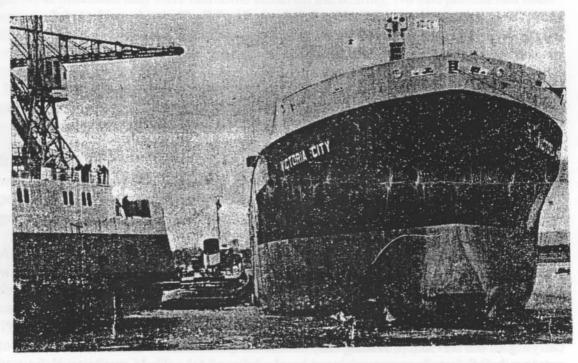


# **SHIPMATES**

Reardon Smith Seafarer's Newsletter

Issue No.40 September 2006.

## Tug saves crash at Clyde launch



On the evening of the 18th May 1970 this picture and story was published in a Glasgow evening paper. Quote:- "A newly launched ship narrowly escaped a collision on the Clyde today. Only prompt action by a tug captain prevented a crash. The drama occurred only minutes after the 28,000 bulk carrier Victoria City had gone down the slipway at the Clydebank yard of Upper Clyde Shipbuilders. The ship was swept by a high wind towards the Bienheim a passenger ship lying moored in the fitting out basin. The captain of the tug Strongbow prevented a brush between the ship by manoeuvring his tiny craft between the two vessels to act as a buffer. The incident occurred as the three tugs tried to coax the 750 feet Victoria City into the fitting out basin beside the Bienheim, due to be delivered to Fred Olsen Line next month. The newly launched ship was eventually moored along side. The naming ceremony was preformed by Mrs. Mariorie Burston wife of a director of Reardon Smith & Sons, Ltd. for whose firm the Victoria city was built. The ship is of a series each costing £2m." Unquote.

The Victoria City was delivered to RSL on 23rd December 1940 about 4 months late.

### FROM DOCKS TO CITY

The lead up to the move to Devonshire House was not without its problems. In the 50's city planners were spending much time making a 'wish list' as to the future development of the city. Sites were earmarked for various large scale projects and the site preferred for our office had been identified as part of a scheme for a north bound bus terminus with the rest of the city served much as it is at present. A planning application for the Greyfriars Road site, then used as an open car park was submitted by agents acting on our behalf. An approach to purchase the land had been turned down but a 99 year lease was on the table subject to planning permission. Planning officers recommended rejection of the application because it would limit usage of the whole site as a bus terminus.

Much lobbying went on, culminating in a letter from the Chairman to the Lord Mayor stating that the alternative to a planning refusal was a complete re-location of the company to London. A "tongue-in-cheek" approach perhaps, but it did bring about a rethink and eventually planning permission was granted. Subsequently, the remainder of the site was developed by the County Council to re-house staff from County Hall in Cathays Park. Recently those particular office buildings have been redeveloped as a hotel and flats. Devonshire House (renamed Park House) remains as office accommodation.

The building itself incorporated a number of features – reinforced concrete beams fitted together 'meccano' fashion, double-glazed plate glass mahogany framed windows with opening and titling action which allowed cleaning to be done from inside. These were imported from Hamburg. The centrally situated staircase encased in glass, giving access to an outer paved area and the fire escape. At the base of the stairs a fountain and fish pond turned out to be anything but a success. Dust and the odd cigarette end did not improve the health of the goldfish.

The open plan allowed any configuration required with the suspended ceilings carrying all the services providing easy access for maintenance. The floor in the entrance hall featured a compass in rubber decking and the whole area beautifully designed in colourful style. It was a magnificent building and will certainly stand the test of time subject to developers/speculators keeping their grubby hands off the place. The outer doors in bronze carried the houseflag prominent in company colours. Three flags flew from the top of the building – the Union Jack, Welsh and House flag. After the sale of the offices and alterations made by the new owners, I was fortunate to salvage one of the bronze plates. It is extremely heavy and quite unsuitable for a normal house decoration, so it sits in my garage. I have offered it to the new Maritime and Industrial Museum in Swansea and they are thinking about it. Any other suggestions would be welcomed.

It was the original instruction from the Chairman and Alan Reardon Smith that local contractors and suppliers should be used wherever possible, and this was done. All the new furniture and furnishings were supplied through local people and many of the sub-contractors were used in latter years for maintenance etc.

