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GENERAL BOTHA OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

www.generalbotha.co.za

AUGUST 2004.

JOINT NEWSLETTER

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"THE GALLEY WIRELESS"

(Dennis Henwood, Scribe)

It is regrettable that the daily media in Cape Town have never taken shipping as a newsworthy subject of any importance in the various publications. Yet, as a major industry in the Western Cape region, all other industries are interdependent on the comings and goings and developments (or lack there of) in the docks of Cape Town and Saldanha. There is, however, one legendary character who stands out as a stalwart and who identified the need for this news and dedicated his life to this end. I am of course referring to one whom all Obies (now spread around the globe) since the 1930's would have read or even met in Cape Town at some time, George Young, Shipping Correspondent for the Cape Times for more than 40 years, who died this last June at the age of 87.

George Young gave up school before most of his contemporaries,

because "days in a classroom were impeding my education." As a teenager in 1929 he preferred to walk the docks as a freelance in search of stories for the Rand Daily Mail and other papers. He later joined the Cape Times, but his daily shipping column was assigned to the middle pages, and was never really accepted as important enough for the front page - unless of course it was a ship on the rocks or such like. He interrupted his journalistic career during World War II to fly coastal patrols as an Air Force radio operator. His shipping knowledge, as well as his interest in radio and Morse code expertise, made him invaluable to the air patrols around the South African coast. He published four books recording a wealth of anecdotal material and photographs reflecting the history of Cape Town harbour. George was also Chairman of the Cape Town Home for Boys and an inspirational speaker at Christian youth clubs. On his retirement from the Cape Times, George started a topical monthly newsletter called "Sea Views" that was read with great interest and respect by the shipping industry.

Brian Ingpen wrote "Its success (Sea Views) was largely born out of scant shipping comment in the Cape Town dailies. And over the years, his writings nurtured among many an interest in maritime careers. Young has left an incomparable legacy of fascinating maritime journalism since his first newspaper article appeared 75 years ago." He further comments: "His journalistic success lay in his enthusiasm for his subject, his 'galley wireless'- a reference to his wide circle of local and foreign contacts in the maritime industry - as well as his canny observation skills, even while driving his ancient Ford on his daily rounds of the wind-swept docks." John Scott, writing in his column "P.S.", has great respect for this doyen of South African shipping correspondents: "Even Lloyds of London consulted him. But he resented the fact that his daily column was tucked away at the bottom of one of the back pages." Scott recalled bumping into George, already in his 80s, bustling down a Cape Town street with a bundle of his Sea Views under his arm. "You won't find any of this information here in the Cape Times, more's the pity," he would say, tapping his publication. A few years ago Young wrote to John Scott, offering his services to the paper (at age 83), and commented: "While Cape Town may be a world seaport, its coverage by the media could suggest that we were living in Keetmanshoop."

Scott also wrote this interesting anecdote: "I first encountered George when I was a schoolboy. He came along to talk to the class about Christianity, a muscular, no-nonsense version of it involving cold showers and teetotalism. He took his evangelism into the treatment of wayward youth at the Cape Town Teen Centre, and believed a beating never did a boy who misbehaved any harm." I wonder if he ever spoke to the Bothie Boys?

Pim Zandee 1964 #2259 wrote the following about George: "George's 'Fly on the wall' will be fondly remembered by many stalwarts here at SMIT with continued intrigue. ... All our memories of George will always fill us with nostalgia for an era gone by - when the high standard of journalism was characterized by a search for the truth, the skillful and effective use of the English language and an appreciation for and understanding of the relationship between the mariner, his ship and the sea."

So! The end of an era? Certainly. However, shipping goes on, the maritime industry has a vital role, and not only the professionals, but the layman as well, needs - must have - the true and accurate reports and information about what is happening out there. Where is George's replacement? Brian Ingpen's excellent newsletter "Sea Watch" (Email: brian@ingpen.wcape.school.za or go to

<http://www.uctshiplaw.com/seawatch/swindex.htm>) goes some of the way towards addressing this problem, but when are we going to see this in our daily newspapers? There is a vacancy out there. Is there anyone who can do the job effectively? Even if you do live in Keetmanshoop! That reminds me of the story of the mariner who, when he retired, lifted an oar to his shoulder and walked inland. He vowed that when he reached a place where somebody asked him what that was on his shoulder, then that would be the place to stop!

FROM THE BRIDGE OF S.S. CAPE TOWN

(Tony Nicholas, Chairman)

The establishment of our slop chest has been very successful and has caused many a moment of nostalgia among our members. However, this has also resulted in the branch having to handle substantial sums of money, complicated bookkeeping with resultant audits. Our indefatigable treasurer has managed to keep everything ship shape and on even keel. For every cent [sometimes dollars and pounds] received a receipt is written and these are passed to yours truly. I then include these receipts with the newsletters that are mailed by post to you. However, many of you receive your newsletters by email and thus I endeavoured to send you an email receipt. Unfortunately, I have not managed to keep abreast of that task and now have a huge pile of receipts that I am unable to email to you. My sincere apology and should you require the receipt from us, please email me at cptchairman@generalbotha.co.za

On the subject of receipts, I must mention that our members continue to support the association with their donations. This is most generous of you and rewarding for our work to be acknowledged in this manner. Without your donations, the association would not function nor be able to achieve our various goals. A summary of these goals has previously been published. THANKS! (Scribe - I apologise that last newsletter some of the names of donors were unfortunately omitted - my eyes are dim!! missed some. You will find a corrected list below).

