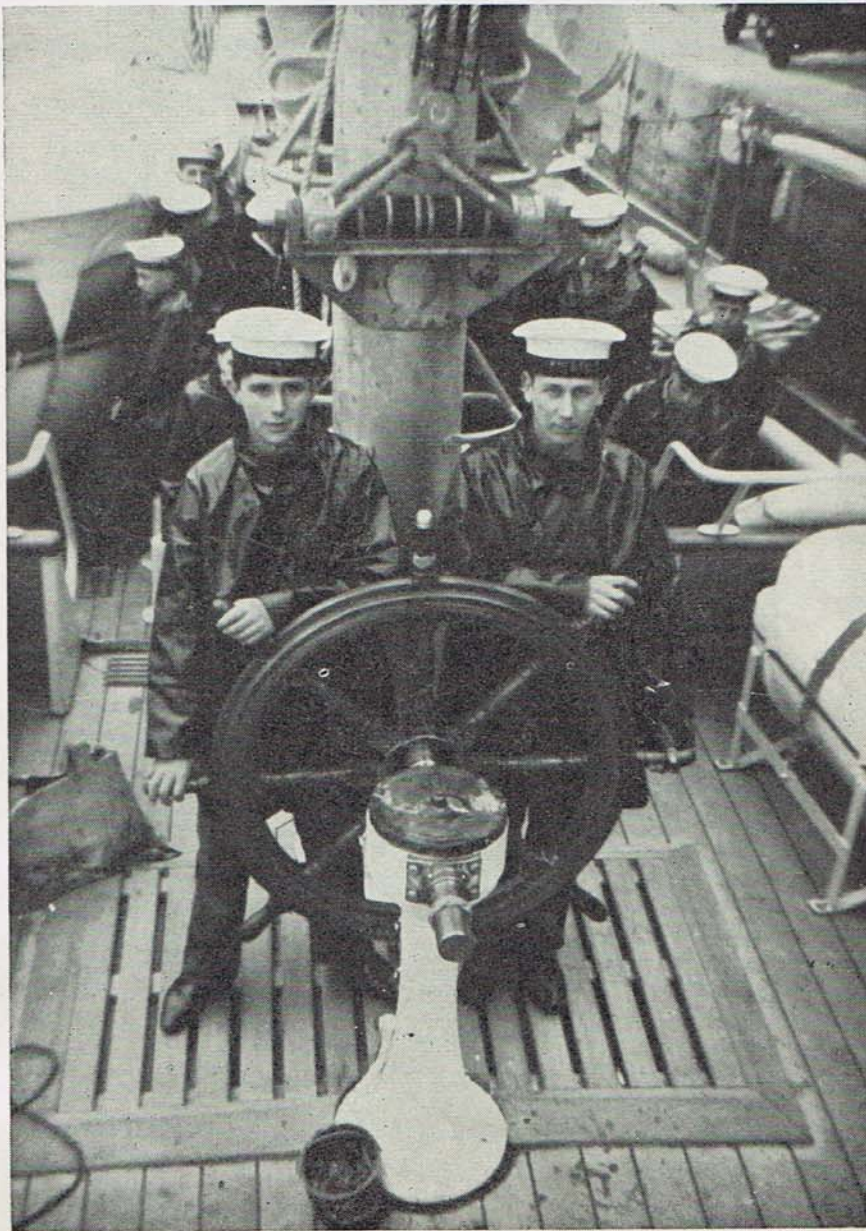


---

# THE HELM

---



PRINCE OF WALES  
SEA TRAINING SCHOOL, DOVER

## FROM THE CAPTAIN'S CHAIR

Since my last editorial was written our Industry has suffered one of the worst strikes in its history.

This is not the place to comment on the rights or wrongs of strike action but when one realises that the cost to the Shipowners in hard cash was almost equal to the wages lost by the men then surely a less costly method of resolving this dispute could have been found.

A Union cannot easily represent the views of its members if they are apathetic and do not attend Union Meetings and when this is the case it nearly always happens that extremists take over and the dispute becomes even more difficult to resolve.

I sincerely hope that all can now pull together to recover the ground that has been lost so that the Industry will once more enter a period of expansion.

COLIN F. VINE

---

Our Cover Picture was taken aboard the Sail Training Association's Schooner *Sir Winston Churchill* on the occasion of her visit to Dover.

## NEW LIFE MEMBERS

Thirty-four Old Boys have become Life Members since our last issue, their names are given below :

A. Sumner, C. Sales, M. Judd, R. Clarke, G. Ladle, J. Chambers, D. Gibbens, R. Menzies, G. Chittenden, A. Knott, D. Wilton-King, M. McCurdy, F. Greeley, R. Lawrence, T. Squirrell, A. Wilcock, A. Hancox, M. Griffiths, G. Walker, D. Parkington, I. Carveth, G. Wood, K. Ward, J. Ruoff, D. Watt, S. Leaver, J. Garrard, C. Barber, C. Anderson, W. Millar, N. Ford, D. Smith, P. Mills, W. Bills.

The Life Membership subscription is £1. 10. 0. Old Boys who are not yet Life Members are asked to complete the application form enclosed with this issue, and send it to Captain Superintendent, Prince of Wales Sea Training School, with their remittance.

The cost of publication keeps rising and it is with regret that I must inform all Old Boys of this School that this is the last issue which I can send out to boys who have not paid their subscription. The issue following this will only go to Life Members and those who have paid the Annual Subscription fee of 2/6d.