A story about the position of Magnetic North in the entrance hall. The flooring contractors asked that we indicate and confirm the direction before mapping out the area. Jack Lemon was asked to meet with contractors and did so confirming the position for the design before the rubber sections were laid. After lunch the same day, Bill Lawday and Alfie Ward made a visit and disputed the position of Magnetic North which Jack and the contractors had marked out. News of this got back to the office and Douglas Smith (Chairman) never short of a few expletives, gave his opinion of three master mariners who could not agree where magnetic north was. There were a few red faces and everything was put on hold until next day. A deputation from the office including the three under fire presented themselves at Devonshire House when Jack Lemon's original positioning was confirmed.

Bill and Alfie were not amused and without any rational explanation suffered some caustic comments. However reputations were salvaged by a young electrician who listening to all the banter, suggested that the testing of the under-floor heating the previous afternoon may have had some effect on the bearing. No one present had been aware of this taking place. Jack Smith arrived during all this and took the position of the sun at noon confirming everything beyond reasonable doubt. I wish I could repeat Doug Smith's comments as they were priceless, but there maybe a few ladies present.

It was ironic that in subsequent months the under-floor heating caused so many problems with the rubber flooring lifting that Semtex decided we could not have both – the floor or the heating – so we opted for the floor.

Relating that particular story brings back to mind a few about those characters who were so much a part of Reardon Smith. Lionel Ford and R.B.Smith were two such people who I always found generous in their advice, a good sense of humour and generally a pleasure to be with.

Around about 1949/50 (the actual date escapes me) Lionel hearing that I had a contact with someone at a local bakery firm asked if I could arrange a supply of fancy cakes for a party Mrs. Ford was organizing for one of the children. My friend, an ex-air cadet, was Production Manager for a firm supplying M & S and he agreed to assist. The due day arrived and Lionel and I in his new Ford Consul car arrived at the Bakery to collect. The variety of cakes and pastries delighted Lionel's eye – he was sure of brownie points from Mrs.F. – and on three large trays these were placed precariously on his back seat. Lionel was not the best of drivers. In fact the examiner who passed him must have come from Appledore.

Proceeding very carefully we negotiated several side streets until we came to the main Corporation Road leading to James Street and Colum Buildings. Approaching the junction a double-decker bus was coming from our right and had right of way. Lionel however, thought otherwise! Turning into the main road he ran alongside the bus for some seventy yards or so with not a whisker between the bus and the kerb. "Lionel", I said quietly, "I think you had better slow down - there is no way this bus is going to give way ". On we went until the options were getting less and less. Either we hit the ironwork of Clarence Road Bridge, or end up down the river bank and a watery grave. My life flashed before me!! "Lionel brake for C..... sake "I yelled, at which point he realized he had a brake and jammed his anchors on — my head hit the screen, he remained embracing the steering wheel, and the trays of cakes went in all directions. The bus drove merrily on over the bridge. Once we got our breath back we surveyed the result of our "emergency" stop.

All Lionel could say, repeatedly, was "bloody hell – bloody hell " and so on. There was little we could do in the situation we were in, so I suggested we carried on over the bridge and go to Evan Hughes Shipchandlers where they had a car park and we could get some help to clear up the mess. The lads at the chandlers were great – nothing could be salvaged for the party but with care they were going to enjoy the crumbs from the rich man's Ford Consul.

Everything was removed; the back seat, floor and roof cleaned up and vacuumed and to anyone else no evidence of the catastrophe. Now ofcourse, there was to be a party and no cakes. Lionel's brownie points disappeared down the tube and for once he was speechless. From the chandlers I phoned my friend at the bakery, explained what had happened, putting the blame on an inconsiderate bus driver and more or less appealing to his better nature to come to our rescue and avoid disappointment for a bunch of kids. He came up trumps – promising to supply eight dozen cakes (perhaps not as varied as before) and best of all he would deliver them to Mrs. Ford at St. Johns Crescent by 3 p.m.

Lionel had a smile like a circus clown – thought I and my friend were better than sliced bread – and after a cup of tea with the chandlers and a few bits of cake, back to the office and Lionel off home for the rest of the day and to await the delivery. The following day Mrs.Ford rang to thank me for the arrangements and for my friend delivering to her home - she said she could not imagine how Lionel ever thought he would bring them home in his car and she was glad he had not attempted to do so. It is surprising how many macho men are minnows when it comes to the wife!!

Another story involving Lionel, Harry Fraser and myself. Knowing how sensitive our readers are and the possibility that one or two may be of the opposite sex, I will try to relate this story so as not to cause offence. Please bear with me!

Some readers may remember Radio Officer Easterling – the shortest R/O in the fleet – measuring some 4'11" in his high heels. He allegedly had a reputation for amorous excursions at various ports of call and despite his diminutive stature was highly successful in his captures. Lionel, Harry and myself were seated in his room late one evening after a fairly hectic day and Easterling had supplied us each with a generous tot of whisky. Quite a banter went on between Lionel, Harry and our host mainly centered on his reputation and Easterling was getting some stick from the pair of them. I did not know him sufficient to join the action.

