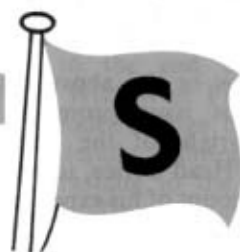


REARDON SMITH LINE LIMITED

# newsletter



No. 75— APRIL, 1976

## INTRODUCTION

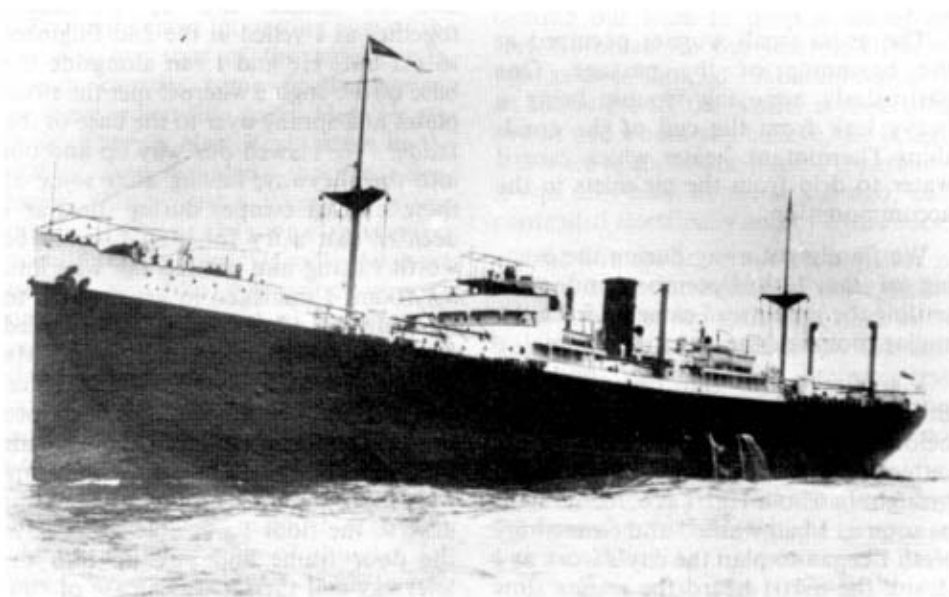
THIS EDITION is dedicated to the m.v. *Vancouver City*. The name had been carried by various vessels for nearly half a century. British Columbia and particularly Vancouver has figured prominently in the history of the Company over the years. This relationship has always been perpetuated by one of our vessels carrying the name Vancouver.

Amongst the material sent in by Captain D. L. Bell was an article written by a member of the Indian Crew, Mr. Marke Varghese (Seaman/Helmsman). This is the first ever contribution by an Indian Seaman and it is with particular pleasure it is published in this edition.

## SHARES

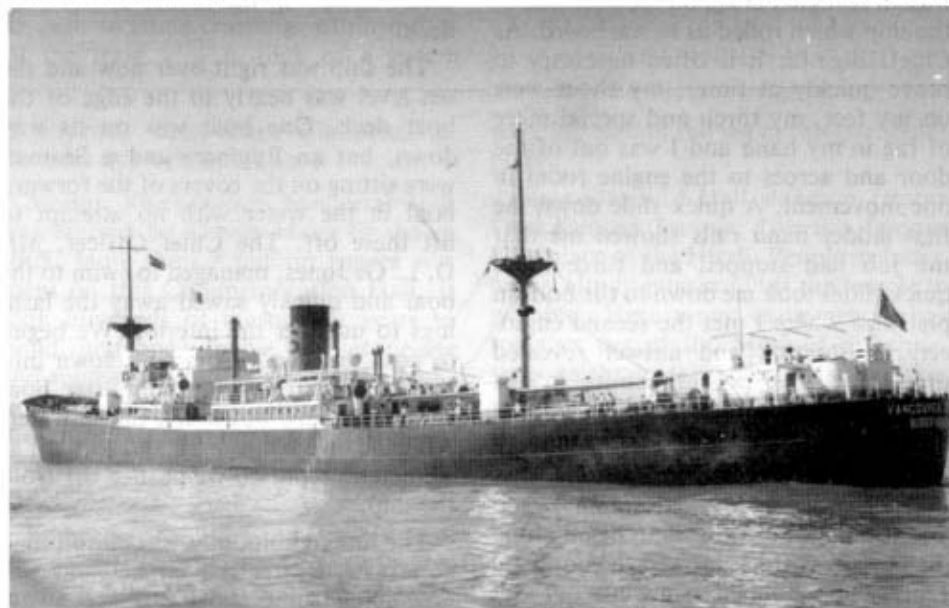
GENERALLY SPEAKING, equities held up relatively well last month against a background of uncertainty. Mr. Wilson's resignation resulted in a 10 point drop in one day after which there was a tendency for prices to drift downwards, although declines were modest and the number of dealings low. Despite the general upheaval in world currency markets, Gilts showed un-expected resilience and sterling steadied slightly against the dollar after reaching an all time low. At the time of printing, the *Financial Times* 30-Share index stood at 391.3 (414.4—February Newsletter).