The dates set for our March 2005 events were published in our May newsletter. Take note of these and plan your travels accordingly. We expect to see you all there.

Because of the 9/11, terrorists' attacks in the USA IMO have introduced legislation titled, International Ship and Port Security Code [ISPS]. This requires all ports to tighten their security measures as well as have secret safety plans in place should a threat arise or be suspected.

Therefore, when attending our monthly lunch meetings, you will notice new fencing surrounding the port and security officers at each port entrance. At the time of writing, it is not known how these new security measures will affect access to the RCYC. Please watch the local newspapers for further developments and we shall endeavour to keep you advised of any changes as best as we are able.

Just as a reminder, the Cape Town Branch monthly lunch is on the 2nd Tuesday each month. This is at the Royal Cape Yacht Club in the harbour. See you all there. .

ANCHORS AWEIGH

Bob Anderson 1936/38. Bob passed away on the 22nd April. Nothing more is known of his career and details would be welcome.

Douglas George Ramsay RNVR-SAN (Ret), Hon Member GBOBA, Committee Member War Memorial Fund 51-54. (Written by Doug Jupp)
Born 1915 passed away on the 18th April 2004. Joined the RNVR in

Britain in 1938 and was appointed a Sub.Lieut. September 1939 on outbreak of war, took part in the organising of ships for the evacuation of 300,000 British and allied troops from Dunkirk in 1940. Joined HMS Athene, a seaplane carrier July 1941 as gunnery officer arriving in Java a few days before the fall of Singapore. They lost all 40 aircraft and 23 pilots but succeeded in making their way to Australia. "Athene" was later attached to the US Pacific fleet. In 1944 Douglas returned to the U.K. and joined the destroyer HMS Impulsive serving in home waters and escort duties for the Normandy Invasion. After the war he left the navy and joined friends to sail to South Africa in a 120ft ketch, as their navigator, this 6-month journey down the East coast of Africa involved many running repairs en route. They landed in Durban and Douglas became involved in commerce and later banking. He joined the SA Naval Reserve and SAS Unity in 1947 when he arrived in Cape Town, becoming Commanding Officer in 1953. He was a committee member of the General Botha War Memorial Fund from 1951 to 1954 when he was transferred to Port Elizabeth. He returned to Cape Town in 1977 and resumed his duties on the War Memorial Fund representing the SA Navy League. He finally resigned in 1994. His contribution to the War Memorial Fund was indeed considerable and greatly appreciated. He was made an honorary member of the Old Boys' Association in January 1991, which he justly deserved. Douglas left his wife Elizabeth "whom he married in 1958" and also two daughters and three grandchildren.

SCRANBAG

M.A. ROWE 1977 #2572. Mike has recently checked in and advises that last year he moved from New Zealand to Australia to join ASP Ship Management on bulk ore carriers in the Great Barrier Reef area. Recently we find him the Harbour Master and Pilot in Port Kembla, somewhere in Australia.

R.A. HIND 1954/55 #1884. Bob has reported in from the Saloon Deck. "We have well and truly settled in New Zealand and in spite of it being midwinter we are enjoying life here. We are living in a place called Thames, which is approx 110 kilometers ESE of Auckland. We have a nice house, which is on a creek, which flows year round with magnificent views of native bush clad mountains right outside our door, and I can sit for hours enjoying the view from our deck, in rain or sunshine as it is half covered. For your information, I have applied to have my Ticket validated for NZ only to be told that it would cost me \$500-00 plus the cost of an oral examination, which I would have to pass. Converted to RSA Rand that would be in excess of R2000-00. Needless to say, at my age I am reconsidering going this route. I am instead playing a lot golf, which is far more satisfying. Have had considerable success too, and have represented my Club in Veterans golf and get to play golf all round our area. I have also won a few Club tournaments. How is the 50th reunion of the 54/55 draft going? If you remember, you suggested that I get going and organize it. However, by that time I was booked for NZ and passed all the info on to Bill van Ryswyk who after all was our CCC. As for getting a branch going over here it is not so easy as I am out on Limb here but will try to do something by getting a few guys together and take it from there.

J.G. TUYTENS 1954/55 #1915. Another successful find via our website. Johan left Cape Town in 1956 on the Norwegian tanker "Benoil" for the Persian Gulf, Borneo, Australia etc. and eventually back to Holland & Belgium. The next 6 years were spent at sea on Dutch & Belgian ships

until he decided he had seen enough of the sea and began a career in the hotel business and later as a Photographer. He is now living in Mechelen (Belgium) and planning to visit us in Cape Town in September this year. Class of 54/55, prepare for invasion.

S.J. PEARSON 1967 #2312. Well-known personality, Simon, has retired from the Cape Technikon, formally the Bothie, after 26 years service there. Unknown what he is up to now but I am sure it will be something equally interesting. We await Simon to report in.

S.G.J. PARNABY 1981 #2728. Steve is presently in the process of migrating to Perth, Australia. We await his report and new address details with interest.

M.J. GRINDLEY 1968 #2333. Mike has also reported in from Qatar. With 13 Obies between Qatar and U.A.E., we could have a fledging branch. How about it guys?

D. FRYLINCK 1960/61 #E44. Des has finally retired from S.A. Port Operations, formally Portnet. He attended a recent monthly lunch looking very pleased with himself.