Harry remarked that he was surprised Easterling had not contracted some uncomfortable disease with so much gymnastics going on and with such a variety of nationalities. Easterling said it was no problem as he had his own remedy and so far it had worked well. He was pushed to reveal all ( if you know what I mean ) and he explained that after a " night playing away " he would return to ship and bathe certain parts of his anatomy in a glass of whisky. After a few hilarious moments, Lionel, asked him what he did with the whisky? As quick as a flash, as if it were true, Easterling said he put it back in the bottle and kept it to entertain Superintendents!!! I can assure you not a drop of the whisky we were holding touched our lips.

I hope I have not offended anyone - the more imaginative of our readers can put their own terminology to this true story.

R.B.Smith – what a character! A voice like a regimental sergeant-major and a presence that no one could avoid. I had a great respect for him.

On one visit to Glasgow I met up with RB at the Central Hotel on a Friday evening expecting the "New Westminster City" (I think it was) to dock the following day at Meadowside Granary. After dinner we confirmed she was delayed and would not dock until Sunday morning. RB. suggested we go to Ibrox Park to watch Celtic v Rangers on Saturday afternoon and he would organize a couple of stand tickets. Anyone who has been to one of these matches will know the tension that exists between twentytwo players, thousands of opposing fans, with a referee and two linesmen trying to prevent open warfare.

The game was played at a terrific pace, no holds barred and none given. Every decision by the referee was disputed in one quarter or the other including the stand where we were sitting. RB was in full throat whilst a lady to our left, similarly gave vent to her feelings, usually quite opposite to those of RB. Being a registered referee I had every sympathy for the man with the whistle. Firstly, a Celtic man was sent off, then a Rangers player, another Rangers man got an early bath, and eventually another from Celtic. The teams were down to nine - a- side.

RB got brassed off with the lady to our left and made a classic remark that her place was in the kitchen or pushing a pram not trying to understand a man's game. She was not impressed and told him what she thought about morons from the north-east coast.

The end of the game came with a 1-1 draw and I made sure RB went in the opposite direction to our female soccer expert. Several times during dinner that night he referred to "that woman" and what the hell did she know about the game. From my observations she knew quite a bit but like RB had been carried away by the occasion.

Sunday morning watching the vessel come alongside, quite a number of people were there, family, girl friends, lovers, etc., etc., and the odd superintendent. Away to our left an A30/35 car came to a halt – out stepped from the driver's side – the lady from Ibrox Park. RB's face was a picture – "there's that b..... woman "he said loudly, not realizing any connection. I jokingly said "she must be looking for you ". He replied suitably !! I cannot remember where Jack was, but Mrs. Lemon was obviously there to join him. She was an ardent Exeter City FC supporter and I believe at one time may have been on the Board. That would bear out her knowledge of the game. Needless to say, neither of us made any contact with Jack or Mrs.L during that day and I am sure RB kept well out of her way,

Space does not allow me to recall memories of two "Reardon Smith" characters – the last family Chairman – Alan Reardon Smith, who I admired enormously and worked as close to and perhaps, more than any other member of staff. I may be the only staff person to have, during one rather tense moment, suggested to him that his parents were not married and kept his job. His untimely death was a tremendous loss to the Company and his family.

The other "Reardon Smith" – Capt. Jack - who became a legend in his own time mainly due to the effects of "the bottle". Many readers will know little about Mr. Alan but quite a lot about Jack – perhaps in the future I will be allowed to enlighten shipmates on both.

When I was at the Reardon Smith Reunion last year I was speaking to Captain Slayman and we discussed the rise in the price of marine oil fuel where it would be interesting to see how the price have risen over the years, since that time the price has increased considerably. To compare prices I have found in my archives an "Oil Fuel Bunker Spot Prices" booklet which was given to me by one of the fellows in the Charting Department it is dated 1st May 1959. I have taken a section out of the booklet giving the prices of oil in U.K. and Europe which are in shillings per long ton (L.T.W 2240 lbs) or metric long tons (M.T.W. 1000 kgs).

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### OIL FUEL BUNKER SPOT PRICES

All prices, lighterage rates and other charges are subject to change without prior notice and, unless otherwise stated, are exclusive of Duties and Taxes which, if incurred, are for Buyer's account. Also payable by the Buyer are any charges which may be incurred for small lot deliveries, overtime, lighterage detention, port dues on the oil, etc., even though all such charges may not be specifically mentioned herein; indications of such charges will be provided on request.