## BIG RED

*By M. R. Currie, Apprentice, M.V. SIMONBURN*

“Up the valley, about an hour ahead of us I reckon.” The two hunters shouldered their guns and hitched up heavy packs, preparing for the steep, tough climb up the incline that would lead them toward their quarry. They must have hit the deer for now and then they discovered large patches of blood, not yet congealed, marking an easy trail on the dry leafy ground.

High above them, a brown nose twitched, testing the air for their scent. Ears erect, eyes wide, the young doe limped cautiously through the dense undergrowth. Pausing every few feet to listen, every nerve strained, to detect the slightest hint of trouble. Her brain was becoming more and more clouded with fatigue and pain. Her hind leg was still bleeding from the vicious, jagged gash the bullet had made. She stopped to lick at it. How long had it been since she had rested? Two, three days?

It seemed a lifetime to the little doe, since the day by the stream, when the hunters had come, creeping, slinking, so close to the family of deer. Suddenly their guns had spat death and her stag and fawn were in the water. Blood and water! She had panicked and fled. Trees flashed past her in a blurr of colour. Thorns had torn at her and rocks tripped and cut her hooves. Up! up! she must get up! High into the bush and trees and safety! Soon she began to tire and had slowed her pace, unable to run any further. Legs and body aching, she had stopped by a large Totara tree and listened, suddenly still. After making certain there was no sign of her pursuers she had taken a long drink from the hollow of a rock. It was then she felt the sharp, searing pain in her upper right thigh. She had licked and licked it and still it had run so she let it be and took another long drink to wash away the salty taste the blood had left. Darkness had soon enveloped the bush. lunging. He had been spiked by a sharp, cruel tusk and she had licked and nursed it until fussing and settled down for the night. A cool breeze rustled the trees, making her start up, the fear and panic returning. Why had these men come? Killing and destroying!

She had been enjoying these past few weeks of spring, with her stag and her new fawn. She thought of the day the males had battled for their choice of doe and how she had been finally chosen by the big red deer, and of how they had trotted off to make their love, above the snow line. How proud she had been of Big Red when he, chest puffed out, had stood over the dead boar that had threatened them by the pond in the valley. How

bravely he had fought for her, hooves thrashing and plunging, antlers slashing and lunging. He had been spiked by a sharp, cruel tusk and she had licked and nursed it until it healed. Then the fawn had begun to swell within her and she had had to rest while Big Red had stood guard over her until, at last, he was a proud father. She was again filled with pride when the fawn had learned to romp and run and eat tiny tufts of soft grass. At the slightest strange sound he would scamper back to her and snuggle into her warm bosom until Big Red would come and nudge him out and show him how to parade, up and down, and paw at the earth.

But now they were both dead and she was alone. Oh, what was she to do? A branch snapped near her and she whipped around, Was it them? But it was only a pine cone, falling noisily through the low trees. She must rest and nurse her wound. It was really hurting her now although it had stopped bleeding. At dawn she was sleeping and she stirred as the first rays of sunlight broke through the foliage. The bees were already at work, buzzing around the huge, crimson, Pohutuka tree. Such pretty flowers it has, too! A tui bird was proclaiming his rights from a perch in the tall Totara tree. He seemed very happy but then he wasn't being chased was he? The Government looks after him! She rested in the grass listening to the Cicadas, rasping out their harsh song. Everybody else was so happy, so busy, why couldn't the hunters let her be, too? What had she done to them? She forced herself to her feet and shook, vigorously. What to do now? Hide? No! Find food, keep up strength! She limped slowly along, making sure to keep in the shadows. There! Ahead! Sweet, green grass! But it is in the open. Is it worth the risk? Must eat! A wave of dizziness passed through her head and she shivered. A fly settled on her wound. "Ouch! Shoo!"

The bush below her parted, ever so slightly, and two pairs of hard eyes watched and waited.

"There she is! A real beaut, eh?"

"You want it, or shall I?"

"No, go ahead, I got the other two."

The tarnished barrel came off the ground and levelled. The thick, brown finger tightened on the trigger "Ease off the safety. Don't want to lose her!"

"Blast! Missed! Must have got the scent I reckon."

"Never mind, sport, let's get after her!"

Green! Brown! Yellow! The trees flashed past as the frightened doe dashed, head-long, into the bush.

"Watch this! Standing shot!" The gun cracked twice in quick succession and the bullets smacked into the fleeing deer. Hooves still pounding, slender neck out-flung, tiny tail bobbing, the doe lurched, doggedly, and then pitched forward, under her momentum and the impact, ploughing the leaves and twigs and dirt. Finally, after a few quick jerks, she lay still.

The Tui had stopped his lament and now began, once again. Again the Cicadas picked up their gnawing rhythm. The fly settled on the little brown nose, testing, tasting.

"We got her, eh?"

"This is good sport!" . . . . GOOD SPORT?

† A night bird found in New Zealand bush country.

## CRUEL SEA

*Alf Everett, B.R., Dover (Old Boy, 1935)*

Cruel sea breaking on a lonely beach  
Only a few yards from my reach  
Crashing and roaring  
Desperately crawling  
Upwards ; with every determination  
Only to wash back down the shingle and stone  
Defeated, a mass of swirling foam.  
Blow winds, howling gale,  
Split the mast, rip the sail,  
Build yourself up into every fury  
Then tell me if you're only purely  
Reaping revenge.  
Crash through the sea barriers  
Flood into the town  
Turn that boat over  
And drag it down.  
Tomorrow will come then you'll be calm  
We will repair the damage and harm  
Man is the master and you'll ever remain,  
Green, wet and always the same.

