



***New Zealand Company of
Master Mariners***

ON DECK

September 2011



Do you want to join the the Merchant Navy?

OK, but maybe sailing aboard a cruise liner would be a better option?



Maybe not!



The New Zealand Company of Master Mariners

***Incorporated under the patronage of His Excellency
Lieutenant General The Right Honourable Sir Jerry
Mateparae GNZM, QSO T e Kāwana Tianara o
Aotearoa Governor-General of New Zealand***

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General Secretary, Captain W.G. Compson

Council Members, Captain J. Frankland

Captain A. Cooke

Captain R. A. J. Palmer

Captain T. J. Wood

On Deck is the Official Journal of the NZ Company of Master Mariners

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www.hcmm.org.uk

**The Company of Master Mariners
of Canada**
www.mastermariners.ca

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www.mastermariner.org

**The International Ship Masters'
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Master Mariners India
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Association**
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ners Club.**
cachalots.org.uk

**Master Mariners Association of
Tasmania.**
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THE 2011 RUGBY WORLD CUP IN NEW ZEALAND

THE NEW ZEALAND COMPANY OF MASTER MARINERS
CONGRATULATE AND APPLAUD THE ALL BLACKS
ON THEIR SUCCESS IN WINNING THE
RUGBY WORLD CUP



EDITORIAL

What's it for?

Perhaps it's about time that we asked what's it for, what this publication, *On Deck*, is all about.

So what do we, the members, think in answer In this question.. what's it for?

Is *On Deck* supposed to get the NZ Company of Master Mariners better known? In other words, is *On Deck* meant In publicise the Company?

Or, is *On Deck* supposed to raise the Company's image to show that it is an up-market professional organisation?

Or is it supposed to provide a link between individual branches, and a link between members?

Or, is *On Deck* supposed to achieve all of the above or some of the above?

Or, is *On Deck* no more than a waste of money?

Sometimes a magazine conducts a readership survey, in an endeavour In find out what readers really want. It's always helpful for an editor to know more about his readers, more about what they really think of his efforts.

This is why the Editor and the Editorial Committee really do want to find out what readers think., what role should *On Deck* be playing, how well it is achieving that role.

There are all sorts of other questions which the Editor and the Editorial Committee would like to hear answered. For instance, what should be the role of the Editor, the Editorial Committee and indeed the publisher.

How often should the magazine appear. annually, bi-annually, quarterly, monthly?

And of course, related to the previous sentence, how often can the New Zealand Company of Master Mariners afford to produce a publication of this standard? Should the standard be lowered, or the annual subscription to the Company be increased?

The answers to all these sorts of questions, and others not listed here, will make the job of the Editor and the Editorial Committee a little easier.

More importantly, the answers will enable *On Deck* to more accurately reflect the interests and aspirations of its readers

And that's what its all about.

Robert H. Stott, CEO Southern Press and member of your Editorial Committee.

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2nd



Leader

Passage Planning

WHAT IS FORCE MAJEURE ASHORE?

Force majeure: irresistible compulsion or coercion or unforeseeable course of events; excusing from fulfilment of contract. *Concise Oxford Dictionary*

The term has been in use and opinions aired frequently of late due to the consequences of the Christchurch earthquakes and the impact on some types of insurance contracts. The term was briefly mentioned in the March issue of *On Deck*, in the short article regarding collision/allision as it can also be associated with maritime accident claims and enquiries that apportion fault. Our members, while understanding most of those marine applications may not be fully aware of its terrestrial implications. Some of our members live in active geological areas while others have investments or are involved in trading activities.

While being competent in the marine environment and its vagaries and phenomena we are not always entirely up with the play ashore. Ship-mates are usually dependable, caring, trustworthy and honest. But shore-mates??

I copy below, for interest, a short explanation as distributed in *Fineprint* a news sheet distributed by NZ Law.

"Since the Christchurch earthquakes and, indeed, many of the other natural disasters that have been thrown at the world this year, you may have heard the term force majeure and not know exactly what it means.

French for 'superior force', force majeure is a term most usually found in legal contracts that frees both parties from an obligation or a liability against an extraordinary event that is

out of their control. These off-the-wall events are usually earthquakes (yes, we know all about them), volcanic eruptions, tsunamis, flooding and so on. It's not an event where the other party goes bankrupt, you are attending a funeral, a sudden rainstorm floods out an event, union labour has called a strike or there is negligence from either party.

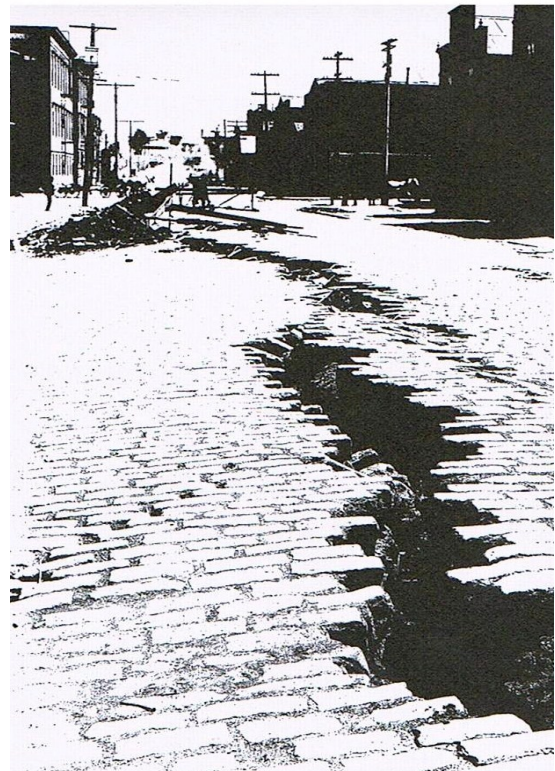
The purpose of a force majeure clause in a contract is to relieve one of the parties from an obligation under that specific contract.

Canterbury businesses may not have had a force majeure clause in contracts until the recent earthquakes, but they may be included more frequently from now on."

Natural phenomena doesn't play by the rules and as all seamen are aware it doesn't necessarily play fair.

With all that has been happening in this country lately it shouldn't be necessary to remind members to check the fine print before committing to any contract.

Italic text copied from Fineprint, Winter 2011; NZ LAW Limited's client newsletter for member firms. Author: Adrienne Olsen.





TO MASTER'S ORDERS



Captain A.C. Payne NEW ZEALAND COMPANY OF MASTER MARINERS

It is with pleasure that I submit my report for the last twelve months.

Membership

Our membership as at 30th March is **240** which is an addition of **4** from last year.

Auckland Branch Members:

Ordinary	86	Life	4	Honorary	4
Friends/Assoc. 2					
Total 96					

Christchurch Branch Members

Ordinary	42	Life	1	Honorary	2
Total 45					

Tauranga Branch Members

Ordinary	29	Life	2
Total 96			

Wellington Branch Members

Ordinary	59	Life	2	Honorary	3
Friends/Assoc. 6					
Total 70					

Our 8 Life members are:-

Captain Max Dean
Auckland Editor. Retired Union Co.
Captain Tony Gates
Past Warden. Retired British India.
Captain John Twomey
Past Master. Gen. Secretary/Treasurer, Warden. Retired Port Employers.
Captain Edgar Boyack
Retired Nautical Advisor Marine Department
Captain Jim Glyde
Past Warden. Past Gen. Secretary/Treasurer.
Captain Jim Varney
Retired Auckland Harbourmaster.

Captain Fred Kelner
Past Warden. Retired Union Co.
Captain Gavin Dennison
Tauranga Editor.
Captain Gordon Rutherford
Branch Secretary, Surveyor
Captain John Brown
Past Master, Master NZ Railways, USSCo and Wellington Pilot.

Our 9 Honorary members are:-

Rev Bill Law
Chaplain, Auckland Branch
Piers Davies
Honorary Solicitor, Auckland
Dr J Frew
Retired Port Doctor, Auckland
Alister Macalister
Honorary Solicitor, Wellington
H McMorran
Retired longtime Gen Secretary/Auditor
Rev J Pether
Chaplain, Mission To Seafarers, Wellington
John Woodward
Honorary Solicitor, Christchurch
George Hill
Christchurch

New Members:

5 new members joined during the year and I welcome Captains:
Qio, Auckland.
Fleming, Wellington.
Hadley Christchurch
Webb, Christchurch.
Larry Robbins transferred from Honorary to full membership in Auckland under naval officer commanding banner.

Shifting ship

Captain W, D. (Bill) Mouat transferred from Christchurch to Wellington.
Three others retired from membership.

Bereavement/Illness

It is with regret that I report the deaths of Captains George Carter, Auckland, Bob Fozard, Derek Grimmer and Edgar Boyack all from Wellington and Paul Manser of Christchurch.

On 30th October 2010 the, then Christchurch Warden, Captain Richard Knight was rushed to hospital with a burst aorta. He is recovering slowly but not in any condition to carry out any sort of office duty and has resigned from the Christchurch committee. We wish him well and as speedy a recovery as may be expected.

Finances

The consolidated accounts have been affected by the decision to fully fund the spring edition of 'On Deck' and the subsequent re-establishing of the levy increase to cover the publishing of this very worthwhile organ. This has, however, left the Company in somewhat straitened circumstances.

Management

Reports from the General Secretary have been distributed on a three-monthly basis as required by the rules. Branch Committees have met regularly and their minutes received by the General Secretary. (in saying this, the Christchurch Branch have had considerable problems due to the damage suffered by their normal venues from earthquakes and continuing aftershocks).

Publications

Branch Newsletters have been received by the General Secretary from all branches, with some disruption to Christchurch for the above mentioned reasons. It is with regret that we are advised that Captain Twomey feels that he can no longer publish their newsletter. We also receive newsletters from sister organisations overseas. The .pdf copies of *On Deck* sent out have garnered very favourable responses from a number of

recipients and, in a number of cases, .pdf copies of their own publications. While it was envisaged that *On Deck* could become a twice-a-year publication the autumn copy suffered from lack of funding and was sent out as a .pdf copy only. It still, as with Branch Newsletters, suffers from a struggle for contributions from members. Its sheer size may have something to do with that, 78 pages is a large magazine.

Web Page

The Company web page is still running, and with the facility of persons being able to comment on articles if they so wish. For a while the home page lost its distinctive format, but I see that has returned. Again it suffers from lack of input by members. I find it hard to believe that ex. masters after years of report writing cannot put pen to paper, or fingers to computer keyboards, and share their myriad experiences. This applies to branch newsletters and *On Deck* too. Perhaps Auckland and Tauranga could at least forward their meeting dates for inclusion, along with contact details, phone and email, in order that a visitor can get to a meeting if he is in town at the right time.

On that note, it has been my hope that I might visit branches to show my face and obtain some feedback from members. Unfortunately Mother Nature has put paid to those plans up till now, firstly with my wife's stroke, in 2009, and then my bout with spinal stenosis, in the first few months of this year. I still haven't given up on the idea of visits though. After a couple of very expensive u-bolt like fittings in my back I feel like a new man, well, nearly. I feel Christchurch has enough to put up with. They probably need me rocking up about as much as they need another aftershock.

Vice Regal

I would like to thank Captains John Brown, immediate past Master, and Ron Palmer, Wellington branch Warden, for attending, in March, the Patronage Reception held at the

newly refurbished Government House by The Right Honourable Sir Anand Satyanand and Lady Susan Satyanand. This was to recognise and thank those organisations with whom they have enjoyed a close relationship throughout their term of office.

Incoming Governor General Lieutenant General Sir Jerry Mateparae has been invited to continue the association with the New Zealand Company of Master Mariners.

General

Wellington is probably heaving a collective sigh of relief that we are holding this AGM in Auckland. I thank them, and the Bay Plaza Hotel, for the excellent manner in which they have hosted the AGM for the last few years.

This is my second report and I feel that not as much has been achieved as we had all hoped. Although the Company had representatives at the QOL consultations and we were kept in the loop throughout, I still have an uneasy feeling that we are being pandered to, to a certain extent. The lack of real maritime experience at MNZ, and the lack of clout of anyone who might really know what they are talking about are worrying.

There seems to be a problem in QOL with skills obtained in one branch of the industry being catered for in the way of carrying over to another branch and the relevant sea time being credited. I seem to remember hearing this being discussed somewhere. Certainly the industry needs to be brought into the modern day but we need to ensure that the rules and regulations are workable and accepted internationally. They also need to be such that people are not deterred from trying to improve themselves.

When I was an apprentice on British ships I sailed with quite a few deck officers who had come up *through the*

hawse pipe as the saying was. There were also a good many ex-fishermen and ex-Royal Navy personnel of all ranks who were excellent seamen in their own right but wanted something different or, in the case of the RN, were being let go as the Fleet returned to peace time levels. The number of men lost during the war meant that there was an extreme shortage and, although the rules would not have been breached, they were certainly treated fairly liberally in order to make sure trade continued. Believe it or not, I even met one man who had found his niche at sea, despite being drafted into the navy from his job as a newspaper reporter. There was also the terrible prospect of National Service, which could be avoided by being in the MN. (I'm not convinced that the MN was much of a step up from National Service). This resulted in a very interesting mix of personnel and skill levels and a surprising amount of knowledge went both ways. Surely the prospect of people shifting from one branch of the industry to another shouldn't be a great barrier. The size of the New Zealand fleet and lack of deep sea vessels is surely enough of a problem.

I can remember one Master I sailed with, watching the performance on deck as the ship prepared for sea, and muttering about 'Harry Tate's Navy'. This was a disparaging reference, much like 'Fred Karno's Army' was ashore, to complete chaos. By the end of the trip however the crew would have gelled into a very credible whole. There was much pride in doing a good job and also the ingrained lessons that had been learned during the war, that you did it right the first time or it could be your last. Sadly that ethos seems to be, largely, a thing of the past.

I do feel that MNZ should carry out examinations for qualifications, but there

is, almost certainly, going to be a struggle to find suitable personnel to be examiners. There is probably going to be much thought given, by suitable people, to the proposal to shift into a, probably, comparatively low paid job, which could well disappear with a change of Government and policies. This also presupposes that we still have people to be examined, given the lack of interest by ALL N.Z. political parties in the cleanest, and probably cheapest, form of transport in the country. Of course the nautical academies will still have overseas students and Kiwi's wanting time in New Zealand will come back to sit their tickets and do the classroom part of their studies.

New Zealand's maritime future?

For a nation surrounded by water the lack of encouragement for sea transport is, in my view, criminal. Politicians seem bewildered by the fact that they are not treated like minor gods, yet they persist in their blinkered thinking and pandering to the road lobby.

It is interesting to note how quickly the Port of Lyttelton returned to relative normality and how quickly their plans for repair of damaged port facilities were in place. The sea does not have to be repaired, unlike roads, and congestion is not a major problem around our coast. There is a proposal to truck rubble from demolished city buildings directly to Lyttelton for use in reconstruction of the port rather than double-handling it. The RNZN are to be congratulated for their speedy response in bringing essential equipment, personnel, meals and support to a traumatised city and its surrounds. HMNZS Canterbury, among others, gave great support to her namesake province.

Thanks

In closing I wish to record my heartfelt thanks to General Secretary/Treasurer Captain Bill Compson and to the Branch Wardens, Committees and Newsletter Editors for their continuing efforts.

A D C Payne
Master Emeritus

Comparative mode transport costs

Without shipping the import and export of goods on the scale necessary for the modern world would not be possible. Seaborne trade continues to expand, bringing benefits for consumers across the world through competitive freight costs. Thanks to the growing efficiency of shipping as a mode of transport and increased economic liberalisation, the prospects for the industry's further growth continue to be strong.

Between 2000 and 2007, (latest figures available) the value of world trade grew by 12 per cent, whilst total freight costs during this period increased by around half this figure, demonstrating the falling unit costs of transportation, including those of ocean freight. In addition, analysis carried out by UNCTAD suggests that the ratio of the various freight costs to import values continues to decline, and that total freight costs in world trade still represent, on average, less than 6 per cent of the import value (or shelf price) of consumer goods.

Although the shipping industry has enjoyed record markets and freight rates in recent years, freight costs for consumer goods have historically represented only a small fraction of the shelf price, and continuous improvements in technology and efficiency have helped ensure maritime transport costs remain very competitive.

Comparative Fuel consumption kWh(fuel) per tonne/km

Ship over 8000 tonnes	0.06
Ship 2000-8000 tonnes	0.08
Rail	0.13
Road Medium Lorry	0.49
Aircraft B727-200 (1200 km flight)	4.07

CO2 Emissions grams per tonne/km

Train (2000 tonne load)	12
Ship over 8000 tonnes	15
Ship 2000-8000 tonnes	21
Road 40 tonne heavy truck-trailer	50
Aircraft 747-500 (1200 mile flight)	540

It seems our Ministry of Transport is either not aware of or ignores these figures for their own agenda. Otherwise why would they still be recommending spending multi-millions of dollars on those '*roads of national importance*' with such enthusiasm while seemingly discouraging the parallel development of cheaper and cleaner sea or rail transport? Strange things happen at sea but in this case it would seem that strange advice can be given to ministers in the halls of power, as well.



LETTERS



APPRENTICES OR CADETS?

An error that frequently crops up in nautical publications is the use of the terms Apprentices and Cadets in a synonymous manner. Sure, the young men did the same sort of work, but whereas Apprentices signed indentures with the ship-owner, a Cadet did not. Furthermore, Cadets signed the ship's Articles of Agreement (a contract with the Master), whereas Apprentices did not, since they were already contracted to the ship-owner. However, in many maritime publications, these terms are often interchangeable. From personal experience, some of the 'big ship' lads liked to call themselves Cadets when in reality, having signed indentures, they were in fact Apprentices. I have several mates who served their time with the likes of British India and the New Zealand Shipping Company who fell into this category, whether it was from snobbery or the term Cadet seeming more professional, it is hard to say.

In the April number of *Shipping Today and Yesterday* Mr. G. Smithers of King's Lynn mentions that his own indenture document contained a line saying that he was not allowed to drink or visit a house of ill repute'.

I guess the indentures would vary from ship-owner to ship-owner because I see from mine with the Hain Steamship Company of London that this line is not included. Nor did my parents have to pay a premium to the Company for employing me. Where Mr. Smithers and I have something in common is that we both received six months remission of sea-service from having attended the Training Ship Mercury down on the Hamble River.

As it is fortyfour years since I emigrated to New Zealand I guess I may be forgiven for being out of touch with current conditions of employment for intending ship's officers aboard UK registered ships, what there are left of them! I understand, however, that Indentured Apprentices are no longer employed. Why is this I wonder?

Clive Spencer

GOOD FOOD AND CONDITIONS BUT CAPTAIN COOK ERA NAVIGATION TOOLS

I enjoyed Ivan Cloherty's letter in the June edition of *Shipping* on the subject of Home Trade shipping and apologise to Home Traders I did not intend to suggest in any way that Home Trade qualified officers were in any way less competent.

My own learning curve of coasting came with the Union Steam Ship Company Ltd of New Zealand whose Trans-Tasman and New Zealand coastal ships were poorly equipped with navigational aids and were required to make landfalls and coastal passages in waters that were not particularly well lit in parts. In the 1960s most of their so called 'Slow Green' trans-Tasman cargo ships did not have radar, gyro compasses or automatic pilots.

It was like Captain Cook era navigation but with the generous supply of one electric kettle to make a brew of cocoa or coffee while on watch. It was all old fashioned traditional navigation and overcast skies often meant a day or two without sun sights and making landfalls based on estimated positions.

I spent a few months on the ill-fated 2,485 ton collier *Kaitawa* some months before she was lost with all hands on the notorious Pandora Bank near Cape Reinga in the northernmost part of New Zealand. Her master Captain George Sherlock was a very experienced and competent captain, from Britain originally, and knew the collier run from Auckland to the West Coast of the South Island very well. She went down in stormy seas in the evening of 20th May 1966 and managed to broadcast only two half coherent radio distress messages. She and other Union Company coastal ships were only fitted with very limited range valve radio telephones and the area around Cape Reinga was a noted blind spot for RT broadcasts. Her loss sent a shiver down my spine and like all other Union Company men we felt *'there but for the grace of God go I'*. It was all too easy to envisage what it had been like on the bridge of that ship in the last 30 minutes or so of the *Kaitawa's* life in seas of such immense ferocity.

I sailed with George Sherlock and most of the crew a few months earlier as Second Mate and knew exactly what their anxieties would have been as she steamed up the West Coast of the North Island trying to keep a safe distance to the West of Pandora Bank and at the same time not going too far out to sea to be beyond the visible range of Cape Reinga light, to mark their landfall position on a night of intense rain squalls. That was Home Trade coasting at its worst at a time when the majority of world merchant ships were already equipped with radar and gyro compasses.

Some years later as a journalist I covered the loss of a small Northern Steam Ship Coaster the *Maranui* in the Bay of Plenty area of New Zealand again during a storm. Her grain cargo had shifted in the shocking weather and she capsized and sank. Some of her crew took to a life raft but only a few survived after the Norwegian captain of the freighter *Mirra-booka*, Captain Thorsten Wahlstedt, with great skill managed to find the drifting and wildly tossing life raft on a very dark night and give the survivors a chance to grab the nets and lines he had rigged over the side of the ship. Only six of the Maranui crew survived.

Home Trade coastal shipping was always in my view the most demanding and dangerous form of shipping in comparison with sailing deep-sea. You could learn more in a month or so of Home Trade coasting than you often could after some years of deep sea voyages on larger ships. It was always very hands on and sometimes down to '*watch the next wave to stay alive*' stuff.

I am sure having studied and passed The Theory of Navigation paper to get a Second Mate's ticket which was one of the only major differences between a home trade and foreign going ticket then, would not have made the slightest differences to an officer's competence in those coastal conditions. It was all down to a thorough practical knowledge of navigation and good seamanship which was required of all officers both home trade and foreign going. I certainly preferred to sail deep sea on larger ships, for safety reasons! The Union Steam Ship Company of New Zealand only hired officers with Foreign Going certificates in my time, as most of its services were foreign going, but all officers could, and most did, find themselves serving on the

company's coastal runs including its small fleet of colliers and the Inter Island Steamer Express service from Wellington to Lyttelton, from time to time.

The coastal ships did not carry radio officers so watchkeeping officers had to sit a radio telephone operator's course and man the radio watches as well, and also calculate crew wages every two weeks. The later was the responsibility of the second mate on coasters. Its colliers did not normally carry third mates so bridge watch-keeping was split between the mate and second mate.. It was a busy life!

Most of its officers were recruited from major British shipping lines who like myself had never sailed in anything under about 5,000 tons gross before. Its masters were required to obtain pilotage exemption certificates at the New Zealand ports the ships called at and that gave its foreign going qualified masters intimate knowledge and experience of berthing their own ships. The best of both worlds as far as experience is concerned.

Roy Vaughan

MOVING PROHIBITED ZONE

A number of local authorities in New Zealand are introducing Moving Prohibited Zones around ships over 500 tons. How does this work? How are ships over 500 tons identified by night and day? How is the rule enforced? How does it fit in with the unique New Zealand 500 ton 'not to impede' rule? How is the small vessel informed that a larger vessel is approaching especially from around a headland? Who removes the small vessel if it finds itself in a fast moving prohibited zone if there is no wind for a sailing vessel or if the small vessel has run out of fuel, cannot start its engine or lift its anchor quickly? What rights does the large vessel have if a risk of collision exists? Would it be easier to make a shipping lane for the exclusive use by ships over 500 tons only and tell all the small vessels to stay at home? This appears to be a copy of a rule made in Southampton some years ago which is used very rarely for VLCC tankers and when enforced it requires six patrol boats to accompany the large vessel and shepherd small craft away!

J A Brown

NUESTRA SENORA DEL CARME THE LAST TURRET SHIP

Captain Ivor Owen's most interesting article about turret ships in the September 2010 *On Deck* magazine was of particular interest to me since I was once fortunate in passing close to what is generally regarded as being the last vessel of this type.