### SHELL INTERNATIONAL PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED

UNITED KINGDOM

Date:- 1st May 1969

† Indicates a change since the last issue of this price list.

Ardrossan Avonmouth Barry Belfast Clyde— Old Kilpatrick Dublin	Gra Hul Sa Live	sential fo	or large	erage no	rmally	S	Manchester Barton Cadishead Eccles Stanlow Gouthampto Hamble Gunderland Gwansea		Tees— Teesport Thames— Isle of Grain (Medwa Purfleet Shellhaven Thameshaven Tyne— Jarrow
Marine Fuel C	ii						153/6\		£1 = $20/-$ (shillings
Medium Mari		el Oil					†168/6		
Light Marine							†194/-	per long ton o	of 2.240 lbs.
Marine Diesel Gas Oil						•••	†245/-	ex Wh	

3

### SHELL INTERNATIONAL PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED

† Indicates a change since the last issue of this price list.

Ports		Marine Fuel Oil	Marine Diesel Fuel	Light Marine Diesel Fuel	Gas Oil	Per	LIGHTERAGE (Rates are per long ton, unless otherwise stated and apply to delivery within normal harbour limits)	Remarks			
EUROPE (N. & W.)											
Amsterdam Rotterdam			1245/- 1245/-	_	1280/- 1280/-	L.T.W.	6/6, min. £32.10.0 per trip 6/6, min. £32.10.0 per trip				
Antwerp			†245/- †255/-	_	†280/- †290/-	L.T.W.	6/6, min. £32.10.0 per trip Subject to Enquiry				
†Dunkirk †Le Havre †Rouen		151/1	†241/2 †241/2 †248/6	-	†275/8 †275/8 †283/–	M.T.W. M.T.W. M.T.W.	6/6 per M. Ton min. £32.9.0 per trip Essential, 6/6 per M. Ton, min. £32.9.0 per trip				
†(Petit Couror †St. Nazaire	nne)	151/1	†248/6 †241/2		†283/- †275/8	M.T.W. M.T.W.	6/6 per M. Ton, min. £32.9.0 per trip Subject to Enquiry	Lighter or road wagor delivery essential			

contd.	Fuel oil (Boiler oil)	Diesel Oil
On 1st May 1969	153/6 = £7.13.6d	245 = £12.5.0d
Section of the sectio	20	20

20 shillings = one pound. Decimal currency was not introduced until 1971

In 1969 the booklet was issued each month but at the present price change nealy every day makes it difficult for the ship owner to decide where to buy the cheapest fuel. Below are some prices showing how much rise has taken place in 4 years, and the price over 4 months for this year. I have taken the port of Rotterdam this being the cheapest port in Europe to buy marine fuel oil. Prices are approximate because of the changing rate of exchange, given in U.S. dollars, U.K. pounds in brackets. This price is per metric tonne (1000kgs).

Date	IFO380	IFO180	Marine Diesel
March 2002	\$126	\$132	\$172
April 2002	\$124	\$130	\$170
January 2006	\$278 (£154)	\$296 (£164)	\$475 (£263)
February 2006	\$293 (£162)	\$312 (£173)	\$470 (£261)
April 2006	\$324 (£180)	\$344 (£191)	\$578 (£321)
June 2006	\$316 ££175)	\$330 (£183)	\$565 (£31

Editor .

### Please make an effort to write a story for "Shipmates"

### Member News

I received a letter from Terry and Barbara Haxell from South Shields, Terry fell ill when he was on holiday in British Columbia last October and ended up in Nanaino Regional General Hospital. He says there are more English doctors working there than you see in an average hospital at home. He is not doing too badly and sees Dennis and Mavis Archbold quite a bit also regularly in touch with Bob Chambers and Leon Skawinski.

"Thought for Today" (but sadly nearly 60 years too late R.B)

#### A PRAYER FOR THE STRESSED

Grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I cannot accept and the wisdom to hide the bodies of those I had to kill today because they got on my nerves.!

And help me to be careful of the toes I step on today as they may be connected to the feet I may have to kiss tomorrow.!

In 2003 Mr. Bob Christmas sent me his pay off slip when he was an apprentice in 1953 serving on the "king City" (1950), The interesting part about this "Account of Wages" is that when money was drawn the port where it was drawn was entered on the slip. In 1956 the style of the part "B" deductions, on the pay off slips was changed which gave the money drawn in a lump sum, so there was no record of the ports. See "Account of Wages" on the next page.

