



Issue 37

July 2013

News of the BSN company, its ships and staff, its history and *histoires*, of ships and sealing wax, nautical natters, maritime miscellanies and swinging of lanterns

FROM THE EDITOR...

All of us here at "...calling BI" were distraught to find out that our contact lists had been hacked and that many subscribers were sent spam emails. We sincerely hope that you resisted the overtures to send money. If it is any consolation, it appears that we are not the only victims of this insidious practice. See

<http://forums.digitalspy.co.uk/showthread.php?t=1803444> for a typical set of other indignant users. BT has assured us that our current email address (callingbi@btinternet.com) is now safe but equally obviously, we remain apprehensive. All allied passwords have been changed. BT are ditching Yahoo as their email provider and we await further details. Our girl Tracey volunteered to man the IT barricades with the post boy through the long watches of the night, an offer that your editor found easy to refuse.

Whatever, we have set up another email address in order

to achieve a clean sheet. With immediate effect, please send all messages to callingbinews@btinternet.com. We will be closing down the old address.

All this has taken a fair amount of time and we hope that our mailing list is now up to date and correct. If you hear of anybody not receiving this issue, please alert us and Tracey will do the honours. We will avert our eyes.

A goodly issue lies before you. We complete a passenger's recollections of travelling with BI, another crew list page from 'The Git', some art work, the answer to our last "Where are we now?" competition, which stumped a few of you. All good stuff, we hope, and designed to cool your Editor's fevered brow.

Enjoy!!

FROM THE ZOO SHIPS...

After our piece in the last issue on carrying horses on board, we received the following from Tony Gates. He writes: "On *Chakdara* in December 1957, we loaded 12 race horses to take to Karachi for the Pakistan Army. They had been bought for £250,000 at the Newmarket yearling sales, so were a pretty valuable cargo. Alan Ross and I, as the cadets, had to look after them for the voyage. There were 11 mares and one stallion. We had typical cold December weather until we reached Port Said, once through the Canal it really heated up and a week in Port Sudan didn't help!. The stallion, Toumai, was feeling very hot and pretty frustrated being surrounded by all these females and got quite wound up, the mares seemed to enjoy his discomfort. One morning, whilst Alan and I were cleaning out the stalls, shovelling s***t and straw, etc, Tam Wood, the Mate, decided to inspect the horses, and got a bit too close to Toumai who gave Tam a serious bite on the upper arm, no skin broken but very serious deep bruising. Horses have very blunt teeth. With very little tidal flow in Port Sudan, we soon had the port covered in horse manure and straw and as we hosed it overside day after day the film just spread. The smell, flies and heat, never to be forgotten! I am sure the other ships in port were very glad to see us go when we sailed.

A number of the horses started balding because of the heat, so grooming was rather unpleasant. Because of the stress Toumai was under, he was just about totally bald when we managed to get him out of his horse stall on Karachi wharf for a walk. Most of the other horses had bald patches. The army weren't concerned, they just said their condition would improve quickly in the cooler climate of Rawalpindi.

Must say that these horses were all very docile, apart from Toumai's frustration, and co-operated with Alan and I and we had very little problem grooming them and cleaning out their stalls. One of the mares, her name was Ella Gets Busy started getting swollen ankles in the Red Sea and we had to work together in the stall treating and binding her ankles. She just stood there and let us do it without kicking out. Can't remember the other horses names now.

When we got to Karachi and discharged the horses, the horses would only allow Alan and I to lead them out of their stalls and we walked them around the dock with the help of the army grooms. The horses weren't too keen to return to their stalls for the trip to Rawalpindi, but we got them back in again in the end.

When we got back to London, Tam called Alan and I into his cabin, told us that the Pakistani Army felt we had done a good job with their horses and he gave us each £30, not bad on a monthly wage of £ 8/15s.

Despite my efforts, since then I have never had any luck at the races!".

Your Editor remembers being fascinated watching horses sway on their sea-legs to the motion of the ship. Poetry in motion.

