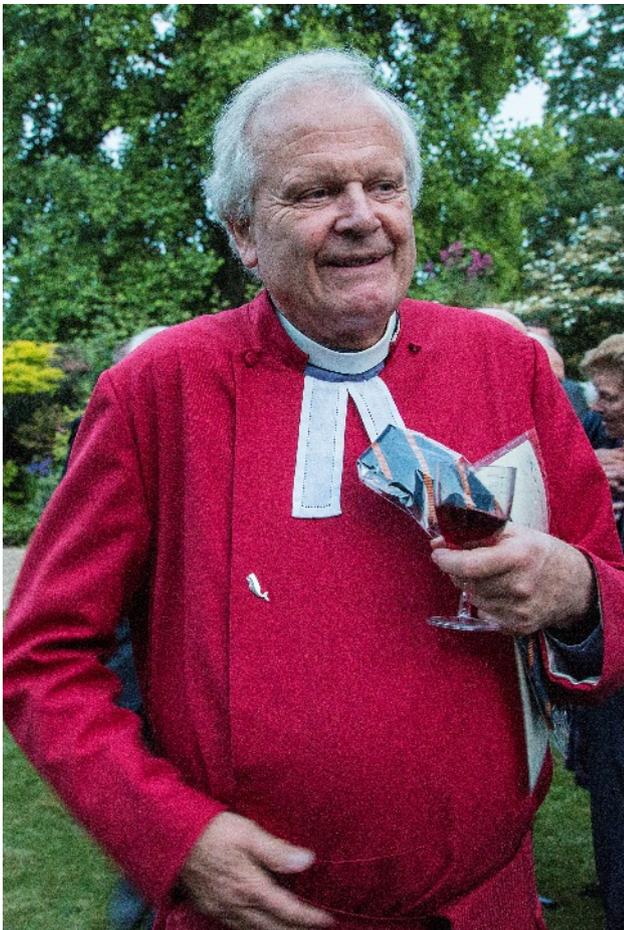
After the Shipping Festival Service - In the Dean's Garden



Can it be? A surprised James Atwell is presented with Honorary Membership of The Cachalots by Capt. Morris



With Past Captain John Noble



A happy Dean, wearing and carrying all the necessary accoutrements that become a Cachalot



And two smiling Mayors, Cllr Cathie McEwing of Southampton (left) and Cllr Jane Rutter of Winchester



Last Orders at the Seafarers' Centre

The Die-Hards who lasted to the bitter end at our last Friday session on the 29th July.

A return to familiar surroundings at the RBL

There was a crush at the bar on the first Friday back at the RBL, all clamouring for draught bitter. Most of the excited crowd didn't wish to be identified however, and stayed behind the phalanx of photographers recording the event.

This one from the trusty iPhone of Ian Thomson



Coffee & Cakes

(The home-made sort)

Friday, 7th October

1100

In the downstairs room at the RBL Club

All money raised will go to help the wonderful work done by

Macmillan Cancer Support

and any donations will be gratefully received.

Last year we raised a record **£1080**, well up on the previous **£692**. Can we beat it again?

Tabnabs to taste - or take away

Macmillan Coffee Morning

Many of us were very pleasantly surprised, if not amazed, at the tremendous sum of over a thousand pounds raised at this event last year, way up on the nearly seven hundred pounds the year before.

This year we want to enlist the help and participation of members of the RBL and hope to be able to raise even more.

We need home-made cakes/biscuits, to eat there or to take away, and any other home made or home grown produce. Also willing volunteers to help it go with a swing.

Rope Ends

New Members

John Drysdale is International Purchasing Director with Logitravel Group, dealing with International cruise sales. He was previously Managing Director of Sun Cruises (Airtours) and Island Cruises (First Choice) and former President of Grand Circle Cruise Line.

He has spent his career in the travel industry after graduating with a BA Degree in French, Spanish and Marketing from the University of Strathclyde. Starting with Intasun he moved to Airtours where he developed the Sun Cruises product, then to First Choice where he developed their new cruise product.

He has attended several Sea Pie Suppers with friend and colleague David Carter and wishes to maintain his links with the shipping industry. He lives in the Isle of Man.

Paul John Garron Hallas is Head of Fleet Operations at MBNA Thames Clippers. A Master Mariner with experience of dredgers, tugs, passenger vessels and hi-speed craft he was previously with Red Funnel as Head of Hi-speed operations before moving to Thames Clippers in 2015. He now lives in Godalming.

We have received the following message from Donald Roberts, the brother of our late Archivist, Hamish:

'We thought you may like to know that Hamish's Remains were scattered/laid to rest by his family at one of his favourite (and most beautiful) spots earlier this week. May we thank you all again for your friendship and kindness to Hamish over the years which was so much appreciated by him and by us.

Could I ask that this information is passed on to others who have been kind and helpful but whose details I don't know. This particularly applies to his friends in the Master Mariners Club who turned out in such numbers for the Thanksgiving Service in April.

It is not possible at present to say when/if we will again be in Brockenhurst but we wish you all Good Health and Happiness for the future.

Thank you.

Yours very sincerely,

Don, Dorothea, Fiona and Annette' 29th July 2016

The pictures of Hamish, as few of us will remember him, are copied from the Order of Service at his Thanksgiving Service.

Past Captain John Noble read the poem 'Epitaph on a friend'

An honest man here lies at rest,
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, and guide of youth:
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd;
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

Robert Burns