# Pay off slip for Mr. Bob Christmas for his 12 months and 13 days voyage on the m.v. "King City" 13/12/52 to 27/12/53. serving as an Apprentice

(I have had to split the pay off slip into 2 sections "A" and "B" to suit the newsletter)

**DEDUCTIONS** 

Reduction by £......p.m., for.....m......d

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Amount

Ports money was drawn.

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Durban	Fines
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Name of Seaman Agreement Code Rating	Total Earnings (A) less Total Deductions (B)
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Personal Earnings 191 42 - 2	National Insurance Contributions paid on leave to     This line to be deleted if it does not apply
1:3	The above Account of Earnings and of Deductions exclusive of Manual Processing
	Signature of Master
	No Planton

Telephone/Fax: (01671) 402767 Mobile: 07721 058431 E-mail: vjmandarin@aol.com Our member Captain Victor Pitcher sent me this letter and photocopy of the "Agreement and List of crew" when he served on the "Cornish City" in 1956. Maybe you can remember some names on the list. The letter explain how to obtain the crew list for ships you served on.

'Craignelder'. Corvisel Road, Newton Stewan, Wigtownshire, DG86LW

Alec Osborne 24e Heol Hir CARDIFF CF14 5AE

1st May 2006

Dear Alec.

I know that you sometimes have a struggle to find material for "Shipmates."

I have just received from the Maritime History Archive of The Memorial University of Newfoundland at St. Johns,copies of Agreements and List of Crew for the "Cornish City" in 1956-1957, together with Official Log extracts.

I think the lists of crew are well worth reproduction in "Shipmates." They include names that many RSL seafarers will remember, including the ebullient "Daddy" Arnold, The diminutive Idwal Cenric Hughes from Caernarvon, Terry Rooney and many others. The crosstalk between Captain Arnold and Mate Hughes overheard when on the wheel or cleaning brass on the bridge, bordered on the surreal; ".....Mate! Mate! My bum's itching.....Yes Sir, my bum's itching too, Sir...."

Idwal Hughes later left Smiths to take command of the "Orient City" when she was sold to Pakistan out of lay-up in Cardiff.

During the period covered, the "Cornish" spent a few months at anchor in Cowes roads laden with military stores and vehicles during the 1956 Suez crisis in the company of a number of other ships on the same mission. Mass misbehaviour by the crews of the anchored ships provoked comment in the national press at the time. The Sparks at the time upset "Daddy" when he threw overboard a bottle with a message, headed with the ship's name, pleading for alcohol or meths for seamen who were saving Suez. This bottle was picked up at Lymington and the contents printed in the local press, much to Daddy's displeasure.

I am not sending copies of the Log entries. To preserve the feelings of those still with us, the records of misbehaviour and self-inflicted afflictions are best not reproduced!

If any RSL seafarers are interested in obtaining similar documents relating to their old ships the website is <a href="www.mun.ca/mha">www.mun.ca/mha</a>. in addition to the ship's name, they require the Official Number and the year of the termination of the agreement.

Best regards

Vic Pitcher

## Name of Ship Comits

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<sup>\*\*</sup> NATIONAL INSURANCE.—The Master and all members of the crew are insurable under the National Insurance Schemes. they affect seafarers are given in Leaflet N.I. 24, issued by the Ministry of Pensions and National Insurance.

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# Short Summary of the Provisions of Section 2 of the Merchant Shipping (International Labour Conventions) Act, 1925, which is required to be included in every agreement with the Crew by Section 2 (3) of that Act.

7

The employment of a person under the age of 18 in a ship as fireman or trimmer is prohibited except in school ships or training ships specially authorised by the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation or in ships which are mainly propelled otherwise than by means of steam (e.g., auxiliary sailing ships) or under special conditions in ships exclusively engaged in the Indian or Japanese coasting trade.

Where in any port a fireman or trimmer is required and no person over 18 years of age is available, young persons over 16 may be employed, but in such cases two young persons must be employed to do the work which would otherwise be done by one person over 18 years of age.

The Agreement with the crew must contain a list of all members of the crew under 18 years of age with the dates of their birth.

This summary must be included in every agreement with the crew.

### List of Young Persons under 18 years of age, and account of all Apprentices employed on board during the voyage.

Name in fall.	Date	Nationality (if British, state birthplace).	Capacity.	Particular Particular	Apprentice rs of Indentures.	Date of joining for the voyage.	To be j If remain	Initials of Official who grants	
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Allan Buston	u-q-38							183	
Ray John Trantes	27-6-36	-	- 1						
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## Extract from "A Seamans Saga" (O.J.T.Lindsay)

### Chapter 3

### My first Voyage. S.S. "BOTAVON"

The Master, Captain H. Smith opened Articles for the forthcoming voyage at the Ellesmere Port Shipping Office on the 27<sup>th</sup> August, 1941, In addition to her normal compliment of officers and ratings there were eight Royal Naval DEMS ratings who also signed the Articles, making a total ship's compliment of sixty

Her total armaments at that time were a 4 inch gun (of 1914 vintage) mounted on top of the poop house, a 20lb-er high angle gun, 2 Marlin and 2 Hotchkis machine guns, 6 depth charges, 1 Holman projector mounted aft of the poop house and 6 rockets amidships to launch parachutes with wire attachments as defence against low flying aircraft.

