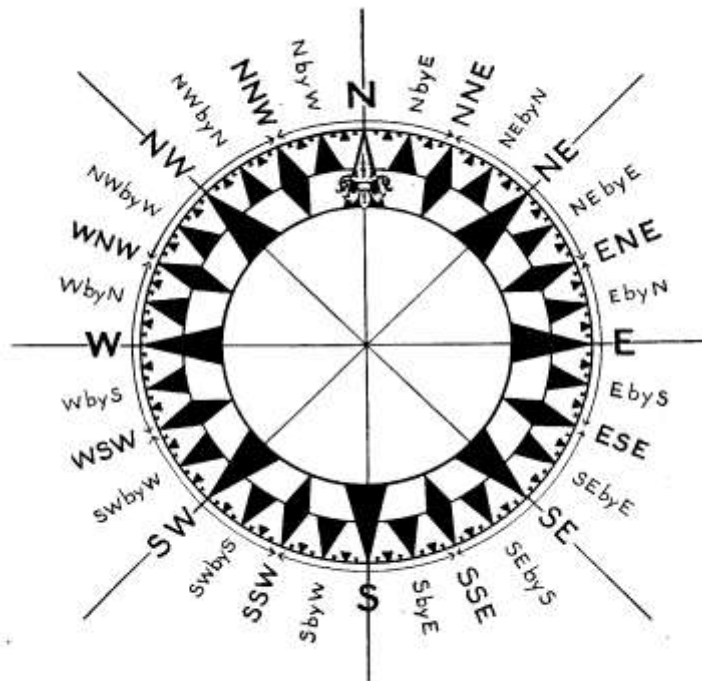




MAY 2009

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SUPPLY OFFICER:
ALMONER:
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Editor's Note

I recently received an email from Dan Nicholson, another 'inmate' at the Vindi with me back in 1959. He had seen the squad photo on the UK Vindi site and recognised me. Since then he has sent me a brief account of his life after Vindi. The profile I did for the first newsletter came in handy, I sent it to him so that he now knows what happened to me. It turns out that he visits his daughter in Sydney and has met up with Terry Hales of the NSW branch.

Have you got a squad photo that we can copy and send to the UK Vindi site? You may be as lucky as me and find that there is somebody out there who will remember you.

Next Meeting Sunday 26th July 2009

Mick & Jill Surfield

Skipper's Log

This year seems to be flying past again. We had a good meeting in March followed by a good lunch at the Newmarket Hotel, somewhat noisy with the loud music but our own Winston got up and gave us a few songs with the resident band which was great, well who can stop him!

Thank you to all of those who marched on Anzac Day. The old faithfuls were there and we had 14 who stayed for the usual lunch at the Cathedral Hotel. It is always good to catch up with people from the previous year at the hotel. Always a good atmosphere. The weather threatened to rain but held off until we had completed our part of the march. Thank you to all of you who made the effort to attend. The ladies were there to cheer us on as per usual, what would we do without them I say!

Please bear in mind the closing date for registration for the Queensland Down-Under Reunion in Caloundra is 30th August. I hope to see many of our S.A. Branch there. Contact details are with Robert Buxton of the Queensland Branch on rjajbux@people.net.au or rogmagwilson@optusnet.com.au

ALSO don't forget our Jill and Mick Surfield do a wonderful job with the Newsletter but they always need more input from everyone. Please tell them your story so we can all share. Come on you girls as well, there must be some secrets about your sailors you are itching to share!

Best regards to our wonderful group.

Tony.

From the Almoner's desk

I am so pleased to relate that Vern and Eunice Evans are able to seek warmer climes on a caravan holiday. Vern has received a good medical report from his specialist. We wish them both a wonderful holiday.

Vindi member Vic Marden has been battling illness and side effects from treatment and thankfully is on the road to recovery.

Eddie Nicholls has had a spell in hospital with heart problems. Our thoughts and good wishes are with Eddie and we know he always looks forward to our Vindi newsletter.

I enjoyed a telephone chat with Ken McTigue, he too faces daily health challenges and is unable to attend many Vindi meetings to meet up with fellow members.