'Way back' in 1960 I was serving as 3rd Mate in Denholm's ore carrier *Arisaig* and one fine morning when steaming down the Portuguese coast and somewhere to the North of the Burlings this odd looking vessel was spotted dead ahead and so a small alteration of course to starboard became necessary. Our Shetland Islands Master, Captain Cromarty, must have been doing a spot of porthole navigating because it was not long before he appeared on the bridge to see why I had altered course.

The old timer we were shortly to pass turned out to be the Spanish steamer *Nuestra Senora del Carme*, the only turret ship I ever saw. From memory she appeared to be fairly smart and well maintained. It did not strike me at the time that I was witnessing a piece of maritime history and I now regret not having taken my camera when I went on watch.

Captain Owen mentions this survivor from the late 19th century in the concluding paragraph of his article.

It was in March 1963 that the Bilbao registered *Nuestra Senora del Carme* met her end by being wrecked a few miles from the town of Sitges on Spain's Mediterranean coast. I believe that at the time of her loss she was in the hands of ship-breakers.

At 68 years of age she had certainly been a great credit to her British builder. She had, however, spent her entire life under the Spanish ensign.

Clive Spencer

IS IT BECOMING TOO MUCH?

This letter expresses my disquiet about the conclusions drawn by Capt Zain Juvalé in his Lloyd's List article suggesting mariners having a high suicide rate. This is not only largely hard to accept and but especially when it is linked to fatigue. If seafarers had a high

suicide rate in days gone by it could possibly have been linked to alcohol.

A survey completed in the 1980's suggested that the occupations with the highest rate of sclerosis of the liver were company directors, master mariners and ships' chief engineers. I am unaware if this survey was totally scientific or whether the paradigm is still the case. There may be some grounds for a high suicide rate on today's container ships with the excessively reduced crews perhaps, but then I doubt it.

Just think back to the tankers of the by-gone era; days and days at sea with perhaps a day, but no more than two, in a port berthed far away from the city/town and then back to the Persian Gulf which had nothing to offer but oppressive heat. We all would have all sailed with some of those guys who suffered the 'Abadan Blues'. They were often eccentric or excessive drinkers but one never heard of a high suicide rate amongst them. The booze may have claimed a few as did religion. These ships were also prime targets during World War 11.

Did they get the counselling, support or compassion that seems to be the politically correct norm today for everything upwards from a broken finger nail? No. They/we did not!

It is perturbing how fatigue is blamed for a lot of the collisions, grounding and accidents. This did not occur years ago when many ships carried two mates and the Master never did a watch. Mates worked 4 on 4 off and even operated the dog watch so that the Master never had to relieve on the bridge for the evening meal.

Lack of sleep was accepted and it was hard going when a ship would sail from say, Dunedin, and call at Oamaru and Timaru on the same day and load for 3 ports north. After Timaru it was some 7 hours to Lyttelton for a 7am start and a night or two in port if you were lucky. The mates would be on deck all day supervising the loading/discharging with the stevedoring supervisor and then to a party or the pub at night.

We did have camaraderie among the mates and masters as did the seamen. Suicide was never contemplated. Apart from the worry of the ship the next biggest worry was where to find the time for some social occasion or when we were going to be able to spend a little time at home with the family. Now-a-days

they do 4 on and 8 off - still only two mates but the Master does a watch and yet they still claim fatigue. Possibly such contemporary seafarers are becoming effete.

At the fear of being accused of living in the past I seriously consider that one of the current problems is the luxurious set up of the ship's bridge with the, almost 'Lazy Boy' style pilot chairs. Do they need to be removed to prevent the sole person on the bridge from falling asleep? I don't really go that far but what I do suggest is a 'dead mans' button that sounds off an alarm heard throughout the vessel if it is not attended to every 20 minutes or so. The *Straitsman* has been the only recent vessel that I have sailed in with this system. The *Jaguar* had one but it had been disconnected and ruined beyond repair.

I vigorously disagree with that recent article written by a staff captain who relieved on a coastal vessel in the UK. He sings the praises of watching videos on TV while on watch and having a bridge which was designed for social gatherings where the crew gathered for drinks etc. The over promoted stamp-lickers, accountants and other similar type maritime igna rðymass who now have much of the say in shipping companies and maritime matters would agree with such thinking, especially if it helps to reduce manpower aboard the ships.

For my part that staff captain was not a sailor and would never be a sailor while he embraces such averse philosophies. His qualifications are probably best suited to socialise, mingle and entertain passengers; certainly not in navigation. I wouldn't carry him across the harbour on my yacht let alone have him as a deck officer.

As a counterpoint to my remarks above it was reported in late June that a locomotive engineer had been thrown right through his locomotive windscreen and down an embankment after a violent collision with a rock slide across the track. The area was remote, but despite some injuries he managed to struggle back up the embankment and finding his front locomotive cab destroyed managed to scramble and enter the badly tilted second locomotive cab and radio for help. He then sat down and made himself a cup of tea while he waited! After being rescued he needed some medical treatment.

Three days later he was back at work. The point is he was a 43 year veteran of

locomotive work and a graduate of the old time work code. He learned his ethic in the days before manufactured stress and counselling. He simply wanted to do the job he was paid for.

How old fashioned!

Ron Palmer

INADEQUACIES OF NZ NAVIGATION CHARTS

Last year I had occasion to write to LINZ with some questions and their replies make it apparent that changes over the past few years to the rules and administrators of those rules have lost the plot and are devoid of sensible or rational thinking, not only in maritime industry but in many other government and quasi government organisations. Many people with vast institutional and professional knowledge have been replaced by people with little or no experience, but if it all turns pear shaped they walk away with an added line of experience on their CV.

I questioned LINZ as to why the large marina at Seaview in Wellington Harbour was not completely shown together with water depths and relevant navigations lights on any chart. They said the main purpose for nautical charts is for SOLAS Class vessels and inferred that really they were not interested in the needs of all the small recreational vessels. A strange reply.

Another question asked why it was normal practice for permanent changes to charts to be notified by a Preliminary Notice to Mariners after the action has taken place and a correcting Notice to Mariners was not issued until sometimes months later. The response was that they endeavoured to keep to the principles contained in IHO Guidelines. However, with a relatively small team they are limited to what they can promulgate in a timely manner. This is a shocking admission that navigational safety has been compromised in this very important function.

I suggest that the present method of chart correction falls well short of IHO Guidelines and is an exercise in padding out a simple procedure to protect jobs. The guidelines say that it is important to avoid overburdening the chart corrector and corrections that are merely desirable should be retained until the next edition of a chart is published. It is recommended that not more than ten points

should require to be plotted and information should be navigationally significant. They further say that Preliminary Notices to Mariners are issued to promulgate action that will take place and where possible at least eight weeks before the action, or if action is too complex or extensive to be promulgated by a chart correcting Notice to Mariners then the detailed navigationally significant information is provided with a statement that a new edition or a new chart will be published to include the action with a date or timescale.

From randomly selected notices from 2004 affecting Cook Strait charts, one notice lists over 115 positions for new local authority boundaries to be inserted and another notice gives the position of a sunken fishing boat in the middle of an explosives dumping ground at water depth of 1200 metres. Neither was navigationally significant and would have taken a chart corrector many hours of work.

J A Brown

MAGNETIC COMPASSES 1

With a mind-set firmly at the syllabus review for OOW training to implement the STCW's 2010 Manila Amendments, I was pleased to see the January 2011 front cover of Seaways and its referral to the magnetic compass. I was hoping for a debate whether there still is a place or need for the magnetic compass in this age of e-navigation.

Many ships already have dispensation from their flag state to carry a magnetic compass because they carry back-up flux-gate, GPS or other electronic type of heading device.

When carrying out a risk assessment on the navigation equipment to find out why there is a need for a magnetic compass, the pro-column stops at: we have always done it this way. On the other hand arguments against mandatory carriage are several: gyros are stable instruments; all SOLAS vessels carry at least one (AIS)GPS providing COG (as well as SOG); there are several alternative electronic heading devices on the market that can be installed as primary or back-up units; stable power back-up is available from emergency generators and/or batteries. While travelling this controversial pathway, why not get rid of the sextant and celestial navigation?

The moment that the shipboard power fails we know where we are, plus or minus 10m

thanks to the GPS. What argument is there to break out the sextant (which quite likely hasn't been used for years) to fix a position that at best has an accuracy of maybe 1.3 Nm? As stated earlier all SOLAS vessels must have a working (AIS)GPS to be considered seaworthy and a breakdown of all electronics while at sea, and not being able to recover whilst continuing en route, I believe, is rather unrealistic.

The maritime industry is often linked to the airline industry when we talk about the management of the bridge and vessel. Let us also compare technology, where both magnetic compass and sextant have long since vanished from the cockpit. Unless these instruments are removed from the bridges, maritime training requires full training in both subjects, time that could be used to bring students up to speed with e-navigation: instruments such as ECDIS and AIS, but also on leadership and management skills – a major focus and requirement under the 2010 Manila Amendments.

I am particularly interested to hear from any current Master or OOW, both those who share my views and from those who feel that it is too early to remove these trusted instruments from the bridge, and start a discussion to guide the future of bridge equipment, from the coal face so to say, from those who currently work the bridge, and to give direction to where the training efforts should be spend.

Please send your comments to:
NZ Nautical Institute at nznisec@xtra.co.nz

Kees Buckens

MAGNETIC COMPASSES 2

With reference to Kees Buckens article, I believe on a well equipped SOLAS ship the magnetic compass is unnecessary. As for teaching about all bridge equipment, the magnetic compass was only done at Master level.

If the present system is to teach about every instrument on the bridge at a lower level I believe this is misguided and more time should be spent at sea actually doing a bridge watch and learning how to keep a watch, monitor the position, keep a log, read the weather, keep a lookout and avoid collisions.

Doing these things practically at sea, students will learn about the instruments.

John Brown

MAGNETIC COMPASSES 3

Do ships need to carry magnetic compasses these days? Possibly not, but let's not be too hasty.

If the Carrington Effect (sun spot activity knocking out electronics for extended periods) does occur next year, as NASA warns, then let's leave any decision until we know if it will be a problem. No fun to be in the middle of the Southern Ocean, or any other ocean for that matter, without some positive directional equipment.

See science.nasa.gov/science-news/science-at-nasa/2008/06may_carringtonflare/

Interesting reading if you look it up on the internet. If it happens then probably next year may not be a good time to fly either!

Angus T. Campbell

BEAUFORT WIND SCALE.

In the March 2011 edition of *On Deck* there is a letter about the Beaufort Wind Scale. The writer, who's nom de plume is given as 'Blogroll' was asking why New Zealand has dropped the use of Beaufort numbers in marine weather forecasts. Well, it must be a considerable number of years since this happened because during my forty odd years of residence here it has always been the practice to give wind speeds in knots.

Several times whilst employed on board locally owned vessels, I have been asked, "*how strong do you reckon that wind is?*" and when I have replied by saying something like, "Oh! About force 6 gusting to 7" I have, more often than not, received a funny look and the question "*how many knots is that then?*"

When I joined the Ngapara for her delivery voyage from Scotland I had, for the first time in my life, to get used to logging the wind speed in knots instead of in Beaufort numbers. Apart from that, I had to accustom myself to a ten-fold increase in company paper work compared to what I had been used to in Cardiff and Geordie tramps.

In response to 'Blogroll's letter, Bob McDavitt from the Met Service says that wind forecasts for mariners are issued in 5 knot increments since this gives a finer scale than Beaufort's.

Sure; some disciplines may need a finely tuned wind scale but seafaring isn't one of them.

There are two things that academics seem to forget about Rear Admiral's Sir Francis

Beaufort's wind force scale and these are that: it is extremely easy to learn and that it has withstood the test of time.

Clive Spencer.

THE OLD RETIRED SEA CAPTAIN

James Whitcomb Riley 1894 - 1916

The old sea captain has sailed the seas
So long, that the waves at mirth,
Or the waves gone wild, and the crests of these,
Were as near playmates from birth:
He has loved both the storm and the calm,
because
They seemed as his brothers twain,--
The flapping sail was his soul's applause,
And his rapture, the roaring main.

But now--like a battered hulk seems he,
Cast high on a foreign strand,
Though he feels 'in port' as it need must be,
And the stay of a daughter's hand--
Yet ever the round of the listless hours,--
His pipe, in the languid air--
The grass, the trees, and the garden flowers,
And the strange earth everywhere!

And so betimes he is restless here
In this little inland town,
With never a wing in the atmosphere
But the wind-mill's, up and down;
His daughter's home in this peaceful vale,
And his grandchild 'twixt his knees--
But never the hail of a passing sail,
Nor the surge of the angry seas!

He quits his pipe, and he snaps its neck--
Would speak, though he coughs instead,
Then paces the porch like a quarter-deck
With a reeling mast o'erhead!

Ho! the old sea captain's cheeks glow warm,
And his eyes gleam grim and weird,
As he mutters about, like a thunder-storm,
In the cloud of his beetling beard.



**In heroic cultures, old men plant trees knowing
they will never sit in their shade.**

Old Greek adage



City of Auckland Arms
AUCKLAND BRANCH
WARDEN'S REPORT 2011

Captain J.R. Frankland
Branch Warden

It is with pleasure that I submit my second Wardens report.

On 25th April 2010 myself, accompanied by the Secretary, Capt D Neill, attended the Anzac Day Memorial Service at the Cenotaph at Auckland Museum, at which a wreath was laid on behalf of the Merchant Navy. The growing interest, especially from young citizens, in this important event is most heartening. One hopes that the message that war is a dastardly affair, in which many ordinary citizens pay the ultimate sacrifice and should be avoided if at all possible cost will one day translate into peaceful solutions resolving conflict. Unfortunately the present state of the world with so many violent struggles in progress leaves one pessimistic.

On 5th June a mid-year's Ladies lunch was held at the Commerce Club. Although numbers were down, possibly due to the holiday weekend, those who attended had a most enjoyable afternoon.

The New Zealand Company AGM was held on 18th August 2010 in the Bay Plaza Hotel in Wellington with all branches being represented. Main points of interest were the setting of the levy for the year, the future of the magazine *On Deck* and the Auckland Branch proposal that 2nd Mates be encouraged to join the organisation.

A branch meeting was held at the Commerce Club on 12th August 2010 at which Dr C R deFreitas gave a most informative presentation on the emotional subject of climate change. On 14th October our meeting was taken on a nostalgic trip with Capt. Barry Thompson as he recalled two years spent in service as 2nd Mate and Master aboard the P & O troop carrier, *Empire Fowey*.

It was decided that our Christmas Ladies event would once again be a luncheon and the Commerce Club was again chosen as the venue. Father Christmas, who bore a strong resemblance to Cdr. Larry Robbins greeted guests on arrival and set the tone for a very pleasant occasion. On 10th February 2011, the Deputy Warden, Capt Ewbank presided

over a Branch meeting at which Mr Graeme Walls, Director of Mercy Ships, spoke about the operation of the Mercy Ships and the humanitarian role that they fulfil. One of the initiatives this year for the Master Mariners Auckland branch was the inaugural Scholarship prize of \$1,000 to the outstanding student at the Auckland Maritime School. The award was presented to Mr Ian McIntosh -Oakley by myself at the Maritime School's Graduation Dinner at the Royal NZ Yacht Squadron on 18th November. This occasion was also an opportunity to make students aware of the Master Mariners organization and its aims.

A most controversial event this year has been Maritime New Zealand's initiative to introduce a change to the Maritime Rules governing Qualifications and Operation limits. This process, which included a nation-wide road show, was met with strong opposition from individuals and professional bodies. In essence, the legislation was viewed as a means of 'watering down' qualifications to such an extent that there was a real threat that New Zealand qualifications may not be recognised under STCW rules. Following the submission process the issue is now under consideration for presentation to the Maritime NZ board shortly. It is anticipated that the new framework for qualifications and limits will be introduced in 2013. However, there are big changes imminent amongst the 'top brass' of MNZ and it can only be hoped that the new broom will have a professional maritime background and a new understanding and approach to all things maritime.

Throughout the year, Capt Max Deane has, once again, devoted an unknown, but huge amount of time to producing our Auckland Branch newsletter. This publication continues to be of a very high standard and is well received by all members and many other interested personnel. Capt Deane is always on the 'look out' for interesting articles and comments and greatly appreciates any contribution. He is easily emailed at mdbd@xtra.co.nz

A special thanks also to Capt Ewbank for filling in when I have been absent and his fine efforts in procuring high quality speakers.

At present, our membership stands at

Full members	86
Honourary	4
Life	4
Associate/Friends	2
Totals	96 members

Unhappily, Capt.G.Carter crossed the bar this year.

The Committee has functioned well throughout the year and I would like to thank them

for all their support. However, Capt. Mike Lock is stepping down as Treasurer after many years sterling service and Capt. C Barradale has kindly agreed to take on the task. Resignations from the Committee are Capt. de Jong, and Capt. R McKenzie with Capt. B Thompson encouraging a younger man to also 'jump into his seat' if one is available. I would like to encourage volunteers to take up the mantle left by these departing members.

AUCKLAND BRANCH MEMBERS

Allen R M (Dick)
Barradale C (Chris)
Bedwell A R (Ray)
Bishop E C M (Eoin)
Briand J P (John)
Buckens C H M (Kees)
Burley M. (Martin)
Chesney J M (John)
Clarke G P (George)
Colaco D B (Douglas)
Compson W (Bill)
Cornwell J W (John)
Curnow K M (Ken)
Davis R. G. J. (Richard)
De Jong J (Jaap)
Deeney J A (John)
Dundas V W (Vie)
Edwards J N (Nick)
Ellis J (Jim)
Entwistle P (Peter)
Erakovic M (Mladen)
Ewbank E E (Ted)
Ewings D R (Dave)
Forbes A (Alister)
Frankland J E (John)
Gibson J A (Sandy)
Goodwin R (Bob)
Gray Q W V (Quintin)
Greig T R H (Tom)
Handley D W (Don)
Hawkins R J (Bob)
Hebden J (Jim)
Hibberdine W J (Brooke)
Holbrook J (Jack)
Hunter R A (Rick)
Iles D H T
Irvine J S (Stewart)
Johnson N (Ben)
Kershaw T M (Tim)
Kilpatrick Ra (Robin)
King P E C (Peter)
Lorraine R D
Lott R J (Rod)
Mack R (Robbie)
Martin J H (Jens)
Mcgill J D (Don)
Mckenzie R L (Ron)
Moore A (Tony)
Morgan D R (Dave)
Mulgrew K J (Ken)
Munro H M (Hugh)

Neill D (Dudley)
Parker S J (Steven)
Partridge T E (Tom)
Payne A D (Tony)
Pevy H S (Hugh)
Post R M (Mac)
Proctor K A (Ken)
Qio A V (Aseri)
Ratcliffe M J (Malcom)
Robinson P D (Peter)
Robbins L (Larry)
Ross W W (Bill)
Shaw J (Jim)
Sims P J (Peter)
Skrine J R (John)
Smith Gb (Gordon)
Smith R B (Roger)
Speller R M
Stanaway J M (Jim)
Sutherland R A (Ross)
Swan R J (Dick)
Taylor C J (Chris)
Taylor H K H (Keith)
Taylor J L (John)
Thompson C B (Barry)
Torgersen J. (Jon)
Wade M J (Mike)
Watt D W (Dave)
W Avish P J R (Peter)
Wheeler N A (Neil)
Wheeler W B (Brett)
Williams B M (Brian)
Wilson A N (Alick)
Wilson R L (Ray)
Wood C F (Chris)

Life Members:

Deane M B (Max)
Gates A (Tony)
Kelner F A (Fred)
Lock M J (Mike)
Varney J T (Jim)

Honorary Members:

Dr. J Frew
Rev. W Law

Warden:

JOHN FRANKLAND 09 5244-493

Deputy Warden:

TED EWBank 09 520-3120

Secretary:

DUDLEY NEILL 09 528-5061

Treasurer:

MIKE LOCK 09 6278-906

AUCKLAND BRANCH MEETINGS

THURSDAY EVENINGS, EXCEPT BEFORE
HOLIDAY WEEK-ENDS IN THE COMMERCE
CLUB 27 OHINERAU STREET, REMUERA.
CONFIRM DATES WITH THE SECRETARY



City of Christchurch, New Zealand

City of Christchurch Arms

CHRISTCHURCH BRANCH WARDEN'S REPORT 2011

Captain Alan Cooke, Branch Warden

Gentlemen, I have great pleasure in presenting the annual report of the Canterbury branch of the New Zealand Company of Master Mariners for the year ending 31st March 2011. And what a year it has been!

Firstly, as most of you will know, our Warden Richard Knight was forced to resign following a very serious heart problem. I am happy to report that miraculously he survived and is now making slow progress back to normality.

I took over as Chair of the committee in November, there being no elected deputy warden. I look forward to a new Warden being elected at this AGM, along with a Deputy Warden.

This year has seen our members subjected to earthquakes, after shocks, more earthquakes and more aftershocks. Some have lost their homes, some suffered major damage and many lacked basic services. All have seen our beautiful City of Christchurch "Munted." Lyttelton has also suffered major damage with many of its land mark heritage buildings destroyed.

As a group of seafarers we have been better placed than most to deal with what nature has thrown at us - reflecting on the old saying
"Worse things happen at sea!"

Membership

The membership this year stands at 44 full members, including one life member (John Twomey) and 2 Honorary members. We lost Bill Mouat to Wellington

and have welcomed Captains, George Hadley and Mike Webb to the branch.

Annual General Meeting

The 51st AGM of the Canterbury Branch was held at the Cashmere Club on the 15th April 2010 with 14 members present.

Office bearers and committee were duly re elected unopposed. It should be noted that no Deputy Warden was appointed. Captain Cooke was elected to the committee. The Warden took the opportunity to welcome Captain Clarke and presented his certificate of membership.

Captain Swallow represented the branch at the National AGM which was held in Wellington on the 11th August.

Branch Meetings

Your branch has continued to function throughout with regular committee meetings, anchored by our secretary Geoff Swallow.

Activities

The Branch was represented at both the ANZAC day Parade and the 3rd of September Merchant Navy Day ceremony at Lyttelton where wreaths were laid.

Social activities included our Annual Dinner at the Canterbury Club in June, a well attended and most enjoyable evening; a Christmas Luncheon held at the Waitakiri Golf Club on the 5th of December and a Picnic at Orton Bradley Park on the 20th February. Thank you to John Twomey, Richard Henshaw and Malcolm Pearson for facilitating and ensuring the success of these occasions.

It is with regret that your committee has had to postpone this years Annual Dinner.

Acknowledgements

In closing my report I wish to thank the Committee for their support and for volunteering their time and working on your behalf.

I would also like to give special thanks to Geoff Swallow, a most efficient Secretary, Richard Henshaw for his work as Treasurer and John Twomey, Editor of our branch news letter. Finally I wish to thank John Woodward our Hon. Solicitor for his advice and ongoing support.

CHRISTCHURCH BRANCH MEMBERS

Albury, Peter
Anderson, Andy
Baugh, Chris
Bennett R. J.
Broom, Graham
Clarke, John
Cleaver, John
Coates, Hugh
Cooke, Alan
Cox, Henry
Daish, Darrel
Enberg, Olle
Galer, Bill
Gordon, Harold
Halloran, Mike
Henshaw, Richard
Hadley, George
Johnson, Brian
Jones, Dave
Keer Keer, Robin
Kerr, Robert
Knight, Richard
Laing, Joanne
Marshall, Ken
McNab, Brian
Meads, Barry
Mounsey, Len
Oliver, Bill
Owen, John
Pearson, Malcolm
Pearson, Mike

Rea, Peter
Reeves, Norm
Siddall, Bill
Stammer, Mike
Swallow, Geoff
Theobald, Rod
Twomey, John
Waddingham, Doran
Walker, Katherine
Webb, Mike
Whiteley, Tony
Wilson, David

Honorary Members

Hill, Geoff
Woodward, John

Warden:

ALAN COOKE 03 389-5536

Secretary:

GEOFF SWALLOW 03 3326 368

Treasurer:

RICHARD HENSHAW 03 3388-551

CHRISTCHURCH BRANCH MEETINGS

MEETINGS ARE HELD ON AN
IRREGULAR BASIS AT VARIOUS
VENUES.