To send in your views, notes, photos, brickbats or spare gold bars, please click on any "...callingBI" logo



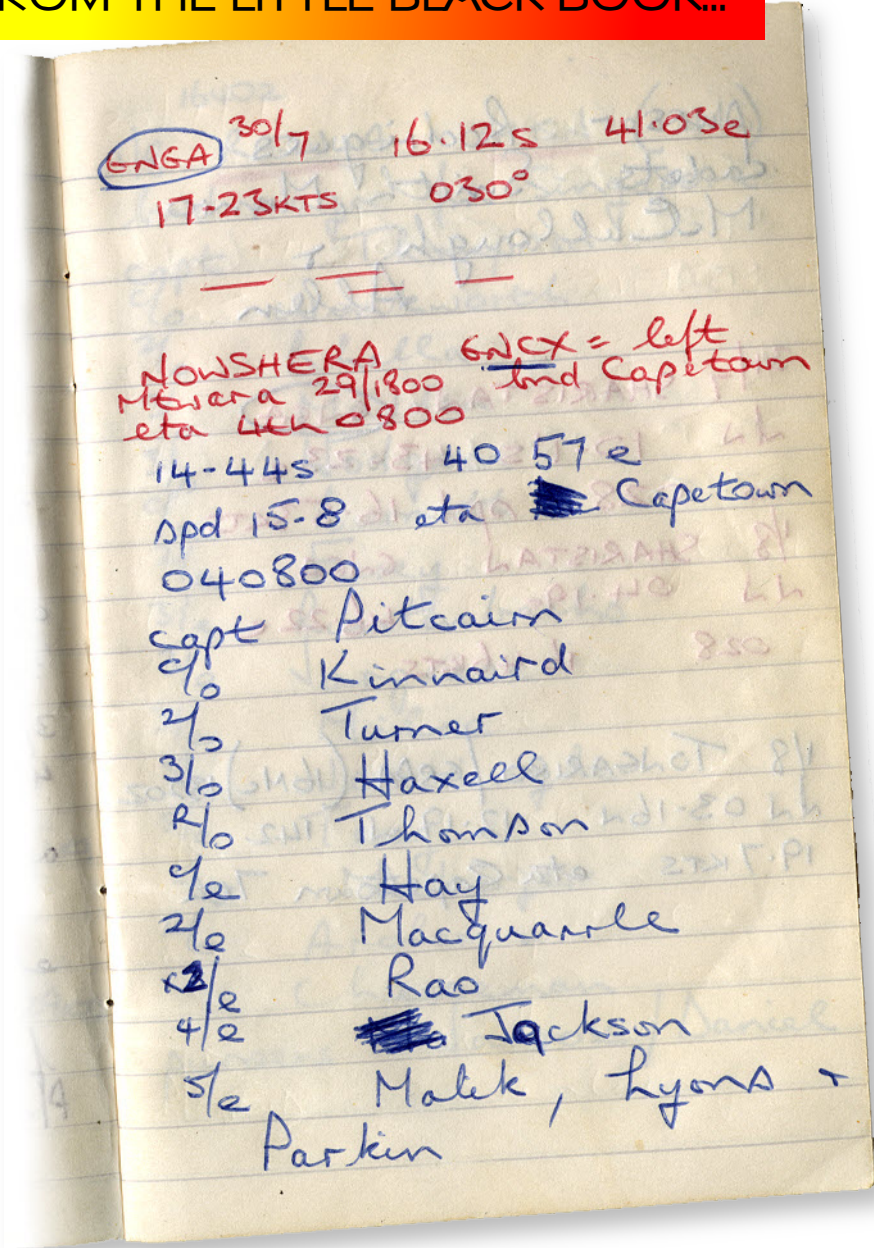
FROM THE LITTLE BOOK OF FUN...

Your editor's antipathy to modern cruise ship life is well-known, but even he was gobsmacked when invited to view this link. His worst fears are realised...the world is doomed!!
<http://www.royalcaribbean.co.uk/why-cruise/family-cruising/partnerships/barbie/>

And while we are on the subject of comical cruising, just take a look at this... Aargghh!



FROM THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK...