On the 29<sup>th</sup> August we sailed down the Mersey past the Royal Liver Building, passengers on the Mersey ferry crossing from Liverpool to Birkenhead giving a friendly wave as we passed. On arrival off the Mersey Bar we joined up with other Merchant ships' and Naval escort vessels to form a North Atlantic convoy. I remember the day well, we headed out into the Irish Sea and into a full W'ly gale, the ship in ballast condition was rolling heavily. I was on the 8 to 12 watch and on lookout duty on the bridge, I was violently seasick over the wooden deck, the Master was sympathetic to a first trip apprentice, he recommended for seasickness a bucket of water and a scrubbing brush and to scrub the whole of the bridge deck before going off duty. The treatment was successful, I was never to be actually seasick again.

On the fourth day on passage, in adverse weather conditions and poor visibility we were to lose touch with the convoy. So steaming independently at the ship's full speed of 12.7 knots and at night with navigation lights burning brightly, with all the deck lights switched on and with un-shaded cabin lights, acting as if we were a neutral ship. It was about this time that the Master let it be known that we were bound for Boston, U.S.A. Dense fog was encountered over the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, visibility was only about 40 feet, and to comply with International Regulations the steam whistle was sounded every two minutes. So dense was the fog that the steam whistle mounted near the top of the ship's mighty funnel which towered some 63 feet above the fiddley-top could not be seen. Although we were aware that Portuguese cod fishing schooners frequented the Grand Banks, even so it was a surprise to suddenly hear Portuguese voices through the fog and find a dory passing close alongside with two men aboard line fishing. Shortly afterwards we could faintly hear the dory's mother vessel's fog signal.

Another incident I remember well, very well because it affected the apprentices. Every Saturday morning as junior apprentice I collected our weekly rations from the Chief Steward. The butter ration was the well known Irish Clover brand and came in large tins, consequently several weeks ration of butter were issued at one time. On opening, the can was kept in our food cupboard which as afore mentioned was mounted in our cabin on the engine-room casing bulkhead. Our cockroach friends with whom we shared the cabin were plentiful and always tried to take a share of the rations. With the passing of a few days and the warmth of the cabin the butter turned into a rancid oily mess, on the surface of which dead cockroaches were plentiful. One day the senior apprentice, some four years older than me, said toss the "flaming mess" over the side and ask the Chief Steward for some more. Which I did, explaining to him the reason for doing so. Funny, he turned a peculiar shade

of purple, for a dreadful moment I thought I might have caused him to suffer a heart attack, when he had recovered sufficiently he rushed up the stairway to the Master's cabin to report to him the terrible crime committed by apprentice Lindsay. Soon, as expected, I was summoned to the lower bridge where the 'elderly' Captain was waiting, fuming at being disturbed over such a matter, I quote his words "The Chief Steward, Patrick, has reported to me that you have thrown butter overboard claiming it was rancid and full of cockroaches. At home people are on rations and would appreciate rancid butter. Well lad rancid butter never did anyone any harm and what are a few little cockroaches. You apprentices will receive no more butter for a month, by then you will be more appreciative of good wholesome food. Now go" So it was, he kept his word, and the name of Patrick was never to be forgotten. Milk was also a bit of a problem, the apprentices each received a standard tin of condensed milk per week, in an endeavour, not always successful, to avoid sharing with the cockroaches, we punched two holes in the top of the can one of which was to blow into and the other for the milk to appear —sometimes with the odd cocky.

On arrival at Boston on the 13th September, vessel berthed close to the Boston Harbour Bridge, it was to a young apprentice an exciting experience to visit such a vibrant city, with no rationing, no blackout. Another world from wartime Britain. Yes, the United States was still a neutral country and Pearl Harbour was yet to come. After berthing and before any shore leave was granted, the British Consul visited the ship and warned all the crew that there were a considerable number of pro German sympathizers in the Boston area and for their own safety they must not accept hospitality from anyone ashore. However, there were many kindly pro. British Bostonians too who through the British Consulate arranged parties for the crews of the British ships in port. One of which I recall was a kindly rancher who was known as Steady Rogers, his ranch was not far from Boston and to which at weekends he invited and provided the transportation for the crews to visit and enjoy a barbecue and afterwards in the evening to dancing in an area lit up by floodlights. Some of the invited dancing partners were starlets from the theatres of New York and Boston, one of which was later to become famous and a pin up. Another incident I remember was when walking across the Boston Harbour Bridge, proudly dressed in my apprentice's uniform, I was stopped by two elderly ladies, they must have been at least thirty years old, who asked where I was from and my age, when I told them I was 16, one said to the other "Gee, those British mothers send them away so young".

