

Editor's Note

The New Year begins with a new profile, I'm sure when you see the angelic Vindi boy's photo you will not recognize him. By reading his story we hope you will be encouraged to put pen to paper so that we can read of your adventures. We are still in need of your help with contributions to put in the newsletter, just write it out and send it to us. If you are interested in the NZ Reunion Registration details see me.

Mick & Jill Surfild

Skipper's Log

A Happy New Year to all our South Australian Vindi Boys, their partners and families.



Our first meeting of the year was held at the Iles residence on Sunday the 20th of January, followed by a BBQ. This was a very successful day and we had a good turn out of members. Thank you, to those of you who donated plates of scrumptious food. Margaret McTigues apple pies were to die for. It has been decided to make future January meetings on the Sunday before the Australia Day Long Weekend and at the same venue with BBQ to follow the meeting.

A cheque was sent to the UK today for subscriptions. We now have 39 paid up members in South Australia.

A social calendar is being worked on and will be presented at the next meeting on Sunday the 30th of March at Port Adelaide.

A reminder that raffle prizes are always needed, it is our main source of income, so don't leave it to the regulars who always come along with something, dig deep in your cupboards and any unwanted NEW items you feel would be appropriate, please bring them along.

At the last meeting the Christmas Picnic in the park was discussed and it was unanimously agreed that in future this event will not be catered for but for those members who attend, bringing along their own refreshments, there will be a \$5 donation from the Social Club.

We look forward to a good year together; **see you on the 30th March.**

Tony Iles

From the Almoner's desk

It is pleasing to report our Vindi mate Vern Evans is a little better; our thoughts are with Vern and Eunice as they meet each daily challenge and as I said before, you can't keep a good Vindi boy down for long.

I must mention my Vindi boy too. Keith is nursing three fractured ribs after sustaining a fall on a wet surfaced concrete floor. It's a pretty painful business but he is still smiling despite being told he should have taken more water with it...!

Haven't had any more news in from anyone else on the sick list so will end with this thought provoking rhyme



I remember the cheese of my childhood
And the bread that we cut with a knife.
When children helped out with the housework
And the men went to work, not the wife.
The cheese never needed an ice-chest
The bread was so crusty and hot.
The children were seldom unhappy
And the wife was content with her lot.
I remember the milk from the billy
With yummy rich cream on the top.

Our dinners came hot from the oven
And not from a fridge in some shop.
The kids were a lot more contented
They didn't need money for kicks.
But a game with their mates in the paddock
And sometimes the Saturday 'flicks.'
I remember the shop on the corner
Where a penn'orth of lollies was sold.
Do you think I'm a bit too nostalgic
Or is it I'm just getting old...?

Cheers and best wishes
Anne Withey

AND THE CREW WENT TOO - THE £10 ASSISTED PASSAGE. By GEOFF LUNN

Mike Day has sent us the following information on the above titled book that he thought may be of interest to some of you as it contains the following.

30 of Mike Day's photos.

56 ships photos.

143 ships names mentioned with the history of most of them.

'What happened to 51 ships that were re-named after their sale or repair).

The book is due to be released on 20th March 2008. Angus & Robertson will take tentative orders prior to this but at the moment the sale price is not known.



The rare bare bottom Vindi Newsletter reader spotted in WA

Eddie Burgess crossed the Nullarbor just to be at the Vindi reunion in Fremantle. On the way in the largest room in the world he found time to read the Vindi newsletter, 'Toogood' to miss. Hope you get it Brian Toogood.

After retiring, I went to the Social Security office to apply for Social Security. The woman behind the counter asked me for my driver's license to verify my age. I looked in my pockets and realized I had left my wallet at home. I told the woman that I was very sorry, but I would have to go home and come back later.

The woman said "Unbutton your shirt."

So I opened my shirt revealing my curly silver hair. She said "That silver hair on your chest is proof enough for me" and she processed my Social Security application.

When I got home, I excitedly told my wife about my experience at the Social Security office. She said, "You should have dropped your pants... you might have gotten disability, too."

The Worst Maritime Disaster of all Time?