ENGA 30/7 16.12s 41.03e
17.23KTS 030°

NEWSHERA 6NEX = left
Movera 29/800 and Capetown
eta 4th 0800

14-44s 40 57 e
Spd 15.8 eta Capetown
040800

- capt Pitcairn
- 1/0 Kinnaird
- 2/0 Turner
- 3/0 Haxell
- 4/0 Thompson
- 5/2 Hay
- 2/0 Macquarrie
- 2/2 Rao
- 4/2 Jackson
- 5/2 Malek, Lyons & Parkin

Here's the latest offering of a crew list from the famed little black book of David Hammond, although we are not sure what year this is. Can anyone help?
Your Editor was privileged to spend A Significant Birthday celebration with him recently, so there's double thanks due to him this month. We are sure that the various crossings out and so on are not the result of a similar celebration!





FROM THE FAMILY HISTORY BOOK...

We have received a rather plaintive little email from an Australian correspondent, who is looking for more details of her father's service with BI. Linda Coombs writes:

"I'm hoping you can help me or offer some suggestions. Because I have no identifying info, eg Service nos, everything I have tried has hit a wall.

My father was a 2nd or 3rd engineer with BI and I really hope you can help me find information about my fathers' service. He is now deceased and my mothers' memory is not good. I have none of his service books, papers or anything else that would help my search. I do have 2 or 3 BI News from the early 50s' that were his and my brother has a BI engraved glass.

I have few details but I will put down what I do know.

My fathers' name was David Smith Wood, born in Glasgow on 10/10/1916, he did an apprenticeship with Maver & Coulson, he joined BI pre WW2 in 1939 and stayed on after WW2, he married my mother in Melbourne, Australia in 1947. He stayed with BI until 1949/1950 and moved to Melbourne, Australia to live with my mother & me. He was seconded to the RN during WW2. I do remember him saying that he was in two incidents during the war where his ship was wrecked. Some ships that my mother thinks he served on were: Ethiopia, Chupra, Modassa, Chybassa. I would be very grateful for anything you can tell me".

If you have any information which could help Linda, please alert "[...calling BI](#)" and we'll get in touch.

FROM THE SHOE BOX...

Reader Gordon Thornton was rooting around in his attic one day and found this fine drawing of *Devonia*. He thinks that Munroe Munroe was the artist. Does anyone else recognise the picture?





FROM THE READERSHIP...

It is always good to hear from you, the readers, but from his inbox, your Editor detects one very contented soul. Keith Byatt - "one of the last Engineer Chota Sahibs" - writes:

"Since British Waterways have become the Canal and River Trust, now a charity instead of a Government Agency, Judi and I decided to do our bit by becoming volunteer lock keepers. So from Good Friday last year to the end of October, we did two and sometimes three days a week operating the locks on the non-tidal River Trent. These are all hydraulically operated, the biggest being Holme Lock just east of Nottingham. 5000 tonnes of water every time we empty or fill.

We relieve seasonal paid lockies for their rest days, holidays and sickness. A vacancy at one of the locks came up and I applied and got the job.

So if anybody is travelling the Trent and passes through Gunthorpe Lock, say hello. It is probably me on duty! To be nearer we moved our narrow boat home to Newark". Good to hear from you, Keith. There are several narrowboat enthusiasts among our readership, so you can anticipate some good yarns!

A little rant from the membership comes this time from George Preston, via the Blship staff discussion pages. George wrote:

"I hope that this post does not unduly upset those members who made or are still making their living on the types of ships I am about to mention. I firmly believe that many of our members have seen the best days at sea. Why? I cannot imagine a trip of several months on a container ship with possibly 24 hours at the other end to explore the mysteries of the Orient. Those shapeless shoe boxes, variously described as "Box Boats" or "Leggo Boats" must have ruined what used to be a (mostly) enjoyable way of "seeing the world".

Compare docking at the London Royal Docks or Brisbane's Hamilton Wharf with easy access to the cities with docking at a remote container terminal many miles from anywhere and not enough time to get there.

Compare the silver service saloons on "our" ships with varied menus of high quality meals with frozen, pre-packaged meals only requiring heating up in the microwave.

Compare the camaraderie of an after watch beer with one's watch mates of deck and ER with the modern skeleton staff tucked away somewhere in half a kilometre of steel. One would be hard put to organise a game of poker.

