cylinder Burmeister & Wain double-acting two-stroke diesel engines. This was not the case Instead we had snapped a massive piston rod in the number three unit of the port engine. As soon as the extent of the damage, which was restricted to the port engine, had been ascertained, the starboard engine was restarted and the voyage continued on one engine.

The Master was quickly instructed by radio, having advised Wellington and London of the problem, to turn round and head back to the nearest New Zealand port where repairs could be effected. This was Wellington.

The engine room was a shambles with all oils and water pipes to the port engine fractured and oil and water everywhere. We, the two cadets, were offered to the Chief Engineer to assist in the clean up; luckily he declined the offer.

The following day the Master thought it would be a 'good idea' for the 'two lads', the cadets, to get experience in steering the ship on one engine. What value that was I have yet to find out, but be that as it may, next day, Sunday afternoon, from noon to 4 p.m. the cadets did hour and hour about steering. The weather up to the time of the breakdown had been good but was deteriorating and a southerly was blowing up.

***Sydney Star* is seen far right, at Miramar Wharf, Evans Bay, Wellington, in early August 1952 after returning for repairs. Adding a bit of history a Tasman Empire Airways Ltd. (TEAL) flying boat is also pictured landing on the adjacent Evans Bay marine airport. TEAL was the forerunner of Air New Zealand and flew flying-boat services to Australia and the Pacific Islands.**

All was well until, in my second hour, I decided to experiment to see how little starboard rudder we had to carry to avoid running off course to port. I overdid it, the ship ran off to port and would not come back on course. The third mate who was officer of the watch (OOW) glanced over the stern and saw from the wake all was not well. He came into the wheelhouse, I think guessed what I had been doing, 'told me my fortune', and instructed me to go round in a circle and catch the ship in good time as she came back on course and not to be so stupid. The Master, who was having his afternoon tea, noticed the change in motion and came out to see what was going on. The third mate told him that I had let the ship get too far off to port and wouldn't come back, not telling him of my experiment; he came into the wheelhouse and also told me my fortune, rather more politely than the third mate. Then all was well, we were back on course. However, it confirmed to the Master that on arrival at Wellington, apart from picking up the pilot, we would require a tug to assist us in the harbour and to the berth.

We made about 8 knots on one engine so about five days later we arrived back at Wellington and with the help of a tug berthed at Miramar Wharf for repairs.

Repairs took about three weeks, removal of the wrecked unit and the engine re-figured to run on five cylinders. Before leaving for Liverpool, Lloyds required us to 'run the engine in' by going round Somes Island in Wellington Harbour for six hours. Surprise, surprise, the Master thought it would be good practice for the lads. So, the two cadets did hour and hour about going round Somes Island. We finally sailed from Wellington, arriving back at Liverpool on 25th September 1952, a day over 7 months after leaving.

BOTH IMAGES: AUTHOR

CAPTAIN GRAHAM WILLIAMS, WAIKANAE

MORE VIGNETTES FROM *ECHO* DAYS.

THE DAY ALFIE JUMPED SHIP!

Remembering how convoluted the Wairau River is and the necessity to bump the shore occasionally to knock the bows around to assist turning, it should not be a surprise to know that sometimes the manoeuvre came unstuck or perhaps more appropriately 'stuck'. This particular time the bump angle was not quite true and left the vessel stranded in the mud forward. In these circumstances it was the practice to lower the ordinary seaman (bucko) over the bows to work around aft and find a tree or other deadman to help haul her off. You see, the bucko was usually lighter and maybe wouldn't sink so far into the soft mud!

The ordinary seaman bucko on this trip was 15 year old Alfie Martin, young brother to the future President of the then Seaman's Union, Bill 'Pincher' Martin.

An older Alfie Martin at 18 shooting rabbits in the Port Hills.