With our very special group in mind, I penned a few poetic lines.

Cheers everyone.

Anne Withey

How fortunate we are we happy band
who care and share and shake the hand
Of a Vindi Boy.

In youthful prime they withstood the test
conquering the world bringing out the best
In a Vindi Boy.

Father Time marches on with measured pace
memories held near in pride of place
For a Vindi Boy.

In comradeship spirit the die is cast
proudly keeping faith with present and past
Our Vindi Boys.



After the 2009 March



AHOY THERE VINDI BOYS AND THEIR GALS!!

ANNUAL LUNCH SUNDAY 26TH JULY 2009 AT THE PORT DOCK HOTEL, PORT ADELAIDE

1. PM. AFTER THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING at the Seaman's mission

Each member and partner will receive a \$10.00 voucher towards the meal which will be given at the meeting. We have booked a table for 30 so please, be early with your decision to come or not!!!!

I must have numbers hopefully at the May meeting but at least by the 1st of July. (You can contact me on 85231 655).

The Port Dock Hotel also accepts vouchers from the Entertainment Book.

Anne



This is one of many model ships made by UK Vindi Boy Allen Pope. He bought the original plans of the *Highland Monarch* from Harland & Wolff in Belfast. It took him six months to reduce all the sizes down to 1/8" scale to get it right, must have taken a bit longer to build.

Protective Sport Gear

The first testicular guard was used in cricket in 1874 and the first helmet in 1974. It took 100 years for men to realise that

the brain is also important

Graham Hay himself recalls:

"Probably sometime in 1950, the Port Lyttleton carried a motor launch from New Zealand to Pitcairn Island. It was a gift from the people of New Zealand to the Pitcairn Islanders. On passage the launch was painted in Port Line colours and named "Little Port Lyttleton".

On arrival off Pitcairn the islanders came out to the ship and the launch was put into the water (probably by the ship's heavy lift derrick) but the Master would not spare the time for the ship's engineers to give sufficient instruction to the islanders on how to operate it. As a result the islanders had to tow it to Pitcairn using their rowing boats.

I never sailed on the Port Lyttleton but I know she was referred to in the fleet as "The Yacht". She was a fine looking ship with good lines. She was also one of, or perhaps the only, ship to carry her own sailing dinghy. It had its own davits just abaft the bridge. I believe on the opposite side there was a work boat, also in its own davits.

A Chief Officer I was briefly with in 1957 aboard the Port Chalmers - Tom Fairbairn - told me the best trim for the Port Lyttleton was 6 inches by the head. When she was under way the bow rose up and gave her a good appearance.

Port Lyttleton was the third of the class, the others being Port Macquarie and Port Lincoln.

The Port Macquarie was the earliest, being built during the war. She was unique in having her samson posts staggered. This was to try and baffle the U boats when they were trying to line up on her. I sailed on this ship as Second Mate in 1957 including the voyage when the immigrant ship Captain Hobson was towed 600 miles into Auckland.

I refer to being Second Mate instead of Second Officer. When I was a Junior Third Officer in the Port Chalmers with Captain Bill Eastoe (who incidentally had an extra Master's Certificate) he asked me what I had signed on as at the beginning of the voyage. I said Junior Third Officer. He told me that he always insisted on signing on as a "Mate". He said engineers are officers, but a "Master" has "Mates". I suppose he was right as the certificates in those days were Second Mate, Mate, and Master.

I was on the Port Fremantle on passage from Cape Town to Australia in December 1952. One Saturday afternoon about 1630 hours myself and the other apprentice (Colin Boyle) were called to the bridge by the Second Mate "Joe" Watson. An albatross had landed on the foredeck and could not take off again. Together with the standby sailor we managed to lift the albatross over the rail and drop it into the sea. The standby sailor grabbed its beak and it took the three of us to lift the bird over the rail. It appeared none the worse for its ordeal and drifted astern of the ship before eventually taking off.

On that voyage we also had animals to look after. A Maltese Terrier dog and bitch, a Siamese cat and two Siamese kittens. They were housed in special kennels on the boat deck. Whilst crossing the Southern Ocean we had to cover the kennels with a large tarpaulin. When it was cold the Siamese had to have hot water bottles placed in the kennels. I later learned that Siamese cats did not travel very well and there was a high mortality rate.