Launched on the 5th May 1937, the 25,484 ton German cruise ship *Wilhelm Gustloff* was built by Blohm & Voss in Hamburg, to carry 1463 passengers and 417 crew. Adolph Hitler attended the launching because the ship was named after his good friend Wilhelm Gustloff, the German leader of the Swiss Nazi party which he, Gustloff, had established in 1932, and who had been assassinated in 1936 by Jewish student David Frankfurter. On its second “shakedown” cruise, the *Gustloff* rescued 19 British seamen from the sinking coaster *Pegaway* near the Dutch island of Terschelling. At 12.30pm on January 30th 1945 the *Gustloff* sailed from Gotenhafen (Gdynia) for Kiel and Flensburg in Western Germany with more than 10,000 passengers aboard, though the true figure will never be known. Most were refugee women and children, but also Nazis, 1200 wounded German soldiers, a large number of submariners and their families (the *Gustloff* had been a floating barracks for trainee submariners for four years) all escaping the collapsing German Eastern Front and the advancing Red Army. The scenes on the dock had been horrific with people fighting to get on the ship. In the early stages of the evacuation the order had been given that women and children were to have priority but this was soon ignored. A soldier reported that the most pathetic sight was that of children who had lost their parents, “even their tears froze” he said. Indeed small children became pawns in an appalling survival game being played out in Gotenhafen. People were so desperate to get on board that mothers who were already on board were persuaded to throw down their babies to relatives on the dock who used them as boarding vouchers to get on board. Sometimes the babies fell into the water between the ship and the dock, but were more often trampled as complete strangers rushed to grab these “passports to freedom”. As the *Gustloff* sailed people were still clambering aboard from small boats using nets strung over the sides of the ship. Some historians claim that there were more than 60,000 people waiting to board the ship. Icebreakers created a passage for the *Gustloff*’s entry into the Baltic Sea accompanied by a large and a small torpedo boat, they turned north to avoid British planes in the area, and to stay in a mine-swept channel, even though it was not wide enough to permit a zigzag course. Normally the *Gustloff* would have been able to outrun any submarines, but she had been poorly maintained and now with a maximum speed of only 12 knots, she was very vulnerable. Although some submarine activity has been reported in the Baltic, *Gustloff*’s Captain, Friedrich Petersen, did not consider it to be significant. A short time later the smaller torpedo boat reported a leak and returned to port. Shortly before midnight Captain Petersen, fearing a collision, ordered full lighting arguing with his officers that the standard blue lights would not give sufficient warning to other ships, and so the *Gustloff* was lit up like a cruise ship en-route to Majorca.

At 20.35 Captain Alexander Marinesco in command of the 780 ton Russian submarine S13 raised his periscope for a final look before surfacing for the night and seeing nothing, gave the order to surface. A short while later he heard the call “Captain to the bridge” as his duty officer noticed a slight glow on the horizon. The duty officer was ordered below to plot an attack while the Captain ordered all men to battle stations, right full rudder, steer 230, both engines full ahead. Two hours later, when Captain Marinesco had narrowed the range to 1000 metres, he ordered all torpedoes to be set to run at a depth of three metres; waited for the *Gustloff* to sail into the cross-hairs of his periscope and then gave the order that would be a death sentence for more than 9000 hapless victims, of which more than half were children... fire one for the motherland, three seconds later fire two for Stalin, then fire three for the Soviet people. The first torpedo struck the *Gustloff* in the port bow leaving a gaping hole, the second below the drained swimming pool, and the third scored a direct hit in the engine room sealing the fate of the *Gustloff*; power was lost, lights went out, and shipboard communication was lost. One fully-primed torpedo stuck in the submarine’s firing tube and only quick action by the crew disarmed it; otherwise history may never have known what hit the *Gustloff*. Captain Petersen knew that three explosions so close together meant a submarine, not mines, and rushed to the bridge. His chief officer had already put out an SOS and within minutes Naval Command in Gotenhafen had ordered all ships in the eastern Baltic to proceed with all haste to assist the *Gustloff*. Meanwhile all attempts to contact the *Gustloff*’s engine room failed and the ship was listing badly to port preventing the starboard lifeboats from being launched, and with little supervision on deck the lifeboats were becoming overloaded and falling into the freezing sea, while others were being launched with just a few people in them, and people were appearing on deck without their life jackets and fighting to get to the boats. By now the list was making it difficult to move around on deck and people were jumping overboard to get to the escort torpedo boat which had pulled alongside the *Gustloff* within fifteen minutes of the attack. Survivors were pulled aboard as quickly as possible but it was not long before the boats’ crews were as tired, stiff, and frozen as the survivors and every nook and cranny had been filled with survivors. The *Gustloff* had sunk beneath the freezing waters of the Baltic Sea seventy minutes after the first torpedo struck. In all 1230 survivors were rescued, the last being a small child found wrapped in a blanket in a lifeboat amongst frozen corpses, some seven hours after the sinking.