## THE BRITISH SEAMEN'S BOYS HOME, BRIXHAM

Over one hundred years ago this Home was founded to care for the orphan sons of British seamen, and as many Old Boys of the Home come to the Prince of Wales S. T. School to train for the sea, the following notes may be of great interest

In 1859 the late Mr. William Gibbs of Tintesfield, Somerset, realising the need for a Boys' Home, acquired suitable premises and the Home was officially opened in 1863. The first intake amounted to ten boys, by 1873 the Home could accommodate fifty.

The Home takes boys from the age of seven, and they attend the local school for their education. Only boys of good character are accepted, and the Committee reserves the right to expel boys who do not measure up to the high standard expected. Everything is done to make the boys feel at home rather than in an institution ; many of the boys enter the Services and the Merchant Navy.

There are no charges as such although the Home expects that any pension or grant which the child is entitled to receive should be paid to them. The cost of running the home is met by the generosity of voluntary subscribers.

If any Old Boy of the Prince of the Prince of Wales Sea Training School knows of a case where the Home can help he should get in touch with the Hon. Superintendent, British Seamen's Boys Home, Brixham.

## OBITUARIES

### **Bruce Oliver (1958)**

It is with great regret that we must record the death of this Old Boy in the maritime disaster of the *Kaitawa* which sank on 23rd May, 1966, with the loss of all hands. He is well remembered in the School by the staff through his enthusiasm for a sea life.

### **Rodney S. Mantle (1962)**

We deeply regret having to record the death of this Old Boy who was killed when he fell between his ship the *Pelayo* and the quayside whilst the ship was in Lisbon.

To the parents, relatives and friends of these two Old Boys we extend our deepest sympathy.

## UNSUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE

(1) *Sketch the position of the various steering places aboard ship and explain their use.*

Most ships have at least five different steering wheels the reason they have five is because if the first one broke down they could go to the 2 one and if that broke down they would use the 3 and if that one brock down they would have no option but to use the 4 which is the dubble wheel and if the dubble wheel brock down they would use the last one the winch that would be attached to the rudder by two wires and if that did brock down there would be no panic because the ship would be on the rocks.

*Hardly surprising that the author of this howler never made the grade.—Editor.*

## MY VISIT TO THE "SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL"

*By Denis McClelland (Cutty Sark 1966)*

On Wednesday afternoon of last week, the junior class of the P.W.S.T.S. went on a visit to the docks at Dover. We marched from the front of the School to the school boatshed where we were met by Mr. Hadley who took us into the boatshed and showed us how to put on lifejackets, and showed us various other items in the boat shed.

When we came out of the boatshed we walked along the dock past the Cross-Channel Ferry and several other boats, one of which was a Swedish cargo boat which was being newly painted. We walked on along the dock till we came to the *Sir Winston Churchill* which is a ninety foot long, three masted schooner, which was built in 1965.

We boarded her and the Bo'sun showed us round. We went forrard first where some boys were scraping the wooden decks to get stains out of it. Another boy was at the top of the fore-mast where he was putting linseed oil on the cables. Several other boys were in a rowing boat going round the outside of the boat painting bits which had been scraped. The



Bo'sun showed us the sail ropes which were made of nylon. He said that the only fault he had with them was that they were very hard to keep clean.

There were thirty-eight boys on the *Sir Winston Churchill* and seven of a crew. The boys parents pay for them to get trained on the boat.

In the stern of the ship there was one motor lifeboat and two jolly boats which were used for sailing and rowing, and three inflatable life rafts. The wheel of the ship was near the centre, along with various maps and instruments.

When we had been shown over the boat, some of the senior boys had their photograph taken on board the ship. After this we came off the ship and walked along the dockside to the front of the ship where we saw its figure-head which was a lion. There was also a dolphin-striker on front of it.

After watching one of the boys fixing a shackle on to a cable before he was hauled up to the top of the mast to put linseed oil on the cables, we returned back to the school after a very interesting afternoon.

## TWO LETTERS FOM OLD BOYS

The following letter was received from an Old Boy named *G. W. Larder*.

Many thanks for your letter of 24th April with the enclosed *Helm*. I am very pleased to hear that the OLD SCHOOL is still in commission. At the moment of writing I am recuperating after illness and as soon as I get out and about again I will gladly send you a Life Subscription for the Old Boys' Association.

I was at the School in London from February 1936 until August 1936. Captain Halsey was the skipper, our Instructors were Mr. Painter and Mr. Frost, who, incidentally, is in the photo of the 1930 reunion in the copy of the *Helm* you sent me.

When I left in August, 1936, I joined the *S.S. Ormonde* of the Orient Line and sailed in various Orient liners until the outbreak of war. I was at sea all the war in various ships, in most theatres of the war.

I continued to go to sea until 1956, when I swallowed the anchor for a while and worked at several jobs ashore but could not settle in any one for any length of time.

In 1960 I joined the Humber Conservancy Board's floating staff and served for a while in the Pilot Cutter *Wm. Fenton* based at the mouth of the River Humber. For the past two years I have been Master of the Hull Roads Pilot Launches *T. W. Prickett* and *Commander Snowden* and I think I can safely say I am at last settled in floating occupation which also lets me go home sometime every 24 hours.

Well I'll close now but I'll write again as promised when I get on my feet again.