P.J. WADE 1960/61 #2196. Phil also pitched up at a recent monthly lunch, visiting from USA. I understand that he also has a house in Spain and now in Somerset West. Phil, we have no career details of yours and await your submission for our archives, immediately.

J. KOUDSTAAL 1956/57 #2010. Jan worked with his father for two years in his contracting business before attending the University of Orange Free State studying architecture in 1960. 1967 he moved from Bloemfontein to Pretoria and in 1970, he became a partner in the architectural firm, Paulas Visser & De Villiers. He did a lot of work for the government in Pietermaritzburg and retired from active practice in 1992.

G.R. HANSEN 1977 #2565. Garth sailed with Safmarine before coming ashore in 1984. He spent a year working in Walvis Bay before embarking on studying computer programming. Later worked for Nedlloyd Lines for 10 years. Moved to Durban for three years before returning to Cape Town as a marine surveyor. 2002 Garth moved to Langebaan and continues as a P&I surveyor. Between Langebaan, Saldanha, Veldrift and Port Owen we have another fledging Obie branch. How about it guys?

G.P. KÄSNER 1979 #2646. Glenn also joined Safmarine and later the S.A. Navy Hydrographic Survey Department. Later he joined Vadek Paints and obtained a diploma in Business Management. Joined Sealink, there started Cape Town's first bunker barge operation. Transferred to Pentow Marine, now Smit Marine.

G.H. SCHOEMAN 1975 #2504. Gordon reports that he is still living in Durban but spends most of his time in Dubai, Kuwait and Iraq. Pray tell us what you are up to there as it cannot be for the shopping. He also mentions that he would like to communicate with old friends. Therefore, Gordon, communicate via this publication. Cheers.

W.B. PHIPPS 1958/59 #2120. Brian is another one who has recently retired from the National Port Authority in Port Elizabeth. He did not mention happily or not.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

News came from Robin Gratjios, 1956/57 that a collector had obtained a sextant in the USA that was a prize presented to Harry Vallentine Williamson 1923/24 #116 by Sir Charles Smith. The brass inscription on the box is, understandably, very worn and difficult to read, but it confirms that it was Bothie prize awarded to Harry.

We have no detail of Harry on our database and would be very appreciative if anybody can supply some details.

SOS

Sam Beeslaar 1981. We only had an email address for Sam, which has failed therefore, his recent whereabouts remains unknown.

Gordon Stockley 1949/50, recently of Durban North, mail returned and phone number not in service. I have heard that he may be on Leisure Isle, Knysna. Can somebody check please?

Willem Rossouw 1978, recently of Glen Anil, Durban, gone AWOL.

Colin Bell 1966, recently known to be the owner of Triplex Plywoods in Cape Town, gone AWOL.

Everyone out there, FIND THEM!

THE LEGEND LIVES ON.

Mike, 1953/54, and Paddy Briant are still sailing the seven seas on their Junk, 'Chilin', and send us frequent, fascinating narratives of their adventures. One recent communication reveals that Mike has a piece of our Ship aboard his vessel. He writes;

"In 1960 I left Hong Kong in my first Chinese junk, 'Ying Hong'. Together with me was Bothie Boy Colin Ogg, 1951/52. After various adventures, we arrived in Kuching, which is 20 miles or so up river from the coast. We were there for two or three months awaiting parts for our engine. During this time, we became friendly with the Browns. Buster Brown was the education officer for the region and had been a commander in the Royal Navy during WWII. A great personality. Buster had found himself in hospital in Simon's Town recovering from injuries received, as I recall, at the battle of the River Plate. There he met his wife Joan who was a nurse at the naval hospital. During his convalescence, the navy's idea of light duty was to put him in charge of the guard ship, HMS Thames [our Training Ship], full of defaulters. He reckoned he was the only lieutenant in command of a cruiser. Whilst enjoying his command he took a piece of best Burma teak from the racks in one of the magazines and had two ashtrays made. The type used by pipe smokers with a nub in the middle. When Buster discovered that Colin and I were both Botha Boys, albeit from the Gordon's Bay era, he dug out these two identical ashtrays and presented one to each of us. Mine came with me from 'Ying Hong' and now has pride of place in 'Chilin's deckhouse. That old Ship certainly got around."

JOHN NETTLETON PLACE

I was interested to note that Colin Ogg's [1951/52] street address is 1 John Nettleton Place, Kloof, Kwa-Zulu Natal. John Dering Nettleton, 1931/32 #573, was a bomber pilot, with the rank of Squadron Leader, in the Royal Air Force during WWII. He led the famous raid on Augsburg in April 1942 and of his formation of six bombers, five were shot down, his bullet riddled plane being the only one of the formation to get back to their base. He was awarded the Victoria Cross for gallantry in action, and a year later on the 13th July 1943, John was reported missing after a raid over Germany. Colin writes;

"The village of Kloof (about 20 km out of Durban) started to develop into a proper suburb during the early 50's at that time these small places were run entirely by a few honorary Councilmen and a Mayor together with a couple of hardworking Officials. As might be expected most of them had been involved in the 2nd World War and when they sat down to name the streets of the developing village they decided to use well known names from the War.