Today the site of the sinking is designated a permanent war memorial, but on Polish navigation charts it is simply designated as “Obstacle 73”

This article was condensed from an original article by Irwin J Kappes who kindly granted permission for the use of his article.

Vince Vincent

The Old Seafarer

Samuel Surfield was my great, great grandfather and came into the world on the 19th November in the year of our Lord 1833 at Abbotts Kerswell, in the county of Devon. He was the youngest of four children, all boys, born to Thomas and Mary Surfield.

His Mariners Register Ticket No 199772 is dated the 31st March 1852, capacity Ordinary Seaman.

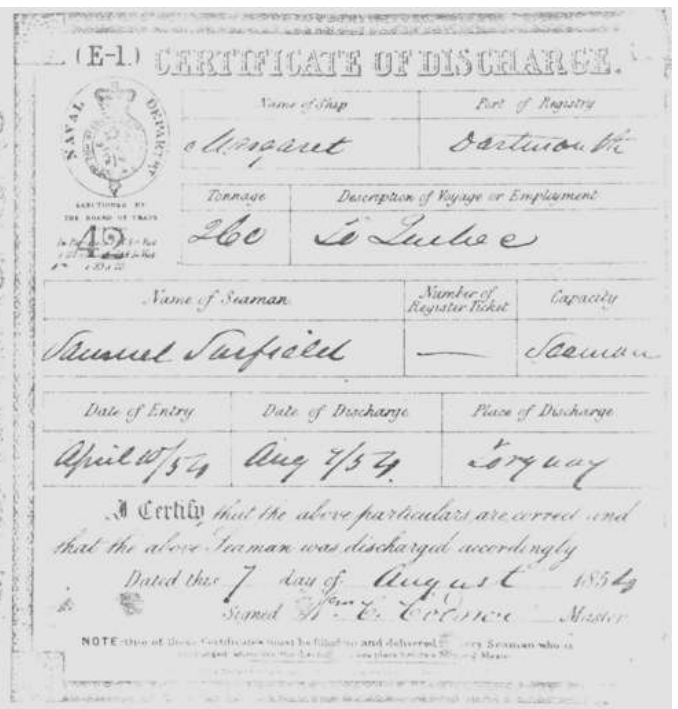
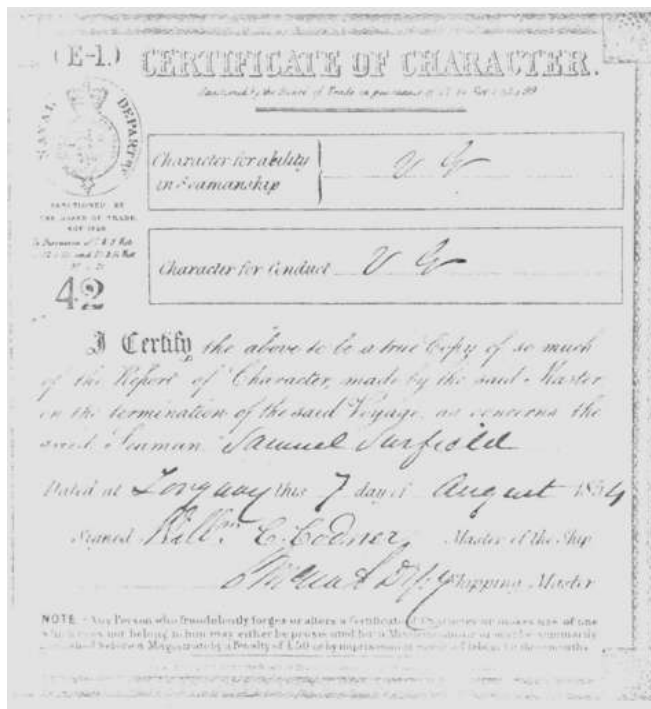
The first ship that we have record of him going to sea on was the *Margaret* 260 ton, Port of Registry Dartmouth.

The trip to Quebec and back to Torquay commenced on 28th March 1853 and returned 4th August of the same year, a period of four months. On his return to Torquay he married Elizabeth Coleman of Abbotts Kerswell on 25th August 1853.