P.S. I think my No. 1282.

The second letter comes from *Raymond Clarke* (Granville 1965).

Dear Mr. Turton,

Thanks very much for getting my mates and I on the best ship afloat, all three of us have settled down well and enjoyed the plane flight over Tokyo.

The crew on the *Turakina* is one of the best you could ever want to work with and they help us a lot.

Since we sailed from Kobe in Japan we had a two week voyage down to Auckland and on the way down here we went through the Straits in the Solomons Islands and there were flying fish, porpoise, albatross and all different sorts of sea creatures. Now we are docked at Auckland and today the P & O Liner *Orsova* docked in the next but one wharf from us, also the *Caronia*, *Ceromic* and *Melprovia*, etc. On Thursday we sailed for New Plymouth, then Wellington, Timaru and Bluff, after that we set sail for Japan.

Well Sir, I'll finish writing now and I'll write again later.  
Will you give our thanks to Captain Vine and staff please.

Yours faithfully, from us all,

RAY CLARKE.

Thanks again.

## GREENWICH

*By W. Mac Andrew, Esq.*

THE OBSERVATORY was established by King Charles II in 1675 "to improve methods of Navigation". It is interesting to see what were the methods of navigation at that time.

THE COMPASS: Its principle was known to the early Greeks. In a serviceable but crude form we know it was used in the 13th century, consisting of magnetic needles attached to a piece of wood floating freely on water in a bowl. Magnetic variations began to be appreciated in the 15 century, and it is known that Columbus applied a certain fixed error to his compass needles. Incidentally, on his memorable voyage in 1492, partly owing to erratic needle variations which almost reduced his crew to a state of terror, he had continually to plead with and cajole them to continue the voyage, and happily they sighted land five weeks after leaving the Azores. Early variation charts were made in the 16th century, but it was not until 1701 that charts resembling the type we know today were published by Edmund Halley, who was appointed astronomer-royal at Greenwich in 1721.

THE SEXTANT: Up to about 1700 an abbreviated form, the Quadrant was in general use for taking the altitude of the sun, but in 1731 John Hadley of England and Thomas Godfrey of America simultaneously produced the first instruments to employ double reflection, though Sir Isaac Newton had lectured to the Royal Society on this principle 30 years earlier.

THE TELESCOPE: was not produced for use at sea until the middle of the 17th century. Roger Bacon (1214-1294) invented the magnifying glass. He was a Franciscan friar and one of the first men in Europe to discover gunpowder, unfortunate for him, as he was accused of black magic, fled to France, where he was imprisoned for eight years. Gunpowder is believed to have been known to the Chinese 1000 years earlier.) Towards the end of his life he experimented with lenses with telescope and microscope ambitions, also foresaw possibilities of a steam propelled vessel. There is no evidence of a telescope in his time.

In 1608, Johan Lippershey, a Dutch spectacle-maker, discovered the principles of the telescope, which enabled Galileo, a year later, to produce one. With it he made many astronomical discoveries, and established the fact that the earth goes round the sun. This led to controversies with theological implications, so that he was banned by the Holy Office, and forbidden to continue this teaching, which was also declared to be "philosophically absurd". (Incidentally, Pythagoras, 2000 years before him, declared the earth to be round and that it revolved round some central point.) Thirty years later he was summoned to Rome by the Pope for his writings and accused of heresy. He was now an old man, and only escaped imprisonment by publicly abjuring his own philosophy, dying in seclusion the following year. In those difficult days the hazards of inventors almost equalled those of the navigators. Johan Keple (d. 1630) appears to have produced a portable telescope, which improved, became the "spy-glass".

THE LOG: was not invented until 1620. It then took the form of a triangular board, weighted so as to float perpendicularly, attached to a line, it was allowed to fall astern. The line was knotted at intervals of  $47\frac{1}{4}$  feet, and the number of knots that passed over the stern in 28 seconds, represented the speed of the ship in nautical miles per hour. Mathematically this was arrived at because 6080 (feet) divided by  $47\frac{1}{4}$  equals 3600 (seconds) divided by 28. A most ingenious formula! (It surpassed the Cherub mechanical log of today in that it gave the speed of the ship, whereas the Cherub only registers the distance



travelled ! ) It is of interest that the standard term "knot" now used to define a ship's speed in nautical miles per hour, originated from the use of this early log.

Thus in 1675 early navigators made use of a Compass ; magnetic variations were known to them and Charts accordingly were being produced ; they used the Quadrant, and latterly the Spy-glass, and had a serviceable Log. But as yet no practical means for determining LONGITUDE had ever been solved. The establishment of GREENWICH OBSERVATORY fixed a zero meridian, and in 1713 Parliament brought into being the Board of Longitude, which continued to exist for 100 years. One of its first decisions was to offer a prize to the first horologist "to make a ship-borne time piece with a daily rate that allowed Longitude to be reckoned to within 60 miles of the true Longitude after a period of 40 days at sea." Considering the matter important and urgent the prize was to be £10,000, truly generous in those days. In spite of the scepticism of experts that this was within the ability of any living clockmaker, 35 year old John Harrison of Yorkshire produced the first chronometer in 1728 compensated for changes of temperature. In 1761 he made a chronometer with a total error of only five seconds during a voyage to Jamaica ; and later, on a five month voyage one with a daily rate of one-tenth of a second.