Consequently, we have Dan Pienaar Road, Alexander Place etc. They also threw in a bit of Royalty with Windsor and Buckingham Road etc. It

was only thereafter that they decided to go for the V.C. heroes since they are definitely not as well known, as they should be. Consequently, Quentin Smythe Road, Edwin Swales Road, John Chard Place (They obviously moved back into History) surrounds John Nettleton Place. I have spoken to the old Gent who was Town Clerk at the time and regrettably he confesses that he simply looked up a list of V.C. winners and chose a few." Interesting.

SLOP CHEST

These slop chest items all proudly display our association insignia. Place your orders without delay with:

Kathy Nicholas Phone: 021-7885957 fax: 021-4213194 Email: cptchairman@generalbotha.co.za
 Note: Some items in the slop chest are available from the Durban Branch as well. **PRICE PLUS PACKAGING AND POSTAGE!**

BADGE	R100
FLAG	R100
TIE [STRIPED]	R60
PLAQUE	R100
PEAK CAP [BASEBALL TYPE]	R60
'n NAAM WAT SEEVAARDERS EER Geskiedenis van die opleiding skip.	DONASIE
A NAME AMONG SEAFARING MEN History of the training ship.	DONASIE
FIRST DAY COVER 60th anniversary of our Old Boys' Association	DONASIE

GB BELT BUCKLES

Although we have to date only 25 applications for a Buckle, it appears as if there are in fact many other OB's out there who will be wanting one. To permit the Buckle being manufactured, expensive Artwork, and the production of a new mould is necessary. These are expensive items (R3500). To recover costs, it is estimated that the buckle will have to be sold for R100 each. It is imperative that we know how many to produce. Please note that the price does not include the belt. Although the thought at the moment is that each OB will need to provide his own belt, we may be able to assist in this regard as well. It would be greatly appreciated if you would please contact Keith Meyer at telephone me on 021 7825425 or Email keith.meyer@eject.co.za.

DURBAN BRANCH NEWS JULY 2004

(Ernest Nellmapius)

Reg Bevit celebrated his 80th birthday on 14 June at Midmar dam. A few old boys from Durban attended and in all there were about 15 people there to celebrate with Reg. A trip on the launch was planned but unfortunately it sank the day before so alternative plans were made. The sinking had nothing to do with GB Old Boys! Reg was thrilled to receive a cap from the committee and all enjoyed the very pleasant braai and outing. (See KZN Midlands news below- Scribe)

Durban and Pietermaritzburg Obies organised a bring and braai at Hammersdale on Monday 12th July. About 15 people attended and enjoyed the wonderful facilities at a private pub on a company premises. The pub has a nautical theme and the owner was very pleased to receive a plaque and cap to add to the collection. Visitors at the July monthly luncheon included Jimmy Mathews 52/53 from Canada attended and Doug Wrathmall from UK. Doug is stationed in the UK where he serves on the ferry to the Isle of White. Doug conveyed greetings from his branch in the UK which is growing steadily. Bill Bottom also attended as a visitor.

A number of Obies attended the sea Sunday church service on 11 July at N Shed. Approximately 140 seafarers and their partners attended the service.

The monthly Naval Officers Wardroom function was attended by a few Obies and a marvelous curry and fellowship was enjoyed. Obies are invited to the next function on 3rd August at the Sergeants Mess at DLI at 17h00.

Eddy Neilson (President, Society of Master Mariners SA) wrote to the committee re a "South African Annual Maritime Function" to be held at ICC on 9th November. The committee agreed that the dinner/ dance idea would be scrapped and we would support the idea of a mega annual maritime function and look forward to the first one later this year.

SCRAN BAG

Dave Freeman attended the recent Navy Officers Widows luncheon at Durban Country Club and he sat next to Virginia, widow of Group Captain Rupert Taylor 26/28? Joyce, widow of Commodore A.S (Sam) Davis also attended the lunch.

George Foulis is currently visiting his daughter in Holland and if time allows he will also visit the UK.

Allen Pembroke recently visited Cape to attend a Navy meeting and he will soon be off to Veragio in Italy to officiate as deputy referee for the world life saving competition. Allen and Saskia will also visit the UK and plan to go to Scotland and then down south to see Dough (the Tug) Wrathmall who will take them on the ferry to the Isle of White and show them about the island. From there they will go to London to visit family.

KZN Midlands News

- I have received an email from Phil Edwards reporting on the regular outing of Obies in the KZN Midlands. She explains, "I and my husband Jim are friends of George Thom and we attend each meeting. We are the only people with email, which is very convenient." I thank her for contributing to the newsletter, and as she is not on the mailing list, but clearly takes an interest, I hope that one of the Obies in the party does pass this on to her (Scribe).

We met on 14/06/2004 at Henley Midmar Yacht Club.

Present:

George Thom 46/47;

George Fowlis 49/50;

Reg Beavitt 39/40;

Colin Ogg 51/52;
Keith Meiklejohn 54/55;
Derick McManus 56/57;
Dave Freeman 58/59;
Ian Munro (Conway);

Plus wives and friends. Apologies from Peter Partridge 52/53.

The plan was to sail on the lifeboat (arranged by Reg Beavitt) around the dam with a bottle or two to celebrate his 80th. Birthday (actually 16th June.) and to have lunch afterwards - supplied mainly by Pam and helpers. The boat trip had to be postponed as the lifeboat had been vandalised. The Parks board is having it repaired and we will no doubt enjoy that at a later date. Nevertheless we all enjoyed a good party on the verandah of the yacht club.