The *Sarah Flemming* 368 ton, Port of Registry Dartmouth sailed on 10th September 1853 and returned to the port of Newport on the 5th November 1853, the voyage was not completed as it had to put back, reason not known.

His first child was a boy born on Christmas Day 1853 he was christened John Coleman Surfield who was to become my Great Grandfather.

On April 10th 1854 he once again signed on the *Margaret* for another trip to Quebec and was discharged on the 7th August of the same year.



Once again his destination was Quebec, this time on the *Emma Toller*? 268 ton, Port of Registry Dartmouth. The ship left Teignmouth on the 19th August 1854 and he was discharged on 19th December 1854 at Torquay.

The next record we have is for the *Only Son* 152 ton, Port of Registry Teignmouth which sailed on 11th December 1855 and he was discharged on 4th April 1856 in Dublin. Description on the Certificate of Discharge lists the voyage as Foreign, but seeing as it was a four month trip we presume it was to Quebec and back.

Mary Elizabeth his first daughter entered the world on 9th July 1856 at Abbots Kerswell.

Alice Jane was his second daughter and last child born on 4th November 1859 at Teignmouth.

We do not know if some records have been lost as the next details we have are for home trade voyages from July 1861 until 25th March 1863 in the capacity of Master of the *Henry* a ship of 112 ton, Port of Registry Teignmouth.

The last discharge papers we have are for 4th August 1865 until 11th December 1865 on *The Jack Tar* 88 ton, Port of Registry Teignmouth. Unknown Foreign destination.

The final chapter of his life was told in a letter to his wife from the owner of *The Elizabeth of Teignmouth* to inform her that the ship was last seen sailing through the Downs (Goodwin Sands) on 30th January 1868 and was considered lost with all hands.

Teignmouth March 29/68
I hereby certify that James Surfield
was Master of the *Elizabeth of Teignmouth*
156 tons Register who left this Port on the 2nd
of January 1868 bound to Leith in Scotland
She was seen on the 30th passing through
the Downs and has not since been heard
of I consider she is lost with all hands

Richard Brad
Owner



This handcrafted ship in a glass case has been in the family from the 1800's. It is not known if it was made by my Great Grandfather Surfield.

The Tale of an Ancient Mariner

Once upon a time when pigs drank wine there! It was well before the above when day 14th November 1922 in the highest Peak District halfway between Manchester room of a three storey Portland stone house 'Mountlands' a child was born. The father proprietor of a coal, coke and firewood coal-wagons with his firm's name on the had been his housekeeper until the demise



and monkeys chewed tobacco - whoa stop the following took place. On a cold foggy market town in England (Buxton in the and Sheffield) in the second floor front at the end of a row of five named was a respected citizen of the town and the business, who owned 52 railway side. The mother was his second wife who of his first wife.

The Life Story as told by the Child Himself

I grew up in what I remember as idyllic circumstances. My father, of whom I remember little, was the proprietor of a coal, coke and firewood company which mainly carried coal and occasionally limestone. Our house was alongside a railway goods terminus where sheep, cattle, pigs, farming machinery (and coal) were delivered to Buxton. Twice a year, fairground equipment would arrive in June and be delivered to the market place (a short distance past our house) by steam driven traction engine; and again in September, circus equipment and animals arrived for delivery to the town common about two miles away. It all had to pass the house and some wagons were even drawn by elephants.

The coal carts were weighed on a weighbridge outside our side gate before leaving the railway yard. They were drawn by shire horses which delivered the coal etc to surrounding purchasers, hotels and private houses. The cattle pens behind my father's coal yard office were our play ground. I had an elder brother Peter and a younger brother Tony. There was 18 months difference in our ages but we did everything together. When milking cattle were unloaded from rail trucks into the pens and left over weekends for collection, the farmers would borrow about 10 enamel 20 litre buckets from mother and milk the cows. Mother always got a couple of buckets of milk as payment. We had warm fresh milk on the first day, then cream and butter made in mother's wooden churn in the cellar (which was always cool, even in the hot summer time). The laundry was also done in the cellar where there was a bricked copper; water was heated by a coal fire. We had a mangle with wooden rollers and we would turn the wheel to help wring the clothes. There was a large rocking horse which got a lot of use by us. In summer time we walked about two miles out of town alongside a small river to fields where we ran up and down the grassy hillsides catching several varieties of butterflies for mounting.