CONTACT THE SECRETARY FOR MORE
INFORMATION



Evening light descends over Port of Lyttelton's inner harbour



TAURANGA BRANCH WARDEN'S REPORT 2011

Captain T J Wood **Branch Warden**

Our branch was delighted when the Tauranga Harbourmaster Jennifer Roberts was the first in New Zealand to receive the 'International Harbour Master Diploma'. This Diploma was awarded after a year's study and a three hour examination. It proves that she has a comprehensive knowledge of the relevant legislation, risk control techniques and navigational management. It was suggested that Jennifer's achievement should be made public in our local newspaper. This was done along with a lovely photograph showing Jennifer and her diploma. And what did Jennifer get out of this? A reprimand from her employers, Environment BOP, for not having asked permission for the publicity. It makes one wonder at the mental ability and achievement of those in the offices of power in this country. Of course, we as a Branch were and still are delighted with the Diploma and the fact that the Regional Harbourmaster Carl Magazinovic, has been also been awarded his diploma but because of previous controversy he has not been accorded the praise which is due.

Company AGM

For the second year running the Deputy Warden Tony Watson, represented our Branch at the Annual General Meeting of the NZ Company of Master Mariners in Wellington. The two hip operations and five hip dislocations I have suffered over the last two years has restricted my participation in club activities.

Activities

Our Christmas dinner was held at R.S.P Restaurant in Cherrywood and was considered by everyone to be a great success. I hobbled along on crutches halfway through the dinner

for a brief meeting and was cheered by the warmth of my reception.

Our annual barbeque was once again held at Ted and Rochelle Hubbard's home and although numbers were down this year, it was really enjoyed by those participating. The only dampener was a whisper that this might be the last barbeque held at Ted and Rochelle's home. I try hard not to believe rumours!

John Brown forwarded to me an interesting article from the Nautical Institute NZ newsletter, regarding the need for magnetic compasses on board vessels. After reading and digesting this article I wrote my thoughts on this matter to the author. It is my intention to have the need for magnetic compasses discussed at our AGM, with the comments forwarded onwards. As time goes on, there are fewer and fewer times where Master Mariners are asked for an opinion on anything nautical and we should make our opinions known. Too often shore based 'experts' make decisions affecting the nautical industry which are clearly financially driven and do not reflect knowledge born of experience.

Acknowledgements

My thanks to those five members who represented our club and braved the rain on Anzac Day. Fortunately the service was held under cover.

It appears that all voluntary organisations in this country are suffering from the same malaise of falling memberships, lack of interest combined with older members passing on and wouldbe prospective new members too busy earning a living to give up spare time to be involved. This really is a great shame, but we have to face facts.

The fellowship of this branch has been enjoyable over the years and this will, hopefully, continue for many more.

TAURANGA BRANCH MEMBERS

Armstrong Ian G. (Vikki)
Bindon John (Helen)
Barbour John A.
Clarke Ian (Monica)
Commons Bernard (Sue)
Culleton Richard (Anke)
Dennison Gavin L. (Jill)

D'Mello Gus (Pamela)
Fowler Geoffrey (Gale)
Frank Nicholas H
Gilchrist Tom R. (Lyn)
Gregson John S. (Mary)
Hubbard Ted.L. (Rochelle)
James Bob D. (Carol)
Johnson Peter F. (Hilary)
Jones Peter J. (Lesley)
Likos Bill (Madelaine)
McMaster James R. (Betty)
Magazinovic Carl (Christine)
Morris Chris S. (Ellen)
Read Gordon M. (Leela)
Rechenberg Gerhard (Maria)
Roberts Jennifer (Ken)
Rutherford Gordon (Heather)
Sayle Derek E. (Marjorie)
Spencer Clive (Sharon)
Watson Tony G. (Susan)
Weston John A.
Williams Dave (Helen)
Wood Tim J. (Kay)
Wyld Bob (Rae)

Honorary Members:

Hill, G.D.
Woodward J.L.

Warden:

TIM WOOD 07 5526 400

Deputy Warden:

TONY WATSON 07 5754 226

Secretary:

GORDON RUTHERFORD
07 5757 422

Treasurer

GUY DENNISON 07 5444 196

TAURANGA BRANCH
MEETINGS

ARE HELD IN ENVIRONMENT BOP'S
BOARD ROOM 6 RATA STREET
MT. MAUNGANUI

CONTACT THE SECRETARY FOR DATES AND
TIMES.



This peaceful and almost bucolic scene over Pilot Bay towards the tree-lined Mall and Mount belies the fact that a only few metres south of here the frenetic activity of Tauranga, New Zealand's busiest port, continues night and day.



CITY OF WELLINGTON ARMS

WELLINGTON BRANCH WARDEN'S REPORT 2011

**RONALD A. PALMER
BRANCH WARDEN**

The year under review has seen a continuation of regular monthly luncheon meetings held on the second Wednesday of each month from March to October. November is reserved for the annual cocktail function that is attended by wives and partners of members. The luncheon meeting and the cocktail function are held at the Bay Plaza Hotel Oriental Bay, which remains a popular venue for members. The Honorary Secretary of the Branch, Captain Graham Williams, continues with the unenviable task of securing entertaining and interesting speakers for the luncheon meetings, which averages twenty-three members a meeting. Those members who are able to attend and do not are missing out on a generally informative occasion often with very good debate during the question time at the conclusion of the speaker's dissertation, especially when the topic has been on maritime matters. Also the social get together over lunch prior to the speaker gives a good opportunity to catch up on maritime gossip. The cocktail function is subsidised by the branch and those who attend appreciate this. The dinner that is organised by Captain Williams with the Bay Plaza and attended by those who wish to continue with the very pleasant mixed company is steadily growing in numbers each year.

Membership of the Wellington Branch currently stands at 69 members. This comprises of 26 Full members, 23 Retired, 9 Country, 6 Associates, 2 Life and 3 Honorary. A minute silence was observed at the March meeting for Captain Derek Grimmer and Captain Bob Fozard who had recently passed away. Captain Alistair Fleming was a short-term member as he was posted overseas soon after joining. However we did gain Captain Bill Mouat from Christchurch and Mr. Bob Stott from Pauatahanui. The Rev. Bob Peters replaced the Rev. Jim Pethers who had been the Chaplain at the Wellington Mission to Seafarers for many years. Last year's annual report made mention of a Wellington member, Captain Nic Campbell volunteering to undertake the editors role of *On Deck*, the Official Journal of the NZ Company

of Master Mariners. The first edition of the re-vamped journal was circulated in September 2010 and was exceptionally well received by the NZ membership and also many NZ and overseas organisations that receive copies of our national journal.

Captain Nic Campbell with the help of Mr. Bob Stott, an Associate Member of the Wellington Branch, produced a very informative and professional publication that did credit to the NZ Company of Master Mariners. At the Executive Council meeting held on August 11 2010 it was agreed to publish two editions per year providing finance was available. It was also proposed to canvass for advertising to obtain funds for *On Deck*. This obviously created additional work and a small editorial committee was formed consisting of Captains Cor van Kesteren, Ken Watt, John Brown, Nic Campbell, Mr. Bob Stott and the writer, Ron Palmer.

A significant number of appropriately selected business's were canvassed but only one business showed an interest and as a result insufficient funds were available for the next edition of *On Deck* that was prepared for publication in March 2011. The reluctance of business houses to accept advertising at this time is possibly a result of the persistent world financial recession. It is believed that with reliable publication of future editions of *On Deck* in its present informative and quality format, with an improving economy, funds from advertising are a real possibility. However, in the meantime all Branches of the Company are being asked to increase membership fees, either by levy or membership subscription to provide sufficient funds for future editions of the journal. The journal is an important organ for the NZ Company of Master Mariners. It is a medium where members can express their wealth of knowledge and be heard on overall maritime matters. Many of the members of Master Mariners have lived through times of exceptional change in the maritime industry.

Change can be good, it takes one out of their comfort zone and helps to keeps their brain active and agile. However, in the march of progress often the good is left behind and there is undeniable evidence that some changes have resulted in a backward step or perhaps, with the benefit of hindsight, simply need adjusting.

Some major changes to the industry are not working to the advantage of New Zealand's economy. The Harbours industry and also Maritime NZ, is much to the fore in this regard.

HARBOURS INDUSTRY

The New Zealand Minister of Transport, Steven Joyce addressed the recent conference of the International Association of Ports & Harbors Asia/Oceania. He made it clear that it's not the Government's role to decide the port structures. He has the misguided opinion that there is healthy competition between ports. It would be fair comment to suggest that there be as much competition between ports as there is between oil companies in NZ. But unlike the quest of oil companies that jointly satisfies their insatiable appetite for huge profits there is senseless parochialism in the port industry. There is some evidence that the Ports of Auckland and perhaps Lyttelton has provided international shipping lines with a level of service that do not make economic returns. With the backing of the newly formed super city how far will this uneconomic practice extend to satisfy senseless parochialism and the supercity ego of Auckland.

New Zealand has fourteen commercial ports and five have an element of private ownership. The Port of Wellington, Ports of Auckland and Port of Otago are owned by the local regional councils and the Christchurch City Council owns in excess of 78 per cent of the Port of Lyttelton.

Ownership is not debated in this report but the number of container ports in NZ and the capital expenditure for the five, or perhaps seven when Napier and New Plymouth are included is of concern. One good deep-water container port would be sufficient for the foreseeable future for a country with the expected population growth of New Zealand. With the inevitable introduction of larger container ships that have a draft of 50 feet senseless parochialism will see expensive dredging of harbours to accommodate these vessels. The alternative is a feeder service to Australia at a huge disadvantage in shipping time and costs for NZ exporters. The expenditure for the dredging and associated capital outlay is ultimately borne by the selected group of ratepayers of the regions.

Before the port reforms in the late 80's it was acknowledged that NZ only required two container ports, one at each Island. In those days there was a statutory organisation called the NZ Ports Authority (NZPA). Its primary function was to prevent ports from

spending capital on container cranes, tugs, extensive dredging etc. There was a limit in the amount of dollars that a port could spend without getting approval from the NZPA. This was considered a major hindrance to competition between ports, which were governed by elected harbour boards. In hindsight perhaps the NZPA was one of the good things left behind in the march for progress.

Central Government should not take the attitude that it is not the role of Government to decide port structures. Neither should the costs of wasteful duplication be borne by groups of ratepayers throughout New Zealand 99 per cent of NZ exports go by sea and a sensible well planned infrastructure for ports should not be left to regional councils governed by local body politicians better suited for planning kindergartens and knitting forums. One deep-water container port at Marsden Point with feeder services by coastal container vessels, railways and road transport should be seriously considered for the future. Market forces will prevail over the survival of the three modes of transport for the feeder service.

MARITIME NEW ZEALAND

The change from the NZ Marine Department to Maritime NZ should have been an improvement for the maritime industry but in latter years it is obvious that it is not returning good value for the tax payers dollar. The principle reason must fall back to the employment of senior staff. There is obviously resistance to employ staff who have a knowledge of maritime affairs and an understanding of the industry overall. Little research is needed to know that professional practitioners in the industry hold very little respect for Maritime NZ.

It employs an army of staff who is obviously short on maritime knowledge and would be better suited to some other industry. The staff numbers are greater than what the former NZ Marine Department employed. That body was responsible for surveying of ships, surveying of elevators, inspection of lifting gear, waterfront and ship safety, administering shipping offices at various ports, navigation schools and examiners and tutors, administration, maintenance and manning of light houses etc.

On reflection the NZ Marine Department did employ staff with maritime backgrounds such as master mariners and marine engineers who knew the

industry and more importantly, with the odd exception, knew what they were talking about. There is something wrong with Maritime NZ when it takes almost 12 months for it to answer a simple question on it's own rules. The question may never have been answered without perseverance and the threat of court action. This is not an isolated complaint as letters and emails from shipping company executives are also ignored. Obviously the problem is at the top starting with the Director and Board of Directors. The appointment of a new chairman, David Ledson, is hopefully a step in the right direction but one man can do little with a Board of accountants, an ex trade unionist and a management consultant. The same Minister of Transport who considers that port structures are not the business of government appoints these people. It is time he took a hard look at his worthless advisers on ports and harbours and maritime matters.

In conclusion much appreciation is extended to the committee who has been of grateful assistance in assisting with Branch business. Special mention of Captain Legge for his submission on behalf of the Branch to Maritime NZ on the Qualification Review that it has been undertaking over the last 12 months. Also my appreciation to the editorial committee for the official journal of the NZ Company and it's Editor Captain Nic Campbell and his very able assistant Mr. Bob Stott. Last but not least a special thanks to our Hon. Treasurer Captain Cor van Kesteren and Hon. Secretary Captain Graham Williams who both ensure that the Branch runs smoothly at all times.

WELLINGTON BRANCH MEMBERS

Attwood F.P. (Peter)
Austin J.C. (John)
Banks S.A.J. (Stephen)
Birchall D.W. (David)
Bird R.P. (Robert)
Box G.R. (Bob)
Boyes D.W. (David)
Brown J.A. (John)
Cagney P.E. (Peter)
Campbell N.T. (Nic)
Campbell A.T.V. (Angus)
Colebrook R.A. (Ron)
Curd D.J. (David)
Date R.A. (Tony)
Drake P.J. (Paul)
Dutch G.P. (Graeme)
Gibb A.G. (Alex)
Gilliland R. (Robbie)
Gillstrom D.N. (Neil)
Glyde J. (Jim)
Good E.V. (Eric)
Grover H. (Harkesh)

Hagen D. (David)
Hellesland T. (Tor)
Henderson L. (Lew)
Hermans J.W. (John)
Hill I.M. (Iain)
Hogan J.P.B. (John)
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Legge A.J.M. (Tony)
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Macalister A.F. (Alistair)
Mackay I.M. (Ian)
Macmorran G.H. (Hamish)
Mansell J.N.K. (John)
Mason C.A. (Clyde)
Monks D.G. (Douglas)
Mouat W.D. (Bill)
Nicol G.T.H. (Tim)
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Owen I.B. (Ifor)
Palmer R.A.J. (Ron)
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Short R.F. (Rod)
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Smith C.D. (Charles)
Smith T. (Trevor)
Stacey P.M. (Peter)
Stott R.H. (Bob)
Thomson W. (Warwick)
Truscott D.B. (David)
van Kesteren C. (Cor)
Watt K.D. (Ken)
Williams G.C. (Graham)
Williamson J.D. (John)
Withington J.M. (John)
Wood G.D. (Gordon)
Wood W.A. (William)

Warden:

RON PALMER 04 9707 856

Secretary:

GRAHAM WILLIAMS 04 9043 180

Treasurer:

COR VAN KESTEREN 04 3899 900

WELLINGTON BRANCH
Holds monthly luncheon meetings
every second Wednesday at noon in
the Bay Plaza Hotel ,
40 Oriental Parade.
Annual dinner and social is held early
in December.
See also
www.mastermariners.org.nz

MARITIME SCHOOL REPORT

The 2010 intake of cadets was almost up to our optimum level, we took on 23 young New Zealanders on deck and 22 in the engine room. The optimum number is the number we think we can find jobs on ships for. As it was 7 did not find immediate jobs, 4 on deck and 3 engineers. Once again most went to passenger ships and those that didn't get permanent jobs have now spent time on New Zealand ships plying our coast.



Cadet School visit to a ship in the Port of Auckland

Graduation of New Zealand students in the 2010 year included 4 Master Mariners, 9 First Mates, 17 Second Mates, 23 Class 1 & 2 Engineers and 63 Class 3 Engineers. The cadet scheme started in 2001 and the first graduates of that year are getting close to command appointments on ships.

Two of these are females, Catherine Williams is 1st Mate with Holland America Line and Amanda Brew 1st Mate with Interislander Line. A number of those early cadets are sailing as master aboard off-shore vessels in the oil exploration fields. Exploration and supply is taking place off Vietnam, the Northern coast of Australia, Bass Strait, New Plymouth and Southern Austral Islands. The New Zealand Maritime School's reputation is growing worldwide, to such an extent that we are being inundated with applications, Asia in particular.

The numbers are frightening to comprehend; an agent for a Hong Kong interest stated that he could get us 500 students from mainland China per year.

A recent visit to NZ by the Holland America Line's 'Volendam' sported five NZ Maritime School trainees on the same ship.



Left to Right: Cadet Megan Smith (2010), Senior 2nd Mate Marienus Hazelmann (2002), Cadet Tim Johnson (2008), 4th Mate Adam Wilson (2008) and Cadet David Becket (2009) all enjoying a relaxing interlude.

NEW ZEALAND BORN MASTER IS NEW COMMODORE FOR CUNARD



Captain Christopher Rynd has been appointed Commodore of the Cunard Line fleet comprising Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria.

Captain Rynd was born in New Zealand and grew up in Singapore, Sri Lanka, and on the islands of Fiji and Samoa in the tropical South Pacific. He began his sea career as an apprentice cadet with the Union Steam Ship Co. in 1970 at the age of 17 in New Zealand. The influence of his father and upbringing helped in this choice.

With his Australian wife Julie they have three children who are now young adults, which allows Julie to accompany her husband at sea most of the time. When not at sea, they spend time in both Britain and Australia but visit New Zealand each year to hike and fish trout.



CROSSED THE BAR



Captain D. R. Grimmer

2 February, 2011

Derek Grimmer went to sea as a sixteen year old Cadet in Clan Line, signing on on his first ship on 6th June 1944 (D Day). He remained with Clan Line until late 1952 having risen to 2nd Mate. In early 1953 he moved to Australia and joined Huddart Parker. He passed for Master in Sydney in August 1954. He remained with Huddart Parker until 1959 when he came ashore joining the Australian Stevedoring Industry Authority. This took him to postings in numerous ports in Australia from Darwin in the North to Launceston in Tasmania.

In 1970 Derek began a twenty five year stint in Port and Harbour management in Papua New Guinea. In 1985 he moved to Lae to work at the Nautical College and in 1987 moved to Port Moresby to work on the development of the first Maritime Information System in that country. In 1995 Derek and his wife Rae retired to New Zealand, settling on the Kapiti Coast. Failing health had precluded Derek from attending Branch meetings for some considerable time but he was a keen follower of Maritime activities and our Branch discussions. He studied the Maritime Notes thoroughly as well as enjoying *On Deck* particularly the 2010 edition

Our sympathy and condolences have been conveyed to his wife Rae and their two sons.

Captain R. M. Fozard

23 February, 2011

Bob Fozard attended the School of Navigation, Southampton, before commencing his sea-going career as a Cadet in Blue Star Line in 1959. He had a spell ashore in 1966 and resumed sea-faring, still in Blue Star Line, in 1971, reaching the rank of Chief Officer in 1976.

In 1976 Bob took up a position as planner for BluePort ACT, rising to Terminal Manager and finally National Ship Planner (NZ). In 1998, when Blue Star Ltd. moved their Head Office to Auckland, Bob accepted redundancy, however, he continued to plan container operations for Centre Port Wellington until his retirement.

Bob was a well liked and respected personality on the Waterfront, with a dry sense of humour and a fund of well told stories. In retirement he enjoyed his golf, walking, classical music as well as traditional jazz, and particularly his family.

Our sympathy and condolences have been conveyed to his wife Jacqui and their two daughters.

Captain E. G. Boyack

20 April, 2011

Edgar Boyack was a long serving member of the Wellington Branch and indeed a Life Member of the New Zealand Company of Master Mariners.

After obtaining his Extra Masters Certificate he had a distinguished career both at sea and later in the New Zealand Marine Department. He rose to become Principle Examiner of Masters and Mates for New Zealand and later was appointed Nautical Adviser.

Edgar was a well known identity in shipping circles and counted seafarers of all ranks amongst his friends. His contributions and advice on the formation of Solas and the future trends within the New Zealand maritime industry remain as his lasting epitaph.

His funeral was attended by Captains J. Brown, R. Palmer and T. Legge, representing both the New Zealand Company and the Wellington Branch.

Our sympathy and condolences have been conveyed to his wife, Alice, and their family.

Captain Paul Manser

28 June, 2011

Paul was born in London in May 1931, and crossed the bar in Christchurch on 28 July 2011, aged 80. His funeral was attended by several members of Master Mariners, and his casket was draped with a pennant from the *Gothic* which had been signed by the Master and crew.

Paul's father had a distinguished sea career including involvement in the evacuation from

Dunkirk in 1940 for which he received the DCM

Paul attended the Southampton School of Navigation in 1947-48 and attained the rank of Senior Cadet Captain. He served his apprenticeship with Shaw Savill and Albion from 1948 to 1951, and as Second Officer in 1953 left to join the Union Steamship Company, rising to Chief Officer before coming ashore in 1958. During his time with SS & A he was appointed to the *Gothic* for the initial Royal Tour which was called off due to the passing of the King. In 1954 he married Heather Bell and set up home in Auckland. He obtained his Master's Certificate in 1957.

From 1958 he worked in several capacities which included:-

1958 Cargo Superintendent and stevedoring with the New Zealand Shipping Company and Waitemata Stevedoring

1969 Seconded to the OCL study team planning future container shipping operations in New Zealand

1969-79 With the Auckland Harbour Board as Operations Manager and then Assistant General Manager. In 1975 he was appointed the Director of the Container Services Division.

In 1979 he resigned from the Auckland Harbour Board to take up the position of Assistant General Manager of P&O NZ Ltd in Wellington being appointed to the Board in 1980. In 1982 he was appointed Regional Manager and subsequently a Director of P&O and its subsidiaries in the South Island, based in Christchurch. He retired in 1990.

Paul was a committed Free Mason, and together with Heather, a keen gardener. He enjoyed the regular lunches and other get-togethers with fellow Master Mariners and shipping colleagues. He will be missed.

Captain George Carter

12 June, 2011

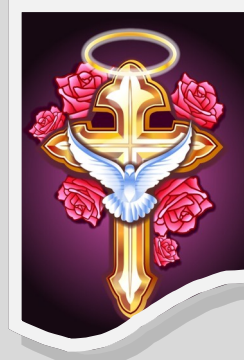
Captain George Sinclair Carter. Died at Mercy Hospice. Born in the Orkney Islands in 1933, he retired from the USS Co. in 1992.

George was called for compulsory military training in the UK and served a stint in the

Korean War. This was followed by a spell on seine fishing boats out of the Orkneys, then marriage to Violet.

Emigrating to NZ in 1956 saw George working on farms and various other shore jobs, before returning to fishing out of Auckland. After obtaining Masters Home Trade the last go at fishing was out of the Chathams during the crayfish boom. A spell with Anchor Company saw promotion from AB to Mate. In 1978 George obtained 2nd mate FG. and transferred to the USSCo on the demise of Anchor Co. Serving with USSCo experience was gained on the paper boats, tankers and various other Company vessels. George passed Master FG. in 1988.

He is survived by his wife Violet. Our sympathy and condolences are with her.



*Quinque nunc Sileo. Requiescat in
Pace*

*No man is an island, entire of itself;
every man is a piece of the continent, a
part of the main. If a clod be washed
away by the sea, Europe is the less, as
well as if a promontory were, as well
as if a manor of thy friend's or of thine
own were: any man's death diminishes
me, because I am involved in mankind,
and therefore never send to know for
whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.*

*John Donne (1572-1631),
Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions,
Meditation XVII:
Nunc Lento Sonitu Dicunt, Morieris:*

A WHOLE LOT OF SHAKING GOING ON.....

**GEOFF SWALLOW
SECRETARY CHRISTCHURCH BRANCH**

I must admit that I was somewhat hesitant to write about the current Christchurch situation, as I am sure that anyone outside of Canterbury will by now be heartily fed up with earthquake news. Certainly we in the affected area are more than fed up as the "quake" seems to be the sole topic of conversation wherever you go. Friends, family, neighbours, and even people at the bus stop – it doesn't take long for the conversation to get around to damage comparison, or "where were you when big one happened?" They say worse things happen at sea, and I must admit that I have endured much more frightening moments during a Tasman Sea storm than I encountered during any of the big four or five shakes that we have had since September. But it is not just the shakes, it is the aftermath that leaves the scars on the population. A storm at sea you know will ease, or pass on, but now we are never sure what we will find once the shaking stops, and more importantly, will there be another one. This has had a profound affect on the population, who were remarkably staunch following the September and even the February events, but have wilted markedly after the latest in June.