Interest in the shipping sector remained quiet following adverse press comment on the tanker position and the increase in the number of cargo vessels laid-up. Amid small selling and lack of support, the Reardon Smith ordinary units at the time of going to press stood at 158p and the "A" Non-Voting Units at 57p, compared with 350p and 101p respectively in the February Newsletter.



Above: 'Vancouver City' 1930.

Below: 'Vancouver City' 1942.



### Donations to R.N.L.I.

WE ARE pleased to record the following donations to this worthy cause:

m.v. *Atlantic City*—£20.00 (part of bar profits).

m.v. *Victoria City*—£8.00 collection.  
m.v. *Cornish City*—£15.50 collection.  
m.v. *Tacoma City*—£4.50 (Bar Profit).

# Loss of the m.v. "VICTORIA CITY"

MENTION OF the above casualty in our previous issue prompted Mr. Lionel Wainwright of the Technical Department, Head Office, to write an interesting account of his experiences.

He writes:

The vessel left Hamburg and began the journey down the River Elbe, but patches of fog made progress rather slow and it was prudent to come to anchor a couple of times.

The usual small worries occurred at the beginning of the passage. One particularly annoying trouble being a heavy leak from the coil of the amidships Thermotank heater which caused water to drip from the air inlets in the accommodation.

We finally got away during the evening of the 13th December and after settling the job down I came up from the engine room and sat in my day room.

I spoke to the 2nd Engineer, Mr. Brookbank, as he was going down below at 4 a.m., and then I lay on my settee for a short catnap. The Steward brought in Chota Hazri at 6.30 a.m. and as soon as I had washed and cleaned my teeth I began to plan the day's work as I drank the tea. I heard the engine slow down and a few moments later there was an almighty crash on the port side of the ship which rolled us to starboard. As Chief Engineer it is often necessary to move quickly at times; my shoes were on my feet, my torch and special piece of rag in my hand and I was out of the door and across to the engine room in one movement. A quick slide down the first ladder hand rails showed me that the job had stopped and three more quick slides took me down to the bottom platform where I met the second engineer. A question and answer revealed that there was nothing amiss in the engine room and turning round I raced up the ladder again to the deck and then up to the Bridge.

It was still dark and Captain Dixon was training the Aldis lamp beam along the portside, which showed the bow of a Liberty ship jammed firmly into our hull just up by the foremast.

The name "Valentino" on the bow could be clearly seen, but the word after that was obscured by the tangle of jagged plates covering the area.

"Try to get the ballast out of the Deep tanks as quick as you can" said the Captain and once more I shot down to the lower platform, where the 2nd and I grabbed wheel spanners and began to open valves to the ballast pump. As we did this there was another grinding and tearing noise and the forward end of the engine room began to slope down rapidly whilst the engine seemed to lean right over to port. The Junior Engineer and the Greaser shot up the ladder together as I yelled at the 2nd Engineer to get out. He and I ran alongside the base of the engine where it met the floor plates and sprang over to the base of the ladder. We clawed our way up and out into the alleyway; having done some of these hurried escapes during the war I decided that a try for a coat would be worth risking and pushed my way into my room. I managed to get through to the bedroom where everything had piled over against the port bulkhead. My chrome leather coat was within reach and as I grabbed this and got back into the day room another lurch to port made the angle of the floor rise steeply upwards. By standing on the angle of the desk to the floor I was able to reach to the door frame and pull up into the alleyway and then it was a case of running along and out on to the deck, from where it was up the ladder to the boat deck.

The ship was right over now and the sea level was nearly to the edge of the boat deck. One boat was on its way down, but an Engineer and a Seaman were sitting on the covers of the forward boat in the water with no attempt to lift these off. The Chief Officer, Mr. D. L. G. Jones, managed to swim to the boat and quickly sawed away the lashings to uncover the interior. We began to pass the ship's Company down into our boat and also into the after boat which was now down and in the water. All hands were mustered and as soon as we had all reported we pushed off from the ship.

The other ship in the collision had gone astern after the impact and was now lying some short distance away; we gathered afterwards that it was the "Valentino Bibolini". Our chief interest was a Polish ship the m.v. *Orlowo* which was now coming over to pick up survivors.

The last sight of the m.v. *Victoria City* was the propeller and rudder sticking up above the water. The m.v. *Orlowo* steered towards our two craft and quickly embarked us; she pushed away our boats and then steered towards Emden. During the short passage we were able to talk a little to the Polish seamen, though it was soon realised that all directions came from the Radio Operator who was the Political Director on board.