Our next meeting will be 12th July at Hammersdale and please if anyone would like to join us - ring George Thom (033- 347 1463) or Reg Beavitt (033- 330 3022) for details.

GBOPA - UNITED KINGDOM BRANCH

(Ted Fisher)

Greetings on beautiful summer's day from Storrington, Sussex!! With regret, there is very little upon which to report over the past couple of months.

We attended the May monthly Conway Lunch at The Rising Sun Warsash, also the June lunch which was on the 'D' Day Anniversary with appropriate service on the quay outside. At the May lunch, apart from the usual attendees, I was pleased to meet up with Richard Shaw (54/55) with his wife Gloria from Australia - we then managed a tour of the old School of Navigation!

At the June lunch apart from Richard and Gloria, it was great to meet Ricky Flint, this time in the UK, over from Seavale East London on a visit - Rick and I were cadets together in the Kenilworth Castle way back in 1956!

We were delighted to entertain a few local Obies to lunch here on a very hot day in June (a 'braai' was discounted) before the Shaws returned home.

There appears to have been a distinct lack of interest in a summer function but perhaps something could be arranged in the autumn - suggestions please?

On a personal note Caroline suffered a sudden pulmonary embolism 10 days ago resulting in an emergency admission to Hospital. The good news is that happily she is now home, on the mend and slowly resuming normal activities - a great relief all round.

Anyone in transit please contact Ted Fisher 01903 744400 or e-mail tedefisher@aol.com.

AUSTRALIA BRANCH NEWS

(Peter O'Hare) 25th July 2004.

Greetings from Australia,

Our Annual General Meeting and Commissioning Day Dinner was held in Sydney on 20th March 2004 with good attendance including Fred Petters who was visiting from Durban. Fred's family was also in attendance and we enjoyed their company. As we were without an official Guest Speaker all attending were put on the spot to tell a tale or two and we had a most enjoyable and interesting evening. Grenville Stevens (60/61) was elected Chairman with Stan Damp (47/48) remaining as Vice Chairman and Peter O'Hare (64) remaining as Hon. Secretary/Treasurer. We look forward to Grenville's new ideas for the future. We have a number of new

members from the later years and we hope they will join us soon. Our next get together will be in Sydney on Thursday evening 25th November for our pre Christmas Braai. Anyone visiting from overseas would be most welcome. We also understand that the group living north and south of Brisbane have been active with Brian Hoatson organizing. Our Hon. Member Allan Du Toit has been in the news again firstly being awarded the AM of the Order Of Australia for his command of the Joint Interception Force in the Gulf and then being promoted to Commodore. He is at Defence HQ in Canberra working for the Chief of the Navy. Our ex Chairman Charles Parsons celebrated his 80th birthday recently and Stan Damp and Peter O'Hare had lunch with him to celebrate. Peter O'Hare, Hon. Secretary/Treasurer, Email peteroh@bigpond.com Tel 02 96804719 Mobile 0417028809.

NOTICE TO MARINERS

For those Aussie O.B.'s-especially in Sydney environs-hankering for the best boerewors outside Bloemfontein plot your course for Gregory's Sydney co-ordinates 431-C8 and come aboard for a yarn and stock up the freezer with wors and condiments. If your navigating skills are a bit rusty we are berthed at 116 Railway Parade, Mortdale N.S.W. 2223 telephone 02-95792411 email brightongallery@optusnet.com.au. Happy sailing and a good landfall! Richard Pollecutt, ex African Coasters/ Unicorn Shipping Lines.

GAUTENG BRANCH NEWS

(Ivor Little)

GAUTENG SPRING FUNCTION - The annual Gauteng Branch Spring Function will take place on Sunday, 19 September 2004, at the Randfontein Golf and Country Club in Randfontein. Those who attended the last function held there will remember this as an up market and extremely comfortable venue, where we had a wonderful time as the guests of Frank Pascoe and Alistair Douglas. This year we are all going to pay for ourselves, just to show that we are not a bunch of scroungers and to let the two aforementioned gentlemen off the hook.

The Club will be providing a four-course sit down lunch in the same private dining room with its wonderful view, for only R60 per person. We all know from experience that the grub at this venue is top class, so you cannot get a better Sunday lunch anywhere for that price. We will all meet for a chin wag and spot before lunch (cash bar - club prices) at 12h00 before sitting down together at 12h30.

The latest Bothie video of Gordon's Bay in 1954 will be shown. This was made by Barry Cullen and was reworked in the USA earlier this year with sound added. It is guaranteed to make your chest swell with pride, no matter which year you were there!

Members of the Gauteng Branch will receive their individual notices a bit closer to the time of the function, detailing the arrangements for the lunch, directions to get to the venue and how to book. See you there!
Yours Fraternally, Ivor Little.

WEB SITE

(Bill Scott)

OB's can follow the progress of the salvage and repair of the "Cape Africa." There is a link to the site that has been set up for this purpose on our LINKS page.

We were fortunate in being sent the photographs from the album of Robert Ross Walker, 1934-35, # 781 now living in Australia, by Patricia Frykberg. Go to GALLERY > MEMORABILIA > CADET WALKER.

Thanks to the excellent memory of Captain Ian Manning (1955/56) we have been able to add the names of all hands in the 1955 group photograph. (Accessible from Muster List > Cadets > Intake year > 1955 > Group Photo.)