What does one do to combat the boredom of 'weekends off' when the ER alarms are switched through to the cabin of the 'person' on watch?

Compare the silence of steam (forgetting the gearbox whine) with the continual angry rumble of diesel.

Compare the security of the cargo in the holds (apart from dockers' pickings) with the uncertainty of the Leggo boxes piled too high on deck. I understand that approximately 10,000 containers are lost overboard annually but the only cargo I can only recall losing were three sheep that died and were buried at sea (or curried). No wonder insurance costs are so high, drug gangs making killings and the planet becoming polluted.

Compare the sleek lines of *Waronga* and *Woodarra* or the purposeful shapes of *Chakdara* and her sisters with the current shoe boxes. Compare the dignified lines of *Kenya*, *Uganda* and *Nevasa* with the monstrous, soulless bocks of flats described today as "Cruise Ships".

On the plus side I think that air conditioned accommodation is a step forward although the ability to buy cheap Chinese goods at low carriage rates is a dubious advantage when one considers the loss of local jobs.

And as for the scarcity of engineering back up in the cruise ships!!! I fear that the "Bean Counters" have a lot to answer for.

Salaams from an old dinosaur, George Preston".

We were also pleased to read the post from Derek Ings, where he said:

"I am delighted to tell you that, thanks to Doug Brodie, a good home has now been found for the painting of Robin Knox-Johnson returning to Falmouth in *Suhaili* in April 1969 after his (first) solo circumnavigation. Coinciding with lunch on board heritage ship *Shieldhall* in Southampton on 5th May, in the presence of Prince Michael and other dignitaries. I was asked to say a few words, closing with the invitation for Robin to draw aside the BI flag and thus unveil the painting which had been fixed to the bulkhead of the dining saloon. As you may recall, the former BI tug *Arusha* is also pictured in the background.

Doug is chairman of the *Shieldhall* committee."

FROM THE GEOGRAPHERS...

We are indebted to that fine e-zine on legal leanings in matters maritime, "the Maritime Advocate online", edited by Sam Ignarski for alerting us to an excellent article on the nature of the Equator, outlining some interesting facts and myths of this imaginary line. To read this essay, click on <http://tinyurl.com/pooezk3>.



FROM THE CRUISE GURU....



We resume the experiences made by Ted Sculls, the American commentator on all matters of cruising and travelling by sea, when he travelled from India to South Africa on the *Karanja* and *Kampala* in 1968. We left him standing on the shore in the Seychelles as the *Kampala*, her lights ablaze, sailed past on her way to East Africa. He continues:

While visually the island was a true paradise, the European community and non-white locals were right out of a Somerset Maugham novel. The Seychelles were one of the last colonial outposts of the British Empire and the extreme isolation had taken its toll on the mind and body of many of its inhabitants. As a visitor, my days were spent exploring the islands by Mini, swimming at the beach and eating and drinking well at the hotel, while nights were passed socialising in Victoria. Near the end of the fortnight's day, a day trip aboard the inter-island mail boat *Lady Esme* called at Praslin and La Digue, the only two other islands inhabited year-round.

On 11th April, word came that the *State of Haryana* has anchored in the bay and a small group of embarking passengers headed out from the Long Pier to the ship. While unmistakably having the profile of a British India ship (built in 1950 as BI's *Santhia*), once aboard there was no doubt that the *State of Haryana* was an Indian government-run ship. My original cabin assignment placed me with three Indian women whose faces were stricken with horror as I appeared at the cabin door! Other boarding passengers had similar shocks. When the harried purser got everything sorted out, I was given directions to an inside six-berth cabin down on C deck over the propellers, reached by a trek through the bunk-class accommodation. The public washbasins were down the corridor and the showers located on the deck above. The saving graces were the cabin's large size and its powerful floor fan. Cabin class consisted of small isolated public rooms scattered over two decks and a separate dining saloon for vegetarian and non-vegetarian. There were ten European passengers amongst the 60 cabin and over 700 bunk Asian passengers.

The *State of Haryana* weighed anchor at 9.30pm and sailed between Silhouette Island and Beau Vallon, with the lights of the Hotel des Seychelles twinkling between the swaying palms onshore.