The Polish Captain's name was Ososnowski Ferzy whose English was almost perfect as he had been stationed in London during the war.

Eventually we tied up at Emden and had to wait for a while until procedures were gone through. During the late afternoon we were guided to various hotels in the town.

The next morning arrangements were made for us to be fitted out with clothing to get home and then placed on the train for the Hook of Holland. The Indians were being guided by a Seacunny who had everyone convinced that unless clothes were passed out quickly they would all be thoroughly "gipped" out of their survivors' gear. When we joined the train there was a man from the tailors with baskets of coats, shoes, etc., with which he fitted out the crew until we arrived at the first inter-change station. Eventually we all arrived at the Hook of Holland and made our way to the Ferry where we had our first English meal since being cast away. I remember my particular steak which had been vulcanised to a good long-wearing piece of material quite proof against damage from knives or other cutting tools.

Parkeston Quay showed up next morning, and on to the Liverpool Street Station, where we were met by Mr. S. G. Kemp (now deceased) of Cardiff Office, with a couple of officers from the Shipping Federation. A coach was at hand to take the Indian crew to see their representative.

We had lunch together at the Great Eastern Hotel and then home, with my total sea-going possessions being carried in a small brown paper parcel.

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## m.v. "EASTERN CITY"

IT HAS NOW been decided that the new Panamax vessel now under construction at Copenhagen will be named *Eastern City*.

## "VANCOUVER CITY" AT HOLLYWOOD

FAR AWAY from the chilling east winds of our British winters, we sailed into Long Beach, California in warm and pleasant sunshine. For the previous week we had avidly looked forward to the possibility of a trip to Disneyland, obviously to a wife at sea, the chance of a lifetime. As happens so many times, disappointment was hiding just around the corner, as on arrival we were soon informed that being midweek and winter in the States, Disneyland was closed. However, my frown changed somewhat when I learned that a trip had been arranged to take us to Universal Film Studios, Hollywood.

Shortly after "tying-up" and the telegraph ringing down "finished with engines" we found ourselves speeding along the Freeway towards Los Angeles in two mini-buses, one being driven by the Mission Padre and the other (Hardly Jackie Stewart) by our Chief Steward in obvious pursuit. We finally arrived (some of us a whiter shade of pale) at the Studios.

Having purchased our tickets we trundled along to join the queue for the sight-seeing tram. On entering the location there was what seemed to be a wax model of Lon Chaney dressed in theatrical costume as the Phantom of the Opera. To my utter astonishment, he moved, which left me quite speechless, though much to the enjoyment of the lads at the look of horror on my face.

Our first stop took us to various dressing rooms of the stars. Next on the agenda was to the sound stages. It was explained how pictures were made, actually on set, though with the use of paintings on glass as backgrounds. Here we saw the stage as used in the detective series "Ironside" and a set used in many of the horror movies.

Then seated once more in our tram we drove through a warehouse showing a selection of props for just about every occasion.

To me the most interesting part of the day was our tour of the outside sets, though causing some disillusionment for those ardent film goers. Here we saw Dodge City; a New York street in the 1920's, cars included; the Red Sea; Pacific Ocean (just a lake) and it was explained that this was used most recently for the film "Jaws"; the shark used in this film measuring approximately 20 feet and yet so realistic; the wreck of the plane in "Airport"; the island for "McHales Navy" to name but a few. Most awesome was the famous house on the hill in "Psycho", a tourist attraction for the last 10 years.

Further along, our driver stopped at a small jungle village, at which time there was an almighty roar of thunder followed by a cloudburst, and to our amazement a torrent of water came rushing towards us causing a tree in its path to come crashing within inches of the tram. . . . A flick of a switch

by the driver, the rain ceased, the tree righted itself and we were enjoying glorious sunshine once more. Coming almost to the end of our tour, we saw the Wild West Frontier, with a typical wooden bridge of that era, which was literally disintegrating with the pillars crashing to the water some 50 feet below. To a visitor's eye, and certainly to a Lloyd's Surveyor, this bridge would be rendered as highly unsafe! Our charming guide dared the driver to cross the bridge, which he did promptly. As we crossed, part of the bridge started to collapse beneath us, causing our tram to drop a matter of feet. So much for our fearless Officers who at once shouted "Abandon Ship"! In the midst of the panic, a flick of a switch and would you believe, the bridge was once again in one piece. Apparently it was only built about a year ago, and controlled electrically and by hydraulics.

Last but not least, we then visited a cowboy stunt show, animal show which showed various animals that have been trained as "stars", motion picture and television museum and screen test theatre, but unfortunately no budding stars were chosen from the so-called stars off the *Vancouver City*.

Of course, as a typical female, a day to remember would not be complete without shopping for souvenirs, with only a look of dismay from a patient husband as I ask for "a few Dollars more". . . .