The NZ Geological Survey reported in mid-July that over 7400 aftershocks had been recorded since the Sept. 2010.

It has always been the case that a house with a river or sea view is most desirable, but nature has now proved this definitely not to be the case. If you look at the map, the "red" zone, which are those areas destined for demolition and unlikely to ever be built on again, follows the Avon River from the city right around to New Brighton and the Estuary. The term "liquefaction" is one I admit I had never heard before, but since our regular earthquake events, I certainly know it now. My son had a business in Antigua Street in the City. On the day of the February event they were sitting having lunch in the staff room when the floor just opened up and poured grey muddy water into the room to about knee height. This happens during each major quake, and happens all over the city in areas close to the rivers and the Estuary. Lovely

stuff! Horrible when wet, and even worse when it dries out and creates grey choking dust-storms.

So how has it affected us as Christchurch Branch? Well, at least 5 of our members have lost their houses and have had to relocate, and many others are left with damaged homes awaiting the 'will' of EQC to affect repairs. Our activities have been severely curtailed, with our mid winter annual dinner venue closed until at least next January, the Cathedral and all the Lyttelton churches all gone, the central city a no-go zone, and the roads making travel around the suburbs a bit of a bumpy trek.

A big loss is our newsletter, as editor John Twomey, who has produced our newsletter for many years is one of those who lost his house, and with it, the desire to continue with the work involved with the newsletter. Also, as he will shortly be 90, his decision to retire is quite understandable.

On the positive side, we have found a likely replacement venue for our annual dinner, which we hope to hold in September, and the (now deconsecrated) Holy Trinity Church in Lyttelton has decided to hold the annual Seafarers Service in August at a nearby hall. Are things slowly returning to some semblance of order? Let us hope so.



GONE: Corner of Tuam and High Streets in Christchurch's red zone. The Government's appointed Earthquake Recovery Minister, Gerry Brownlee, says the bid to save many parts of the central business district has been killed off by continuing earthquakes

MIGHT IS RIGHT?

The concept is questioned by experienced Master Mariners

John Brown

Might is right

Any vessel under 500 gross tonnage must give way to any vessel over 500 gross tonnage in Wellington Harbour. (bylaw 6.3)



greater WELLINGTON REGIONAL COUNCIL | Harbours

The poster reproduced in our September 2010 issue is still prominently displayed in the Harbours section of the Greater Wellington Regional Council website, presumably with the sanction of Maritime New Zealand who authorise all maritime rules and advise on the interpretation of those rules in New Zealand. Because of this I believe that the Maritime New Zealand interpretation of the term '*not to impede*' in the New Zealand collision rules is not the same as that accepted internationally.

Might is not right in New Zealand's harbours say experienced master mariners

The MNZ interpretation appears to be similar to that of Company member Tony Legge, previously employed by Maritime New Zealand as Chief Accident Investigator, who says that, "*if the small vessel does impede and a risk of collision develops, both vessels must take*

action that best aids to avert collision".

At least two collision reports published by Maritime New Zealand reinforces my belief that they believe in the veracity of the '*Might is Right*'.

In the *Sydney Express/Maria Louisa* incident the small vessel was identified as a sailing vessel which was visible for a considerable time before the collision. In the *Santa Regina/Timeless* collision the small vessel was also identified as a sailing vessel and was visible for some time before the collision.

Both collisions occurred in what MNZ classed as a narrow channel, and in both cases the large ship failed to ascertain if there was a risk of collision and failed to take avoiding action until too late. The many causes and contributing factors listed in both reports did not mention Rule 8 (f) (iii) or its New Zealand equivalent 22.8 (6) ©, and placed the major blame for the collisions on the small vessels. I believe a Might is Right attitude was the primary cause of both collisions. Both large vessels were certainly not complying with Rule 8. The New Zealand 500 ton rule or local derivatives was used as a defence and this rule also uses the term not to impede and its interpretation should be the same as that of the international rule.

Richard Culleton and myself sought advice, from amongst others Norman Cockcroft, who is recognised as one of the leading advisors on the international collision rules. He first attended IMCO meetings in 1977 as a member of the Marine Safety Committee representing the International Association of Institutes of Navigation. In 1982 this sub-committee approved a guidance note that eventually became an amendment to the rules which IMO approved in 1987. This was rule 8 (f).

Cockcroft says, "*there is a difference between*

the requirement to keep out of the way when there is a risk of collision and the requirement to avoid impeding the safe passage.

...there is a difference between the requirement to keep out of the way when there is risk of collision and the requirement to avoid impeding the safe passage. The latter applies in a narrow channel or traffic lane or where there is a vessel constrained by her draught.

The latter applies in a narrow channel, or a traffic lane, or where there is a vessel constrained by her draft. Small vessels and sailing vessels are required as far as possible to allow the other vessel safe passage and avoid the development of risk of collision. If, however, risk of collision develops then, in accordance with Rule 8 (f)(iii), other Steering and Sailing Rules apply viz, a power driven vessel must keep out of the way of a sailing vessel and a vessel constrained by her draught must take what action she can to keep out of the way of a vessel not constrained which is crossing from starboard so as to involve a risk of collision". This interpretation is supported by a number of other authorities and is completely different from the view held by New Zealand authorities, although Legge further says that "local authorities have taken a simplified view of all this and promulgated the might is right rule in their harbours - certainly wrong but not unreasonable given that small boat owners need simple rules".

Rules are rules and there are not many simple rules in this PC world but when playing together in the same "lake" there cannot be a rule for one side and a simple rule for the other side.

Copies of the poster displayed at the head of this discussion are available online from the Harbours Section, Greater Wellington Regional Council at [www.gw.govt.nz/assets/Our Environment/Harbours/might_is_right.pdf](http://www.gw.govt.nz/assets/Our%20Environment/Harbours/might_is_right.pdf)

LETTER TO THE ASSOCIATE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT

9 July, 2011

The Honourable Nathan Guy
Associate Minister of Transport
Parliament House
Wellington
Sir,

Ref: Harbour Regulations: 500 ton Rule. See Greater Wellington Regional Council: Navigation and Safety Bylaws: 6.3 Duties of persons in charge of motor boats, yachts, launches etc. in Wellington Harbour.

I bring this matter to your attention as Associate Minister of Transport (Marine).

It is my intention to run the attached illustration and story in the September issue of the Company magazine *On Deck*.

The International Collision Rules use a term "not to impede" in certain circumstances which obligates the impeding vessel to keep clear if it can, but if a risk of collision does develop the normal collision rules apply such as power gives way to sail. In a crossing situation one vessel gives way to the other and an overtaking vessel must keep clear of the overtaken vessel. These rules have been copied by New Zealand and form part of Maritime Rule 22. We also have in New Zealand local rules approved by Maritime New Zealand which also use the term "not to impede". Local rules consist of national rules made by Maritime New Zealand and also regional rules made by harbour authorities.

Because of MNZ reports and of the wording of a local harbour rule it is obvious that MNZ places a different interpretation on the term "not to impede" than do maritime authorities overseas.

The reasons for the above are

1. *Maria Louisa* and *Sydney Express* with

the loss of five lives. The large ship saw the small boat some time before the collision but took no action to avoid a collision believing that it had rights under the 500 tons rule assuming the small boat was a sailing vessel.

2. *Santa Regina / Timeless* with loss of one life. The large ship saw the small boat showing the light for a sailing vessel some time before the collision but believed it had rights under the 500 tons rule and took no action to ascertain a risk of collision.

The Greater Wellington Regional Council interprets their own rules on impeding in a wrong way saying they mean give way.

The attached story is to be published in our September issue. This letter is to offer you the opportunity to comment. I am prepared to print such reply as you may wish to make.

Yours faithfully
Nic Campbell
Hon. Editor.

Reply from the Associate Minister of Transport

The Office of Hon. Nathan Guy
Associate Minister of Transport
19 August.
Mr. Nic Campbell (*Editor, On Deck*)
stormbird@xtra.co.nz

Dear Nic,
Thank you for your email of 31 July, 2011 inviting me to comment on your article for *On Deck* magazine.

I understand you are concerned about maritime collision prevention regulations.

As part of my regular briefings with Maritime New Zealand, I am aware that the issues raised by Messers Culleton and Brown have been the subject of lengthy and detailed correspondence dating back a number of years. That said, I do not consider it appropriate for me to comment on this

technical matter, as it has already been the subject of robust discussion and investigation by people and agencies with the relevant maritime experience.

Understanding and applying the collision prevention rules is a matter of professional judgement based on the master's clear understanding of the rule and assessment of the particular situation at hand. This is why it is critical that all masters exercise the appropriate skill, experience and judgement to take the necessary action to respond to whatever situation they may find themselves in to ensure safety.

It is unfortunate in this case, in spite of both parties going to considerable lengths in an effort to resolve this issue, they have been unable to find a resolution. However, from the correspondence I have seen, my understanding is that both parties have agreed that they will not be pursuing these matters with each other any further. I consider that this is appropriate in the circumstances.

Finally, regarding the issues raised in relation to Greater Wellington Regional Council's promotion of navigational safety matters, please note that this is an operational matter for the Council, and would be best addressed through that agency.

Thank you again for writing with your views.

Yours sincerely,

Hon Nathan Guy
Associate Minister of Transport

Vessels at sea do not actually have any "right of way"—they may be, correctly, in the position of being the "stand on vessel" or the "give way" vessel. Therefore, at no time should any vessel actually navigate its way into a collision, and the regulations are clear that no one in command of a vessel may assume a "right of way" up to a point of collision

1953 - A MARITIME PERSPECTIVE OF TANGIWAI
The recent film about the Tangiwai railway disaster suggests a timely reminder of a maritime dimension to this tragedy. By Nic Campbell

1953 - A MARITIME PERSPECTIVE OF TANGIWAI
The recent film about the Tangiwai railway disaster suggests a timely reminder of a maritime dimension to this tragedy. By Nic Campbell



The Memorial at Tangiwai

At 10.21 p.m. on Christmas Eve 1953 the Wellington–Auckland night express plunged into the Whangaehu River at Tangiwai, 10 kilometres west of Waiouru in the central North Island. A lahar from the crater lake on Mt. Ruapehu had flashed down the river and carried away the bridge just moments ahead of the approaching train. Of the 285 passengers on board, more than 151 died in New Zealand's worst railway accident. It was at the time, the world's eighth-deadliest rail disaster and made headlines around the globe. More poignancy was added by the fact that Queen Elizabeth was in New Zealand on Royal Tour at the time. She joined the national mourning and described the accident as 'grievous' in her Christmas speech.

The nation was stunned. With New Zealand's population at just over two million, many people had a direct relationship with someone involved in the tragedy. Translation of the Maori word Tangiwai aptly means weeping waters. The timing of the accident on Christmas Eve added to the sense of tragedy. Most of those on the train were heading home for Christmas, armed with presents for friends and family. Those waiting to meet their loved ones at the various stations up the line had no sense of the tragedy unfolding on the volcanic plateau. Over the following days, searchers found many battered, mud-soaked presents, toys and teddy bears on the banks of the Whangaehu River.

Although it is now 58 years since the rail disaster at Tangiwai on Christmas Eve, 24 December, 1953. I still recall, as a young man, being home in Wellington and listening to the prolonged litany of names of both the survivors and confirmed dead being broadcast from the local Wellington wireless station on Christmas Day. This is one man's story of a disaster that killed 53 people and should be recalled from memory from time to time so that it is not forgotten.

Shortly after Boxing Day about 27th or 28th December my vessel left Wellington bound Castlecliff (Wanganui). It was a short overnight voyage and we were due off the bar at around 5am. The night was calm and clear with slight seas. At about 3am, and well off the coast, I was taking the watch when I suddenly noticed what appeared to be breakers close ahead. Believing the vessel had been set inshore by unknown circumstances I immediately ordered the helm hard to port and began urgently ringing for an astern movement on the engines. Before any of these orders could take effect we were in the midst of a fifty metre wide ring of thickly packed debris. I could see tree trunks and other types of litter and as the ship rode through this the carcass of a cow, illuminated a ghastly green in the glow of the starboard running light, rolled over and passed beneath the bridge wing. The whole was interspersed with some sort of white froth, which I had mistaken for breaking water.



Aftermath at Tangiwai

At this instant the engineer on watch who had stopped both engines preparatory to

reversing them began racing them hard astern. I now realised that rather than the ship being in danger of grounding we had held our course and were still some 12 miles from the coast. We were forging through a debris field spreading far into the Tasman Sea from the Whangaehu River mouth. On the other side of this floating barrier the water was highly discoloured and silt-laden. Because of the density of the debris I immediately had the engines stopped and allowed the ship to drift through the debris because of the real possibility of damage to the screws. After ringing all clear and getting under way again I remember the watch engineer being annoyed with me for asking for emergency action without forewarning. He hadn't seen what I saw but I settled him down amicably.



Steel bridge and massive concrete pylons completely washed away

Discoloured water is quite normal around river mouths and is often edged with a foamy froth where the silt laden fresh water, differing in specific gravity to salt water, takes some time to merge. In this case, however, it was forcing a 50-metre ring of debris across a front that must have been near 12 miles in radius. The coast here is subject to a set from the north, especially during the summer months, which is wind driven and encouraged by the local D'Urville Current that flows along this shore. Much of this debris fouled the coastal beaches south of the Whangaehu River for many months afterwards.

After arrival in Wanganui we were held there over the New Year for some reason I don't now remember. The search for bodies was still going on in the river and I was asked if some of our crew would help. Naturally we agreed to this and the company agreed to cover any costs to the ship. We were taken to various spots along the Whangaehu alley



The wreckage of the locomotive, the sixth carriage and the rail bridge in the Whangaehu River at Tangiwai

with many others and some of us, including me, were given long steel rods. Much of the mud and silt around the river had dried in the three or four hot mid-summer days since the lahar and had begun to shrink and crack in the hot sun. Our job was to prod the mud at random hoping to feel something that would be worth digging for. We were told to look particularly for areas where flies were gathering around cracks in the mud as these may hold potential bodies. A few bodies were found that day. I don't know how many but I still remember my horror and trepidation as I poked around one fly swarmed crack and found something suspicious beneath. Thank God when some soldiers with a policeman dug they only uncovered a dead animal.

Some 20 bodies were never found, some 18 recovered still remain unidentified. It is relatively certain that an undetermined number of other victim's bodies were never found and thus remain unknown.



Public memorial and graves at Karori Cemetery, Wellington

SOMALI PIRACY New York Times July, 2011

There have been seagoing pirates throughout history from plundering Vikings to 17th-century raiders who pillaged Spanish galleons. In recent years, a spate of attacks off the Horn of Africa has shown that piracy can still be highly profitable as well as dangerous.

In Somalia, a country of grinding poverty and internal chaos, the pirate economy is booming. The piracy is an extension of the corrupt, violent free-for-all that has raged on land since the central government imploded in 1991. It has turned the waters into the most dangerous shipping lanes in the world.

The American Navy has pleaded with ship owners to stick to designated shipping lanes when passing through the Arabian Sea, where Somali pirates continue to strike with impunity.

In February this year, pirates killed four American hostages who had been sailing on a yacht through Somalia's pirate infested seas, in one of the deadliest episodes since the modern-day epidemic began several years ago, American officials said.

American naval forces had been shadowing the hijacked yacht, called the *Quest*, for several days, and had detained two of the pirates after negotiations aboard the U.S.S. *Sterett*, military officials said. As soon as they saw a burst of gunfire on board, Navy Seals rushed to the yacht in assault craft, shooting one of the pirates and stabbing another.

The pirates had already shot all four hostages, including a retired couple from California that had been sailing around the world for more than six years. It was not clear why the pirates killed the hostages — whether accidentally during a fire fight or possibly out of revenge for the Somali pirates killed by American sharpshooters in a hostage situation in 2009. The tragic conclusion raised questions about the crucial decision to detain the pirate leaders.

The death of the four Americans added momentum to a wide-ranging review the Obama administration is conducting on how to combat the growing threat from bands of Somali pirates.

Despite the deployment of international warships to thwart them and a United Nations Security Council resolution to bring the fight against them to shore, 2010 was another banner year for Somali pirates. In November, they held more than 25 foreign ships and 500 people hostage, according to Ecoterra International, an organization with offices in East

Africa that keeps track of Somali piracy. Their ransoms have been rising, which has served to draw more recruits to their ranks.

Even when captured, many pirates have been set free. In November 2010, a Kenyan court ordered the release of nine piracy suspects, saying the country could not prosecute them for crimes committed outside its territory.



A history of plunder

Somali officials said piracy started about 15 to 20 years ago as a response to illegal fishing. The country's tuna-rich waters were plundered by commercial fishing fleets soon after its government collapsed in 1991. Somali fishermen turned into armed vigilantes, confronting fishing boats and demanding they pay a tax.

In 2008, more than 120 pirate attacks occurred in the Gulf of Aden, far more than in any other year in recent memory. Experts said the Somali pirates netted more than US \$100 million, an astronomical sum for a war-racked country whose economy is in tatters.

Modern-day pirates use fast-moving skiffs to pull alongside their prey and board with ladders or sometimes rusty grappling hooks. On deck, they hold the crew for ransom, usually US\$1 million to US\$2 million. The pirates gained worldwide attention in September 2008 when they seized a Ukrainian freighter packed with tanks, anti-aircraft guns and other heavy weaponry. After a four-month saga, \$3.2 million in cash was dropped by parachute — and the pirates left the ship in February 2009. The presence of warships from the European Union, the United States, China, Japan, Russia, India and other nations has managed to thwart attacks on merchant and leisure ships in the Gulf of Aden. As many as 30 ships are patrolling the gulf at any given time, naval officials said.

But the pirates have moved their focus to the southern and eastern coasts of Somalia where patrols are virtually non-existent. Using

sophisticated electronics, heavy weapons, large ocean-going boats and speedier attack craft, the pirates are able to operate far from land for weeks at a time.

There was a lull in attacks in early 2009, but in a weeklong period in early April, pirates seized six ships, including the *Maersk Alabama*, the first ship with an American crew. The ship's captain, Richard Phillips, allowed himself to be captured so that the rest of the crew could escape. After a five-day standoff, United States Navy snipers shot and killed the three pirates who were holding Mr. Phillips in a lifeboat. He was rescued unharmed.

Highly Lucrative and Far Afield

By 2010, the pirates had begun to hijack some ships hundreds of miles offshore, closer to India than to Africa. The crews were often held at gunpoint for months while ransom negotiations play out.

In the spring, radical Islamist insurgents seized Xarardheere, one of the most notorious pirate coves on the central Somali coast. This raised questions about whether rebels with connections to Al Qaeda will now have a pipeline to tens of millions of dollars — and a new ability to threaten global trade.

In early November, last year, a band of pirates received what is widely believed to be a record ransom — around US\$10 million — for a hijacked South Korean supertanker, the *Samho Dream*. The ship had been commandeered in April and anchored for months off the city of Hobyo, in central Somalia, in plain sight of the beach.

The ransom was promptly divided among dozens of young gunmen, each allotted a US\$150,000 share. But many of the pirates never saw close to that much money because they had taken advances from their bosses and had to pay back expenses, said a pirate in the Hobyo area.

Some of the bigger pirate bosses in this part of Somalia have been building mini armies from the millions they receive in ransoms, and it is widely believed that much of the money from the *Samho Dream* will go toward more weapons.

At the same time, the Shabab, the powerful Islamist insurgent group that vows to enforce strict Islamic law across Somalia, seems to be getting more deeply involved in piracy. Pirates recently sailed a hijacked yacht with three South Africans on board to Barawa, a coastal town firmly in Shabab hands. The pirates would not be able to set foot in Barawa, let alone hold hostages there, without Shabab cooperation.

What next? We must simply wait and see.



Over 800 seafarers are being held hostage by armed gangs of Somali pirates, in appalling conditions, subject to physical and psychological abuse, for up to eight months. Their ships have been hijacked at sea and they are being held for ransoms of millions of dollars. The human cost to seafarers and their families is enormous.

Piracy is beginning to strangle key supply routes. 9 per cent of the world's food, fuel, raw materials and manufactured goods is delivered by sea. Nearly half of the world's seaborne oil supply passes through the pirate-infested parts of the western and northern Indian Ocean. But the world's politicians don't seem to realise the severity of the crisis. World trade is under threat. Piracy costs the global economy US\$7 - 12bn a year. Yet even when caught red handed by naval forces, per cent of pirates are released to attack again.



If you wish to help stop this hostage-taking and help restore the freedom of the seas, you can add your voice to the worldwide call for government action. More robust laws, stronger enforcement of international conventions and firmer political resolve are needed to stop these pirates.

Copying the link below will open the Save our Seafarers page and enables the opportunity to send the SOS letter, in your name, directly to your chosen Head of Government.

<http://www.saveourseafarers.com/>



A FULL, FACTUAL AND FASCINATING LIFE



Captain Malcolm W Parrott

Malcolm Parrott, Past Master of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners (2009-2010), has had a varied career, and towards the end of his seagoing service spent time in West Africa. His account below from the 1980's shows that life could be quite exciting: Malcolm Parrott was born 1941. Joining the Merchant Navy as an apprentice in 1958, and as a Cadet in the NZSCo cadet ship MV *Otaio*. He remained with that company whilst completing his apprenticeship and attaining his Second Mate's and First Mate's certificates in 1962 and 1964. In late 1969 he joined the Royal Fleet Auxiliary as Second Officer and remained with them until 1978, serving on various ships up to Chief Officer and obtaining his Master's certificate in 1972. In 1978 he joined Sea Containers Ltd and sailed as Master on various ships including the cruise ship MV *Orient Express* until 1985. He then came ashore and held senior management positions with that company throughout the world, including San Francisco and Singapore until retiring in 2004. He is currently Managing Director of The Maritime Group (International) Limited of London, part of the Anglo/American consulting company, The Maritime Group (International) known as TMG, specialising in Cruise and Ferry (including HSC) consultancy. He is a Fellow of the Royal Institute of Navigation, the Chartered Institute of Logistics and Transport and the Nautical Institute and also a Younger Brother of Trinity House.

The *Arabella* story is an extract from the book by Professor David Smith and John Johnson Allen, entitled '*Voices from the Bridge*',

Recollections of members of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners.

Nigerian Curtain Saga

The ship was called the *Arabella*. She was a 1500-ton deck-cargo ship and had a complete Chinese crew apart from me, as Master. The officers were from Hong Kong, the crew from mainland China, she was registered in Liberia, and was a real wreck. She was chartered to a company called Societe Ivoire out of Abidjan. We were essentially coasting with containers - we could only carry about 150 containers. The vessel had a big crane on her, did twelve to thirteen knots, a slow, old ship not good for fending off pirates. I could not believe what had happened to me. There I was in deepest, darkest Africa, with a Chinese crew, most of who could not speak English. There were no knives and forks on the ship, there were no cups, it was completely and utterly Chinese.

But I have to say it was a great experience because I got to love these guys, they were so funny, and they started to teach me their language. I had to learn a lot of it. They in turn were taught naval tactics, how to defend themselves against the pirates, which were constantly attacking us, certainly in Nigeria and off Monrovia.

We went up the New Calabar River when the oil field was being built up there and we were taking pipes and containers and general sorts of things. We had two Italian engineers on board to be put ashore when we arrived. We had carried them from Port Harcourt. There are no charts for that river so you have to take a mud pilot. It is very exciting going up there. It gets more and more shallow and you go aground quite frequently, and you tie up to palm trees to discharge.