This time, however, the mud was too sticky and after struggling for a few metres Alfie became bogged down, fell flat on his face in the ooze and only regained his upright with great difficulty. It soon became apparent that he was trapped as the mud was too thick and too soft for a return to the ship and far to deep to be able to make the river bank. The crew hailed a local farmer who, happily, was ploughing nearby. The farmer managed to throw a

line out to Alfie then, attaching it to his tractor, gently pulled Alfie to the bank.

Alfie was then taken up to the farmhouse, fussed over by Mrs Farmer, washed down, fed in true farmhouse fashion, then taken by car the several miles to await the ships arrival in Blenheim an hour or two later.

The *Echo* was finally refloated with the help of a local fishing boat that became a temporary line runner. Alfie was waiting on the wharf looking scrubbed and clean and was the recipient of much jeering about jumping ship, while the captain suggested he was thinking of logging him for desertion! Alfie lived with much ribbing over the next few weeks.

Raconteur Captain Angus Campbell

WHO NEEDS A BOWSPRIT, ANYWAY?

On another occasion some years later when the turning circle of the *Echo* once again refused to match the curve of the river she finished up with here bowsprit tangled in an old man willow tree. It seems the tree came off a lot better than the bowsprit.

When the vessel arrived alongside in Blenheim it was realised that the damage may take a few days to fix and cargo was waiting at both ends. Tom Eckford, the owner, devised a quick solution to this dilemma. He passed down a chain-saw to the mate and told him to saw the "bloody thing off". With such authority from the top the mate proceeded to saw the damaged portion right off. This was, of course, most of the bowsprit.

Our member Ron Palmer was the surgeon in this operation. Sadly the *Echo* was snub-nosed from then until retirement. It was the end of her having a full suit of sails and meant removal and re-rigging of the foremast stays, and some improvising of assorted other rigging that had been attached to the bowsprit and finding new anchor points around the stem-head and coamings. With the fore's'ls now gone she was left with only a bargain-sized jib.

Nothing much is new in the world but one is left wondering how many other vessels had their bowsprit chain-sawed off simply because it had become an inconvenient hindrance.

Raconteur Captain Ron Palmer.

WAY BACK WHEN.

HOW I LEARNT ABOUT THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN ADJECTIVE (GAA) AND A FEW OTHER TERMS!

The writer was on his first trip to sea, shortly after the war in 1946, in the vessel ss *Waipori, the* USSCo's largest freighter at that time. The ship was engaged in her regular inter-colonial run NZ - Sydney – Newcastle - Port Kembla – Sydney - Home

We had discharged scrap steel from Lyttelton at the BHP steelworks wharves and part-loaded new steel plate before coming down-river to berth at Merewether Quay East to load the usual deck cargo

A partly loaded deck cargo of hardwood poles. Shown aboard the freighter *Waipori* in Newcastle NSW in 1946. Vessel is berthed at Merewether Quay and Nobby's is visible at the river entrance. Image Author

of ironwood poles. The quay no longer exists these days as a commercial facility and has been re-invented as a leisure park and pleasure boat venue.

Members who remember this berth will also remember that the inviting Nobby's Beach was just over the low ridge to the south and only about 200 metres walk. Loading at this berth usually took a few days so there was plenty of opportunity for swimming. Thus it was enticing to a young 16 year old for a quick dip during the lunch hour which I did often. Being so close to town the beach was also popular with locals around midday so one was used to sharing the beach with many others.

On the day in question as I approached the beach I was surprised to see that very few people were there and no one was in the water. This did not deter hot and sweaty Kiwi teenager in the muggy Australian climate so different from temperate New Zealand and without further thought I ran down and dived in to the gentle surf that broke on the shore this day.

After disporting myself for a while I noticed a large person nearby on the beach beckoning to me in an urgent manner. I swam in and approached him a bit warily as he seemed a bit upset. I soon found out why!

In full blown Austraianese he shouted "What are ya, mate? A bloody drongo? Cantc'ha see the f- - (GAA) flag?

I didn't know what a 'drongo' was but his choleric approach rather suggested this was not the best time to find out.