Mrs. VOURNEEN MAGILL

## MY HOME TOWN

CAPE COMORIN is at the Southern end of India, one of the best tourist places. It lies just 70 miles from Tuticorin seaport and 200 miles from Cochin, also a seaport. Transport is available from both these ports for Cape Comorin. There are many interesting sights to see, such as Moonrise, Sunset, Swamy Vivekananda, Mohatma Gandhiji Commemoration Hall and Devi Jumari Amman Temple.

Here three seas merge. The sun rises from the Bay of Bengal and sets over the Arabian Sea, just little over eight points distance between sunrise and sunset. At full moon hundreds of people gather on the beach to see the moon rise and sun set at the same time. This is the most marvellous sight for tourists.

If anybody visits Cape Comorin, do not miss this wonderful sight.

Swamy Vivekananda Memorial Hall was erected by Hindu Maha Shaba in 1965. More than 9 million rupees was spent on this Commemoration Hall. It took hundreds of masons 4½ years to build, and one can see both stone-age and modern sculpture around the Hall. It stands on rock just two cables from the shore. Many tourists when here pay homage and respects to Swamy Vivekananda.

Mohatma Gandhiji Memorial Hall was constructed by the Indian Government. Every October 2nd at noon, the sun shines through the roof building and falls on the grave of Gandhiji. This event happens only on this date, as sunlight stays for only a short time. Twenty-eight years ago the ashes of Gandhiji

were mixed into the sea at this particular place.

Near Gandhiji Hall stands a remote Devi Kumari Temple. This is a famous holy place of the Hindu People in India. Many Hindu pilgrims visit the temple to worship. Here many caste people live together peacefully. Most of the christians celebrate their festival with other caste people, all people uniting to celebrate this occasion.

At dawn, professional fishermen go to sea in their catamarans and sail a long distance from the shore. They stay at sea to fish for two or three days. After they finish fishing they return to shore navigating by the stars. Waiting at the shore are the fishmongers to buy the fish to sell to their customers.

(Continued on Page 5)

# LIFE AT THE TOP

WELL THE SHIP is once more all fast alongside. "Finished with engines" the Man says, looking at the Pilot, who either does not hear or is more interested in seeing if the gangway is going out so that he can go ashore. "Ring it off, Third Mate" the Man says thinking that he will get down to his cabin before the mob arrives and get his coat off and a wash. "Make sure that this place is locked up like the Bank of England", but the Third Mate also does not seem to hear or he has heard it all before. He is more interested in brooding about whether he will get a letter here from his latest lady friend.

The Man sighs and goes down below and true to form his cabin is full of people. Not a hope of getting a wash or even get his coat off, but perhaps the shore wallas like him that way, gives a sense of drama to the whole proceedings. The old Man looking all worn out and tired and no doubt they would love to see him wringing seawater out of his beard.

The Man tries to sit down because he really is tired but no chance as all the seats are taken. Anyway his role is only a name signer and a form of superbarman able to dispense all kinds of refreshments from beer and spirits to tea and coffee and also on admittedly very rare occasions, glasses of ice water to some health nut who usually turns out to be on the "cure". Most of those present want things like Net and Gross Tonnage of the vessel which seem to go on most of the forms these armchair admirals are clutching in their hands as a form of pass to the Old Man's cabin and should, the Man thinks, be painted in letters six feet high along the ship's side. The next thing that is top of the pops is the arrival draft which of course the Man does not have. This cannot be read whilst the vessel is at sea. He plays for time by offering the fuel figures in the hope that some of the lower echelons of workers on board will nip ashore and read it and guess that the Man might conceivably want it and fight their way through the crowd and give it to him. Nobody appears and the Man is forced to go into a little charade of going to the telephone and dialling, which looks very efficient,

until he cannot get a reply. He knows through bitter experience it is no good going down below into Officer country to look for anybody, as they would have all disappeared by now. The place will have the air of a boarding school during the Summer holidays. However, by this time the party is getting into the festive mood and people are recognising old friends and relating tales with much laughter. The Man is able to get out of the limelight and tries to work out who the Agent is. This character is the only one of any real use to him as he has the mail and the money that has been asked for. He also is able to clear his list like men for the doctor, cable to the Company and where the best places are to go to at night.

With the sound of dockers banging things about outside on deck and the roaring of the crane outside the Man's port, the mob realise that other people are working and they make their apologies and slide away. Soon only the Agent is left and after leaving his phone number where he can be contacted, which is usually his mother-in-law if it is at a weekend, then he also disappears.

The Man is now alone amongst the debris, and aware of the baleful eye of his steward he picks his way to his desk. After hunting for some time amongst the piles of papers he finds his own mail, sits down and puts his feet up, with a feeling of a job well done in the traditional manner and that the show is "on the road" once again.