My first school 5-8 years mixed was just across the road from our house and mother could see us all day long from the front windows and the attic. She could see into some of the classrooms so we had to behave all the time. Classes usually comprised of about 30 children. In 1929, one day in February during a very cold spell, one of the gas lamps in the school ceiling (no electricity) was left on and during the night caused a disastrous fire. We watched it from our upstairs front windows in the early hours and in the morning joined others outside to watch the firemen in their brass helmets finish extinguishing the flames. A year later on 31st March 1930, I left to go to the senior school a mile away, I was eight years old. The school was *Keats Bank Road* and my brother Peter had been there since 1928. My teacher in the first class (class VIII) standard 1 was Miss Longden. My report on 31st March 1931 states that I was absent 6 times, position in class 8th (in a class of 48), weakest subject writing and most promise in English and arithmetic. Nothing has changed.

In the summer of 1932 my mother was persuaded to send me and young Tony to a children's home as she couldn't afford to keep us at home owing to her not getting a widow's pension. My father had been self employed and had not contributed to a government pension (the coal business had collapsed during the Great Depression of 1925). In 1931 he fell over in our garden (which I saw) and died after an operation in Stockport Infirmary in July. My elder brother was earning a few pence selling newspapers and my mother was taking in visitors who came to Buxton in summertime and occasionally winter to 'take the waters', (the Romans had used Buxton Springs for rheumatic ailments in ancient times). Buxton is also a centre for hiking and grouse shooting on the surrounding moors. My father used to accompany King Edward VII and King George V on some of their shooting parties. He was working for Imperial Chemical Industries when they took over *Buxton Limes Firm* and was one of the top Freemasons in the district. Our house was full of the sort of things you see on TV shows about antiques and collectables (Grandfather clocks and large oil paintings in gilt frames) and mother would sell some at the local auctions when she didn't have paying visitors in the off season. We were sent to the Newcastle-on-Tyne branch of a Methodist run home and orphanage (one of around 40 branches all over England). It was originally the residence of the Lord Mayor of Newcastle who was a staunch Methodist. After his death in 1918 his daughter gave it to the National Children's Homes & Orphanages for one of its branches in 1930. It was for boys only aged six to sixteen years of age. When I went

there at the end of August 1932 there were 41 boys and six Sisters and the Matron. Our family religion had been C of E. I don't remember much of my father, he used to smoke cigars and pipes including the *Churchwarden*; a long stemmed clay pipe. We used to break the stems to use the bowl for blowing bubbles. He used to take us to the *Terraces* in the centre of town after church on Sundays to get us out of the way of mother cooking the full roast dinner for us and the paying visitors. We had three bedrooms on the top floor and three on the second floor where the bathroom and toilet were. My father used to wear a silver-grey suit of plus-fours and carried a silver topped walking cane. He would make us daisy chains using a pearl handled pair of folding scissors that he carried on his waistcoat chain. Sometimes he wore a shiny black top hat and a frock coat. I don't recall his voice at all.

The six years I spent in the home were very good. I joined the Wolf Cub pack there just after my arrival. It was the 86th Newcastle-on-Tyne (Lady Stephenson) group and we had a scout hut in the grounds of the mansion; annual summer camps were organized and there were invitations to other scout group parties at Christmas time etc. Each year during the Christmas period the local doctor (a Jewish man) paid for all the boys to go to at least two major cinemas in the city and to finish the season there would be a visit to a pantomime or play at *Jesmond Theatre* 10 miles away. Lady Stephenson occasionally visited and for Christmas each scout was given a scout diary and one shilling. She had been a great friend of Lord Baden-Powell and he used to visit her and her father in the early 1900s. The local school was only one minute from the home and the boys used to line up in columns of three and walk with the gardener to school each morning.

I won a scholarship to Rutherford College in 1933. It was one of two elite secondary schools and was one mile away in the city. I used to walk there in the mornings and home at evenings but was given a halfpenny piece for the tram to get home in time for dinner at 12 o'clock. Many times I walked as I could usually beat the tram so I saved the halfpennies and bought a cheap 2/6d box camera at the chemist on the main road just a few metres from the home. School hours were 8.45am to 12.15pm (that's why I was given the tram fare so I could get home in time for dinner between 12-1pm). All the other boys who passed exams for Technical and Secondary schools all went to their schools in the opposite direction to me and they had 9-12 noon so they could be home in time for dinner. If I was late (after 12.30pm) I missed out on my meal. My school started in the afternoons at 2.15pm until 4.30pm whilst the other schools were from 1-4pm. We all had jobs to do before breakfast and on Saturday mornings such as cleaning bedrooms, the dining room, the outside toilets and the corridors.