At Boston the vessel loaded a full cargo for the U.K., comprising steel billets explosives and completing with a surprise last minute deck cargo of army tanks. After an enjoyable stay in port the ship sailed on the 1<sup>st</sup> October,1942. I was broke after spending five dollars, all the cash I could draw.

On sailing the vessel proceeded independently to Halifax, Nova Scotia, a convoy assembly port, where she arrived on the 3<sup>rd</sup> October. She sailed on the 5<sup>th</sup> October, 1941 as part of an East bound North Atlantic Convoy bound for the U.K. On passage some enemy submarine activity was encountered and the weather was at times boisterous, perhaps deterring the submarines from any determined attack. One evening in heavy weather conditions and shipping seas, one of the escorting corvettes closed the Botavon and by megaphone conveyed orders from the convoy's commodore to take up station astern of the convoy and act as rescue vessel for the night, the officer doing so cheerfully added "Hope to see you around in the morning". The Master replied "will look forward to it". Which was all quite consoling really, considering the nature of the cargo we were loaded with. The convoy suffered no casualties and arrived safely at Loch Ewe, on the West Coast of Scotland on the 16<sup>th</sup> October 1941. Two days later vessel sailed as part of a coastwise convoy bound for Leith where the convoy safely arrived on the 19<sup>th</sup> October. The ship sailed again at 0100 hours 20<sup>th</sup> in a Thames bound convoy, that evening the convoy was attacked by enemy

dive bombers who pressed home their attack. At that time our anti-aircraft armament comprised, as previously mentioned, of 1 vintage high angle 20lb-er,2 Marlin and 2 Hochkis machine guns, a Holman Projector which was more likely to kill friend than foe, and a "J" rocket launcher to fire a single rocket with two small air mines with a thin wire between them. The vessel suffered damage from three heavy bombs exploding close alongside the forward end of the vessel, rather too close for comfort, in view that No.1 Hold was fully loaded with munitions.

At about 2130 hours, 20<sup>th</sup> S.S. "Botavon" and S.S "City of Dunkirk" received orders from the convoy commodore to proceed Hull, we proceeded inwards together and shortly after leaving the convoy came under attack from enemy aircraft, it could be seen that aircraft was also attacking land targets. Fortunately, both vessels escaped damage and arrived and anchored in the Humber at 0100 hours, 21<sup>st</sup> October,1941 After berthing we heard that the German radio had reported that both vessels had been engaged and sunk

So ended my first voyage. A voyage which I found to be exciting and was proud to be playing my small part in the war, to a 16 year old it was an adventure in which you fired real guns at a ruthless enemy, and after all you felt invincible, one had perhaps a youths false sense of security, sure that nothing was going to happen to you, -- to the other person?, well maybe, but not to you. (O.J.L.)

### BARR CROMBIE-----LAWTHER LATTA.

In 1941 the Reardon Smith Line purchased three ships from the Barr Shipping Co. Ltd. of Glasgow they were: S.S. "Barrdale", S.S. "Barrwhin" and the S.S. "Barrgrove" each being of about 5,000 GRT. The former two were in 1942 torpedoed and sunk by German U-Boats. The later the S.S. "Barrgrove" of 5,222 G.T. a WW1 standard ship built in 1918, survived WW2. At the end of hostilities and release from government service she proceeded to Penarth where she underwent lengthy repairs and considerable modifications to her accommodation. I believe, that apart from the funnel being painted shortly after the end of WW2 in R.S.L. colours she remained in her wartime grey livery. In 1947 she was sold out of the company for further trading.

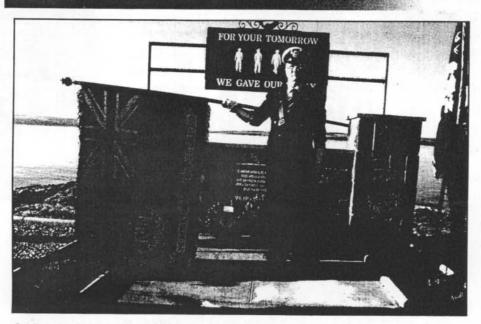
In 1943 the Reardon Smith Line purchased two ships from Lawther Latta & Co., Ltd of London, they were the S.S "Anglo African" and S.S. "Anglo Indian" each being about 5,600 GRT. They both survived the war and as soon as practical, like all the ships in the RSL. fleet, were painted in the company colours. Due to Government regulations introduced during hostilities it was 1948 before the ships could be renamed, the former to "New Westminster City" and the later to "Tacoma City" The "New Westminster City" was sold in 1949, the "Tacoma City" remained in the fleet until 1954 when she too was sold.