DEREK L. BELL  
Captain, *Vancouver City*

## m.v. "Vancouver City" Special Sweet and Sour

HAVING A LOVE FOR cooking and the opportunity to travel around the world, seeing different cuisines, I try in most ports to collect recipes which are original. On my visit to Taiwan last year, I found the ideal recipe for Sweet and Sour Pork. This recipe has been used on the *Vancouver City* a few times with such good results that the Officers have asked for third and fourth helpings.

### Four Servings

- 1½ lb. Pork (Leg).
- 1 Tomato.
- 2 Slices onion.
- ¼ tsp M.S.G.
- 1 Cupful cornflour.
- 1 Tsp Tomato ketchup.
- 1 Egg.
- 2 Pieces of celery.
- 1 Dash of parsley.
- 6 Tsp Sugar.
- 1 tsp soya sauce.
- 6 Cups oil.
- 2 Slices pineapple.
- 2 Cloves garlic.
- ½ tsp Salt.
- 1 Tsp Hot peppercorn oil.
- 6 Tsp Vinegar.
- 6 Tsp Water.
- (8 Cherries and 1 slice of pineapple for decorating).

Note: tsp =Tea spoon; Tsp =Table spoon.

### Method

1. Cut pork into squares. Marinate with 1 egg, ¼ tsp salt, ¼ tsp M.S.G., 1 tsp soya sauce. After 1 hour add 4 Tsp cornflour, then deep fry over medium heat until golden brown (about 6 minutes).
2. Dice tomato, chop onion, peel garlic and chop, cut celery into sections.
3. *Sweet and Sour Seasonings:*  
Mix onion, chopped garlic, parsley, celery, 6 Tsp sugar, 6 Tsp vinegar, 6 Tsp water, ½ tsp salt, 1 Tsp hot peppercorn oil, 1 Tsp tomato ketchup.  
Put into a saucepan and stir evenly. Bring to the boil, and simmer for 3 minutes.  
Strain off the sediment leaving the juice.
4. Add the pineapple and tomato pieces.  
Bring back to the boil.  
Mix in 1 Tsp cornflour (paste).
5. Add pork pieces to the sauce.  
Stir fry in 2 Tsp oil, Mix well and serve.  
Garnish.

Note: This is a form of frying which is done very fast. The frying pan must be very hot, and the oil also. Add the mixture stirring all the time.

The Sweet and Sour Pork makes a nice change. I hope you enjoy it, we all did.

L. E. SEABROOKE  
Catering Officer

## My Home Town *continued*

In the evening folks stroll along the beach with their wives and children. The beach is one of the best attractions for the tourist. There are shell toys, necklaces, shell ornaments, ivory and different colours of sand. These toys are made by skilled native people, from which they earn their livelihood.

Now in Cape Comorin there are modern buildings, tourist bungalows, rest-houses, air-conditioned hotels available for tourists of all nationalities, the Cape people give cordial welcomes to all who visit. There are many other places of interest to visit around this area.

MARKE VARGHESE  
(Seaman/Helmsman)

# STAFF NEWS

## NEW STAFF

*We extend a welcome to the under-mentioned on joining the Company:*

### London Office

Mr. T. J. Walsham (Chartering Department).

### SEA GOING STAFF

Mr. G. E. Ashton (J/Engr.).

Mr. T. J. Fish (J/Engr.).

Mr. E. P. Austin (Catering Officer).

## MARRIAGE

*Very best wishes for future happiness to,*

Miss Ruth Jones, Purchasing Department, Head Office, on her marriage to Mr. R. Pegler on 6th March, 1976.

Mr. Ian Jones, B.Sc., Technical Department, Head Office, on his marriage to Miss Caroline Christine Rees, of Bridgend on 3rd April, 1976.

## RETIREMENT

After 29 years service as Company Registrar, Mr. S. Vaughan has called it a day. Sam, as he was known to all his colleagues at Head Office, will be missed. He was always ready for an odd chat or so, when circumstances permitted, and retained his ability to record data with lasting accuracy.

We wish Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan very many years of happiness in retirement.

Mr. Vaughan is succeeded by Miss S. M. Solomon as Company Registrar.

## CERTIFICATE SUCCESSES

*We have pleasure in congratulating the following:*

Mr. C. J. Walker (Part B) 2nd Class Certificate.

Mr. D. C. Lewis (Part A) 2nd Class Certificate.

Mr. J. A. Doody (Dk. Cadet), obtained ONC. in Nautical Studies and 2nd Mate's Oral.

## OBITUARY

### Mrs. A. M. Ward

We regret to record the passing of Mrs. A. M. Ward. She was the widow of the late Mr. Frank Ward a former Director.

We extend our deepest sympathy to Miss Pamela Ward (Personal Assistant to the Chairman), her sister and brother.