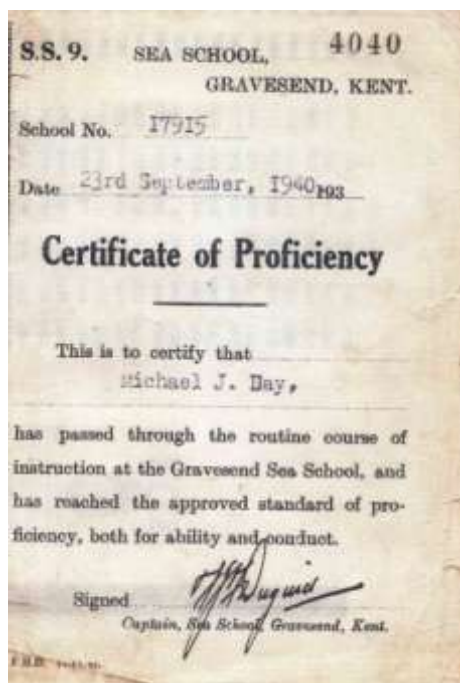


After my four years at Rutherford College my scholarship ran out and the home authorities couldn't or wouldn't pay for another term (I had won the scholarship six months before my twelfth birthday) and I had another term to complete as the School Leaving Certificate exams couldn't be sat until aged 16. As I was compelled to leave before that time I worked with the gardener in the kitchen garden and around the grounds. We grew all our own vegetables and apples and cultivated all the flowers and plants for the borders and garden beds.

Each year a London Harley Street doctor would visit all the branches of the homes in England and give a full medical to all the 4,000 children and each year he would ask us what we wanted to be when we left. I always said I wanted to go to sea but not the Royal Navy. The fourth year, 1936 he told the Matron that I would never be strong enough to go to sea and asked me what else I preferred. On the spur of the moment I said, "Customs & Excise" as being the nearest I could think of to ships. It was arranged that I go to the Home's head office in Highbury, London to learn shorthand and typing by day and to attend the London Polytechnic in the evening for Civil Service Customs & Waterguard courses. I went to London in early 1939 but didn't get to go to London Polytechnic. The war was imminent (we were issued with ID cards and gas masks even before I left Newcastle early 1939) and in September or October air-raids were forecast and all the boys and girls living in the hostels at Highbury Park head office spent time sandbagging the office and hostel buildings. There was a career's secretary on the staff of the Home's head office so I took my chance and went to see him one lunch break. He pulled out a folder with a Red Ensign on the cover and asked me if I was interested in Gravesend Sea School for a career in the Merchant Navy. I jumped at the chance and arrangements were made after I got my mothers OK.



Bombing in London started and I was a volunteer along with other scouts who manned the local casualty clearing station in a marquee in Finsbury Park (just down the road from head office). My job was to read the labels on the casualties brought in and to help bandage etc, arrange transport to hospitals or home care and to notify any family required. After a week the bombing was so bad that I was employed in the streets helping dig out and patch up victims and label them for clearing stations as I had my ambulance badge from the scouts. My younger brother had been evacuated from the Newcastle home to N.W England with the others to private homes and he arrived in June 1940 at Highbury en-route to lodgings and an apprenticeship at BTH Willesden.



I was with him for only a week before I left for Sharpness and *VINDICATRIX*. It was then still Gravesend Sea School and had only been in Sharpness just over nine months. I do not remember much about life there except sitting on deck with an older instructor sewing canvas covers for ventilator cowls and awnings. He taught me fancy knotting among other things. There was a call from a shipping agent to sail a barge of cargo to Ireland and so he took me as one of two hands and we sailed across to Belfast. I remember *dhobi* days when we laundered our clothes in long wooden troughs and hoisted them up on lines between two masts using two strands of the rope untwisted to poke corners of clothing into as we had no pegs. The lines were filled and then hoisted by all of us hauling on the halliards whilst running along the deck. We were issued on arrival with a blue cotton blouse and trousers and a woollen scarf which served as a hat. Bosuns Mates had red hats. One session I recall was sailboat manoeuvring but the instructor was too quick delivering his lecture for some of the lads to make notes so I did it in shorthand (my training at Head Office) and let them write it down in their spare time.