Arabella

We had been told that for this particular trip we were going to be attacked by insurgents, so we took a unit of the Nigerian police and, sure enough, we were attacked. They came over the side so we went to stations, but the police said no, stand back - and there was one hell of a fire fight. Quite a lot of people got killed and we were lying on the deck of the wheelhouse. The Italians were terrified, they were screaming and shouting, 'Can we speak to mamma?' So I crawled across the wheelhouse to the chartroom, these two guys following me, and I called Portishead Radio, gave them the telephone numbers in Italy and these guys babbled away to their mammas because they were both frightened that they were going to be killed. When they had finished I said, 'Please ring my wife,' and gave them the number. I got through to her and she said, 'I'm so glad you've rung. I want to talk to you about the new curtains for the hall.' I said, 'I don't think this is the best time as I am in the middle of a fire fight and there are people getting killed. She said, 'Don't worry, but I do need to talk about the curtains.' When I finished the call the operator at Portishead said, 'Is there anything I can do to help you? Could I ring the British High Commission in Nigeria?' I said 'No, we have the Nigerian police here, they all have machine pistols, so don't worry about it, we will be all right.'



Malcolm and Joanna Parrott in 2011. It was not Joanna but Malcolm's first wife who figured in the above story. Sadly she died in 2003

There are many more tales of the *Arabella* and her sister ship *Buellah* that I could relate. The Chief Officer of the vessel Leung Shee Yung and the 2nd Engineer Sunny Yee were both characters in themselves and I still keep in touch with Leung. The crew of the *Buellah* were Indian Officers and Bajun (Barbados) ratings, not a good mixture but caused endless mirth to me. We operated on the other side of the Atlantic from West Africa in the Gulf of Mexico, but that is another story for another day.

In New Zealand

Incidentally, to add a NZ flavour to this story, Captain Parrott lived in Wellington (latterly Upper Hutt) and was an Air Traffic Control Officer at Rongotai International Airport from 1966 until 1969, having gained a Commercial Pilots Licence. He first learnt to fly at Ardmore near Auckland, but gained his Private Pilots Licence in the UK. The control tower at Rongotai was at No. 36 Tirangi Road, Kilbirnie. It must be the only ATC control tower in the world to have an address in a residential street!



Nestled amongst the houses. Wellington's Rongotai International Airport control tower, still at 36 Tirangi Road, Kilbirnie.

His eldest son is a New Zealander by birth having been born in Upper Hutt. Many of his erstwhile pilot friends went on to fly for NAC and ANZ, one being Ken Mulgrew (2nd officer in NZSCo), and a member of the Auckland branch of the New Zealand Company of Master Mariners. He was brother of Peter D. Mulgrew the New Zealand

mountaineer, yachtsman and businessman. He died in the crash of the ill-fated Air New Zealand Flight 901, an Antarctic sight-seeing flight that slammed into Mount Erebus, killing all 257 on board the DC10. Another, John M Luxton (NZCo cadet and Chief Officer in USSCo of NZ) was to become a 747 captain in British Airways. Sadly John died in 2006.

Finding the *Gothic*

Captain Parrott was also the co-pilot of the twin Piper Aztec that found the burnt and badly damaged *Gothic* off NZ in 1968. He met the Master of that ship, Captain B. Agnew in 2006. Brian Agnew now lives in Sevenoaks, Kent, where Captain Parrott also lives! Captain Agnew claims that he was really relieved to see Parrott's aircraft as he had no idea where he was and was navigating by DR and a lifeboat compass. He had no idea if his distress messages had been received (from a lifeboat radio). Seeing the aircraft with NZ registration letters made him realise that he was within 200nm of NZ as he guessed this was the limit of such an aircraft's range. He was only 50nm out, our actual range being about 300nm at the aircraft's PNR (point of no return) from Wellington. They could only stay a few minutes before heading back to Wellington, though not before carrying out the correct procedure of circling the ship and giving a direction to steer, as per the Annual Notices to Mariners.



A Twin Piper Aztec

The pilot of the aircraft was a guy called Murray Turley and Parrott was co-pilot and navigator. Although they had done a number of fishery protection patrols at sea together, none were as far from land as that trip. Parrott was navigating on DR as the Wellington NDB was wavering a bit at that range. This was also before the days of VOR, but

the 52cm SRE radar on Hawkins Hill could just pick them up at about 100nm range at 10,000 feet. Murray Turley was very apprehensive, especially when they were down at sea level circling the ship. There must be some NZBC video clips or cine film as in the NZBC archives as they carried a NZBC cameraman aboard.



The badly fire damaged *Gothic* approaching Wellington through heavy seas in 1968. *Evening Post*

NB. A request and search of the National Film archives has so far not turned up anything.

The sea pronounces something, over and over, in
a hoarse whisper; I cannot quite make it out.

~Annie Dillard

Never a ship sails out of the bay
But carries my heart as a stowaway.

**~Roselle Mercier Montgomery,
*The Stowaway***

The cure for anything is salt water - sweat, tears,
or the sea.

~Isak Dinesen

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.

**~William Wordsworth,
*Intimations of Immortality***

The only cure for seasickness is to sit on the shady
side of an old brick church in the country.

~Author Unknown

Ocean: A body of water occupying two-thirds of a
world made for man - who has no gills.

~Ambrose Bierce



BIG STEAMERS

Rudyard Kipling 1865 — 1936

One wonders, when Kipling wrote this poem in 1914, if he had any perception of VLCC's, liquid and dry cargo bulk supply vessels, 5000 TEU container ships, enormous passenger cruise ships, and the exponential demand for ever more gigantic vessels plying the seas to satisfy commerce and social needs. 100 years ago the notion must have been unimaginable but the underlying concept of his poem remains as true today as it did then. Without ships millions starve. Big Steamers, first published in 1911 as one of his twenty-three poems written specially for C. R. L. Fletcher's "A School History of England". It appears in the last chapter of the book. It is intended for children, with the verses responding with facts and humour to their curiosity about the 'big steamers' - as the merchant ships are called. The poem was set to music late in World War I, with the permission of Kipling, and it was published in "The Teacher's World", June 19, 1918. This was in response to a request from the Ministry of Food Control to set the poem to music, with the intention that it would be sung in schools and bring to the attention of children the importance of merchant ships - at a time when so many ships had been lost to German WW1 U-boats that food rationing had to be introduced. From the 1920's and into the early WW2 years most British and Empire children chanted or sang this poem.

*Did you?
Do you remember?*

"Oh, where are you going to, all you Big Steamers,
With England's own coal, up and down the salt seas?"

"We are going to fetch you your bread and your butter,
Your beef, pork, and mutton, eggs, apples, and cheese."

"And where will you fetch it from, all you Big Steamers,
And where shall I write you when you are away?
"We fetch it from Melbourne, Quebec, and Vancouver--

Address us at Hobart, Hong-Kong, and Bombay."

"But if anything happened to all you Big Steamers,
And suppose you were wrecked up and down the salt sea?"

"Then you'd have no coffee or bacon for breakfast,
And you'd have no muffins or toast for your tea."

"Then I'll pray for fine weather for all you Big Steamers,
For little blue billows and breezes so soft."

"Oh, billows and breezes don't bother Big Steamers,
For we're iron below and steel-rigging aloft."

"Then I'll build a new lighthouse for all you Big Steamers,
With plenty wise pilots to pilot you through."

"Oh, the Channel's as bright as a ball-room already,
And pilots are thicker than pilchards at Looe."

"Then what can I do for you, all you Big Steamers,
Oh, what can I do for your comfort and good?"

"Send out your big warships to watch your big waters,
That no one may stop us from bringing you food."

For the bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble,
The sweets that you suck and the joints that you carve,
They are brought to you daily by all us Big Steamers."

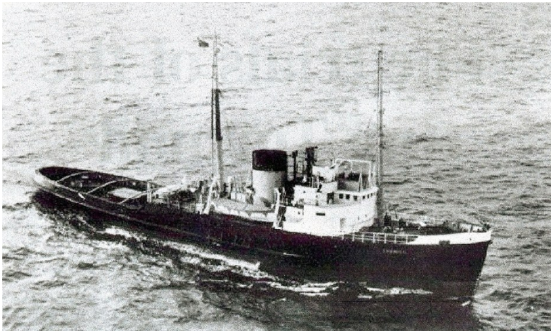


Mid-war big steamer USSCO's trans-pacific passenger/cargo ship Limerick making sure the communities needs are met .

THE TRIALS OF THE TUG *TURMOIL*

Captain Bob Wyld

With minefields in the North Sea, towing through buoys marking the swept channels of wartime mine fields is a ticklish business, however the *Ocean Liberty*, loaded with coal was a different story. To start with, all her boiler tubes had blown out, so she had no power aboard. She was manned with a Norwegian crew who spoke no English, save for the Radio Officer, and his was limited.



Tug *Turmoil*

When we received her SOS it showed her as 1700 miles out in the North Atlantic, which was about our limit. Beyond that the Canadian tugs would have beaten us to it. We set off at our usual eighteen knots, hearing shortly afterward over the air, that a Greek steamer had arrived on the scene and was hoping to tow her. We pressed on.

Shortly after this the Norwegian said that he would only be using his radio for short periods to conserve his batteries, which he had no means of charging. We then began to take DF bearings on the Greek's radio signals, every time he touched his key. In this way we were steering down the bearing towards the casualty.

Just at dawn on the fourth day we saw them dead ahead. The Greek was steaming across the Norwegian's bow, towing manila mooring ropes behind him. The Norwegian crew were dropping grappling hooks overboard, endeavouring to lift them up. They succeeded and made them fast on either bow. We were forced to lay to watching the Greek's efforts. It was blowing force nine, and we knew no manila was going to survive the towing of a heavily laden ship.

Within thirty minutes, both ropes parted with a resounding crack. The Greek immediately

came on the air, saying we could take over. He then rounded on the unfortunate Norwegian captain, holding him responsible for all loss of time, loss of gear, new carpet for the mate's cabin, the lot!

We steamed close and began to connect up. Even using the Norwegian radio officer as an interpreter, we could not get the message across, that the tow wire must be shackled to the b anchor cable, after the anchor was hung off.

It was either due to language problems or the obduracy of the Norwegian captain, that this was not done. He insisted on lashing it to the mast! His mast would never give way, but the wire pennant leading over the fairlead and chafing, would, and that is where it parted some hours later. This time some sense seemed to have entered their heads. They shackled on to their anchor cable and paid out three shackles. We began to tow. However, Sod's Law and the weather took a hand.

In the ten days it took us to bring him to port, it blew a gale during nine of them. Sometimes up to force 11. With the wind screaming through our rigging, mountainous seas piling up from the west and both ships rolling and pitching horribly, we were forced to heave to on numerous occasions. With no power, the tow couldn't steer, although they later attempted to do this with jury steering gear. I forget how many times we parted and reconnected, but it was far too many. We discovered one of the problems was "soft wires".



On another day, another dollar. Lying off the *Flying Enterprise*

It was just after the war, steel was in short supply, and our wires were not up to the job. We spent hours packing around the taffrail

with wood to alleviate the chafe where the tow wire ran over the towing bars.

Stopper rope shackles, having a thirty ton breaking strain, shattered in the night, with a report like a four inch gun. Finally the wire parted our end and a quarter of a mile of five inch wire, twenty inch manila plus shackles hung from the tow's bow. He had no power for his windlass, to heave all this up. We sent him numerous messages not to slip, we needed all that gear badly. We hauled in the little bit at our end, then looking through the binoculars we saw he had let the whole lot go. There was nothing left to do but get up what spare wires and ropes we had, some of them in dreadful condition, but they'd have to do.

Twenty three men hauled it up aboard the Norwegian, by hand, and we were towing again. But the gales never let up. The next day we parted once more.

The Norwegian captain morsed us, asking for another tug to help. Our company informed us they had no tugs available. We wanted no outsiders to share the salvage, but we knew that owing to his lack of power, he couldn't send messages direct, so we never passed them on. To be in salvage you had to be something of a pirate! We just couldn't afford to lose any more gear, because with the numerous partings, we had no spare wire. We'd sat up all night eye splicing old pen-nants, and they were all gone.

The mate, Mr Overston, then had a brain-wave. We would make a lasso from a wire, holding the ring open with a small piece of cord. The Norwegians would have to pass it as far as possible, down the tow wire hanging from his bow. Using our capstan, we would heave on the lasso, and hopefully haul up our tow wire. Amazingly, we got this across to them, but on hauling it aboard, found the lasso hadn't gone down far enough, putting a tremendous weight on the wire. We hove gingerly up, the strain was tremendous, the wire screeching on the capstan barrel.

We stopped heaving, waiting for a lull in the sea swells. Mr Overston ran up to the bridge to see the master. Then suddenly a lull came, I inched the wire in. The two eyes were together! I shouted to the Bosun. "Put the pin in the shackle."

He looked bemused, "I haven't got it, he yelled back, "the mate took it in his pocket!" We shouted for the Mate. He came running down the deck. As he entered the pin in the shackle, the wire parted with a crack Everyone scattered. The pin, half entered, shot past the mate's head like a rifle bullet, missing him by a fraction. He fell back on the deck, scared and heavily winded.

Captain Parker's voice floated down from the bridge. "All right lads. We'll have breakfast now, and try again, afterwards." We did, and connected successfully.

I'll never forget the faces of the Dutch Pilot and the harbour tug crews, when we stole out of a thick mist, and brought our tow into the Maas at the Hook of Holland. Up to then the Dutch had done all towing and salvage contracts. We had not only towed him safely in, we'd negotiated all the terms. The Norwegian had just two shackles of cable left in both chain lockers, all the rest had been lost giving some idea of the ferocious North Atlantic weather.

Ocean Liberty was carrying coal for the Berlin Air-lift.

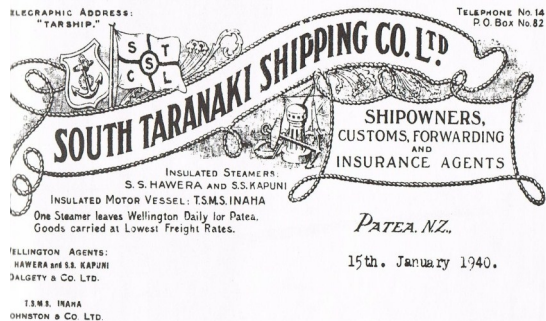


Still the Atlantic but 60 years on from this story. Nothing changes. Still another day, another tow, another dollar for the towing crew

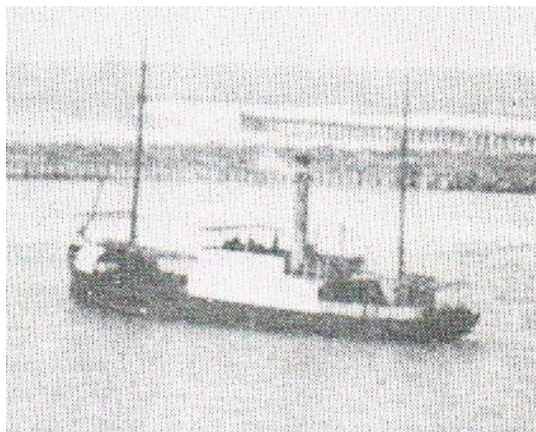
The sea never changes and its works, for all the talk of men, are wrapped in mystery.

The sea has never been friendly to man. At most it has been the accomplice of human restlessness.
Joseph Conrad

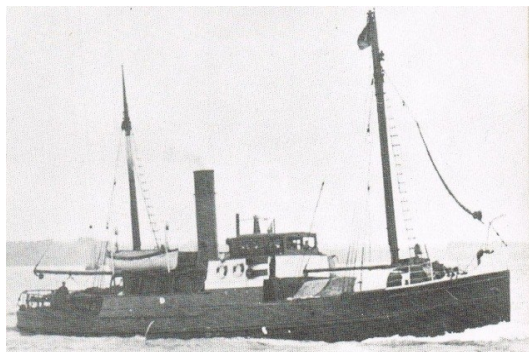
THE SOUTH TARANAKI SHIPPING COMPANY (The Cheese Boats) Old Nic



The South Taranaki Shipping Company was formed in 1912 from the split-up of the Patea Shipping Company, the West Coast Refrigerating Company and its constituent dairy companies being the major shareholders. Floating inventory at the time consisted of the vessels *Mana*, *Kiripaka*, *Kapuni*, and *Hawera*.



ss *Mana* 1906



mv *Hawera* on trials after conversion to diesel in 1930

The South Taranaki ships were colloquially known as the Cheese Boats and generally berthed at Kings Wharf One

in Wellington, opposite the WHB Cheese store. They arrived up to nine times a week from either Patea or Wanganui.

The practice of loading directly into overseas ships had ceased after WW2 and cargos were accumulated in the cool store and loaded out for overseas in large bulk consignments. This area was constantly busy with the transfer of cheese as the ships arrived in Wellington almost daily and often three together.

Loading at Patea was by contract and thus much quicker than other ports, oftentimes a ship could arrive, receive a full load and sail on the same tide. When the Patea bar was unworkable cheese was loaded at Wanganui but in a much more relaxed manner.

The ships remained busy all year round as in the off dairy season when cheese production slowed the ships would range far and wide as general cargo carriers, export apples from Nelson, Mapua and Motueka in season. They also took part in the Marlborough Sounds wool runs and carried general cargos on the west coast from as far north as Onehunga and Raglan and as far south as Westport, Greymouth and Jackson Bay.

Frozen meat was loaded from Picton and other cargos on the east coast to/from Lyttelton and Timaru were also moved.

With some six berthings or more each week for some 50 years the Cheese Boats may possibly have been the most frequent traders out of Wellington.

It is interesting to note that in the early years of the twentieth century exports from Patea were greater in both volume and value than those from Wanganui, and transshipments from Patea formed over half of the total dairy exports from Wellington.

The company ceased operating in 1959 when changing transport patterns made it more economic and convenient for the West Coast Refrigerating Company to move cheese by rail to New Plymouth for export and the Cheese Grader facility was re-located there in 1960.

Patea Ships (dimensions rounded up)

ss *Kiripaka* (102275) 95' x 20' x 7'
Owned 1912 – 1917

ss *Mana* (91781) 87' x 17' x 8'
Owned 1912 – 1917

mv *Kapuni* (121382) 101' x 20' x 11'
Owned 1912 – 1939

mv *Hawera* (121387) 106' x 21' x 8'
Owned 1912 -1941

ss *Waverley* (69012) 94' x 18' x 8'
Chartered 1916 – 1928*

ss *Kapiti* (108078) 100' x 21' x 9'
Chartered 1919 – 1938*

mv *Inaha* (121396) 108' x 23' x 9'
Owned 1923 – 1959

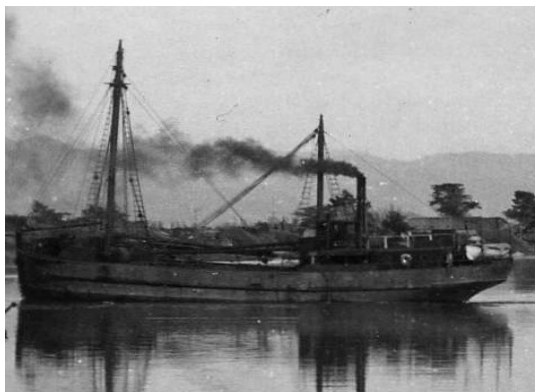
mv *Foxton* (153982) 102' x 27' x 8'
Owned 1939-1959

mv *Tiroa* (136868) 112' x 23' x 8'
Owned 1942 – 1957

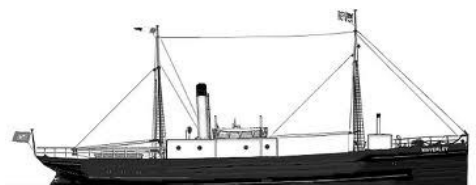
* bareboat charter; manned by the company.



mv *Inaha* ashore in the Patea river 1947



**mv *Foxton* berthing at Foxton
ca. 1932**



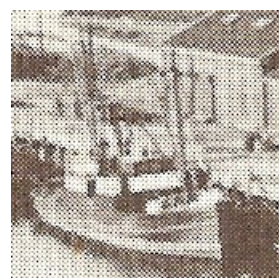
ss *Waverley* (source unknown)



ss *Kapiti* ashore at Patea ca. 1932



mv *Tiroa*



ss *Kapuni* at Patea ca. 1934

Photos: Ian Church, from *Little Ships of Patea*

Regrettably no photo could be obtained of the *Kiripaka* and the only photos of the *Kapuni*

Until the early 1960's Patea was the world's largest cheese exporting port. Patea is central to what is arguably the world's most intensively farmed dairy region from where cheese is still the primary end product. Fonterra's Kiwi Dairies near Hawera, which is serviced by numerous heavily loaded milk trains daily, continues the grand tradition in being the biggest dairy factory in the world.

THE END OF THE "COFFIN-SHIP"

Plimsoll's fight for recognition



Samuel Plimsoll's hushed footsteps mingle with those of the everlasting great. He marches in the vanguard. His memory grows green, and is ever refreshed by the dew of sailor-gratitude.

Plimsoll's cryptic signature - merely two parallel white lines - is borne upon the beam, or sides of every British sea-going vessel. This is the world-recognised Plimsoll Mark. The upper line (FW) signifies fresh water sailing, the lower one (TSW) salt water sailing. Without being 100 per cent technical, one may lay it down that the mark represents the safe buoyancy depth or draught of a sea-going vessel.

For years this resolute man laboured indefatigably to introduce this mark; he felt so ambitious to excite public interest in his project. Anyone, almost, can move Intelligence, but it requires a superman to move Ignorance, writes Hiram P. Bailey, FRGS, in the "Mersey" magazine.

It is laid down by authority that many of these impish owners over-insured their ultra-cranky vessels in divers manners both subtle and brazen. They grew culpably rich: some, very rich. They prayed for sinkage; they preyed on crews.: Thus was the sailor crucified upon a cross of gold.

Yet Plimsoll was beginning to budge this colossal 'black cube' of apathy. To further matters he issued a remarkable book entitled "*Our Seamen—An Appeal.*" It sang. Not only did the book create a remarkable stir throughout the country by its rapier-like thrusts - Plimsoll could write - but aroused great anger and bitterness in the blood corpuscles of individual shipowners, especially those of the justly hated coffin-ship class.

The rapier touched their ultra-tender spots. They bled. This deplorable vampire class of owner, and their coffin vessels, rotten from truck to keelson like themselves, constituted the *bête noir* of the unemancipated sailor. His planks sank under him for all that. Nothing apparently could ease matters. He lived desperately. "*No more coffin-ships!*" became one of Plimsoll's most emphatic slogans, backed with "*No more overloading!*"

It is laid down by authority that many of these impish owners over-insured their ultra-cranky vessels in divers manners both subtle and brazen. They grew culpably rich: some, very rich. They prayed for sinkage; they preyed on crews. Thus was the sailor crucified upon across of gold. And nobody, cared apparently, except Plimsoll. He saw the crucified sailor. He cared. He "went for" the crucifiers. Many of these unutterable ogres felt the whiff and wind of his sword. Plimsoll could speak; could shower sarcasm. Indeed on occasion we find him oratorically eloquent.

And if these hard-fisted, iron-heel, coffin-ship owners of the old Mercantile Marine could bully well, they could also rally well - and did. Inglorious scribes up risky back alleys and more risky garret stairs, were engaged to incite, and even distribute, scurrilous pamphlets holding up Plimsoll to ridicule. He was a thief, a liar, and a rogue.

In consequence Plimsoll, by their multitudinous and various machinations, passed through hurricanes of abuse. Like a molten lava stream, the splenetic outbursts surged around him. Notwithstanding this, his attitude remained calmly inflexible. Rather like the Roman soldier of old at the destruction of Pompeii, Plimsoll stood steadfast: stood faithful - - faithful unto death.

Many of his political friends left him to perish. To stand beside him meant a share in the ridicule. And nothing kills like ridicule. But Plimsoll never heeded. He pressed onward. He had put his hand in the palm of the sailor. He cried '*Enough!*'

Urged by some subtle intuition that indicated a weakening on the part of his enemies, he surrendered himself to an extreme political campaign that would give the scope and influence to his efforts. He became bold.

An adumbration of successful achievement makes us all similarly inclined. To enter Parliament was required for the coup de grace. He entered Parliament triumphantly as member for Derby in 1868. This favourable slant of wind sent the old ship reeling along in great style, his disgruntled enemies regrouped, and the inimical surge fell back perforce. Pending legal actions in Court were dropped.