His next offering while pointing at the flag hanging limply on the surf club-house, was an even more explosive "Can'tcha see the f- - (GAA) flag!!" (he was, after all, an Australian)

I replied carefully that indeed I could see his flag but being unaware what the fuss was about, except that I had somehow transgressed, I forbore to make any other comment.

He continued to harangue me in his best Australianese which contained abundant use of the 'Great Australian Adjective' and, to be fair, a smattering of the King's English. (George VI was still on the throne at this time).

It eventually transpired that the beach was closed and the flag flying was the shark warning flag and as such had been broadcast on the local wireless station and the main entrances to the beach closed and patrolled.

Naturally I had heard none of this and the track from the wharf had been neglected as it was little used by the public and only drongo young seamen would have approached the beach this way! Seems I was a 'drongo' for not realising this immediately.

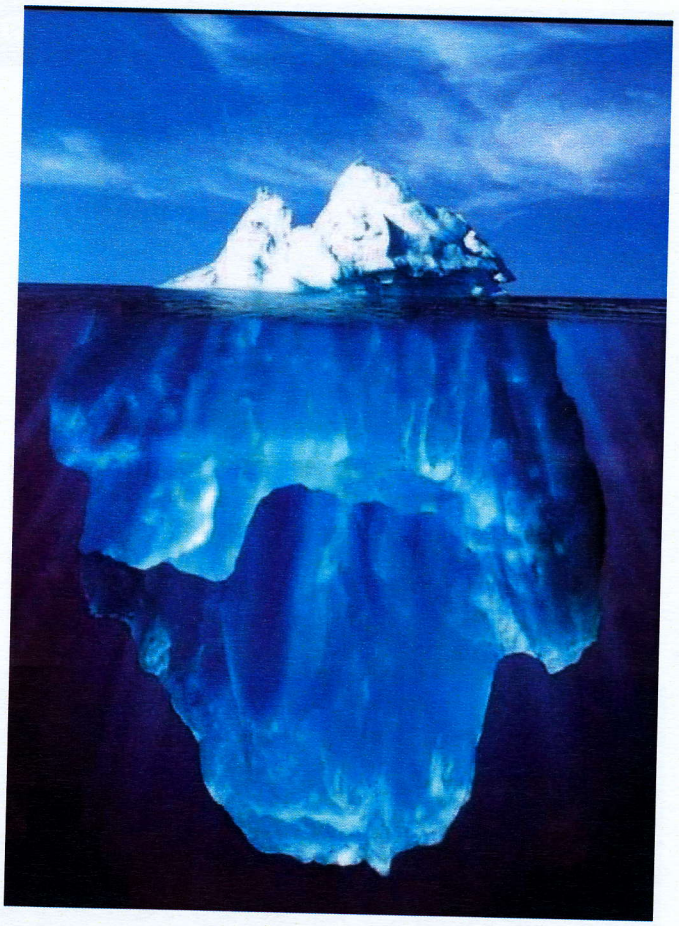
Apparently, I was more than lucky I hadn't been attacked by a shark and my luck was described to me in a lengthy, continuing loud dialogue interjected with somewhat unnecessarily course terms. (I did mention he was an Australian, didn't I?) No verbal quarter was given me but I always remember this episode whenever I pace our long New Zealand empty beaches – no people – no flags –no sharks. Wouldn't that Aussie have hated living here?

The fact that I am relating this anecdote should prove that I lived to survive all this but, generally with recall, I wonder if meeting with the shark may have been the better option rather than the wounded pride to my 16 year old cool. Yes, I was very upset at it all. Perhaps the shark may have been less garrulous?

Y'know, however, that Aussie did educate me far better than my shipmates ever did. I learned words and phrases my English master of a few weeks previously had never taught me.

In retrospect, it is true that the odd Australian and a few tourists do seem to get eaten by sharks somewhat more often than, say, Africans get eaten by lions, tigers and other assorted carnivores but how would a young 'bucko' kiwi have known that on his first trip to sea?

Raconteur 'Drongo'



IS THIS REAL?