### Mr. G. E. Probert

We regret to record the passing of Mr. G. E. Probert, one of our retired engineers. He joined the s.s. *Jersey City* as Jr. Engr. in 1937 and his last vessel was the m.v. *Devon City* which he left in June 1967. Mr. Probert retired in 1968. It is worth recording that during thirty years service with the Company, he joined the s.s. *Indian City* on the 25th March, 1944, and left the vessel on 9th February, 1952, a total of 94 months, 9 days service.

We extend our deepest sympathy to his family.

### Captain Brian Jones

We have learned with very deep regret of the tragic death by accident of Captain Brian Jones, who was in command of our m.v. *Cornish City*. The accident occurred at Sydney, New South Wales, on 18th March, 1976.

Captain Jones, who resided in Beaufort, Gwent, joined the Reardon Smith Line as an Apprentice on 30th January, 1956. His first command as Master was on the m.v. *Atlantic City* on 30th May, 1973.

We extend our deepest sympathy to his mother and other members of his family.

## IN HOSPITAL

We regret to report that one of our Directors, Mr. R. S. Burston, is in hospital and has undergone an operation. We wish him a very speedy recovery.

AMONGST OUR many retired staff is one who is our senior pensioner and who just one or two of the shore staff can still remember. We are pleased to publish one of her recent poems.

## RETIRED by ETHEL CAINES

Three horses in a field one day  
Each seemed to have so much to say.  
Said No. 1 "My life was hard  
Each morning when I left my yard  
A Brewers Dray I pulled around  
To every pub that could be found;  
But then—I really didn't mind  
My boss was always very kind."  
Said No. 2, an old grey mare  
"I pulled a milk cart here and there;  
My boss would shout out 'Milko-O'  
Through every street that we would go,  
Folk would come out with just a jug  
Perhaps a basin or a mug;  
Years ago, that was the way they bought  
their milk,  
—But not today."  
Then up spoke No. 3 and he  
Said "Friends, I hardly see,  
I spent my life in a deep dark pit  
With miners just as they thought fit.  
I never saw the sunshine bright,  
I never knew the day from night  
But there—Lets not dwell upon the past  
We'll be content while life shall last  
And hope that we all did our best  
And now are quite content to rest."

## Chairman opens Cadet Advisory Day at Llandaff Technical College, Cardiff



A CADET ADVISORY DAY organised by the General Council of British Shipping was held on 17th March, 1976, at Llandaff Technical College, Cardiff. The proceedings were opened by Mr. Chatterton.

There were representatives from twenty-one major shipping companies present. Over 300 young men attended, all with intentions of taking up a career at sea.

In the photograph the Chairman is seen with Captain J. Birrell, Company Training Officer, in deep discussion with a young man who is accompanied by his father.

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# SHIPS MOVEMENTS AS AT 22nd MARCH 1976

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**m.v. Cardiff City.** On Time Charter a/c Salen. Arrived Bilbao 20th Feb. Completed discharge 18th March after having been delayed by strikes. Sailed 19th March for Key West for orders.

**m.v. Cornish City.** On Time Charter to Broken Hill Propriety Co. Arrived Sydney to commence discharge 25th Feb. Delayed due industrial disputes, hoping to sail for Port Kembla to load 22nd March. On this basis would sail Port Kembla around 5th April, calling Aden 25th April, Port Said 29th, arriving Piombino to discharge early May. On completion discharge sails Piombino and redelivers from Time Charter passing Gibraltar.

**m.v. Devon City.** On Time Charter to Motortank. Arrived Bandar Shahpour from Dammam to complete discharge 3rd March. Owing to heavy congestion unlikely sail before 10th April when presently scheduled to proceed to South Australia via Bombay to load for Black Sea or Continent.

**m.v. Fresno City.** Sailed Vancouver 18th February with full cargo forest products. Arrived Tilbury to commence discharge 19th March, with expected completion London portion 24th sailing for Antwerp to complete. Sails Antwerp 28th March for Port Elizabeth to load ore for Japan. Arrives and sails Port Elizabeth 21st/23rd April and arrives Japan 18th May, completing 20th May.

**m.v. Indian City.** On Time Charter to Yamashita Shinnihon. Sailed Yokohama 10th March with cargo cars for Jeddah. Called Singapore 19th March to load more cars and arrives Jeddah 31st March. Uncertain discharge prospects at Jeddah mean vessel could sail 15/30th April, arriving Japan 5/20th May. When drydocks for about 5 days.

**m.v. New Westminster City.** Sailed Corpus Christie 19th March with full cargo grain for Japan. Due Panama Canal 24th March, where could be delayed transiting due back-log caused by industrial stoppages. Arrives Japan about 20th April, completing about 25th. Sails for British Columbia to load Forest Products under Berth Service early to mid May, transiting Panama Canal early June and completing UK/Cont. towards the end of June.