I left for Liverpool 28th September 1940 with another lad from Deck Dept. We stayed in the *Flying Angel Mission* for two nights and were heavily bombed all around the area (but with no great damage to the building); only six people in the building that night. Next day I signed on a Union Castle black boat, *Dundrum Castle*. It was an old 3,800ton steel (rusted) cargo only vessel. I was Deck Boy

and Sailors Peggy and the other lad was Bosun and Carpenters Peggy. The firemen and stokers were all West Indians and the cook was an African black man. The ship had been laid up before the war and was in bad shape (paint and rust etc). It had 'box' derricks instead of the usual tubular type and were hard to chip and paint. We sailed out to 'Tail of the Bank' and anchored overnight awaiting the Glasgow part of the convoy. Being anchored and in heavy swell I was very seasick which lasted for three days but never came back during my six years in the Merchant Navy.

For the first three years, I kept resigning after each six month voyage on the *Dundrum Castle* (as I was really getting to learn seamanship, which I would not have on passenger ships). The ship went to South, East and West Africa, Ceylon, India and Burma. I did a great amount of chipping, scraping, red leading, steam winch operating, cargo handling, steering and boat work. We had four timber lifeboats, one with an Austin car engine to drive the propeller. On one occasion we were due for North Africa with tanks and ammunition for the Middle East but were wrongly diverted when the Western Ocean convoy split up three days out of England. We were running out of coal so made it to Pernambuco (one of Union Castles regular coaling and cargo ports). From there we were directed to make our way to South Africa at our top speed of 8 knots. We were spotted off Walvis Bay on a dark night by the light from the galley briefly showing as we rolled in the swell and the canvas door screen swung open. The naval gunboat on patrol kept looking for us but never saw the light appear again. Next day we entered harbour for fresh water after getting a signal to fly from the shore authorities. We had no signal to enter Cape Town two days later so had to wait for the South African Navy to board us and give us clearance. We learnt that the German raider *Emden* had been operating in the South Atlantic in the area through which we had sailed in the weeks before.

We carried on from Cape Town to East Durban without signals or instructions. We held under the bridge superstructure and took for Port Said to finally deliver our cargo of campaign. On the way, one of the stokehold be dumped overboard broke his neck when again onto him. We lost a day putting into the into hospital and continued on our way only to four Captains. They had been torpedoed the neutral ship. They asked us if we had seen two India Line which had also sunk. We searched Durban and left straight away for Port Said. up the Red Sea when we caught fire in number afternoon watch and the scheduled time for the



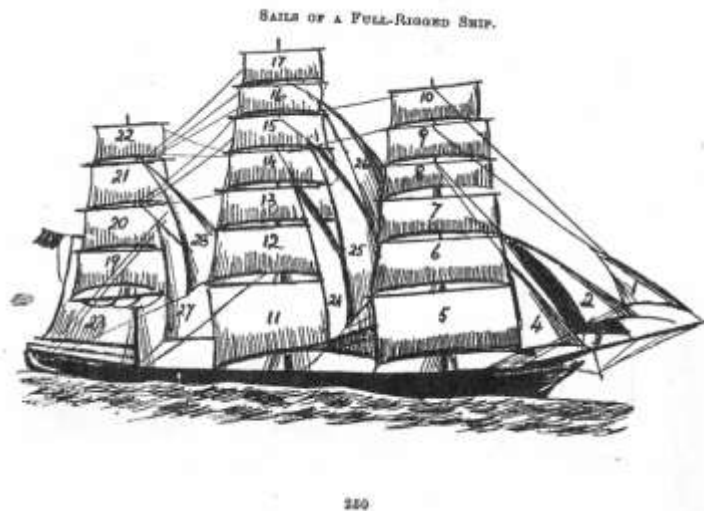
vent on my way up to my watch at the wheel and reported to the 1st Mate. The crew heard the fire bell but just sauntered out thinking it was a drill as usual. The 3rd Mate took over his watch on the bridge and all the rest of the crew except me at the wheel helped to try and extinguish the fire or launch the four lifeboats. After the first big explosion blew the hatch covers off there was a further explosion from the shells which lined the hold. The decks got so hot that tanks carried on board for the army started to sink because of the buckled plates. The radio operator was told to break silence and report; then abandon ship was called. The Chief Steward had fallen into the fire after the hatch covers blew off and was put in one boat and sent

off away from us to wait whilst the other three boats loaded the rest of the crew and their possessions and left. The Captain, Chief Engineer and myself were the last to leave. They went aft to lower one of the life rafts fixed to the rigging and I jumped for the empty boat falls and slid down into the water and was picked up by my boat.