It was a good job we did not know that at the time! All in all it was quite a memorable voyage. The Marine Superintendent, Captain A R Martin, and his wife were to travel to Australia with us. This was rather daunting, especially for the Master, Captain Craig, and the Chief Officer, Dickie Cliffe. Captain Craig was an easy going Master, too easy perhaps, but with the Marine Superintendent on board he was going to have to do things by the book - daily inspections etc. Even having his meals in the saloon, which he had got into the habit of not doing.

This voyage in the Port Fremantle was quite eventful (it is true to say that no two voyages are the same).

I joined the ship in Glasgow at Plantation Quay. We later dry docked at Scotstoun before sailing for Middlesbrough via the Pentland Firth. When I joined the ship the Mate was R. Webb (Brother in law to Captain Henry McGregor Post, Marine Superintendent, Wellington, New Zealand). He was relieved by Dickie Cliffe who I had met briefly when I first joined the Port Wyndham in R. A. Dock, London. Second Mate, "Joe" Datson, Third Mate Bill Duthie, Fourth Mate Peter Evans. Colin Boyle was the other apprentice, on his first trip. The Master was Captain Bill Craig.

Just after leaving the berth in KGV dock the stern of the ship hit the dock wall whilst maneuvering into the lock. A big hole was made in the cruiser stern, but fortunately there was no damage to the rudder. We could not sail in that condition and could not return to the berth we had just left as it was required for another ship. We had to go alongside the layby berth by the cut into the R.A. dock. A steel plate was welded over the hole and the inside filled with concrete. We were

able to sail 24 hours later.

The second Mate ("Joe" Datson, nephew of Hugh Datson, Assistant Marine Superintendent, London) believed in taking home comforts with him, which included his bicycle and sailing dinghy. (I saw him in May 1999 at Vintage Port and he still has the same bike!!) The sailing dinghy was loaded onto the boat deck for the passage to Australia. Captain Martin was not very pleased to see this happening.

Our passage to Australia was via Cape Town, and then a composite great circle to Adelaide. We arrived in Sydney a few days before Christmas. I had friends who had just emigrated to Sydney and were living at Ocean Beach, Manly. The Mate, Dickie Cliffe, told me that if I had somewhere to go I could be off from Wednesday midday until Sunday night (Christmas Day was the Thursday). This was the only occasion I had leave from a ship during a voyage.

From Sydney we proceeded to Brisbane, Townsville and Port Alma before returning to Brisbane. We took a Barrier Reef pilot from Brisbane to Townsville, and then back to Port Alma. The same pilot all the way. Port Alma is the port for Rockhampton and is situated at the end of the railway line. It consisted of a wharf and a big dormitory on stilts for the wharfies to sleep in (they were not there permanently; they came down by train and were only there for the duration of the ship's stay).

The last we saw of our Barrier Reef pilot was on the truck propelled by himself and a railway worker disappearing up the railway line to the junction some miles away.

In Brisbane we loaded at two abattoirs in the Brisbane River.

We then proceeded to Newcastle NSW. I had never been there before. It was very much an industrial town and port and there were large steelworks there. I met up with Jack Sealey in Newcastle. He had been a passage worker in the Port Wyndham to and from the UK on a previous voyage.

Whilst in Newcastle and nearing completion of loading it became doubtful that we would complete cargo by noon on the Saturday so that we could then sail. On the Friday we had spells of wet weather during which we had to cover up the hatches. These delays eventually sealed our fate. We were to stay in Newcastle over the weekend. This suited the Second Mate, "Joe" Datson as he could then go to Sydney for the weekend to see his girlfriend.

We left Newcastle on the Monday night, our next and last port in Australia being Fremantle in Western Australia. During our passage to Fremantle, which took about 6 days (this gives an idea of how large Australia is, the distance between these two ports being over 2,000 miles) an inquest was held between our Sydney office and the Agents and stevedores at Newcastle. On arrival at Fremantle the case against the ship had been tried in our absence, and the officers were decreed to have deliberately delayed the ship in Newcastle for their own ends, i.e. to enable the Second Mate to have the weekend in Sydney.