Concurrently it was essential to establish a fixed Greenwich Time. The time basis was obviously to be reckoned on the crossing of the meridian by the sun at noon. But owing to the earth's daily revolutions, its movement round the sun, and this not at constant speed, also the ever changing inclination of the earth's axis to the sun, no two solar days are of exactly the same length. Therefore an average of all the sun's transits in the year was taken, and *this* is known as Greenwich Mean Time. The differences between Solar Time and the Mean Time is called the equation of time, and today there are tables to deal with this. (Until 1925 G.M.T. was reckoned commencing at noon, and since then as from midnight.)

In 1792 a French engineer, Claude Chappe, invented a device for the transmission of intelligence between Paris and Lille, 130 miles. He erected 22 towers surmounted with semaphores, and messages could be sent from end to end in two minutes. Impressed by his achievement the Admiralty built a chain of towers on elevated ground from London to Portsmouth to transmit naval news expeditiously. They were manned by naval men, and placed 5-10 miles apart, closer in the London area. They were equipped with a 3-arm semaphore, and telescopes trained each way on adjacent towers. The men acquired great dexterity, and by use of codes sent messages over 70 miles in a minute, but the time signal in half a minute ! Up to this time the quickest form of communication was by mail coach that averaged eight miles an hour end to end. Two of these towers still stand. One on Pewley Down just outside Guildford, part of a private house still called "Semaphore House", the other about ten miles N.E. near Cobham on Telegraph Hill. Sites of other towers were at Hinchley Wood, near Esher ; Coombe Hill, Kingston ; and Putney Heath. Similar means of communication at that time were also installed in Germany. There was at least one other line of such towers in England, perhaps to Chatham or Dover, as the known site of one tower is on Telegraph Hill, a small park to south of New Cross, through which, it is recorded, London received news of the battle of Waterloo in 1815. In 1840 these semaphores came to an end with the advent of the electric telegraph.

GREENWICH TODAY : It is common knowledge that owing to London atmosphere and bright lights seriously hampering astronomical observations, the Observatory was moved to Hurstmonceaux Castle, about eight miles north of Eastbourne, in 1958. The meridian zero longitude still passes through the old site, (Lat.  $51^{\circ} 28' 38''$ ). In fact here is the only *visible* evidence of it ! The Observatory has an outstation at Hartland, N. Devon, where continuous observations are made of the strength and direction of the earth's magnetic field.

STANDARD TIME : up to 1883 nations were accustomed to use the solar time of their own capitals, but since that year the system of Standard Time by Zones, which differs from that of Greenwich by an integral number of hours, either fast or slow, has been used. Naturally most of Europe, being to the east of us is one hour fast, but a few countries do not conform to Standard Time. Spain, almost wholly to the *west* of us, keeps one hour fast on Greenwich time, yet Portugal, further west, and the Canaries  $16^{\circ}$  west of us, keep Greenwich time.

## AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE IN MY LIFE

By David Print (Falcon 1965)

The most interesting thing that has happened to me was when I visited Portugal last year.

We left Britain on the 15th August and travelled on a cross-channel ferry from Dover to Calais. We then travelled by train to Paris and arrived at 4.00. We spent the night in a hotel in Paris. We left the hotel about 8.30 and took the metro to the station. As we reached the French-Spanish border it was starting to get dark. We travelled through Spain and reached the Portuguese border, it was about 1.30 p.m. on the Sunday. We then had a three-hour wait until we caught our next train. We walked about the border town which I think was Vila-Formosa. The train which arrived thirty minutes late was more like a cattle truck. It was almost the replica of the coaches that one would see in Westerns. They had wood benches without any padding of any description. They were like park benches. At the ends they had the balcony from which we watched the countryside slip by at a slow speed. We reached our destination which was a town named Guards. The town was about a mile from the station and so we had a long walk up a steep hill.

We stayed here for four days. It was very hilly countryside and we were continually walking up steps. During the four days we spent our time swimming and sight-seeing. One afternoon we arranged to meet two girls in the evening. They met us at the arranged place, only to find they had brought their parents with them. We had a formal introduction and a handshake.

After four days we moved to a place called Pouilho where we stayed for a further seven days. The land was mainly dust and it got everywhere. I spent most of the time in shorts bar when we had dinner, as the heat was so intense. We spent a lot of the next seven days just messing around and not doing anything particular. We did go to reception Committee where the Mayor and other high people formally greeted us. It was a very happy day as people were throwing confetti and there was a procession of floats through the town. It was rather amusing as we couldn't speak Portuguese and they couldn't speak fluent English. They were continually asking us if we could speak French and only a couple of us could.

They seem to be way behind the times with our country as they still do farming with teams of oxen, and also still use shadouf method of irrigation. They also still use the water wheel.

Everything seemed to be cheap compared with the prices here. Scotch whisky was 8/6 a bottle and cigarettes 1/- for twenty. We had wine with every meal and a four course meal would cost 7/6 with brandy afterwards.

The people were very nice and only too pleased to help whenever they could.

We did the same journey coming back except that the train that we came through Spain on was the park bench with slight padding. We also got thrown off a train when we were coming through France. We crossed the Channel from Boulogne to Folkestone. We arrived at Folkestone about 6.00 and by the time we had been through the Customs and got our train it was nearly 7.00. We arrived at Victoria at 8.55, caught a taxi to Paddington, where we caught our train to Leamington Spa, where we arrived at 10.40. From here we travelled by car to our homes around Stratford-on-Avon. That ended a fab holiday in a country I would like to go to again.