The captain announced water rationing hours and said the ship would remain at sea an additional day to avoid arriving in Mombasa on Easter Sunday. Rumours abounded that the captain had refused to take on enough water in the Seychelles because of the increased cost. Water patrol guards wearing red armbands were assigned to the bathrooms and, with worried looking expressions, they issued small buckets of brackish water and sponges for washing.

One afternoon we passed the *Kampala* heading back to the Seychelles and Bombay. A few hours later the ship made an abrupt turn to port, sending the Scrabble pieces sliding to the floor. We rushed out on deck to see a BP tanker slide by at uncomfortably close quarters - a curious incident, as we saw no other ships during the remainder of the voyage.

On Easter Sunday, the water situation worsened and the showers and taps went dry. The chief steward attributed the outrage (his words) to a large number of Hindi women washing their clothes. At Christmas, he said, with 900 mostly Goanese, there had been no problem. Late in the day it rained and the water that collected in the canvas awnings was ladled into packets for drinking. The bar had brisk sales of whisky and water during the single licensing hour before dinner.

On this last night, the passengers put on a show with number 3 hatch as the stage. The bunk class passengers watched from A deck and cabin class looked down from the after end of the open promenade deck. The singers were forgettable but the separate groups of male and female dancers pleased the audience.

On 15th April, the Kenyan shoreline appeared broken by the narrow entrance to the old dhow harbour beneath Fort Jesus and the wider approach into Kilindini harbour, Mombasa's well-developed commercial port. The ship docked at 7am, but with the legal formalities, it was not until noon that we disembarked.

On the following day, I secured a Tanzanian visa from Kenya immigration without difficulty and crossed the border by bus to visit several missionaries with whom I have worked in 1962. Because of heavy rains, travel during the next eleven days proved extremely difficult. Bus drivers had to find creative new ways to reach their destinations and the trains stopped running altogether. By 27th April, I happily returned to Kilindini harbour to board the *Karanja* for Durban.

This time my single cabin was of the Bibby-type with a bed deep inside the room and a long narrow corridor running to the wash basin set beneath the window. Apart from the darker decor, the ship was clearly a very close sister to the *Kampala*. There were two other passenger ships in port, Messageries Maritimes' *La Bourdonnais* and Lloyd Triestino's *Asia*, both diverted via the Cape because the closure of the Suez Canal. A visit to the French liner revealed a dated and somewhat shabby ship with a very complex four-class layout, while the two-class Italian ship appeared warm and inviting.

With the torrential monsoon weather of the last few days, the sailing was put back until noon on Sunday, but it was not until 6pm that the *Karanja* finally cast off.

The shoreline was packed with mostly Asian picnickers, while the quayside was a sad scene of final farewells for a ship load of Europeans leaving East Africa for the last time. Among the passengers on board was a family of four leaving Tanzania for Rhodesia, a veterinarian from Uganda bound for Australia, Kenya's hangman for 40 years retiring to England and the wife of the owner of the Hotel des Seychelles leaving the island after eleven years without a break for South Africa. People gathered at the railing to wave until the ship passed into the Indian Ocean and turned south. That evening about 11pm, the *Karanja* passed between the lights of Tanga and the island of Pemba beneath a sky of a

continued overleaf





FROM THE CRUISE GURU.... (continued)

million stars.

On the 29th in a heavy rain squall, the ship took aboard a European pilot and threaded its way long the twisting channel into Dar es Salaam harbour. With no docking space available, a floating platform came alongside for the easy landing of passengers and baggage. I went ashore to visit friends that I had left a few days before to join the ship in Mombasa, highlighting the absurdity of not being permitted to board at Dar es Salaam for Durban.

On the 30th at noon, the ship moved to a berth to discharge a cargo largely marked "Zambia". Many shippers now refused to allow any goods to use the Rhodesian Railways to reach land-locked Zambia. The afternoon was spent by the swimming pool of the Kilimanjaro Hotel, the local club for European families. The dockers worked all through the night and at 6.15am on 1st May, sailed from Dar two days behind schedule.