**m.v. Port Alberni City.** Presently on Steel Berth Service. Sailed Los Angeles 18th March. Arrived and sailed Oakland 19th, and completes discharge Portland 21st/24th and New Westminster 25th/26th March. Then loads Forest Products under Berth Service at New Westminster 26/27th March Nanaimo 29th/31st, and Cowichan Bay 1st/3rd April. Transits Panama Canal 15th April arrives Dublin 28th April to commence discharge. Sails for Cardiff 1st May, arriving 2nd and completes around 8th May.

**m.v. Prince Rupert City.** On Time Charter a/c B.H.P. Sailed Port Kembla 14th March. Bunkers Cape Town 2nd April arriving Immingham to commence discharge 20th April. Sails 27th for Rostock to complete arriving 28th April, completing 1st May. Redelivers passing Brunsbuttel 2nd May.

**m.v. Tacoma City.** On Berth Service. Arrived London to commence discharge Forest Products 22nd March. Sails 27th for Esbjerg 29th/31st March and Zeebrugge 2nd/4th April to complete. Then loads steel Antwerp under Steel Berth Service 5/8th April and Middlesbrough 9/19th April. Transits Panama Canal 4th May and discharges Los Angeles, Oakland, Portland, Seattle and New Westminster from mid to end May.

**m.v. Vancouver City.** On Berth Service. Sailed Vancouver 16th March with Forest Products. Transits Panama Canal around 28th March (possible delays, owing to industrial dispute). Arrives London about 11th April completing 17th sailing for Antwerp to finish discharge 18/20th April. Then proceeds UK to drydock for about 10 working days.

**m.v. Victoria City.** Sailed New Orleans 20th Feb. with grain cargo for Japan. Passed Panama Canal 26th Feb. Arrives Nagoya to commence discharge 24th March sailing 28th for Yokohama to complete 29/30th. On completion proceeds Vancouver (Wash) to load Forest Products on Berth Service. Loads Vancouver (Wash) 12/15th April. Coos Bay 17/19th, Crofton 21/22nd and Vancouver B.C. 23rd/25th April. Transits Panama Canal 7th May to discharge London 21/25th May, Antwerp 26/28th and Esbjerg 29th/1st June.

**m.v. Welsh City.** On Time Charter to K.N.S.M. Arrived and sailed Rotterdam 19/20th March. Arrived Bremen 21st with expected sailing 23rd. Calls Hamburg 24/26th, Antwerp 28th, Dagenham 29/30th and Amsterdam 31/1st April. Then proceeds West Indies, calling St. Maarten, San Juan, Santo Domingo, Kingston, Port au Prince, Freeport, Nassau, Savannah and Wilmington.

**m.v. Amparo.** Sailed Ensenada 16th March for Japan. Arrives Yokohama 31st March, sailing 4th April. Then calls Nagoya 5th April, Yokkaichi 6th, Osaka 7th, and Kobe 8/10th April.

**m.v. Atlantic.** Arrived Europoort 14th March, and commenced discharge 22nd. Completes 24th and proceeds to U.S.N.H. or U.S. Gulf to load grain for Alexandria.

**m.v. Elena.** Sailed Yokohama 16th March for Ensenada where due 28th March, after which proceeds to Manzanillo and Acapulco.

**m.v. Gela.** Sailed Newark 11th March, for Rotterdam where arrives 22nd March. Sails for Gothenburg 26th calling Hamburg, Antwerp and Le Havre before proceeding to Coatzacoalcas, Vera Cruz and Tampico.

**m.v. Maria Elisa.** Arrived Trinidad and drydocked 12th March. Expect undock 31st and sail for Vera Cruz to load 11/14th April, Tampico 15th/21st and Houston and/or New Orleans 23rd/26th April. Sails for South America, present itinerary being a Brazilian Port 10th/11th May, Rio de Janeiro 12/14th, Santos, 15/20th, Buenos Aires 23rd/27th, optional Brazilian Port 28/29th and Santos 1st/5th June. Then return Mexico calling Central America 17/19th June, Vera Cruz 23/26th, completing Tampico 28/29th June.

**m.v. Sara Lupe.** Presently loading/discharging Japan having arrived and sailed Yokohama 14/15th March, Nagoya 16/19th Yokkaichi 19th and arrived Osaka 20th. Expect sail 22nd for Kobe 22nd/29th, thence Nagoya 30th, Tokyo 31st/2nd April and completing Yokohama 2nd/4th April. On completion sails for Ensenada where due 20th April.

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# “CROSSING THE LINE”

WHILST ON passage between Australia and Columbia we had the misfortune to cross the equator and being one of those unlucky ones who had never crossed the dreaded line before I was somewhat apprehensive as to what treats lay in store for me. We had crossed the equator previously, quite early on in the trip, but luckily, for some, the ceremony had been cancelled due to bad weather. This rather lulled us “chosen few” into a false sense of security as we never really expected them to bother with it the second time. Needless to say, the day we crossed the line the second time round dawned fine and clear and everybody, apart from the victims, were quite prepared for the forthcoming frolics!