Ian has also given us the names of most of the cadets appearing in the Panorama photographs. Go To History > Gordon's Bay > Panorama. We are most grateful to Ian for this input, and wonder if anyone else can do the same for their group photographs!

NEW - We now have our own **search engine** on site, supplied by Freefind.com - It is in the bottom right corner of the Home page as well as several of the other main pages. Just type what or who you are looking for in the box, and Freefind searches all 1637 pages of the site for your request, and presents a list of all pages where it appears, as clickable links to the relevant pages.

DONATIONS RECEIVED WITH THANKS.

(Hon. Treasurer Ted Jupp)

In the May 2004 Newsletter there were some omissions in the list of donors. These were made in error and Scribe apologises for this. For good order we repeat the complete list of donations received by the Association during the period 1st November 2003 to 31 March 2004.

Australia Branch D.C. Alderman R.W. Deane D.G. Jupp H.R. Milne I. Appleton G. K. Douglas G. B. Kewley P. O'Hare J. Barrett G. Fenn P. King B. Preiss D. Bell J.C. Ferris C. R. F. Kington	P. Clarke T. Cowley P. C. Prest J. Binos E. Fisher C. A. Kroon G. Stalling P. Bitzker R. Fulton R. Kros P. Staples A. Campbell W. Goldsmith J. R. Langridge P. Stowe M. Clark	O. Grapow W. D. Leppan B. Swart L. Cole B. Greenwood D. Le Roux D. Tooms J. Cooke I. Harvey D. S. Lovell J. Tully M.Coppinger(Mrs) E. Hodes (Mrs) C. R. McLeod A. R. Turner M. de Kock	E.W. Jupp M.P.Neill A. Williams M. Hoffman J. Matthew D. C. van Onselen W. J. Damerell R. Hogg J. McLoughlin A. Viljoen C. M. Davies H. James R. Meaker G. V. Winch S. Day J. Mellows R. Wrede.
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POPEYE the PILOT!

Roger Layzell: 1952/53; #1773

- Thanks to Roger for contributing the following two short stories (Scribe). The first story was told to me by a colleague of mine for many years as a pilot in Durban, Andy Stallard. Andy was the senior of four cadets on a ship berthed in the Hudson at New York, and was ordered to move ten heavy hatchboards from the poop to No.1 hatch. This being a 'three island' ship, Andy decided to bung the boards in the river with a heaving line attached and float/haul them to No.1 hatch where they would be lifted with a derrick.

All went well until an unmanned lighter was tied up alongside amidships on the outside, when it became necessary to have a cadet on the lighter to guide the hatchboards around the outside. The junior cadet, aptly thereafter named JC, volunteered for this job and got down onto a board from the lighter when the board got stuck, to free it. A cadet on the ship then accidentally let go of the heaving line and voila, JC was adrift, standing on a hatchboard which was a few inches under water. Andy threw him a lifebuoy which JC couldn't reach, and JC disappeared around a bend in the river with the ebb, apparently walking on water. He returned to the ship about an hour later, using a taxi. Andy was promoted to 4th Mate to share the watch with the Chief Mate so that, as the latter put it, "we can keep an eye on your ingenuity in future."

The second true story is from my experience as a pilot in Durban. It happened when I had to handle a large deep Jap ship from sea to Island View. Owing to unusually strong current at Durban's tricky entrance, I ended up rushing in much faster than was comfortable, and perilously close to being out of control. However, I was getting a handle on it with two tugs when the ship entered the I.V. turning basin, and I then felt able to give a double ring full astern.

The deck underfoot then started rocking in the so called "honeymoon rattle," and the Jap Captain's eyes were bulging as he pointed to the Navy barracks close ahead, wailing "Pirate! Pirate!" (Meaning Pilot, Pilot). I wanted to calm him so that he didn't order anchors dropped, as that would have caused serious problems re using the tugs. So I put my left hand on his right shoulder and, looking down into his eyes through my sunglasses said, as calmly as I could, "Don't worry Captain, everything under control."

At that very moment the right eyeglass fell out of my glasses. Not wanting to "lose face" I kept my eyes on the Captain's and by instinct cupped my right hand to receive the falling glass, and made a clean catch. Then I put the glass in my pocket and strolled towards the wheelhouse door where the Jap Third Mate, who'd been watching this performance, was beaming with delight. As I passed him he giggled "Coor man!" (Meaning, cool man). Berthing was completed without damage or further excitement.

50th REUNION - 1956/57

Malcolm Clark 1956/57 #1987 writes with the following request:

The purpose of my contacting you is to request the inclusion in your next newsletter for any information on four Obies from the 1956 entrance year who we are unable to locate. The reason for the request is we are currently organizing a 50th Reunion and unfortunately have no information on their whereabouts. The parties we are trying to find are: Lionel W. Attwell, worked for the Sunday Times and possibly staying in

London; Michael. S. Stokes, sailed on the Dahlia or Hangklip for SAR&H; Alan R. Goodwin, returned to Rhodesia/Zimbabwe; Nick P. Dunscombe, no information. Any leads would really be appreciated and can be e-mailed to me at: jumal@shaw.ca, or mail to: 6060 Regent Place, Duncan, B.C. V9L 5N1 Canada.

Should anyone prefer to phone we have local contacts in the following countries: South Africa, Derek McManus 27-31-767-3719; United Kingdom, Doug Wrathmall 44-02392-756-180; Australia, Robin Gratjios 61-03-6376-824; North America, Malcolm Clark 1-250-715-1405.