During the next three days at sea the coastline was visible at most times. A swimming pool erected on the deck forward of the bridge proved to be the daytime social centre. On the Captain's Night after diner, frog races took place on the Dance Deck. 'Jockeys' tugged at springy lines tied to wooden frogs and the over-zealous could easily flip one over on its back. I backed long-shots and won a total of 85 shillings. With scotch selling at a shilling a tot, it was not hard to be generous with one's circle of friends. A fast-paced game of musical chairs closed the festive evening.

On 3rd May during a bridge visit, the radar picked up the outline of the mouth of the Zambezi River. A distinct line then appeared on the water marking the boundary between of the clear blue Indian Ocean and the muddy Zambezi silt. British warships guarded the entrance to Beira harbour checking all merchant ships for illegal cargo bound for Rhodesia, but the *Karanja* docked without incident at 8.15pm. Beira, built on reclaimed marshland, presented a flat and an uninteresting setting. The city had been laid out in a grand plan for future expansion and, with few trees and a lot of open space, the effect was bleak. The cargo ships *Algol*, *Tanganyika* and *Africa Sun* were working but the port was clearly affected by the Rhodesian situation.

On 5th May, we dropped anchor off Delagoa Bay at 11.30pm, moving to a berth at 6am on the following morning. Lourenco Marques was a much busier port in an attractive setting backed by hills. The colonial section spread along the waterfront and behind, a handsome modern city rose with many busy shops and cafes on the ground floors of the tall office blocks. The railway station was a monumental granite terminal with heavy wooden doors leading to platforms lined with small steam locomotives at the head of long strings of polished mahogany coaches and the latest stainless steel stock. Trains ran to Johannesburg, Bulawayo and the interior of Mozambique.

The call at Lourenco Marques was short and the *Karanja* sailed at 12.30 into a rough sea for the first time. On 7th May at dawn, the ship approached Durban, passing the outbound *Northern Star* beginning the long southern Indian Ocean passage to Fremantle. The *Karanja* followed in the wake of the Portuguese liner *Principe Perfeito* and anchored until noon. Customs and immigration officials boarded to process the Europeans first, then the Asian cabin passengers and finally the Asian bunk passengers. After berthing just ahead of the *Pendennis Castle*, due to sail the next day at 5pm for Southampton via the Cape, European and Asian passengers disembarked into the modern maritime station through separate doors. I headed off on an overland rail and road journey through South Africa and Rhodesia, returning three weeks later to board the *Windsor Castle* for Southampton and connect there with the *France* for New York.



FROM THE SEAT OF DEMOCRACY...

We are indebted yet again to The Maritime Advocate, for the following:

Barrie Youde is a maritime lawyer who follows the laws of pilotage based on long career experience of this way of life. He writes:- the present Marine Navigation Bill currently before the House, relates directly to pilotage, and proposes, contrary to all law, that there should now be a large relaxation in the requirements for exemption to compulsory pilotage. Because a shipmaster remains responsible for the vessel under his command, it has long been the case that exemption to pilotage should be granted only to the master or second-in-command of a specific vessel. The introduction of the 1987 Pilotage Act (currently in force) restricted it further to "bona-fide Master or First Mate". In a complete reversal of all developed law and policy the present Marine Navigation Bill proposes that exemption to compulsory pilotage should now be made available to "any member of the crew". When it is borne in mind that the laws of (and exemptions from) compulsory pilotage apply only in areas where navigation is in any event considered particularly hazardous, the public danger inherent in the present proposal becomes blindingly obvious, regardless of the equally obvious affront to public law. Barrie's evidence before the Select Committee can be read here:- <http://www.scribd.com/doc/111807513>



FROM THE COMPETITION DEPT...