This dramatic picture of an iceberg weighing approximately 300 million tonnes has been represented as taken by a drilling rig manager off the coast of Newfoundland.

Supposedly, the water was calm and the sun was almost directly overhead so that the diver was able to get into the water and take the picture.

But how could anyone take such a picture? The maximum visibility in water is 200 feet (61m). You could never see the underside of an iceberg that size in one shot - and where does all the light come from at that depth?

In fact, the picture is not real. It is a digital composite by Ralph Clevenger, a nature and underwater photographer who finds the stories circulating about his 'impossible' picture amusing.

Four separate images were used; the sky, the background, the top iceberg (shot in Antarctica), and the underwater iceberg (shot above water in Alaska and flipped upside down).

The picture does, however, accurately represent the amount of an iceberg that is hidden underwater. It was designed to illustrate the concept of 'what you see is not necessarily what you get'.

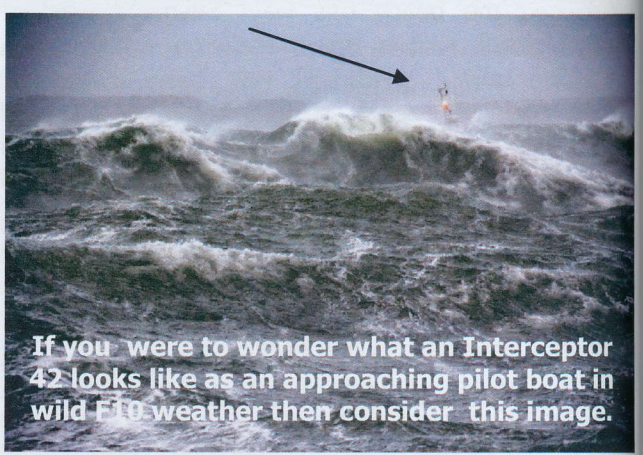
The image is marketed by *Successories* as *The Essence*

HEAVY SURF SEA TRIALS FOR NEW PILOT BOAT DESIGN.

Safehaven Marine took perfect advantage of heavy weather and surf off the coast of Cork, Ireland last December, and conducted heavy surf sea trials of one of the new Interceptor 42's before it was delivered to Adani Hazira Port in India. The Interceptor 48 is a self-righting all weather pilot and rescue boat. Some of its capability may be seen in the pictures shown on the day of the trials.

That week, Safehaven was out conducting acceptance trials for an Interceptor 42 patrol vessel in very demanding conditions.

Safehaven Marine's Frank Kowalski explains: "Sea conditions were 'phenomenal' on the day. We were on acceptance trials 4 miles southwest of Roches Point in storm force conditions, on the Adani Interceptor 42, when we were hit with near hurricane force winds of over 80mph, we had no choice but to heave to for a while"



If you were to wonder what an Interceptor 42 looks like as an approaching pilot boat in wild F10 weather then consider this image.

PRINCIPAL DIMENSIONS – Interceptor 42

Length overall: 13.8m
Length moulded: 12.9m
Beam moulded: 4.0m
Beam overall: 4.2m
Draft: 1.28m
Displacement (approx): 15,600kg (lightship)
(18,200kg loaded)
Fuel capacity: 1,900 litres
Range with 10% reserve at MCR (22kts): 227nm
Water capacity: 170 litres
Crew capacity: 2 crew and 10 passengers
Total capacity: 12 passengers
Engines: 2x Caterpillar C12 570hp @ 2300rpm
Generator: Paguro 6kw
Speed Maximum: 25kts
Speed Cruise @ MCR: 22kts

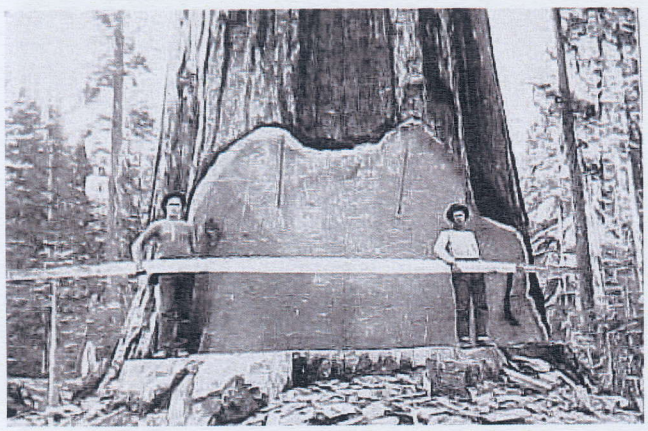
Photos courtesy *Safehaven Marine*

A BLAST FROM THE PAST.