Actions tried failed utterly, and the name of Plimsoll became enriched thereby. Certain newspapers lost, perhaps irretrievably, part of a valued circulation, for they had spoken voluminously, but not illuminously, upon "economic loss," "old, but gallant" ships, and overpaid sailors (!) Tough and hairy sailors fought "like the very devil" in the open street for their "rights" and for "our Plimsoll." In the trains people talked. We learn that sheep-like land folk drifted wonderingly to river wharfs and dock quays. The public in short were beginning to learn and realise for the first time the cruel abnormal risks undertaken by sailors. They had at last been knocked on the head with a tackle-block. Full time. Plimsoll threw it.

***No more coffin-ships!"
"No more overloading!"***

The masses learned and realised gradually the enormity of the heinous crime of sending overloaded vessels to sea whose touch-and-go buoyancy was but another name for murder. Ship departure and death were often synonymous terms.

"It must be stopped!" they declared vehemently. By whom? . . . Plimsoll; a mere landsman; a coal merchant; erstwhile a lawyer's clerk of Sheffield; an assistant brewer of good beer . . . He!

To perpendicularise the matter Plimsoll introduced a Bill into the House of Commons in 1874. The Bill's contents were exceedingly drastic—like all good medicine. Lower decks must be housed. The Bill suffered defeat by the exceedingly narrow majority of three votes. His enemies wheezed much less loudly. Their feet grew warmer. But the contratemps put Plimsoll on his mettle. He fought from amid barbed-wire. Enemies were everywhere. Undismayed by defeat he continued more strenuously than ever, both inside and outside the House, to agitate for the abolition of this maritime wickedness. And

such was the sweet persuasive force of his eloquence that the Government, though its hands were already full, indeed more than full, were obliged to take up the question. The Merchant Shipping Acts Amendment Bill was entrusted to Sir Charles Adderley, and read without a division on April 8, 1874. The President of the Board of Trade failed to make out either a strong watertight case, or indeed in his almost puerile attempts at revelation, to go any telling distance towards the root of the matter. He fathomed nothing. He revealed nothing except to reveal himself as a specialist in ignorance. Personified apathy.

Plimsoll and other strong supporters felt shocked and dismayed. Much lay at stake. Defeat seemed inevitable. Pressure of other Parliamentary business threatened the Bill's total abandonment. Plimsoll immediately appealed to the country and organised public meetings and platforms. Night and day he roused everyone who cared to listen to him. They apparently responded perforce. Indeed so great at last became the tension of the public that a Government Bill was hastily introduced and passed in the last fortnight of the session in 1875. The Board of Trade was entrusted with extraordinary powers in the detention of ships, whilst the responsibility of fixing a load-line was thrown upon owners. What a gall for the coffiners!

Thus became manifest the awakening, and the washing of the public conscience, coupled with the grand reduction of loss of life afloat to which our sailors hitherto had always been inhumanly exposed. Plimsoll rested and smiled. (Well he might.) Later in life he shook hands with Havelock Wilson—another great emancipator—well hated well loved.

During the first thirty years subsequent to the passing of the Merchant Shipping Acts in 1875, three thousand one hundred and forty-six unseaworthy ships had been sent perforce to the knacker yards and broken up. No wonder the coffiners sighed. Three thousand one hundred and forty-six multiplied by, say, 20, as an average number of crew for a barque, means 63,000 (approximately) lives saved. How many of us have saved even one?

So long as virtue is a quality and honesty a trust, so long will the gallant name of Samuel Plimsoll, the "sailors' friend," survive to garnish the gallery of the truly great. *Editor: We could find no way to acknowledge or contact the author of this article.*

REMEMBERING THE WELLINGTON WOOL TRADES

Old Nic

Unlike many other countries the crews of small New Zealand coastal ships were consistently well found, well paid and well nourished. This more than made up for the confined accommodation and the often less comfortable ride that the small ships could not avoid in bad weather. These small ships seldom lacked for a full crew complement.

The East Coast wool run

There were two very different ways to collect wool cargoes for the Wellington wool sales in the years after WW2. In the early parts of the 20th century the sheep stations on the lower east coast of the North Island had always shipped out their wool by sea. The practice stopped as roads and motor vehicles became more reliable and economical. During the latter years of WW2 and for some years after, the scarcity of manpower and resources meant that outback farm roads deteriorated while at the same time petrol, tyres and new vehicles were either rationed or unavailable. This led to many of the bigger farms reverting to sea transport. One of the ships used in this trade for a few years was the *Watchlin's Port Waikato* under Holm and Co's management.



The *Port Waikato* approaching Point Halswell, Wellington Harbour, in her old Watchlin's livery.

Many of the sheep stations assembled their wool bales in one location. I remember one was on a beach just north of Flat Point that was protected by a large rock out-cropping from the south. We would close the coast, off a sheep station, laying to as close as prudently possible, and then launch our surf-boat. The boat was powered and we always had an engineer aboard. The second mate had a

sweep oar but it wasn't needed much and I am not sure he knew how to use it anyway! We would ride in with the waves which were not very big as we could not handle loading in anything too violent. We seldom loaded on the beach as the surf-boat was too difficult to launch with any sort of load.



Loading wool off Akitio Beach, North Island East Coast

The farmers and shepherds would load a dray hitched to a draught horse. I suppose this was to save scarce petrol, but it worked! Old Dobbin would calmly walk or back into the surf and we would use the wagon as a sort of jetty to transfer the wool bales to the boat. I can't remember how many bales we took per load but I think about six or eight. We would do several trips over a half day or so then move on to the next stop. We would return to Wellington after a couple of days but usually the ship would only be half full. It was tiring work but we were young, fit, wet (and stupid?). On the other hand it was good money because we got half-a-crown (2/6 or 25c) a day extra for working the surf-boat (duh!)

The Incandescent Marlborough Sounds Wool Run

The Marlborough Sounds farms had always had similar problems to the East Coast, if somewhat more acute, as many of them only had sea access and roads were few and far between. After WW2 there were still many farms in the Sounds with no practical road so they depended on the small coasters to load

the farms and carry the wool to Wellington in time for the weekly wool sales. The Marlborough Sounds encompass over 3000 at at the farms and carry the wool clip to at the farms and carry the wool clip to Wellington in time for the weekly wool sales. The Marlborough Sounds encompass over 3000 kilometres of coastline access and several hundred kilometres of navigable sea-ways; for the isolated farms the family conveyance was nearly always the farm boat. Although shearing season would be in full swing the post-war problems of getting the wool clip to the sales because of fuel and transport shortages continued.

At this time many young men would pay off around the end of summer or early autumn hoping for a chance to join one of Wellington's small coasters or one of the mosquito fleet on the Marlborough wool run. This was sea-faring of another kind.



Coaster *Foxton*. Typical of the small ships that serviced ports around Cook Strait and the Marlborough Sounds

We would move through the Sounds calling at each farm in turn. Gathering the clips from these various farms could sometimes take two full days before returning across the Straits.

Although the captain would have a list we were sometimes met and guided to some of the wharves/jetties by small farm boats. Many of the adjacent farmers would be present to help load, then we would move on to the next farm, usually followed by a small convoy of farmer's boats who all co-operated in loading out. Towards evening it would be decided where we would berth to lay over for the night. This would usually be picked for having a good wool shed and some of the women would already be preparing for a real

country gathering hoedown. Once we were tied up snug the farm boats made off to pick up the rest of their families.

These Sounds farming families seldom had the time or chance to travel into the towns at will, which could be a somewhat inconvenient one or two day return trip by farm boat and bus and always at the vagary of the weather. Shopping sprees were rare indeed. The farm children had their early education by correspondence and so did many of the teenagers. Naturally the chance for a dance and party, especially for the young teenage girls and young women. was irresistible and here was a crowd of eager young seamen – new faces and new acquaintances – maybe even a possible beau. This was a chance not to be missed. The farm families too, always enjoyed the chance of a gather. The BBQ's usually went on till after midnight; often a whole sheep or deer was on the spit, while the dancing in the wool shed continued into the small hours even though the music was often home-grown, with Aunt Maude on the accordion accompanied by Uncle Joe on his saw blade with occasional assistance from a wind up gramophone.



A typical Sounds farm jetty but in much better condition than was usual 60 years ago.

The beer flowed, much of it being home brew and the merriment was infectious. Even hide and seek in the bush and moonlight swimming were part of the fun.



An old Sounds wool shed dozes in retirement with memories of happier (incandescent?) times

Of course, not every trip resulted in a party or BBQ and many were day trips only but the whole scenario guaranteed there was enough inducement to ensure that the small ships never lacked for crews in the wool season.



Mustering sheep on a Sounds farm ready for shearing

They were great days with great people. Like all folk some were gentle, some were difficult, but most were real salt of the earth old time Kiwi farm stock. I don't know how many of the girls found their soul mates, maybe a few. As for the cargo, well that was always well stowed and safe.



**60 years on, all business all tourism.
21st Century shipping in the Sounds**

Perhaps, too, some shipmasters did not depart as soon as possible but altered their logs to extend the loading period until after the party. Perhaps they did. I couldn't possibly comment!

This trade too, eventually succumbed to better roads and the motor lorry and the removal of marginal land subsidies. Things change, if not always for the better, but fond memories remain.

Another Forgotten Cargo Service

THE EAST COAST COAL TRADES

Until the late 1950's there were many services to New Zealand's small ports. Perhaps the final heyday of coastal shipping. The northern parts of the North Island east coast was generally served from Auckland, while from East Cape south was the province of Wellington based vessels. The area is colloquially known as the East Coast.

Both the Union Company and Richardson's ships were the mainstays of this trade and both regularly traded along the east coast of the North Island. The larger ships of the Union Co. carried general cargo to Gisborne and Napier but also maintained a steady coal delivery trade to the freezing works at Tokomaru Bay, Tolaga Bay and occasionally Hicks Bay. These were all open and exposed ports subject to heavy surge in south to east wave climates. At times vessels needed to lie off and wait for calmer weather.



Hicks Bay Freezing Works Co. Wharf

On the other hand Hicks Bay suffered from north-easters but was always a handy anchorage if needing shelter in southerly storms. The smaller colliers such as the *Kaimai*, *Gabriella* and *Poolta* maintained this service as required. Richardson's vessels at

carried away export meat and the well-known old *Koutunui* had once been used as a lighter to load out to overseas ships lying off both Tokomaru Bay and Tolaga Bay.

Despite being isolated and small these ports could provide plenty of entertainment and social life for ships crews. The communities were friendly and had pubs, week-end movies in the local halls, and could organize great parties. Sometimes if a weekend intervened during unloading of coal the local farm boys would arrive with horses and stay for a meal while the crews could try horse riding.

Many an ex-pat. UK seaman recently arrived on the coast had his first riding lessons in these places. I recall one of the old masters cussing that it was better they practiced their seaman skills than haring off on unruly beasts and if they broke their stupid necks not to expect the Company to pay!



Tokomaru Bay Works Wharf

I do not recall any horse related injuries to any of the erstwhile jockeys so the company's financial reserves could not have been needed for any distressed young seamen.

One recalls, however, the well-built girls that helped move the wharf trollies to the works. Probably the only female wharfies in the country in those days. It was fun and we were young but those days are long gone.



Richardson's *Kopara* alongside Tokomaru Bay Wharf.

One wonders how those earnest young ladies with their clip-boards and forms from OSH (Occupational Safety and Health) whose mission in life seems to be the protection of humanity from all aspects of harm, would react to such goings on these days? Risk or not — they were good times and my life is the richer for having experienced them.



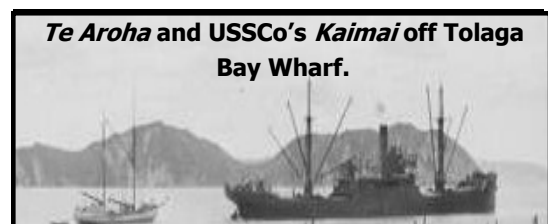
The USSCo's *Kiwitea* . A purpose built collier and one of the larger vessels sometimes employed servicing the small East Coast ports.



The USSCo's *Poolta*, a general cargo ship but also used regularly on the East Coast coal run.



Tolaga Bay finger wharf. At 660 metres the longest wharf in New Zealand.

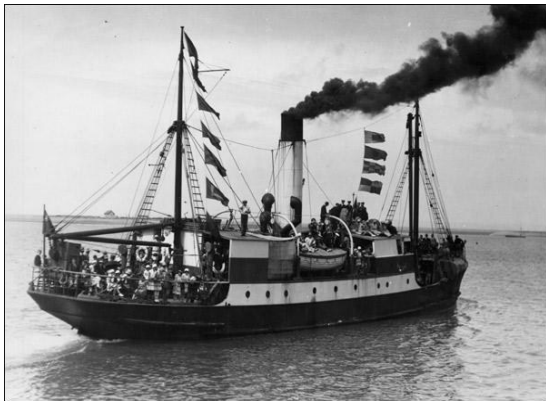


***Te Aroha* and USSCo's *Kaimai* off Tolaga Bay Wharf.**

THE WHITE GHOST of COOK STRAIT

BY DON QUIRK, LEVIN

It was December 1950, I was not happy at Nelson College and all I dreamed of from the time I remember was to go to sea. My father, both grandfathers, uncles and cousins were all mariners and my grandfather Sam Westrupp owned his own scow, the *Oban* that sailed the Golden Bay area in the early 1900s. My mother died when I was 4 years old and my sisters and I were raised by different minders whilst my father worked as both a watersider and as a seaman on the local scows. Occasionally, on school holidays when I was about 9 or 10 years of age he would take me with him on the *Talisman*, a local scow, when it worked on the Nelson, Mapua/Motueka apple run and he sometimes allowed me to take the helm at sea when he went below to make a cuppa.



The Anchor Shipping Company's *Nikau* before being converted to a motor vessel in 1935; dressed at Nelson for a Queens Birthday excursion.

After two years at Nelson College the lure of the sea was still foremost in my mind and although my father had plans for me to serve an engineering apprenticeship at the Anchor Company's Nelson Foundry he relented when my uncle, the ship's bosun, Charlie Quirk, told him that the mv *Nikau* had an opening for a ship's boy. On joining the ship's crew in Nelson my uncle had to seek permission from the Seaman's Union in Wellington for me to sail because I was not a signed up union member at that stage. Permission was granted and when we arrived in Wellington the next day I was taken to the union office and received my union book which qualified me as a registered union member.

The *Nikau* was a motor vessel of 248 tons

built in Glasgow in 1909. She was converted from a steam ship to a motor ship in 1935 and considerable reconstruction was carried out during this period including a new funnel. She sailed on the Nelson/Wellington run nightly except weekends and was renowned for leaving port in all conditions when other ships were prepared to shelter until the weather subsided, although I do recall us sheltering in the Marlborough Sounds twice on our way to Wellington during a southerly storm. There were many times when crossing the straits during high seas that the bow would raise then plunge under the water bringing the propellers above the waves and creating a shuddering effect throughout the vessel but its seaworthiness was well known amongst seafarers and this seemed to be a normal occurrence during very rough weather. Other ships had this phenomenon also, but the *Nikau's* shuddering was more prevalent than the other vessels I sailed in. The vessel usually stopped at French Pass to drop off provisions for the local community normally around 2300hrs on her way to Wellington. She served the Anchor Company until 1954.



***Nikau* hauled up on Evans Bay Patent Slip**

My uncle set out to make life hard for me. I worked hard and had little time for rest. My main duties were to clean all the facilities in the forecastle where the crew members lived, scrub the toilet block and then do the other work pertaining to seamanship i.e. painting, knotting, splicing etc. Sometimes at sea during rough conditions I was injected into the discipline of accepting orders like cleaning the wheelhouse windows with newspaper and greasing the wire stops of the winches and many other jobs when the rest of the

crew either slept, played cards or were on watch at the ships helm. I later discovered that my father had given instructions to my uncle to "straighten me out" and make sure I worked hard. Although life was hard I was in my element – no more school, free board on ship, good pay and with the salt at last running through my veins.

During one period I stayed in the *Nikau* whilst on the Evans Bay slip when she was having her hull scraped and painted. To be working on a ship on dry land as a deck boy was an unusual experience especially when it was pulled from the water across a road to the slipway.



***Nikau* up on Evans Bay Patent slip showing her twin screws**

The first time I spent on the *Nikau* only lasted a short while because of the waterfront strike which lasted 151 days from February to July 1951. As a young lad I had no work during that period and it was a time that I saw the best and worst of human nature, but that is another story. After the strike, or lockout, as some preferred to call it, I got re-engaged aboard the *Nikau*, again as deck boy and later moved on to other coastal and international vessels. I later served my apprenticeship as Ordinary Seaman and AB on other ships and returned to the mv *Nikau* twice more and enjoyed more time in her as an Able Bodied Seaman.

About seven years later I decided to come ashore and joined the Fire Service at Wellington Central then Christchurch and later with the Civil Aviation Authority. I consider that my initial seamanship training, discipline and experience on the mv *Nikau* as ship's boy prepared me well for the future.

The *Nikau* was a twin screw cargo steamer built by Mackie & Thomson Govan, Glasgow for the Anchor Shipping and Foundry Company, Nelson, New Zealand.

Dis. L. No. 62611 **CERTIFICATE OF DISCHARGE** (Machine—32) 20

RE-ENGAGED

Official No. 93994 *Nikau* Port of Registry *Wellington* Reg. Tonnage 248 grt 98 nrt

Horse-power of Engines (if any) 150 B.H.P. Description of Voyage or Employment *Home Trade*

NAME OF SEAMAN: *D. Quint* Date, Month, Year: *29/1/51* Place and Country: *NZ* Capacity: *1st Mate or Engineer, Sec. of Cargo (if any)*

Date of Engagement: *20/12/50* Place of Engagement: *Wellington* Date of Discharge: *21/2/51* Place of Discharge: *Wellington*

I certify that the above particulars are correct, and that the above-named seaman was discharged accordingly, and that the character described herein is a true copy of the report concerning the said seaman.

Dated this *21st* day of *Feb*, 1951. Authenticated by *G. F. M. Street*, Master. Signature of Superintendent of Maritime Marine (or Vice)

CHARACTER FOR CONDUCT. *GOOD* CHARACTER FOR ABILITY. *VERY GOOD* CHARACTER FOR SOBRIETY. *VERY GOOD*

Don's first discharge paper. Signed off as Deck Boy 21-2-51. Master G. F. M. Street

Official Number 93994.

Yard No 387 Launched: Tuesday, 06/04/1909

Engines by Ross & Duncan, Glasgow

Propulsion: steam, twin screws. (as built)

Tonnage: 248 grt 98 nrt

L.120.2 ft x B. 22.1 ft x D. 7.3 ft

Re-engined 1935: Twin oil engines S.C. SA by British Auxiliaries Ltd, Glasgow.

Sold 1954 and wrecked 05/12/1964 at Loasia, Tanna Is, New Hebrides (Vanuata)

THE WHITE GHOST: *The Nikau had the reputation of never missing a Cook Strait crossing due to stress of weather. Her large white painted funnel, often being the first visible indication of her presence in thick weather, earned her the sobriquet The White Ghost; I can verify her funnel's visibility in thick weather, even after it was cut down when she was re-engined. I am also aware that she had the reputation of never missing a sailing because of bad weather but, I have never been able to confirm the legend. She certainly had a reputation as an excellent sea-kindly vessel. I sailed in her once for a week or two and found her cramped but moderately comfortable.*

It was the Anchor Company practice, in later years, to name their ships after native New Zealand trees. The Nikau palm, or Rhopalostylis sapida, is the world's southernmost growing palm tree and the only palm native to New Zealand its habitat extends from the far north of the country and as far south as Banks Peninsula. Editor.

SEA TALES FROM A PAST ERA

Nic Campbell

While on holiday in Karaka some months ago I was able to look across the vast stretch of water contained within the Manukau Harbour. I was reminded of the times I had come into this harbour as a young man. Those were also the days when shipmasters were usually taciturn and made sure their young officers weren't told too much so one had to learn from one's own experience. A consequence of this attitude was that most small ships had their radios installed in the master's room so only he could use it and ensure we couldn't know too much of what was going on. Although I probably only went to this port no more than about five or six times I can recount some stories still.

Even the great can err

The only time I went to Onehunga as Master I had great difficulty berthing due to the strong tidal flow I had made insufficient allowance for. I used so many engine movements that the compressors couldn't cope and we ran out of starting air. It was embarrassing, especially as while doing it I had a large audience of wharf labourers offering free but mostly useless advice. Certainly it was not one of my better berthings. Looking back I was probably young and reckless. I did get her alongside without damage but I think I spent about fifteen minutes or so doing it.

Flags can be dangerous

My first crossing of the Manukau Bar could quite easily have been my last. I was mate of a small coaster and had arrived off the bar in the late evening. The weather was misty with passing showers so that the leading lights were often obscured. A fair westerly swell was running under a light westerly breeze. I was aware of the fearsome reputation of the coast here so had favoured a seaward course and fetched up some eight miles off the coast by dead reckoning. I also knew the bar extended some five miles out to sea from the coast.

I called the Master and true to form he wasn't pleased with our position and told me to move in closer on the leading lights. He went below to call up the Manukau signalman and returned later to tell me we would go in two hours. I was told to head slowly out to sea for an hour then return on a reciprocal course close to the leads. He would come

up then and take the ship over the bar. I did as ordered but on the return course towards the land I felt we were getting much closer to the shoals than was wise. There was no way of plotting a position in the conditions so I called the Master again and told him my concerns.

All I got for my trouble was a bit of verbal abuse and told to keep her heading in. I did, realising that he knew the area much better than me, but I didn't like it. As it turned out I was right to feel nervous because we were actually less than four miles from the coast and less than half a mile from the bar. We were to find this out in a very short time. About five minutes later the Master did arrive on the bridge muttering something about the impossibility of getting proper rest with a young no-hoper (me) on the bridge.

It was just as well he did arrive then because suddenly the bows dipped viciously, at the same time the visibility cleared slightly. There right in front and too close to turn away was the first breaker of the bar. I was aghast at the maelstrom that suddenly appeared around us and stretched as far as one could see. The Master reacted and rung for half speed then we rushed to assist the helmsman at the huge hand geared wheel. The helmsman on the starboard side, me on the port side, and the Master on the skipper's spoke in front of the wheel.

The ship staggered across the first part of the bar then began to lift aft as a particularly large swell lifted her. This passed beneath and as the stern dropped off into the trough a real monster swell came racing over the stern. It swept the raised after deck and smashed its way into the wheelhouse, carried on through and smashed out the wheelhouse windows as well. I don't remember what happened to us but the water must have been several feet deep in the wheelhouse.

Our first fear was that it may have knocked us out of the channel towards the shoals but it was soon clear we were still more or less in the channel but lying at an angle to it. The greatest danger was regaining control for the sea had smashed the signal flag locker and washed out the flags which were now draped about the bridge and around us too. They had tangled around the wheel and jammed it

with a turn or so of starboard helm. The Master ran to the telegraph and tried to ring stop but it took him some moments to clear away the flags that were covering it as well. Thankfully we were over the bar but still with three or four miles of channel to negotiate before we reached the harbour entrance. The channel was now easy to identify because we could see the wild breaking of the shoals either side but we were still being affected by the breakers roaring over the bar. A last breaker reared up behind and pushed the vessel into a full broach as the Master finally managed to ring stop. We finished up across the channel and rolling heavily before we got the wheel free, and it was an alarming operation getting the ship about and started up the narrow channel with such a close view of the tumult of foam and spray each side that would have been almost sure death if touched.

You know, by the time we entered the harbour and started up the channel to Onehunga that old scoundrel of a captain had rationalised the whole incident as being a result of my inexperience. I'm sure he believed that until he died many years later. I still hold a different opinion.

Buoys will be Buoy's

On another occasion, in a different ship, with a different captain, we had crossed the bar and were proceeding up the channel past Paratutai Rock and approached a new channel buoy. Neither the Master nor I had been into Onehunga since this buoy had been laid and were not aware of it. In those days a black buoy was passed to port. Naturally, as he kept all the Navigation Notices I had no chance to make myself conversant with changes. He asked me what colour it was but with the glare of rising sun ahead I couldn't be sure and said I thought it was black.