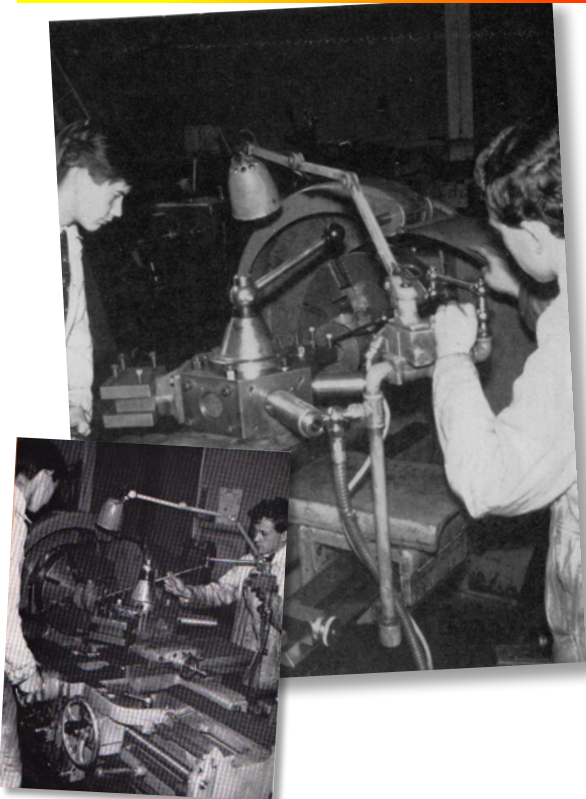


In our last issue, we challenged you to identify this smallish port, pictured in the early 20th century. Gordon Wood, amongst others, was spot on in claiming it was Lyttelton in New Zealand's South Island. A more up-to-date view was taken by your Editor during his trip there a year or so ago.

If you have any pictures which could feature in this popular spot, we would dearly like to have them. Prints, negatives and slides can all be used, and of course, these will be returned if required. Please let us know.



FROM THE RECRUITMENT DEPT...



Following the piece on BI recruitment in our last issue, Mike Brand wrote in to say that the featured engineers in the photo (lower left) were truly engineer cadets. He says "I was amused to see my picture published on the last page of "...calling BI" as part the company's recruitment booklet, I am the engineer cadet on the left as the lathe operator.

Yes, my records show the picture was taken in spring 1967 at South Shields Marine & Tech College, the chap on the right was an Engineer Cadet Alan Nicholson (if my memory is correct). Attached is a second picture taken at the same time, I would have been aged 17/18 at the time.

I am surprised you say the booklet was published as late as 1971, I think there was also an earlier print".

FROM THE SOCIAL CALENDAR...



We were delighted to receive the following information from Sue Spence who, as we are sure that you know, organised the UK BI reunions for many years before 'retiring' after last year's Southampton event. She writes:

"Now that we have finalised the BI Reunion account and no longer have to carry any remaining balance forward for deposits for future reunions we have been able to donate the surplus to the following charities with seagoing connections:

Seafarers UK (formerly King George's Fund for Sailors)	£700
RNLI The Royal National Lifeboat Institution	£650
The Solent Steam Packet Ltd (ss <i>Shieldhall</i> preservation group)	£200
Chappel Millennium Green Ltd (project set up in memory of John Rees, BI Educational Cruising)	£100

Excellent news and we are sure all will agree worthwhile. Thanks so much to Sue and husband John for all their fine efforts.



Sue and John were also present at the last BIER (BI Eastern Region) lunch at Mount Bures. A goodly complement turned out, as can be seen in these photographs including Tom Allard, Diane Blake, Bill Blake, Barry Fleetwood, Brian Gambrell, Joy Hodge, Tony Gray, Pauline Gray, Lyndon Johnson, Rita Johnson, David Martin, Hazel Martin, Anney Moorhouse, Peter Motion, John Prescott, Wendy Prescott, Bill Rigby, Anne Rigby, Sue Spence, John Spence, Mike Wheeler.



Equally enjoying themselves at Waxy O'Connors in Manchester on 6th June were this splendid crew, left. LtoR at back: John Leigh, John Pinder, Tony Lister, Ken Beadle, Peter Fielding, John Quinn, Jim Slater, Mike Feltham, Dave Mitchell.

Front: Brian Walker, Derek Hargreaves, June.

Jim Slater is also Secretary of the BI Engineers Association and he has written to say that this year's reunion will be held in the Buchanan Suite at the Mercure Glasgow City Hotel, which is situated on Ingram Street, Glasgow. "This is our usual venue though the name sometimes changes.