SOME MORE STORIES

(Paddy Martin 1963 #2229)

Andy Fotheringham 1976 #2525 writes from Australia about a visit he made to Paddy Martin in Airlie Beach earlier this year. Paddy is a pilot for Air Whitsunday, flying seaplanes between the mainland and various islands in the Whitsundays. They are also building a yacht, which they intend sailing away on when he retires next year. Paddy has written several short anecdotal stories that will be included in this newsletter over the next few issues. Here are two of them.

Fred Killmartin.

I was still a very junior cadet but had completed a year aboard the Seafarer and a voyage to the United States aboard the Pioneer, when I was assigned to the "Safdan Yvonne." The Safdan Yvonne was identical to the "Safdan Hellene" previously described in the story "An albatross flew into the fan!!" Needless to say these ships weren't noted for either their beauty, grace or speed. In fact they were awful.

It was a warm Saturday afternoon as I struggled up the side of the ship with my battered suitcase and other bits and pieces I would call my worldly possessions for the next few months. These ships were modified oil tankers carrying pig iron from Durban in South Africa to the steelworks of Tobata and Yawata in Japan. I was very excited as this would be my first trip to the Far East and of all corners of the earth I wished to visit the Far East was paramount. At the top of the gangway I noted that the duty officer was the second mate and so quite naturally I sought this august person in order to report aboard. After climbing several more companionways, she was a very large vessel for those days; I found the second officer's cabin, one deck below the bridge. The door was invitingly open but the door curtain was pulled across and swinging in the slight sea breeze that was coming through the open porthole. As the curtain moved quietly I noticed just around the corner from the door a pair of feet of what looked like someone slumbering on the day-bunk. I carefully checked that I was standing in front of the Second Officers cabin, and I was. What was I to do? The duty officer was the second officer and I was at his door and I had to report aboard to the duty officer!!

What I didn't know, was that it was the custom aboard that ship for the officers to have lunch at a little bar nearby called the Trust House, I know not why. It was also the custom never to eat on an empty stomach, so quite proper to have several pints first in order to get the gastric juices flowing beforehand. It was also the custom to repair aboard the ship and indulge in a deck head survey to settle the above said repast, during those warm afternoons. Since the ship was loading pig iron in ingots there was just about nothing for the deck officers to do, the cadets and stevedores could more than cope with the pouring in of pig iron from large steel buckets.

So there I was still standing with my right hand balled into a fist ready to

knock on the bulkhead, above the semi-comatose Fred. I knocked. Hells Bells!! There was an eruption on the other side of the curtain As Fred leapt from his day bunk: - "WHAT DO YOU WANT" he bellowed. "My name is Paddy Martin the new cadet" I replied as bravely as I could. "Well My name is Fred KILLmartin, now f... off." Oh what a happy ship this was going to be!!!

The Third Engineer croaks aboard the M.V. Swazi.

In 1973 I was serving as Chief Officer aboard the M.V. Swazi. This little ship was employed on the run from Cape Town, up the west coast of South Africa to Port Nolloth, and returning via Honderklip Bay and Saldannah Bay. Port Nolloth is a tinny harbour scraped out between the rocks just to the South of the Orange River. The main cargo for Port Nolloth was mining equipment and fuel for the alluvial diamond mines of Kleinsee and Oranjemund. From Honderklip Bay we used to collect frozen fish and crayfish for Cape Town.

Keeping officers aboard the ship on this run was an ever challenging task for the personnel department. Not only were the ports not very much to visit but the ship was small and the weather notoriously foul especially in winter when the westerly gales would pound that part of the African Continent. If the wind wasn't blowing hard then it would be the thickest fog you could imagine. One could hardly see the bow of the ship from the bridge and that wasn't very far aboard the Swazi.

We were in Cape Town loading the last bit of cargo for Port Nolloth. As was the custom we were at the usual berth allocated to us, No 2 jetty, and as usual we were short of an officer to go to sea. This time we needed a third engineer. Just before sailing an older man staggered aboard and announced that he had been employed as the new third engineer. Oh Lord we were scraping the bottom of the barrel here I thought. His kit consisted of a much battered cardboard suitcase, of the type then used by school children to carry their schoolbooks, held closed with an old necktie and a brown paper bag with a bottle of London Dry Gin!! After introducing himself to the long suffering Chief engineer he retired to his cabin. Cabin is a bit of an over statement. This compartment on a usual size ship would have been used as a storage locker! It consisted of a bunk with a locker at its foot a desk at its head and a chair, which had to be moved to open the door.

We completed the loading and after battening down in readiness for the usual bruising we were expecting on the voyage set sail. The next morning at 0345 found me in the officers' pantry making a cup of coffee to take on watch with me. It is normal for the chief officer to keep the four to eight watch both morning and evening. While thus engaged I was surprised to find the new third engineer also in the pantry making himself a sandwich. It is usual for the third engineer to keep the twelve to four watch and therefore should have been on watch in the engine room. He now seemed to be sober but didn't look at all well. I wasn't particularly surprised considering his state the day before. I went up on watch and did the usual things. At 0800 the watch completed, the Bo's'un having his and the deck crews orders for the day, I went down for my breakfast. I was enjoying this meal when our steward came into the saloon, all in a tither. I must explain, the steward was a very big man but he preferred boys to girls and minced about the ship as though he was a ballerina and spoke in a high-pitched voice. "Mr. Mate, there's something wrong with the third" he squealed. I said that I knew this and to leave him alone to sleep it off!! I then went to my cabin, which wasn't much better than the third engineers to do the paper work that always needs doing.