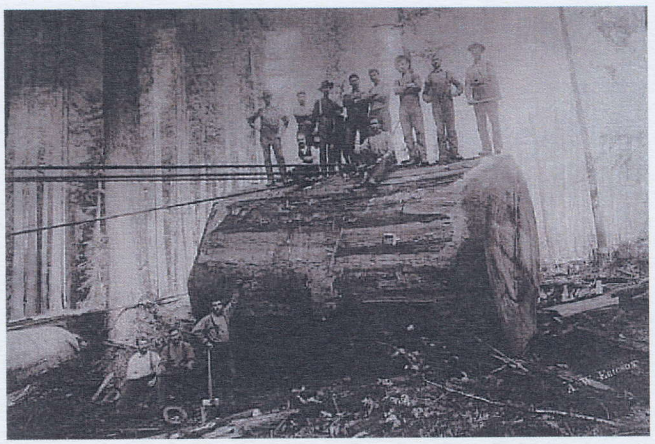
For well over 100 years, until about the 1960s New Zealand ships have been carrying softwoods from the Canadian and US Pacific coasts. This article is a reminder of how these cargoes were produced in the early days. Many of our New Zealand kauri trees were of similar size but with fewer woodsmen and lumber infrastructure were not as cost-efficient to fell.

Before chainsaws were developed, the logging industry in the United States and Canada was a seriously challenging occupation, and we are only talking about 90 years ago. In the Pacific Northwest there were forests full of monster redwood and cedar trees and cutting them down was done by hand.

Look at the length of the heavy duty axes above and the two-man hand saws in the image below, that they used to drop these tremendous trees. It is almost inconceivable to think of cutting down a tree this size with a hand saw.



The work required very strong men (and horses) working long days for minimal pay.



Could one imagine doing this to earn a living in the 21st century? How would OSH or the trade unions react?

After a tree was finally felled, it took a week or more to cut it up into sections that could be managed (somehow) and transported by train to a lumber yard.

Manoeuvring the logs down the mountain to the train was a complex job. There is little research on this, but it would a good bet that many men lost their lives doing this dangerous work. One slip and a hunk of wood as big as an old style local hotel is rolling your way! The other question that begs an answer is...how did they get those logs up onto the flatbeds of that train?

1920 log road transport **Mobile home?**

Hollowed out logs became the company's mobile office. Can you imagine stacking such logs to build a log home?Two courses would produce a 30' ceiling. Maybe that's why it was easier to hollow out a tree. A long time before anyone ever thought of a 'mobile home or RV', hollowed out logs were also used to house and feed the logging crews. We are accustomed to our modern conveniences like electricity and gasoline powered chainsaws, and it is always such mind-boggling experience to see how such monumental tasks were performed before these conveniences appeared on the scene. The pictures above show a hollowed-out log made into a 'travel trailer'.

The pipelay vessel *Lewek Centurion*, owned by Emas and chartered by Cecon, anchored on the Den Helder/Texel roads. - *Photo Paul Schaap*

Image Vladimir Tonic courtesy gCaptain

***Marie Mærsk,* 22 October 2013 at DSME shipyard**
Vladimir Tonic Maersk Triple-E class containership number 4 of a series of 20 new-builds , the *Marie Mærsk* which has since departed the shipyard to pick up containers at Vostochnyy, the largest port in the Russian far east.
(Triple E denotes: E for efficiency; E for environment; E for economy)