There were four “offenders” to be dealt with, 2 Junior Engineers, the 3rd Engineer and myself, and we were all, it seemed, in the same boat! About 3.30 during the afternoon the tenseness and excitement grew to a pitch and our two intrepid policemen, “Whacker Willie” and “Slasher Steve”, set about rounding up the unfortunate prisoners. This didn’t prove too difficult for them, mainly due to the fact that they were both armed with nasty looking truncheons and thought nothing of dishing out well aimed, bruise producing blows!

Being of a rather gullible nature and also having a misguided mutual trust in my so-called friends I soon found myself firmly handcuffed to the rails of the swimming pool. I was very shortly joined by J./E. Phil who had been escorted from the engine room under threat of certain death or something equally permanent!

Threats of rare and dangerous judo throws and karate chops were brushed aside by our fearless constables as they dragged J./E. Bob from his bunk and politely asked him to accompany them to the upper deck. Strangely enough he didn’t put up much of a struggle and he was handcuffed to the rails before he’d even had time to rub the sleep from his eyes let alone dish out any strange oriental attempts at self defence!

The final victim proved to be the most difficult to capture; 3rd/E. Pete decided he just wasn’t cut out to partake in silly

“crossing the line ceremonies” so he, most unsportingly, locked himself in his bathroom. The policemen, however, undaunted by this cowardly deed, proceeded to tie a rope from the door to his bunk thus making Pete a real prisoner. They then crept away for a short while and upon returning found Prisoner Pete making a grand escape by cutting through the rope with an old razor blade. Just as he had cut through the last strands, opened the door, and breathed a sigh of relief, they pounced upon him and quietening his protests with a few deft blows from their trusty truncheons proceeded to drag him up to join the rest of the happy throng.

By this time “Neptune’s Court” had all arrived upon the scene, Neptune (played by our Chief Engineer), was suitably garbed with cloak, crown and trident, seated upon his throne (a chair), and looking very majestic (not at all what one would expect after supposedly crawling from the murky depths of the Pacific Ocean!). At his side was the lovely Queen Aphrodite (alias Zena, the 2nd’s wife), adding a touch of charm and elegance to the ceremony.

Our Chief Steward, an obvious disciple of Sweeney Todd, performed the duties of the “Surgin” (emphasis on the gin!). What with his bloodstained apron and black paint artistically applied to his face it gave him an expression of indifference as to whether the victims lived or died!

The “Clerk of the Prosecution”’s duties were performed by our very own Captain who was attired in a very trendy looking pair of wellington boots, swimming trunks and the Owners suite shower curtain draped about his person. No doubt this fashion will be all the rage when we arrive home!

Sparks was a very convincing executioner complete with black hood (a definite improvement!), and axe, which, may I add, was very real and very sharp... needless to say nobody argued with him!

The proceedings finally began by quietening our jeering protests and shouts of abuse by turning the fire hose on us. They succeeded in dampening our

protests (and pretty much everything else), and the Surgin then issued some ghastly looking pills to each of us, which we swallowed but with great apprehension (unfortunately they turned out to be laxative pills; this we found out later!).

The Prosecution then made his great speech to the Council, stating all the reasons why “these miserable bunch of degenerates” should be found guilty and disposed of accordingly! The reasons varied from “damaging the hatch cover with his head during a game of deck tennis” and “greedily hogging all the ‘granny’s cake’ at smoke” to “wearing second-hand clothing and having the appearance of a Golliwog” (no prizes for guessing who supposedly had the appearance of a Golliwog!). Needless to say, the Prosecution’s case was put so well and the “Defence Councils”’s (2nd Mate), so miserably poor (I mean what sort of defence is it that actually *agrees* with the prosecution!), that Neptune had no choice but to find us all guilty.

Our friendly Surgin then stepped forward with his bucket containing the most vile and repulsive mixture imaginable (no, it wasn’t the soup of the day!); the actual contents are a closely guarded trade secret mainly because everyone whose hair had been daubed with this concoction was left with shiny, manageable flowing locks. The maker, I believe, is leaving the sea and going into the hair shampoo business!

Anyway as can be realised this slimy sticky stuff was rubbed, pushed, poked and slapped into most accessible parts of the body (and a few parts that I thought just weren’t accessible!), until all the victims, and a few others, looked like something the cat had just dragged in.

We were then passed along to the Executioner, who thankfully, managed to realise it was “just for fun” and ceremoniously pretended to chop off our heads; then we were ceremoniously heaved (no pretence here), into the pool. Within about five minutes everybody had been thrown into the pool and complete chaos reigned...the colour of the water by this time had to be seen to be believed.

We rounded off a very enjoyable and “completely different” day with a really good barbeque which more than made up for being bashed, kicked, thumped, soaked and generally abused during the crossing the line ceremony.

I. F. BULLOCK