## A GREAT ADVENTURE

By John Nicol (Falcon 1965)

This is the account of Captain Simpson's Discovery of Harris Bay, seven miles west of the present city of Canberra, and of his cruise in the *Enterprize* amongst the dangerous shoals fringing the eastern coastline of Australia.

The Indians described as seen on the shore are Aborigines, otherwise Blackfellows.

---

On the 12th December, 1784, they sailed from Port Glasgow and had good weather till January 9th. At 1500 hrs. on the morning of 27th land was sighted; the part seen by them was green, and covered by woods. On 27th they saw several people carrying a canoe along the shore but they made no attempts to come out to the ship. Anchoring opposite a village they prepared to go ashore; no sooner had they reached the shore than two men stepped forward. One threw a spear at the boat. Captain Simpson reacted by shooting his pistol at him.

On that afternoon they sailed to the north point of the bay, where they found plenty of fresh water and meat. Captain Simpson went ashore again on the 10th; he and a party found butterflies in such incredible numbers that whichever way they looked, thousands were seen in the air. Finding resistance by natives they sailed on again, along the coast. To avoid the danger of some rocks they shortened sail and kept standing off, when suddenly the water fell to 8 fathoms in a few minutes, before sounding could be taken again the ship struck a rock, everyone was immediately on deck; the sails were taken in, and the boats were lowered to examine the depth of water, they found that the ship had been carried over a ledge of rock, and now lay in a hollow. Their best chance of escape seemed now to be by lightening her. They instantly pumped up the water in the holds, oil jars, cannons, casks and other things were thrown overboard. At daylight they saw land, but not a single island between them and the mainland. As the tide fell they could scarcely keep her free by constantly working her eight pumps; their only chance was the midnight tide. They knew that when the fatal moment arrived it would be every man for himself as there were only enough boats for 40 men; those who were left would die quickly, but the ones that reached the shore would face death at the hands of savages and be tortured to death. At 20.00 hrs. the ship lifted and was heaved into deep water; by this time the men were exhausted in mind and body, none of them could even lift the pump handles, in fact it was so hopeless that they just left it to the mercy of the sea. On the morning of the 22nd the tide went low, and they started out to find the leak, they later found out that the rocks had cut through the planking and there was a hole large enough to sink her, even with all the pumps working, but it had been greatly stopped by a fragment of rock left stuck in it, together with some pieces of wool and wood stuck between the timbers which had been opened by the collision.

While the carpenters worked on the ship some of the crew were sent to find fresh meat. They found plenty of fresh water and some strange animals which were shot and dressed for dinner. The natives in that district soon got used to the crew and on the 17th they were visited by a party of warriors. At this, Captain Simpson and 6 chosen men went ashore and a camp was set up. On the morning of the 18th a large party of warriors, without warning, attacked and looted the camp, damaging a lot of equipment and killing 17 good, strong seamen. That night they sailed hurriedly to sea pursued by 100 war canoes of screaming savages bent on killing them. During the next six days they left behind the dangers of the bay which was named Harris Bay, after his father, and were once again on the open sea free from the dangers of land.

### OLD BOY'S NEWS

JULIAN RUSSELL (Endeavour 1965) visited the School on 25.1.66, and is transferring from *Rhodesia Castle* to the Port Line. He met James, Roper McGillicuddy and Revans.

JOHN DACHS (Grenville 1964) wrote to say how much he is enjoying life and is very happy on the *Orsova* where he has been serving for a year. He leaves on 8th February for a 3½ months' world trip.

JOHN THATCHER (Endeavour 1964). We have heard that he is now serving as S.O.S. on the *Beaverook* on the N. Atlantic/Canadian service.

WALTER SPIERS (Endeavour 1964) and RAYMOND HOOD (Endeavour 1964) have just paid off from *Huntingdon* after a voyage together. When they left the School in October, 1964, they sailed in the *Queen Mary* to join the *Port St. Lawrence*.

GEOFFREY D. HARVEY (Derwent 1958) and ANTHONY BROWN (Derwent 1958) visited the School in February and told us they were going to spend the summer season with the Cross Channel Service.

DAVID HILL (Hesperus 1964) writes to say that he is staying with the New Zealand Shipping Company, and has now served in three of their ships. They have made him a Junior Ordinary Seaman, and he is now going to the new *Westmorland*. He also mentions that the whole crew stayed at the B.S.S. Hostel in Greenock until the ship was ready.

WILLIAM CONNELL (Cutty Sark 1964) writes from *M.V. North Devon* and asks after David Cornish and Ian Cuthil.

ROBERT MENZIES (Falcon 1965) wrote whilst on leave from *Orcades* in which ship he met JOHN CARPENTER, ROGER SPARROW and HOWARD TEMPLE. Whilst in Wellington he ran across LEN KING and IAN SLEIGH who are both on the *Huranui*.

TREVOR CLARKE (Derwent 1964) has just completed a four-months' voyage in the *Port McQuarrie* and had previously been sailing in the *Port Chalmers*. He is now on his way to Australia in the *M.V. Surrey*.

E. G. FINCH (1948) is now a Time & Motion Study Engineer and writes to tell us that his eldest son wants to join the School.

CHARLES A. MUNRO (Britannia 1963) was landed from *San Corrado* sick, at the end of his third voyage. He had a month in hospital and when he came to see us on 24th March had just resumed sailing in Royal Mail Lines. He mentioned meeting HYDE and OSBORNE.

MICHAEL PRESCOTT (Medway 1960). Has been sailing deep sea until this year when he joined the Cross Channel service. At present he is studying for Second Mate's certificate.