The reunion date is **Thursday 19th September 2013**. The cost of luncheon will be £29.00 plus wine. Cheques to be made payable to **BI Retired Engineer's Association** and forwarded, as soon as possible, to our Treasurer **Alastair Wells** at **51 Belmont Rd, Kilmacolm, Renfrewshire, PA13 4LN**. Please do not send your remittance to James as this will only cause unnecessary delay, you can of course send any other correspondence or enquiries to him. Alastair has to confirm numbers with the hotel by the **31st August 2013**, so it is **essential that he receive your cheque by that date**.

We look forward to the wives of members accompanying their husbands joining us after lunch and it goes without saying that any other BI staff visiting the hotel will be made very welcome".

Further details from James at : james.slater@zen.co.uk Tel: 01706 351190 mobile: 07702 124840





FROM THE LITERARY WORLD...

They always say “scratch a sailor and you will get a fine old yarn”. Over the years, we have brought news of various scribes in our ranks, ranging from an ex-editor of Lloyd’s List, Geoff Woodland, Ian Tew *et al.* We now learn of others who are joining the list of literary lions. This from Albert Ross: “If anyone is interested in spying intrigue, you may like to know that Amazon and publisher CreateSpace have just introduced my new book “THE SUPERLIST I Spy alone” on Kindle and Ipad etc. Ingram, the major distributors, have also put it on their open list..enabling the book to be available at every bookstore rack....Yes in the UK, Europe and world wide..(with near not next day, home delivery if not on the shelves or sold out. If anyone can’t get the book and is truly interested in reading it, please let me know and I will send a copy. PS... All proceeds dedicated to charity if cost is a consideration and you think I am plugging this!”. It certainly has some very good reviews.

And yet another! George Preston says he is “writing a (mainly) light hearted book on my BI time and the above subject struck a chord. I dug out a piece I wrote some time ago on the subject:

"...although I had enjoyed my leave, I was surprised at the difference my first trip of four months had made to my friends and family, not that I saw much of them. Unlike me, they were at work all day and I only saw them in the evenings. We seemed to have less in common than before. My horizons had been widened by my first glimpse of Africa and shipboard life and I couldn't raise much enthusiasm for the latest "Top Twenty" hit, the dancing at the "Plaza" or the story of how a pal had won £2-15s-6d in an all night poker session. I suspect they felt the same about me, as I must have bored the pants off them with my tales of the East African coast. The truth was we now lived in different worlds and I, who had been part of their world, was just as bored with the old world as they were with my new world."

And still another! That fine Scottish American, John Robertson says “If I wasn't welcomed home by "it's nice to see you, when are you going back?", I would not have felt at home. I have just had my book published about my twelve years with the BI and that welcome is stated many times over. I think it was always well intentioned, especially by those mothers who had eligible daughters that they were trying to off-load on any sailor home from the sea. If you would like to read further, the book can be found on Google and the title is ("Dare to Dream" by John Robertson), with a picture of the *Uganda* on its cover.

I'm sure that you will find it interesting and funny when you read of the escapades that some well-known BI characters got up to, both at sea and on the shore.

Incidentally, any royalties will be going to St Jude's Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee, which was founded by the late Danny Thomas and caters for children with cancer without charging them a penny. Please help”.

Your Editor and his meagre scribbings are rightly put in their place in the shade. Mind you, his literary style may just be considered a mite better than the two journalists who wrote recently that

“Profits are hit as shipbuilders enter choppy waters” and **“Shipping industry feels adrift.** After buoyant times, the shipping industry is experiencing that sinking feeling, with all hope of a bottoming out and rebirth having been smothered”. Oh Dear. No doubt next we will be hearing that cruise ship revenues will be steaming ahead or that your Editor has been told to sling his hook.

FROM THE ANTIPODEAN WORLD...

Your Editor learns with pleasure that an old shipmate from *Dunera* and *Uganda* days is visiting the shores of UK after many years away. Roger (Snowy) Linbird, who has featured in these pages on occasion will find himself in East Anglia in mid-September and craves what he terms as “a couple of coldies” from old friends. No doubt the Thatchers Arms will feature in this regard, except that some great old English ale will feature on the menu instead. Shipmates who wish to meet up with Snowy [should get in touch with us](#) and we will see what can be arranged. But beware, he’s mooted Friday 13th as a possible meeting date!