The last thing I saw was my dhoby flying in the breeze under the 4" gun deck. I had washed everything I had worn since Durban and only had on a pair of tattered khaki shorts, scout belt, underpants and sandals. I had gone aft during the fire (after we lost way and had no steering) to collect my life jacket and wallet which was in a pocket I had sewn into the life jacket, then returned to the bridge and wheel and waited. We were about a mile away when she finally blew up and sank, bows first. During the early hours of the next day we were picked up by a British India ship taking Indian and British troops from Burma to Port Said, Egypt. We were given a razor and five blades to be used by all of us that required a shave (30 crew in all) and I received a pair of old white shorts from the Captain. Two days later we were put ashore in Port Tewfik and the whites among us ensconced in an Arab boarding house and given cloakroom tickets stamped with 'Red Sea British Club'. We had about half a mile walk through town and across a field to the club for breakfast and evening meals; one ticket per meal. A Union Castle liner came in to Port Said bound for Durban and England but was not allowed to take us. Eventually after three weeks we went aboard the *Ile de France* taking allied army air-force men back to the UK including a lot of Polish airmen. We arrived in England in July 1943 and were paid off in Glasgow. We were issued with coupons for clothing, food and sweets and a new ID card at shipping offices in Manchester after going home for eight days survivor's leave.

The next part of my story commences with my leave and meeting a special girl.

Mike Day



Sailing Ships

- CUTTER**.—Single-masted vessel, fore and aft rigged.
KETCH.—Same as a cutter, but having a mizzen mast stepped aft.
SCHOONER.—A vessel fore and aft rigged on all masts. Originally had two masts but may have any number and there has been a seven masted schooner. Sometimes called a fore and aft schooner to distinguish from topsail schooner.
SHIP (Full-rigged).—A vessel square rigged on all masts, of which she usually has three.
TOPSAIL SCHOONER.—Same as a schooner, but usually with two masts only and carries a square topsail on the foremast.
YAWL.—Same as a ketch, but with smaller mizzen mast which is set further aft.
SLOOP.—Same as cutter but with one head sail only.

Sails of a Full-rigged Ship (see drawing on page 249).

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|---------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Flying Jib. | 15. Upper Main Topgallant Sail. |
| 2. Outer Jib. | 16. Main Royal. |
| 3. Inner Jib. | 17. Main Sky-sail. |
| 4. Fore Topmast Stay-sail. | 18. Cross-Jack (braided up). |
| 5. Fore Sail or Fore Course. | 19. Lower Mizzen Top Sail. |
| 6. Lower Fore Top Sail. | 20. Upper Mizzen Top Sail. |
| 7. Upper Fore Top Sail. | 21. Mizzen Topgallant Sail. |
| 8. Lower Fore Topgallant Sail. | 22. Mizzen Royal. |
| 9. Upper Fore Topgallant Sail. | 23. Spanker or Driver. |
| 10. Fore Royal. | 24. Main Topmast Stay-sail. |
| 11. Main Sail or Main Course. | 25. Main Topgallant Stay-sail. |
| 12. Lower Main Top Sail. | 26. Main Royal Stay-sail. |
| 13. Upper Main Top Sail. | 27. Mizzen Topmast Stay-sail. |
| 14. Lower Main Topgallant Sail. | 28. Mizzen Topgallant Stay-sail. |

249

Stuttering:

A teacher is explaining biology to her 1st grade students.

"Human beings are the only animals that stutter", she says.

A little girl raises her hand. "I had a kitty-cat who stuttered", she volunteered.

The teacher, knowing how precious some of these stories could come, asked the girl to describe the incident.

"Well", she began, "I was in the back yard with my kitty, and the Rottweiler that lives next door got a running start and before we knew it, he jumped over the fence into our yard!

"That must've been scary", said the teacher.

"It sure was", said the little girl. "My kitty raised his back, went 'Fffff, Fffff,

Fffff'... And before he could say "Fuck", the Rottweiler ate him.