In Shipmates Newsletter No.38 mention was made on page 8 of the Lawther Latta ship "Anglo Australian". However for the record:-

This vessel sailed from Cardiff under the command of Captain F. Parslow at 1300 hours on the 8<sup>th</sup> March 1938 in ballast for British Columbia to load lumber. On the 14<sup>th</sup> March, Lawther Latter & Co., London, received a radio message from the Master reporting to Owners that the ship had passed Fayal (Azores) that afternoon, speed 9 knots, weather very rough, all well. That was last report or message received by the Owners from the ship. In the evening of that day she was sighted by four tankers to the Westward of Fayal, after which there were no further sightings or news heard and no wreckage was ever sighted. The ship and her crew of 38 souls had disappeared without trace. It is believed that she foundered very suddenly without time to send a distress message. (O.J.L.)

Bill Gill from the Isle of Cumbrea wrought to me to say that he is very much involved with The Royal British Legion Scotland and is a member of the Isle of Cumbrae British Legion Pipe Band they go to parades at home and in Europe. He sends a report of their activities in Glasgow and Western Scotland.

### **GLASGOW & WESTERN**



On Parade: Eddie Wallace, RBLS Cumbernauld, The Red Ensign Merchant Navy Standard

ON Sunday 29 January the Standard Bearers of Glasgow & Western Counties Area and guests mustered at Largs for the ferry that would take them over the Firth of Clyde to the Isle of Cumbrae to attend a 11am service at the Cumbrae Parish Church conducted by the Rev Marjory H Mackay.

This was the first parade of the year and a very important one. It was set up by Ian Forsyth and RBLS Millport to dedicate a Merchant Navy standard. Ian had arranged for officer cadets from Glasgow's College of Nautical Studies to be escorts to the new standard that was provided and carried proudly by Eddie Wallace of RBLS Cumbernauld, who has served for many years in the Merhonat Navy.

Ian Forsyth had invited the Armed Forces Minister Adam Ingram who was delighted to attend, accompanied by his wife, Maureen.

Following the dedication service, the Legionnaires boarded buses to the Millport Cairn where crowds watched as wreaths were laid by Mr Ingram, the officer cadets and Bill Gill of RBLS Millport, who served 42 years in the Merchant Navy.

The pipers from the Isle of Cumbrae Pipe Band played Flo'ers o' the Forest and the notes drifted over the calm waters of the Firth of Clyde on the beautiful spring-like day, backdropped by the high hills of Arran and Argyll as the strains of the Last Post faded. Mrs Mackay delivered Binyon's Lines and the heartfelt response - "We will remember them" - was returned with a passion.

We returned to the Club where a lovely buffet had been prepared by the hard-working ladies.

Adam Ingram took the opportunity to

present veterans' badges to two stalwarts of RBLS Millport, Ian McGill and Duncan McTaggart, who were delighted to receive their badges from the Minister. Andy Bryan had cleared it with the nearby Lady Margaret Hospital for Mr Ingram to present further badges to a couple of patients who were World War II veterans, so with the Millport minibus with Andy Bryan, myself, Ian Forsyth and others leading the ministerial limo, we arrived at the hospital.

Mr Ingram first presented Jack Hendrie with badge and certificate. Jack had served in the Royal Navy and had a long chat with the Minister.

Gordon Logan had served with the Cheshire Regiment throughout the War and was in the same armoured brigade as lan Forsyth in Normandy. The two had never met but could reminisce about various engagements in which they had both participated. Gordon was pleased to share some of his experiences with Adam Ingram. When asked if he could remember his service number, he rattled it off withut a second's hesitation.

The nurses took time from their busy schedule to bring us tea and biscuits - which was very thougthful and added to the relaxed atmosphere.

Then it was time to go. Mr Ingram had to get back to the mainland and so did we. Thank you, Mr Ingram. Thanks also go to the Legionnaires and association ex-Service personnel who were present but most of all for giving time to two veterans who in their youth gave us the right to be who we are.

☐ Margo Sharp, Area PRO



PRER BILL GILL (ARROWED)

Who was the cartoonist in 1976?. This was punlished in the RSL newsletter.