Again the steward came to me with the same tale. This time I decided to

follow it up and went to see what was bothering him. The door to the third engineer's cabin was closed, so I tried to open it but found that it would only open a little way. Peering through the gap I could just see the heel of a bare foot. There was certainly something very wrong with the man. With the help of the steward who was as strong as an ox we forced the door open enough for me to squeeze through the gap. What confronted me wasn't very pleasant, for the poor chap had fallen over the chair and his head was now at a funny angle beneath the desk. He was clad in striped cotton pajamas, the jacket of which had slipped down over his shoulders and his bottom was his highest point, held up by the upturned chair. I tried to move him into a better position, but my hand was repulsed by the cold clammy, feeling of his now rapidly cooling body. I went up to the bridge to tell the Captain who was now on watch. He wasn't very impressed with my news. After some deliberation we decided that the best thing would be to call in at Sandy Bay a small fishing port, just big enough for the Swazi to fit into. Naturally he informed head office and the police, who would be there to meet the ship when we docked. Early that afternoon found us inching into the space that had been cleared for our ship. The Swazi was a giant ocean liner compared with the fishing boats that usually called Sandy Bay home. The police force was there to meet us in the form of a large Sergeant and small backie (small pick up truck), painted yellow. Now the fun and games started in earnest. You must realise that some hours had passed since the passing of our late third engineer. I called for the Bo's'un to get a few hands together to help off load the corpse. Now the Cape Coloureds are very good seamen but like most seamen are very, and I mean very superstitious. Nothing could persuade them from hiding on the after deck. They didn't even wish to see the corpse let alone handle it!! The steward had not been seen since my grizzly find that morning. Nothing for it, but for the officers to move the body. This was going to be more difficult than you can imagine. By now the poor fellow was as stiff as a board and in a most curious shape. He also looked awful; the upper parts were white while his parts that were hanging down had become dark mauve and blue. Death hadn't improved his looks at all. With much struggling we maneuvered him out of the cabin and along the passage to a circular staircase that lead up to the main deck lobby (another aggrandisement). This was going to be a challenge. How on earth could we manage to get this shape up the stairs? It took all the officers with the policeman looking on to wind the chap around the curve of the stairs. As it turned out his final shape helped to get him up the stairs. After that it was easy to carry him down the gangplank and place him in the back of the backie, where an old sack had thoughtfully been brought to cover the remains of the shortest serving officer aboard the M.V. Swazi.

J.G. TUYTENS 1954/55 #1915, (featured in Scranbag above) adds the following to his letter:

PS: In 1951 my mother, brother and I emigrated to South Africa. We sailed from Amsterdam with the S.S Zuiderkruis. Here is how Monsarrat describes the feeling when the ship sailed into Cape Town Harbour. ... Thus we sailed onwards, for a total of seventeen days, days which slipped by like the quicksilver moon itself...Finally, after a season of such dreaming indolence as I had never hoped to live again, we rounded smoothly into Table Bay, and the tavern-of-the-sea which was Cape Town Harbour; and there, at sunrise, with the wakening town dwarfed by the massive gray backcloth of Table Mountain, and noble smoky blue hills beyond, and a sparkling green sea behind us, to prove that we had voyaged 6.000 miles instead of turning a single picture book, there we

came to rest... as the mooring hawsers snaked ashore and were secured: the warmth, sunshine, the bright colours, the excitement, and a view of what Mr. Coetzee had called the most beautiful country in the world.

From "Life is a Four Letter Word" by Nicholas Monsarrat.

The Sting in the Tail - "Atheist in Trouble"

What majestic trees! What powerful rivers! What beautiful animals!" he said to himself. As he was walking alongside the river he heard a rustling in the bushes behind him. He turned to look. He saw a 7-foot grizzly charge toward him. He ran as fast as he could up the path. He looked over his shoulder, and saw that the bear was closing. He ran even faster, so scared that tears were coming to his eyes. He looked over his shoulder again, and the bear was even closer. His heart was pumping frantically and he tried to run even faster. He tripped and fell to the ground. He rolled over to pick himself up but saw the bear, right on top of him: reaching for him with his left paw and raising his right paw to strike him. At that instant the atheist cried out "Oh my God!" Time stopped. The bear froze. The forest was silent. Even the river stopped moving. As a bright light shone upon the man, a voice came out of the sky: "You deny my existence for all of these years; teach others I don't exist; and, even credit creation to a cosmic accident. Do you expect me to help you out of this predicament? Am I to count you as a believer?" The atheist looked directly into the light: "It would be hypocritical of me to suddenly ask you to treat me as a Christian now, but perhaps you could make the bear a Christian?" "Very well," the voice said. The light went out. The river ran again. And the sounds of the forest resumed. And then the bear dropped its right paw, brought both paws together, bowed its head and spoke: "Lord, for this food which I am about to receive, I am truly thankful."

Next Newsletter in November and the deadline for contribution is 30 November. Thanks to those who have contributed, and apologies to those not included, but be assured, they are in the line-up for future editions

- *Scribe* dhenwood@iafrica.com.

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