WILLIAM LASLETT (Endeavour 1965) writes from the *Oronsay* to tell us that he, FISHER, MILLS and PRATT have all been promoted to J.O.S. and that they are enjoying their trip.

RAYMOND CLARKE (Grenville 1965) has written from the *Turakina* and said "Thanks for getting my mates and I on the best ship afloat, all three of us have settled down well, and enjoyed the plane flight over Tokyo. The crew of the *Turakina* is one of the best you could ever wish to work with and they help us a lot. Will you give our thanks to Captain Vine and staff, please". D. GIBBENS and P. SUMNER are sailing in the same ship.

NICHOLAS GREEN (Britannia 1963) writes to tell us through a prank at work he has lost the sight of one eye, and is now serving an apprenticeship as a plumber. He recently got married and has a small son.

PHILIP MILLS (Endeavour 1965) paid us a visit whilst on leave from the *Oronsay*.

ALAN KNOTT (Hesperus 1963) paid one of his regular visits to us and took out Life Membership of the Old Boys' Association. He is enjoying life on the Cross Channel service since his big hip operation.

ERIC WANT (1957/58) is now studying for Master, having successfully passed for 1st Mate. Has completed a tour of duty with Elders & Fyffe and is going into the short sea trades.

ROGER EMMINS (Falcon 1964). On leave from *Border Fusilier*, mentioned having heard from M. Bourgaize, and was pleased to find out from *The Helm* that his Chief Officer was also a P.W.S.T.S. boy.

ROBERT ESTDALE (Endeavour 1965) visited 16th April. Is now making his second trip in the *Rhodesia Castle*. He mentioned that R. LARGE is hoping to sail on the *Aramic*; he is studying for 2nd Mate and we wish him every success.

FREDERICK GREELEY (Endeavour 1962) is now A.B. on *M.V. Aragona* trading from U.K. to Canada. Has served on several ships including the *Windsor Castle* and *Capetown Castle*.

ROGER JARVIS (Hesperus 1964) has left the *Oriana* and is now sailing in Shell Tankers, which he likes very much. He is at present on the Curacao-Brazil service.

ROGER GLANVILL (Hesperus 1961) wrote to us from Queensland, Australia, to say that he is back on the Brisbane/Melbourne run on the *Binburra*. After he left this ship last year, he joined Shell Coastal Tankers and visited most of the ports around the Australian continent. He then joined the Western Australian State Shipping Services *Kangaroo* which was the flag ship of the Line.

MICHAEL BARNES (1961/62) has left *Port St. Lawrence* and is re-joining her for the next voyage. He mentioned that CRAWLEY is serving on the same ship, he was in the School in 1958.

TREVOR MCKAY (Cutty Sark 1963) has left *Port Lincoln* and is emigrating to New Zealand as he has become engaged to a New Zealand girl.

RONALD LAWRENCE (Hesperus 1962) wrote in May, is now E.D.H. on *M.V. Port Quebec*.

AUSTIN WRIGHT (Cutty Sark 1965) has been sailing in *Oriana* since he left and has completed three voyages. He is now going to sail in the Port Line.

GRAHAM FOX (Britannia 1964) and EDWARD DOBSON (Britannia 1964) have been sailing together in Bowaters whom they joined after leaving *Orsova*.

ROGER EMMINS (Falcon 1964) paid a visit to the School on the expiration of his leave. He is due to join *Daghestan* in Newcastle.

We have heard that DAVID WHITWORTH, whose School number was 2948, is now married and working ashore as Sales Manager of Manufacturing Chemist. He enquired after Ian Strachan of New Zealand, whose number is 2944.

ADRIAN STANFORD (1959/60) is now studying physiotherapy and hopes to take up an appointment in Denmark where his fiancée lives.

ALAN GILL (Endeavour 1961) has also come ashore and entered the Police Training College at Hendon.

J. D. McMEEKIN (1959) has been serving on the *Esso Newcastle* running between Ras Tanurah and European ports. He mentioned VICTOR REYNOLDS who was at the School with him, and is now serving in the *M.V. Port Pirie*.

LAWRENCE SLADE (Cutty Sark 1964) visited the School in June. He is hoping to go up for E.D.H. before sailing again. His last voyage was in the *Kenya Castle* where he met Michael Diplock.

KENNETH PLUMMER (1956) visited the School in June. Had just paid off as Second Mate on Panamanian Freighter *Marlindo*. Is now crewing on the *Sir Winston Churchill*. He is thinking of swallowing the anchor and taking up Cargo Insurance.

IAN CARTER (Grenville 1964). Arrived in port on the *Orsova* the day the strike started, and has had difficulty in finding other work. He has been sailing with JOHN DACHS who is not going back for the next voyage.

RAYMOND BURCHETT (Falcon 1964) has been sailing in *R.M.S. Amazon* until the strike. After leaving the School he sailed with P. Kolinsky in *Braemar Castle* and then did a voyage in tankers until he joined Royal Mail. He mentioned meeting T. Kolinsky and John Oxford.

GRAHAM BARHAM (Hesperus 1964). Has just come ashore from Shell Tanker, *Haus-tellum*. Likes tanker life and mentioned meeting M. Bourgaize in Curacao.

PAUL INGLETON 20.6.66 (Britannia 65). Has been on *Port Wellington* since going to sea. Rated J.O.S. Hopes to get on B.R. Fleet for summer months and then back deep sea.