We conned to pass it to port but the ship wouldn't answer. Once again it was all hands on the wheel and a plethora of engine orders. None had any effect and the ship ploughed on determined to pass the buoy to starboard. As we drew abeam and waited for the possibility of the vessel stranding the ship's shadow sheltered the buoy from the glare and it was red after all! The tidal flow in the channel was so strong that it forced the ship on to the correct course despite all our efforts to take the wrong one. I wasn't blamed this time.

That old captain died in Levin a few years ago and when we sometimes met he often mentioned this navigational contretemps. I have seen this phenomenon several times since and one

place where it can occur is French Pass with its confined and high velocity tidal streams.

French Pass or not to pass!

I mentioned French Pass above which brings to mind a sad tale about a young second mate. Immediately after passing my first ticket I was asked to relieve the second officer in one of the Nelson ferries, for a week. I had never been on a bridge as a watch keeping officer before, having come up through the forecabin, and was very nervous. I took over my watch and just after midnight we rounded Clay Point and began to head down Admiralty Bay towards French Pass. About halfway down the Bay I sent the lookout to call the Master to come up and negotiate the Pass. So far, so good. The lookout returned and told me the Master had said to keep her going and he would be up soon. I was nervous because I was very inexperienced, because I didn't know the ship or a thing about the area and because the tidal flow was beginning to pick up and thrust the ship ever closer and faster to the Pass.

I sent the lookout below again to call the Master who did not appreciate being called again and had snapped another message that I was to keep her going. As he returned the lookout commented that the Master was the hardest man he had ever known to get out of bed. That wasn't good news to me! The Pass lights were getting closer all the time so I headed her for the centre of the channel between Collinet Point and the French Pass Light and prayed for the captain to arrive. Had I had more experience I would have slowed down or turned away but the Master had said to keep her going.

The upshot was that I passed the point of no return and was rushing a passenger ship madly towards unknown, dangerous and confined waters, while carrying a dynamic tide flow that was helping to cover the ground at something like 20 knots! The lighthouse on Collinet Point was now overlooking the ship, as were the surrounding hills and I began to hear the swish of water through the narrows. I stood frantically in the centre of the wheelhouse hoping I could make it through and thinking of the 140, mostly sleeping, lives that were now in my hands. None of the bridge watch-keepers seemed worried, but then it wasn't their problem. The truth was they knew their captain and I didn't.

At thirty seconds after the last minute the Master appeared and took over. I was

absolutely a nervous wreck and in no condition to answer politely when, after we were clear and heading towards Okuri the Master turned to me and said angrily "*I do believe you intended to take her through the Pass, Mister?*"

I broke at this point and asked him "*What the hell else could I have done with you giving orders from your bunk?*"

The bridge suddenly became a frosty workplace and without another word the Master went below. The man at the wheel, a long-time seaman in the ship, confirmed that the Master was incredibly hard to get out of bed and was used to his regular officers who knew both the run and the Master's habits very well.

In Nelson the next day the Master called me into his room and suggested there was no future for me in his ship. I agreed and was pleased to leave her back in Wellington. after only two and a half days instead of a week! If I had learned a lesson I still don't know what it was?

I got to know French Pass much better over the years ahead and I would like to think I never treated my officers in the ways mentioned above. I also like to think I was one of the new breed who knew the job was performed best and safest when all concerned had both support and full information.

The Pompous Parson

On one trip from Onehunga the master invited his father to take a trip with us as far as Wellington via New Plymouth. He was a parson and a zealot and turned out to be a real trial to us even before we sailed. He quizzed us to find out our various religious beliefs then rubbished them and held forth on the absolute truth of his own. He wandered about the ship telling us we had a great life without the pressures and worry he had to endure. I formed the opinion that any pressures and worries he had were probably of his own making! He was not welcome amongst us but being the master's father what could we do? Certainly his son was a nice enough bloke and did not seem very religious.

Anyway, we sailed and he was on the bridge going down the harbour and through the channel. Unfortunately the weather was reasonably fine at first with low seas. As we approached the bar he commented that it seemed all the tales he had heard about the Manukau Bar were much exaggerated as it appeared quite tranquil to him. I was well fed up with him by this time but I think his God decided to teach him a lesson because as we

gained the bar one of those freak series of huge waves, that occur fairly often on this bar, reared up in front of us and the bows shot up with immense acceleration to be followed by an equally sickening slide down into the trough. We shipped a huge quantity of water with each wave and pitched wildly up and down with express train speed. The ship staggered at each onslaught and wallowed heavily as she tried to recover. It scared all of us on the bridge but we were used to hiding our reactions. The parson went white and I realised he was shaking but instead of feeling sorry for him I am ashamed to say I was pleased.



The Spirit of Resolution crossing the Manukau Bar

God hadn't finished with his servant yet though. A brisk south-westerly soon began which was at full gale in an hour and up to storm force in the next hour. The trip to New Plymouth which should have taken about 10 hours lengthened to about 24 hours as we punched and pounded our way south. The ship did all those violent things one expects of a small ship in a storm and a few one didn't.

It was a harrowing trip but illuminated with the small satisfaction that the parson was probably experiencing a taste of real life for possibly the first time. He was certainly sicker than a dog. The parson wasn't seen at all again. He disappeared quickly at New Plymouth having decided he didn't want to go on to Wellington. He wasn't missed.

I wonder if he changed his mind about the seafaring life after he recovered. Possibly not, he probably thought we were all in league with the devil and were trying to proselyte him by fear. His next sermon must have been an interesting one! After he left the captain apologised for his father and that was the first and only apology I ever received from a shipmaster!



The Manukau Harbour Entrance on a good day.

The entrance is surrounded by sand shoals that have been known to extend as much as seven miles out to sea but more normally only for about four miles. There are three channels through the shoals North, South and Middle but generally only the middle channel is suitable for all shipping. This leads straight through the centre of the shoals but has the disadvantage that it leads right into the prevailing westerly seas that is the normal wave pattern in the Tasman Sea. Naturally in this sort of wave climate the banks are constantly breaking and give the entrance an intimidating aspect. To make matters worse the outflow of water from the harbour is confined within the channels so that the flow retains much of its energy until reaching deep water. This results in the bar being some miles from the coast. Although I cannot confirm it, the outflow of water is reputed to be arguably the greatest volume of water discharged from any harbour in the world. The entrance needs local knowledge and as conditions are in constant flux the latest information is essential before any entrance or departure.

This bar was the scene of New Zealand's most tragic shipwreck, the naval vessel *Orpheus* was appallingly mishandled by an arrogant naval officer and foundered with the loss of 189 lives, most of them young men. At least 25 significant vessels have left their bones on the Manukau banks and probably others that are not recorded. It is a stretch of water that demands much respect. Without modern navigation aids this was even more true when I used the port forty years ago. It is a difficult port, similar to most others on the northwest coast of the North Island but much busier. Probably Port Waikato was the worst and needed the most skill to enter but that port is no longer used by commercial shipping.



French Pass with a typical flood stream flowing to the southwest. Durville Island top, Collinet Point below, Elmslie Bay and French Pass settlement lower right.

Photographer unknown

French Pass is the very narrow channel between D'Urville Island and the mainland. When the tidal streams are suitable a ship can save about 30 nautical miles on passage to Nelson from Wellington or Cook Strait. This also has the advantage of avoiding the often turbulent conditions around Stephen's Island. A reef extends more than halfway across French Pass so that less than half the width is navigable. A passage is complicated by the need to make two course alterations in the narrowest part and this can be exacerbated by a whirlpool, Jakey's Hole, that can pull smaller craft from the main channel. Tidal streams race through the gap at up to seven knots and if a vessel is not handled correctly the water flow acting on the bows will make a vessel refuse to answer her helm. Local knowledge is a necessity if a ship is to traverse the pass in safety.

***The sea, washing the equator and
the poles, offers its perilous aid, and
the power and empire that follow
it... "Beware of me," it says, "but if
you can hold me, I am the key to all
the lands."***

Ralph Waldo Emerson; 1803-1882

***The true peace of God begins at any
spot a thousand miles from the
nearest land.***

Joseph Conrad; 1857– 1924

HMS SCYTHIAN in 1945. She was one of the few S-class boats to have a 4" (102mm) gun, instead of the more usual 3" (76mm). The radar aerial is the X-shaped antenna aft of the periscopes.



A KIWI SUBMARINER

In March this year, Con Thode of Auckland celebrated his 100th birthday at the Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron. Fit, alert and still driving, Con continues to live a full life, which has revolved around ships and the sea. Before the Second World War, Con was a keen yachtsman. In early 1940 Con decided to get himself to the UK where men with a Yachtmaster's ticket were eligible for a commission in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. Con embarked on a merchant ship, working his passage as a deck hand. They met no German U-boats, but he remembers that a ship in his convoy was sunk by a magnetic mine.



Three Kiwi submariners: Stoker PO 'Froggy' Le Gros, LT Con Thode RNZNVR and Stoker PO O.E. Bennett DSM.

After training he spent the next winter in a corvette in the Battle of the Atlantic. By mid-1941 Con decided to volunteer for submarines and after his specialist training he was appointed as Navigator of HMS *Proteus*, which was in the Mediterranean Fleet, based in Egypt.

As well as battleships, cruisers and destroyers, the Mediterranean Fleet included a strong submarine force; *Proteus* was one of nearly a score of British submarines there. The German and Italian air forces dominated the skies across most of the Mediterranean so submarines were one of the few offensive weapons available to the British. *Proteus*, along with the other boats (traditionally sub-

marines are called boats) operated in the Aegean Sea, off the Greek west coast and in the Gulf of Taranto, to intercept enemy convoys re-supplying Rommel's forces in North Africa.

Proteus had had a number of successful patrols, and in 1941 was the first British submarine equipped with radar. Soon after Con joined, he used the radar set to track a target at night and set up a successful attack. Con Thode was not the only Kiwi in the Alexandria based submarines, others like him were RNZNVR men now mobilised, who volunteered for the Submarine service, while some were Kiwis who had joined the RN pre-war. A total of some 200 New Zealand officers and ratings served in British submarines during the War. All the Kiwis who served in submarines had to reach a high level of training to earn their Dolphins, the badge for the qualified submariners. Some were unlucky; five Kiwis were lost with their shipmates when their boats were sunk by the enemy.

Aboard *Proteus*, Thode and his shipmates had a close call when the Italian destroyer attacked the submarine at night; *Proteus* turned towards the destroyer and the two ships hit nearly head-on. *Proteus'* forward hydroplane acted like a can opener, slicing into the destroyer's hull. The submarine lost its hydroplanes and suffered serious leaks, but amazingly the pressure hull was intact. The submarine limped home for repair (the damaged destroyer also had to head back to base).

From *Proteus*, Thode moved on to become First Lieutenant of *Ultror*, a brand new U-class submarine. The Royal Navy had a system of naming each class of ships with a common initial letter; the three classes of submarine under construction during the war were the S-class, I-class and U-class. Of course U-class submarines should not be confused with German U-boats. Another Kiwi, Larry Herrick, who had joined the Royal Navy in 1936 from



Scythian returning to the UK in 1945 with Jolly Roger flying.

Napier, was given command of a U-class submarine, which had previously had only a pennant number, 'P31'. Herrick was informed that the boat was to be named Ullswater but that was not appealing to any sailor; Herrick suggested instead *Uproar*, which was accepted.

As the young submarine officers gained experience, so they became eligible for the Perisher course, the submarine command course. Larry Herrick had completed his in 1942; Con Thode underwent his Perisher in 1943. As a regular RN officer, even though a Kiwi, Herrick's opportunity to become a CO was not unusual, but as a Volunteer Reserve officer, Thode's selection was rare. There were only a handful of Volunteer Reserve officers who commanded operational submarines, with just one Canadian and only one New Zealander - Thode - amongst them.

The newly qualified COs were first given command of an old training submarine, before being placed in an operational boat and sent on war patrols off Norway. That completed their training and, from 1943 onwards, they were generally sent to commission a newly built submarine, test it and work up their crew.

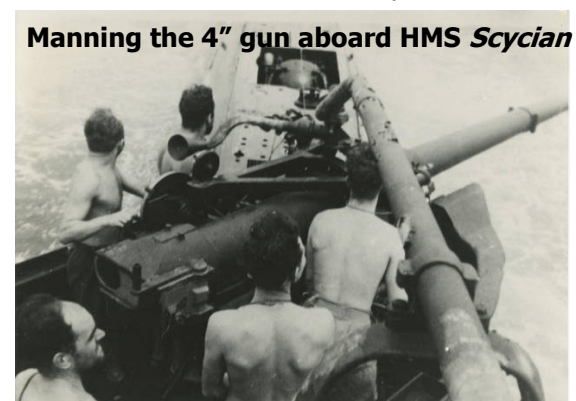


U-Class submarine *HMS United*

Con Thode commissioned *Scythian* in late 1944 and after a work up took his submarine to Ceylon (today, Sri Lanka). *Scythian's* first patrol began in February 1945: four weeks in the waters off the southern coast of Burma (today Myanmar). There were few large Japanese ships by that stage of the war; instead the British submarines would board local junks to check if they were carrying supplies for the enemy. Those with enemy cargoes were sunk by gunfire, after the crews were sent to safety. As well, *Scythian* patrolled specified areas as an air-sea rescue ship during major allied air raids.

Scythian's third war patrol was with two other British submarines to ambush a Japanese cruiser. Their operation in the Japanese controlled Malacca Straits lasted one month, but in the event the enemy cruiser, *Haguro*, was intercepted by British destroyers and sunk in a classic night attack.

Next, *Scythian* trained with Commandoes, who were to be landed in Malaya. Before the



Manning the 4" gun aboard *HMS Scythian*

mission could go ahead, the Pacific War ended. Looking back at his time as a submarine CO, Con commented "They were dire times. I was in a leadership position, so I just did it, had to make decisions, give orders and expect them to be followed. "For Con, being appointed in command of an operational submarine was a special achievement. The Kiwi submariners, although dispersed throughout the submarine service, were none-the-less a courageous group who made a distinctive contribution to the war effort.



WW2 Italian destroyer *Sagittario*

NATIONAL MUSEUM LIVERPOOL—MARITIME TALES—HUMAN TOLL
STEPHEN GUY



During the Battle of the Atlantic 3,500 merchant ships and 175 warships were sunk for the loss of 783 U-boats.

In 1939 the Kriegsmarine (German Navy) was not strong enough to risk a major battle with the Royal Navy, then the largest in the world. Instead Germany hoped to defeat Britain by attacking the ships that supplied her. The Germans used submarines (U-boats), mines, surface warships, armed merchant ships and aircraft during the battle.

When the war started Germany had far fewer surface warships than Britain. Those they did have, however, were modern, powerful and fast. In the early war years they enjoyed great success in the Atlantic and elsewhere.

Aircraft such as the Focke-Wolf 'Kondor' or 'Kurier' operated out of occupied France from late 1940. They could fly hundreds of miles into the Atlantic. They directed U-boats onto convoys or bombed merchant ships. Fortunately for Britain, the Kriegsmarine never fully controlled the Luftwaffe (German Air

Force). Nor did Germany's leader, Adolph Hitler, allow it to establish its own air force. As a result German air power was often directed elsewhere. Thousands of mines were laid by U-boats, aircraft and surface ships around the British coast. Many ships were lost or damaged by these mines. Several ships were sunk or damaged in Liverpool Bay. Germany claimed that the port of Liverpool was forced to close by these activities but this was untrue.

All of these tactics were designed to cut Britain off from the rest of the world. But it was the U-boats that posed the deadliest threat to Britain's survival. Until I studied the map (pictured) I was unaware of some of the great distances German U-boats travelled in search of prey. I had heard stories of people taking pot shots at surfaced submarines coming up for air in Caribbean palm-fringed lagoons. This creates amazing pictures in the mind far from a conventional view of subs as oil-soaked tin cans.



Adrift in mid-Atlantic. Some of the few that survived.

Towards the end of the war there were U-boats capable of travelling from Germany to South America without refuelling and there are rumours top Nazis escaped this way. The cost of the Battle of the Atlantic, when Britain fought to protect convoys bringing vital supplies, was extremely high for both sides.

For example, by May 1945 more than 2,200 British and Allied ships totalling well over 13 million tons had been sunk in the North Atlantic. At least 2,003 had been sent to the

bottom by U-boats. One hundred Allied naval vessels and more than 600 coastal command aircraft had also been lost in the same arena of war.

At least 30,000 merchant seamen died as well as hundreds of men from Allied navies and air forces. Many civilian passengers also died.

At least 780 of the 830 operational U-boats saw service in the Atlantic and in UK waters outside the North Sea. Of these 510 – or two thirds – were lost, mostly sunk by aircraft and escort ships in the closing two years of the war. A similar proportion of U-boat crewmen died in action – 18,000 out of 27,000. Hundreds more German sailors died while serving on warships.

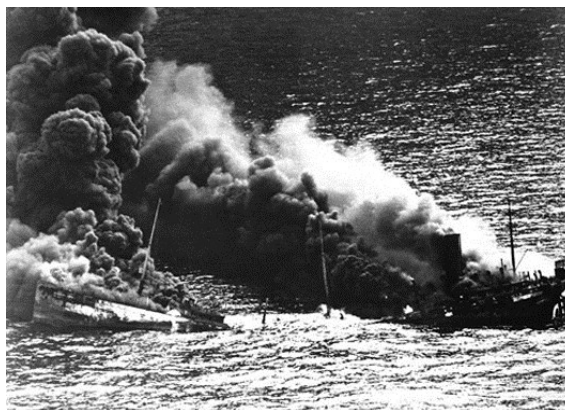


Submarine replenishing in mid-ocean Atlantic

The Atlantic can be a terrifying place for the most experienced sailors even without torpedoes, shells, bombs and depth charges. Countless men, women and children suffered the further horror of shipwreck. Many spent grim days and weeks in open lifeboats or on makeshift rafts, clinging on in desperate hope of being rescued.

A map in Merseyside Maritime Museum's Battle of the Atlantic gallery shows the routes taken by merchant ships. It was included in a Government publication called *Merchantmen at War* (1944). It graphically depicts where U-boats lurked along with surface raiders and aircraft. U-boats were present from Cape Town in South Africa to Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro in South America and off the US and Canadian coasts – anywhere convoys travelled.

News cuttings tell their own stories: 'GIRL TENDED 51 MEN IN BOAT OF DEATH'. A 21-year-old English girl, a bride of a few months, played Florence Nightingale to 51 men and two women drifting in an open boat after their ship had been torpedoed.



A merchant ship founders in flames. One of over 2200 ships that were victims of U-boats in the North Atlantic.

A Toast to the Merchant Mariner

Reserve, I pray, one lusty cheer
For men whose names you never hear.
Who win no stripes and wear no braid,
But face Great Dangers Unafraid.

Who go wherever ships are sent;
Whose breast no medals ornament
Whose deeds no scrolls of honor stress
But who are heroes none the less.

Who sail the ocean's vast expanse
Nor hesitate to take their chance
Against the swift torpedo's blast
Nor know which trip will be their last.

Who take both peace and war in stride
Who, when torpedos strike go overside
Perchance to be the lucky men
Who live to sail the seas again.

I give you then, each gallant crew,
Of liner, freighter, tanker too,
Out-bound I know not where or when.

The men who man our Merchant Fleet
Whose bones lie in the ocean deep!
Unknown, unheard of and unsung,
God keep you now, your task is done!

*Author Anonymous,
United States Merchant Marine Corps,
Polaris Magazine, July, 1943*

Ships are safe alongside a wharf; but that's not what ships are for.

Winston Churchill

CHINESE IN NEWZEALAND IN 1421?

MANY OF OUR MEMBERS ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE CONTROVERSY GENERATED BY THE POSSIBILITY THAT NEW ZEALAND WAS VISITED AND EVEN SETTLED IN THE 15TH CENTURY BY CHINESE SEAFARERS. ONE OF THE COASTAL SITES REPUTED TO RETAIN VISIBLE EVIDENCE IS THE WELL-KNOWN BANKS PENINSULA LOCATION OTANERITO (LONG) BAY.

Independent Research - New Zealand 1421 Group and similar current projects continue to research into the Chinese survey and temporary occupation of sites as fleet maintenance depots continues to excite interest

Just for interest I have set out those sites around the environs of Akaroa and Long Bay that T.C.BeII (UK. Feb 2003) believes provide the remains of such settlement.

BANKS PENINSULA: Otanerito (Long) Bay

The visible archaeological evidence indicated that

Pompey's Pillar the well-known geological column favoured in the past as an easily recognisable feature for compass bearings lies just off the northern extremity of the bay.

this bay had been occupied for an appreciable period and was used as an industrial base by the Chinese. A wide range of foundations were clearly visible, including two barrack blocks, the depression of the 40m x 20m sea-going harbour Magnetic Anomaly Survey (MAS) located the outline of a 28m x unknown width junk, the stonework of the 168m long, width not measured canal linking the harbour to the sea, still visible in several places. An internal canal system linked the creek on the east side of the bay, to the internal harbour and industrial site on the western side of the bay. Sections of the canal outline are visible and where the canal had been back-filled, the original stone canal edges could still be seen in some places. The industrial operation comprised an internal water pound, now the home of many water loving plants, the area still being fed from aqueducts running up the hillside. Clearly visible were the remains of the earth dam used to impound the water which was used to drive the water wheels, which drove the combustion air bellows for the adjacent 2m sq .

smelters still sitting in their ramps. The impounded water also furnished the power to drive an ore crusher's two water wheels. Now the only visible evidence of this building is a man-made flattened 10m sq platform adjacent to the impounded area. MAS located the two short aqueducts which carried the water to the wheels. Excess water that accumulated in the pound under torrential rain conditions, was spilled via an aqueduct to the sea. As this aqueduct, although visible, is blocked, small dykes have been constructed along the line to ensure that water does not flood the site. The water spilled from the smelters and the crusher was run into a small internal harbour, 40m x 30m, the line of the harbour walls still being visible. The site owner has now used this damp site for a lovely garden.

On the walk out from Otanerito Bay over the Purple Peak volcanic rim to Akaroa it was obvious that this followed an ancient paved road, (the drive road to the Homestead does not follow this route). On the downhill route to Akaroa it was noted that the track was paralleled by a strip of lush grass growth. MAS revealed the presence of an aqueduct the 1m width being far greater than a modern drain or culvert. The aqueduct ended at the remains of a manmade platform with visible free stone, another walled barrack block, (43° 48'.4S, - 172°, 59'.15E) This is some 400m east of the sealed road to Akaroa



Otanerito (Long) Bay

5 photos and a depiction of a map of purported sites in Long Bay (Otanerito) will be found by copying and clicking on this site.

www.1421.tv/pages/evidence/content.

Do you have any evidence or any artefacts relating to the early people who visited and settled in New Zealand and their relationship to the Chinese dynasties of the 15th century? Can you help add to the considerable body of knowledge that already exists about early New Zealand?

The New Zealand 1421 group is interested in a wider time frame than just the Ming treasure fleets and hopes to investigate, organise and verify the historical information that comes our way. The 1421 theory is breath-taking in its scale and vision but the hard work filling in the detail needs to be done. That is the initial focus of the NZ group.

We hope to do this in an objective, scientific and rigorous manner consulting appropriate experts when required, both locally and across the world. The contribution of all involved will be appropriately acknowledged. All historical evidence will be treated with respect and due consideration given to cultural sensitivities and traditions.

There is a talented group of people already in action, under the guidance of Cedric Bell. More volunteers would be very welcome. We have a number of projects already under way.

Project 1. Hokitika wreck: A storm on the West Coast in early January 2005 washed up interesting pieces of wreckage very similar to one described by Gavin Menzies. The initial piece is constructed with wooden pegs only. Remains of the copper (?) sheathing are visible. Type and age of the wood used, type of the copper and construction of the ship still to be determined. Input welcome. Any flotsam evidence is of interest to us.

Project 2. Fish traps and Finger Harbours: See gavinmenzies.net/pages/evidence-1421/content.asp the article comparing Roman and Chinese construction methods. We think that Maori/Moriiori fish traps are possibly Chinese finger harbours or locks in canal systems and are interested in locating these. Information from the Chatham Islands would be particularly welcome. One goal is to find private land owners willing to allow the 1421 team to survey and investigate non-destructively old buildings and earthworks from this era.