ROBERT MENZIES (Falcon 1965). Has been sailing in *Orcades* since he left the School.

RICHARD COURT (November 64 Hesperus). Has been on *Oriana*. Was seen by Mr. Roberts in Bristol who reported that he was well and fit.

ALAN KNOTT (Hesperus 1963) has been accepted for a tour of duty in the *Discovery* and leaves for the Antarctic in September. We hope he will send us some photographs and an interesting article for *The Helm*. He has recently passed his E.D.H.

GERALD PLANT (Falcon 1962). Now E.D.H. is going to spend the summer working with British Rail. He has served in P & O/Orient Line, BP Tankers and Watts-Watts. He mentioned meeting DAVID BRADBURY, DAVID ADAMS, TERRY SAVAGE and MALCOLM ROBERTS on his voyages.

DAVID PARKINGTON (Britannia 1966) called in to say that he and CHRISTOPHER STEED were joining the *Port New Plymouth* where Graham Chittenden and two other Old Boys are on board.

COLIN P. COOK (1955). Called at the School in July. Spent five years at sea and reached A.B. Was mostly with New Zealand Shipping Company. Occasionally sees T. Jones, and has met David Robbins once or twice. He is now working with G.K.N. Building Division.

FRANK COPPARD (1950). Is now following a career in the printing trade. He visited the School and brought his two sons, Stephen and Michael with him.

SELWYN PARTRIDGE (Falcon 1963) is now S.O.S. and has sailed on Blue Star Line, Pacific Steam Navigation Co., B.P., Shell and Shaw Savill. Is now on *Ulter Star* sailing for Vietnam, on charter to United Nations, carrying meat. He has seen R. Jackson, R. Bamford and R. Archer.

BARRY CAREY (Falcon 1963) is now E.D.H. He has been on Port Line, Union Castle, Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Royal Mail, Holder Bros. and Blue Star Line. He has met C. Morling, T. Kolinsky and J. Oxford.

ROLAND RYE (Grenville 1965) has just completed his first voyage on the *Port Nicholson* and is now on leave. He expects to rejoin the Port Line on expiration of his leave.

GRAHAM RENDELL (1958). Is now a representative for McDougall's flour, after sailing for six years.

MICHAEL SALMON (Derwent 1964). Called at Head Office in August, was taking his E.D.H. in London. He has recently been on "Beaver" ships.

PHILIP NEAL (Hesperus 1963). Gave up the sea after an accident which entailed a stay in hospital. Is now working as a salesman with Courts at Cambridge. He mentioned that he had met ALAN BRICE and DAVID MORRIS.

MICHAEL KAVANAGH (Cutty Sark 1964) just left the *Honorata* of New Zealand Shipping Co. and is going to join Shaw Savill Line after leave. He mentions having met BRUCE WARD and LAWRENCE SLADE of his old class, and D. Davey who was a Leading Boy in Britannia Class.

PAUL IGGLETON (Britannia 1965) has just joined the Cableship service and has been posted to the *Ariel* based at Dover.

ALAN GILL (1961). Has left the sea and commenced duties with the Metropolitan Police on 19th September. He served as a Deck Boy for six months and completed his apprenticeship and then joined the Force as a Police recruit. He mentioned meeting Tony McGregor.

CHARLES PAGE (Falcon) has just completed his first voyage in *British Dragon* and rejoins on *British Ambassador* for the next trip. He mentioned meeting A. Wilkes, G. Jones, B. Pawley, C. Sales, R. Bolt and D. Print.

RUSSELL PIGGOTT (Hesperus 1962) went to *Port Lyttleton* and has since served on several Port Line ships, also *Sythia* of Cunard. Left the sea in November, 1965, and is now working for music publishers. Met T. Castle, T. Clark and several others.

JIM CHILDS (Grenville 1965) is very happy on board the *Port Vindex* and has good reports from the Officers. He is being encouraged to take a study course for promotion.

K. C. ELVEY (Leander 1957). Has now left the sea and is a technical representative with Stuart-Wales Somerville, the manufacturers of Liquid Plastic Coatings.

PHILIP DOYLE (Grenville 1965) has seen the Rev. H. Turton on board the *Port Invercargill* when the ship called at Aden on her way to Australia.

ALAN DONALDSON (Britannia 1965) is now J.O.S. on *Port Invercargill* and is making quite a success of his career.

KEITH WARD (Cutty Sark 1966) wrote to us from the Suez Canal to say that he had been a month at sea and was enjoying the life very much, and would be writing again later.

PHILIP MILLS (Endeavour 1965) visited the School on 7.10.66 and is returning to *Oronsay* for another voyage, after which he hopes to sail in cargo ships for a while. He mentions meeting Ian Sleigh and Leonard King in Australia.

IVOR BOWEN (Britannia 1963) has just left the *Port Nelson* and is on leave. He met the following Old Boys : Lawrence Barnett, R. Kipling, G. McGurdy and Brian Kelly.

ALAN R. WILCOCK (Cutty Sark 1965) was serving in the Elders & Fyffe motor ship *Chuscal* when she encountered a very bad gale 500 miles S.E. of Newfoundland. Five members of the crew were washed overboard, one of them being named R. Wilcock, an apprentice. The seas were mountainous and there was no possibility of any of them surviving. Press clippings showed that there was considerable confusion over which Wilcock had so tragically perished. In feeling gratitude that our Old Boy survived this ordeal, our sympathy goes out to the relatives of the missing men.