Project 3. Moeraki Boulders: We are looking for more evidence relating to the suggestion that the Moeraki Boulders are ballast or weights used in raising and lowering the sails of treasure ships. Smaller stones could well be cannon balls. We are interested in all sites with round stones that look unnatural in their environment.

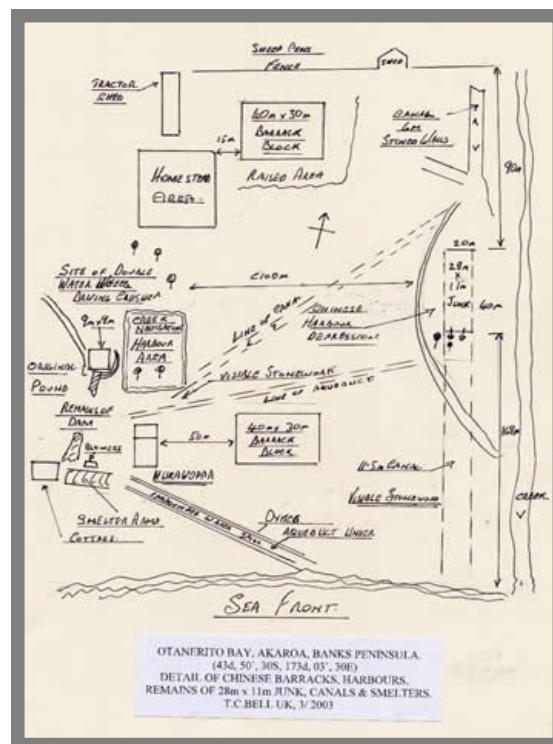
Project 4. 1422 Comet and Tsunami debris: Any evidence for the 1422 tsunami and debris keenly sought.

Project 5. Imported plants and animals: A volunteer interested in this area welcomed. Archaeological evidence relating to the arrival of foreign species and destruction of indigenous species e.g. moa, keenly sought.

Project 6. Historical Jade: Jade features highly in Chinese culture and along with gold, is one of the suggested drivers for the Chinese presence and interest in New Zealand. Knowledgeable contributions and interested volunteers who can help assess the likelihood identifying NZ jade/pounamou in ancient Chinese artefacts keenly sought.

Project 7. DNA evidence and other cross cultural comparisons and literature. If you come across interesting DNA or cross cultural studies, please send us references. We are planning to build up a significant database of the scientific literature available and assist researchers where we can. We believe there is already much evidence collected and studies done that are of relevance, if viewed from the 1421 perspective. Re-examination of anomalous results may provide supporting evidence for the 1421 theory.

Interested? Got serious theories of your own relating to early Chinese involvement in New Zealand? For more information or a list of related reading, please email to info@1421.org.nz.



Sketch by T.C. Bell UK 1/2003 of Long Bay (Otanerito), Banks Peninsula. Detail of barracks, harbour, remains of 28x 11m junk, canals and smelters.

CEDRIC BELL EXPOUNDS ON HIS RESEARCH ON 15TH CENTURY CHINESE EXPLORATION

This survey was one of many carried out around the lovely bays of Banks Peninsula and New Zealand's North and South Islands between 2003 and 2006. For example, in one bay a Chinese huge smelter operation, carbon dating of furnace slag gave a date of 1100AD, so whilst the Normans where invading Britain, the Chinese where casting iron in NZ.

The complete survey is in the process of being covered in a forthcoming book. When I wrote this early survey, neither Gavin Menzies nor I, were aware of the reason behind the demise of the Chinese operations on New Zealand. I was puzzled, at what I was finding, somewhat akin to suspended animation. I wondered at an immense typhoon or similar.

It was only later due to American research that we became aware of the cause of the burning and subsequent flooding of NZ's Chinese coastal settlements towns and cities. About 1433, a meteorite came close to NZ, set fire to the forests, settlements and the entire Chinese fleet (carbonised them), all in "fixed" purpose built harbours on their frequent visit to NZ to replenish stores (Moa was a favourite) and load the exploited metallic ores, gold and iron, jade, possibly coal, (we have located a Chinese coal mine site) and no doubt the massive trees made lovely masts. The meteorite hit the ocean south of NZ created an enormous tsunami, this washed out the carbonised junks from their harbours and either covered them with sand, splattered them over cliffs, or in the case of Wakanui, entombed them in the 23m high cliffs

The immense financial loss of the complete fleet including at least 23 Super Junks 120m x 50m and the complete NZ operation and thousands of Chinese, was taken by China as a "Heavenly Unhappiness" with their operations and the Ming overseas operations were ceased. The few Chinese who survived in NZ, deprived of a market, replacements and vital stores were eventually overwhelmed by the Maori they had imported.

Large junks soon became large canoes in the story teller's "Fertile" imaginations. Hence the birth of the Maori legends and the loss of all memories of the Chinese in NZ.

Amusingly, for the information of the NZ Master Mariners, I worked for Alfred Holt & Co, (Blue Funnel Line) for 11years, 7 at sea as an engineer up to 2nd. Then shore employment from surveyor to works engineer foundry and lube oil plants and production manager of Castrol, then the largest Lube plant in Europe.

The last 17 years have been spent full time successfully following the (UK) Roman and since 2003 Chinese trails in New Zealand, Nova Scotia and Nicaragua. (First Chinese canal from Pacific to Caribbean). I've not published in NZ as I was too busy completing surveys and writing up all my UK surveys before it was too late!

I've never been in Gavin Menzies employment. I self-fund my own surveys, however, Gavin Menzies did pay for the NZ carbon dating, geophysics and laboratory tests as a check on my expertise. Our objects both in NZ and the UK, are to highlight the truth.

T.C.Bell C.Eng MIMarEST

Mr. Bell's surveys follow the assertions in the book 1421 in which Gavin Menzies claims that Chinese navigators were the first to explore much of the world's oceans.

Rowan Gavin Paton Menzies (1937-) is a retired British submarine lieutenant-commander and author. He is best known for his controversial book *1421: The Year China Discovered the World*, in which he asserts that the fleets of Chinese Admiral Zheng He visited the Americas prior to European explorer Christopher Columbus in 1492, and that the same fleet circumnavigated the globe a century before Ferdinand Magellan. Menzies' second book, *1434: The Year a Magnificent Chinese Fleet Sailed to Italy and Ignited the Renaissance* extended his discovery hypothesis to the European continent. Some, but not all, historians dismiss his assertions.

WHEN PEOPLE ASK WHAT YOU LEARNED TODAY

Manure... An interesting fact .

In the 16th and 17th centuries everything had to be transported by ship, and as it was also before the invention of commercial fertilizers, large shipments of manure were quite common.

It was shipped dry, because in dry form it weighed a lot less than when wet, but once water (at sea) hit it, not only did it become heavier, but the process of fermentation began again, of which a by-product is methane gas of course. As the stuff was stored below decks in bundles you can see what could (and did) happen.

Methane began to build up below decks and the first time someone came below at night with a lantern, BOOOOM!



Several ships were destroyed in this manner before it was determined just what was happening. After that, the bundles of manure were always stamped with the instruction 'Stow high in transit' on them, which meant for the sailors to stow it high enough off the lower decks so that any water that came into the hold would not touch this volatile cargo and start the production of methane. Thus evolved the term 'S.H.I.T', (Stow High In Transit) which has come down through the centuries and is in use to this very day.

You probably did not know the true history of this word. Neither did I. I had always thought it was a golf term.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TALES AND OTHER THINGS

Two Little Boys

A couple had two little boys, ages 8 and 10, who were excessively mischievous. The two were always getting into trouble and their parents could be assured that if any mischief occurred in their town their two young sons were in some way involved. The parents were at their wits end as to what to do about their sons' behaviour.

The mother had heard that a dergyman in town had been successful in disciplining children in the past, so she asked her husband if he thought they should send the boys to speak with the dergyman.

The husband said, *'We might as well. We need to do something before I really lose my temper!'* The dergyman agreed to speak with the boys, but asked to see them individually. The 8 year old went to meet with him first. The dergyman sat the boy down and asked him sternly, *'Do you look for God?'* The boy made no response, so the dergyman repeated the question in an even sterner tone, *'Where is God?'* Again the boy made no attempt to answer. So the dergyman raised his voice even more and shook his finger in the boy's face, *'WHERE IS GOD?'* At that the boy bolted from the room and ran directly home, slamming himself in the closet. His older brother followed him into the closet and asked what had happened. The younger brother replied, *'We're in big trouble this time. God is missing and they think we did it.'*

Short and Sweet:

A little boy opened the big and old family Bible with fascination, and looked at the old pages as he turned them. Suddenly, something fell out of the Bible, and he picked it up and looked at it closely. It was an old leaf from a tree that had been pressed between the pages. *'Mamma, look what I found,'* the boy called out. *'What have you got there, dear?'* his mother asked. With astonishment in the young boy's voice, he answered: *'I think it's Adam's suit!'*

About Jonah

A little girl was talking to her teacher about whales. The teacher said it was physically impossible for a whale to swallow a human because even though it was a very large mammal its throat was very small, but the little girl insisted that Jonah was really swallowed by a whale. Irritated, the teacher reiterated that a whale could not swallow a human; it was physically impossible. The little girl said, *'When I get to heaven I will ask Jonah'* The teacher asked, *'What if Jonah went to hell?'* The little girl replied, *"Then you ask him".*

It's in 4 Kings 2:23-24

Elijah, was a wise man, yet one cursed with baldness. One day, while on the Lord's business he was making the long trek to Bethel and is attacked by a roving band of children who tease him with names like "bald head." But Elijah was having none of this, he curses them in the name of the Lord, and instantly two female bears emerge from a nearby wood and maul all 42 children to death. So it doesn't pay to mess with bald men, especially if they happen to be prophets!

THE OLDIES NEVER HAD THE GREEN THING



In the queue at the store, the cashier told the older woman that she should bring her own grocery bag because plastic bags weren't good for the environment. The woman apologized to him and explained, "We didn't have the green thing back in my day."

The clerk responded, "That's our problem today. The former generation did not care enough to save our environment." He was right, that generation didn't have the green thing in its day.

Back then they returned their milk bottles, soda bottles and beer bottles to the store. The store sent them back to the plant to be washed and sterilized and refilled, so it could use the same bottles over and over. So they really were recycled. But they didn't have the green thing back in that customer's day.

In her day, they walked up stairs, because they didn't have an escalator in every store and office building. They walked to the grocery store and didn't climb into a 300-horsepower machine every time they had to go two blocks. But she was right. They didn't have the green thing in her day.

Back then, they washed the baby's nappies because they didn't have the throw-away kind. They dried clothes on a line, not in an energy gobbling machine burning up 240 volts - wind and solar power really did dry the clothes. Kids got hand-me-down clothes from their brothers or sisters, not always brand-new clothing. But that old lady is right; they didn't have the green thing back in her day.

Back then, they had one TV or radio, in the house - not a TV in every room. And the TV had a small screen the size of a handkerchief, not a screen the size of the Yorkshire. In the kitchen, they blended and stirred by hand because they didn't have electric machines to do everything for you. When they packaged a fragile item to send in the mail they used a wadded up old newspaper to cushion it, not styrofoam or plastic bubble wrap. Back then, they didn't fire up an engine and burn petrol just to cut the lawn. They used a push mower that ran on human power. They exercised by working so they didn't need to go to a health

club to run on treadmills that operate on electricity. But she's right; they didn't have the green thing back then.

They drank from a fountain when they were thirsty instead of using a cup or a plastic bottle every time they had a drink of water. They refilled their writing pens with ink instead of buying a new pen, and they replaced the razor blades in a razor instead of throwing away the whole razor just because the blade got dull. But, of course, they didn't have the green thing back then.

OTHER PERSPECTIVES

Aviophobia (Fear of Flying)

As two caterpillars were crawling along, a butterfly flew overhead.

One turned to the other and said,
"You'll never get me up in one of those things!"

A point of conjecture?

Dogs can understand human verbal instructions, hand signals, whistles, horns, clickers, beepers, scent ID's, electromagnetic energy fields, and frisbee flight paths. What do humans understand?

A viewpoint to consider?

Amateurs' built Noah's Ark
Professionals built the Titanic!

Heaven is Where:

The Police are British
The Chefs are Italian
The Mechanics are German
The Lovers are French
And
It's all organised by the Swiss.

Hell is Where:

The Police are German
The Chefs are British
The Mechanics are French
The Lovers are Swiss
And
It's all organised by the Italians.

LOL!



LOL!



LARRY WILL BE APPLYING FOR A POSITION AS A DECK OFFICER CADET IN ABOUT 10 YEARS. LET'S MAKE SURE WE GET HIM. THE INDUSTRY NEEDS LADS' WHO EMBODY THESE QUALITIES.



Thoughtful: A new teacher was trying to make use of her psychology courses. She started her class by saying, *"Everyone who thinks they're stupid, stand up!"* After a few seconds, Little Larry stood up. The teacher said, *"Do you think you're stupid, Larry?"* *"No, ma'am, but I hate to see you standing there all by yourself!"*

Compassion: Every family has one! Larry's Uncle Joe took his goldfish to the vet. *"I think it's got epilepsy."* he tells the vet. The vet takes a look and says, *"It seems calm enough to me."* Paddy says, *"I haven't taken it out of the bowl yet."*

Analytical: Larry watched, fascinated, as his mother smoothed cold cream on her face. *"Why do you do that, Mummy?"* he asked. *"To make myself beautiful,"* said his mother, who then began removing the cream with a tissue. *"What's the matter,"* asked Larry, *"Giving up?"*

Instructive: Little Larry attended a horse auction with his father. He watched as his father moved from horse to horse, running his hands up and down the horse's legs and rump, and chest. After a few minutes, Larry asked, *"Dad, why are you doing that?"* His father replied, *"Because when I'm buying horses I have to make sure that they are healthy and in good shape before I buy."* Larry, looking worried, said, *"Dad, I think the Milkman wants to buy Mum"*

Reactive: The math teacher saw that Larry wasn't paying attention in class. She called on him and said, *"Larry! What are 2 and 4 and 28 and 44?"* Larry quickly replied, *"NBC, FOX, ESPN and the Cartoon Channel."*

The Equation of Time: Larry will be seven in two days but is worried he will miss out on his birthday party. Uncle Joe has told him that in forty eight hours tomorrow will be yesterday.

Perceptive: Larry's class was on a field trip to their local police station where they saw pictures tacked to a bulletin board of the 10 most wanted criminals. One of the youngsters pointed to a picture and asked if it really was the photo of a wanted person. *"Yes,"* said the policeman. *"The detectives want very badly to capture him."* Larry asked, *"Why didn't you keep him when you took his picture?"*

Intellect: Uncle Joe was depressed. Larry looked into his bedroom and sees him hanging by his feet. *"What you doing?"* he asks. *"Hanging myself,"* Uncle replies. *"It should be around your neck"* says Larry. *"I know,"* says Uncle *"but I couldn't breathe."*

Problem Resolving: With all the trauma and sadness going on in the world at this time it is worth reflecting on the death of a very important person, which went by almost unnoticed last month. Larry's Uncle Victor Lamont, the man who wrote the Hokey Tokey, died peacefully at age 95. The most traumatic part for his family was getting him into the coffin. They put his left leg in - - - And then the trouble started!

Brevity: Larry was staying with his grandparents, old Kerry farmers. His grandfather's dog goes missing and he's inconsolable. His wife says, *"Why don't you put an advert in the paper?"* He does, but two weeks later the dog is still missing. *"What did you put in the paper?"* Larry asks him. *"Here boy,"* he replies.

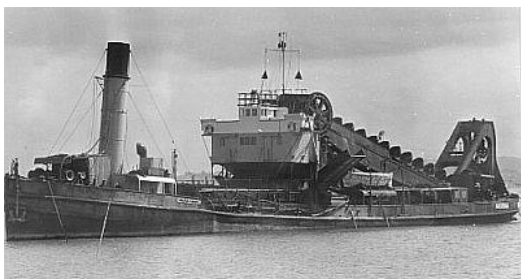
UNUSUAL SHIPS OF EARLY LAST CENTURY

B.Biddulph

The Clyde is rightly well known as the birth-place of liners and steamers, and most people will know they built various other types of ships

But from time to time the Clyde has produced some very odd looking things indeed, or they have built ships that have remarkable stories, quite out of the ordinary, and sadly, despite their unusual looks or circumstances, they are not remembered, though at the time they would have elicited great wonder, surprise and not a few giggles. To start off, lets look at some odd looking vessels that actually have a purpose that makes them look odd, although to most people over the age of say, 40, the following won't seem that odd.

But to younger eyes, or those who have never seen them, the bucket dredgers were decidedly ungainly looking to say the least. But the Clyde was famous for them, notably from two yards Wm Simons and Lobnitz. These two yards in Renfrew sent all types of harbour craft around the globe. Indeed, there are probably quite a few left, either churning away at the harbour bed, or lying rusting in some lagoon quite forgotten. A photo from The Joe McMillan Collection shows the *Whakariri* of 1902, constructed by Lobnitz & Company in 1903. She went to the other side of the world to New Zealand and worked in Napier Harbour.



sd *Whakariri*.

**Typical of most ladder dredges:
ungainly looking but fit for purpose.**

She was no beauty, but she must have performed very well, being scrapped as much as 71 years later! She was typical of many of the vessels from the two Renfrew yards, ordered from every part of the British Empire, there was hardly a major

port anywhere did not have at one time or another, dredgers and dredging equipment from them.

What about ships that had unusual beginnings? Well, there is one, still today where she was destined for, and her method of construction was not only unusual, but must have been the cause of many a manager and foreman's headaches! She was also not built in a shipyard!

The ss *Chauncey Maple* was built by firm, Alley & McLean, who specialised in constructing vessels that were then made into 'kit' form for re-assembling at their destination, as in the case of this vessel, very often because they were destined for inland waterways or because they were too small to go self-propelled or, well, because this ship-builder was located at Polmadie and you'd need a heck of a long slipway to reach the Clyde! In 1899 work began on her, destined for Lake Nyasa, now Lake Malawi, and she was de-constructed into 3481 parts, to be shipped out and re-assembled at Lake Nyasa. That task was not an easy one. Using the most basic and un-mechanical of means (usually humans!) each part had to be taken inland on an arduous journey. It took two years to do this!



ss *Chauncey Maples*

Finally on June 6th 1901, she was launched into the lake and plied it for the next ninety-four years or so. She was then laid up and plans for her restoration have been on-going of late, though, sad to say, the website about her reconstruction no longer

appears to exist. The above 2003 photo was sent by by Chris Marlow of Malawi Lake Services. Two other Clydebuilt vessels are in their fleet on the lake, the Yarrow's built *Nkhwazi* of 1956 and *Ilala II* of 1951. However, it was reported in February of this year that the Chauncey Maples will soon become the oldest working ship extant in Africa. When preserved she will continue life as a mobile healthcare clinic on the lake.

So, an unusual beginning...what about a most unusual ending?



HMS *Otway* in Holbrook Park

Above is a picture of a submarine half sunk in a park. Well, actually, that is only a half truth. They wanted the whole vessel, but couldn't get it all, so negotiations took place, and they took the upper shell and plonked it here in the middle of a park in Holbrook, Australia.

She was - you can't really speak in the present tense any more, HMS *Otway*, an Oberon class submarine built by Scott's in Greenock in 1968. Scott's built a great many submarines, and quite a few of them - at least four others of the Oberon Class, *Otus*, *Onslow*, *Ovens* and *Otama* have been preserved - but none in so absolutely singular way.

Not many people remember these next ships, except the people who saw them - and I would say, once encountered, never forgotten. In my opinion these were the most odd, looking of Royal Navy vessels. They were called Monitors and their primary role was for

battering at fortifications until they finally crumbled down.



HMS *Terror*

This is one of them, the 1916 HMS *Terror* aptly named don't you think? Picture this thing suddenly looming out of a gloomy fog and pointing that massive gun in your direction!

She was built by Harland and Wolff in Govan in 1916, and survived until 1941 when she was bombed and damaged by German aircraft at Benghazi harbour 22nd February 1941. As she was being towed to Alexandria, she finally gave up and sank.

So we come to the last of this selection of unusual ships, and this one certainly is strange indeed and surely eclipses them all! Built for Czar Alexander II of Russia, this remarkable vessel, the *Livadia* was ordered on the basis that a design had to be found that would prevent the Czar's wife from getting sea-sick - an ailment she suffered from terribly, or so enthusiast Mr. Frank Parson's understands.

Robin Copland, one of Clydeside's 'longest-serving' subscribers replied to my questions about her after I had posted this photo of a model of her in the well-known Glasgow Transport Museum: (A photo of the model is reproduced on the next page.)

"The Czar of Russia, Alexander the second, commissioned the new Royal Yacht, which was the brainchild of Vice Admiral Popoff, reputed to be Russia's top designer.

He chose the yard of John Elder and Company in Govan to build the yacht

and the interior planning was left to the Glasgow sited naval architect William Leiper. Popoff was aiming for stability with his design. Contract speed was 14 knots and there was some doubt amongst the locals as to whether the ship would ever achieve it!



Model of Czar Alexander's yacht Livadia

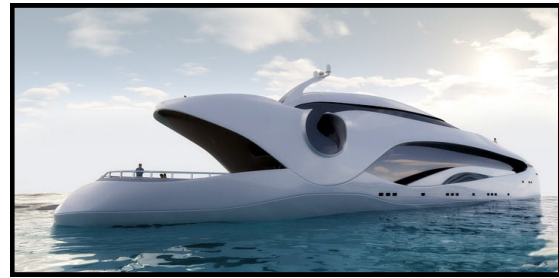
In fact, the ship attained a speed of 15.75 knots on trial. She was 7262 Gross Tons, 235 feet long and her amazing beam was 153 feet!

Her launch on 7 June 1880 was attended by Popoff and by the Grand Duke Alexis who represented the Czar. Unfortunately for Czar Alexander, he never saw his new yacht, having been assassinated in the meantime by the Nihilists. The yacht lay unwanted and untended in the Black Sea. Her engines were scavenged for other craft and she was finally broken up in 1926, having never fulfilled the task for which she was originally designed and built."

As a footnote, Frank Parson's tells us she ended her days as a coal hulk! But, if all of this does not make her rightful contender for the title of the Most Unusual Ship In Most Unusual Circumstances, additional ammunition can be found to back up the claim. Stuart Cameron, in the thread where this information all came from informed us that yet another *Livadia* had been constructed, a large scale copy of the real one, and this was trialled on Loch Lomond to test its stability.

We, you can't get more unusual than that. Or can you?

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Oculus a 21st century unusual and unique vessel. See slideshow at Schopfervachts.com

INEVITABILITY OF FATE

You may know of this story from Arabian Nights, or maybe you do not.

It has been used by Somerset Maugham in his play *Shepp*, John O'hara's *Appointment in Samarra* and Jeffery Archer in *To Cut a Long Story Short*.

There was a merchant in Baghdad who sent his servant to market to purchase provisions but in a little while the servant came back, pale and trembling, and said,

'Master, just now when I was at the market place I was jostled by a woman in the crowd and when I turned I saw it was Death that jostled me. She looked at me and made a threatening gesture; now, lend me your horse, I will ride away from this city and avoid my fate. I will go to Samarra and there death will not find me.'

The merchant lent his horse, and the servant mounted it, and he dug his spurs into its flanks and as fast as the horse could gallop, so he went.

Then merchant went down to the market-place and he saw Death in the crowd and he went up to her and said,

'Why did you make a threatening gesture to my servant when you saw him this morning?'

'That was not a threatening gesture,' she replied 'only a start of surprise. I was astonished to see him in Baghdad, for I have an appointment with him tonight in Samarra'.



Following Hurricane Dean in the Western Ocean 2007



Encountering heavy seas on the Grand Banks after Hurricane Dean passed by.



"Break, Break, Break"

**Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.**

**O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!**

**And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill:
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!**

**Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.**

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