Printed with the permission of the Vintage Port Association facilitating the reunion of past and present Port Line employees.

Kindly submitted by Vince Vincent.

From a Very Ancient Mariner turned Landlubber

The weather was fine during August and I spent most days working on the scooter's mechanics and adding luggage carriers on the front and rear. During the next week of fine weather, I fixed the lights on the scooter and added a six volt wet cell battery as the lights only worked when the engine was running. I made a couple of trips to London by underground to the bank to withdraw some money and also to get a blank cheque for use on my touring. A coach trip was booked to my home territory of the Peak District to see the various villages 'Wells Dressings' that were usually held in August. More sightseeing and taking photo's in central London .My slides from America and Canada were arriving by post and I spent many a late evening sorting and viewing them on my brother's projector, ready to show my relatives during my tour of Britain.

My first outing on the scooter was made in August, this was a ride to my elder brother and his family living at Clapham, near Bedford it took me two and a half hours travelling on the M1. As all the bedrooms were occupied (there were four children) I pitched my tent on their lawn, it rained early that evening. After Pete left for work at the civilian airfield the following morning, I left to visit my aunt and uncle who had a farm at Salford, Northamptonshire. Again it was a two and a half hour drive, refueling at Woburn Sands on my way back to Harrow. Thursday 28th August, after a few days of dull

weather I went on the Peak District tour leaving from Victoria coach station going via Crewe and Derby. We toured the

'Well Dressing'* villages, Blue John mines at Castleton, Thors Cave at Matlock, (where fossils of mastodons were discovered), Dove Dale where Isaac Walton used to fly fish in the River Wye for trout. Then on to Buxton my home town, and nearby Haddon Hall, where Mary Queen of Scots was incarcerated, she went to Buxton daily to 'take the waters' for rheumatism. Back home late that night in Harrow. The following day I got ready for a camping trip on my scooter, I left on Saturday morning for Weston-Super-Mare in the West Country, refueling on the seafront before camping in a field. The tank full of petrol and oil mix and a gallon of petrol cost me 7/2d. Next day being Sunday, I cleared up the tent and packed my kit, repaired the slow puncture in the rear tyre and went to church. After having my tea in the local park I left for my return to Harrow via Bristol and Gloucester.



The next Friday Tony left for Durham to visit friends and I left the following day for Buxton. The scooter was fully loaded with a large suitcase on the rear carrier, my tent, primus and food on the front carrier and two one gallon cans of fuel between my feet. Leaving at midday I arrived at 7.45pm having travelled 186 miles, I pitched my tent on a hillside overlooking Buxton. On Sunday I went to church with my mother. Tony arrived in the afternoon but had to leave by train at 4.30pm for London.

Leaving Buxton Monday afternoon I drove to my cousins in Timperley, near Manchester, and spent the night with the family. Next stop was my aunt and uncle in Levenshulme bursting the front tyre on the way going over a railway crossing. It was, as usual, raining in Manchester. I had to buy a new tyre at Accrington on my way north. My next port of call and arriving late in the afternoon was to Great Harwood, Lancashire to see my school friends, and the pen-friends of my Aussie friends in Lidcombe NSW. The next day they took me to Jeffrey Hills where the nuclear power station was. Leaving Great Harwood on the Saturday I rode to Blackburn and Manchester and caught the train for London, getting off at Watford and walking a mile to my lodgings at Harrow.

There was an annual fête at the Head Quarters of the Children's Home at Highbury so I went on the tube train and bus and met some of the people I worked with as a shorthand typist in 1940, before going to Vindi. I got home at 2 o'clock in the morning. Later that day I went into the city as I needed to get some money from the Australian bank and caught the evening train from Euston to Manchester. After my arrival on the early milk train to Buxton I booked in at a BB for 17/6d. I spent a couple of days catching up with people I knew in Buxton. Collecting my scooter that I had left at my mother's lodgings, I left for Kendal in the Lake District to visit one of the old Sister's of my orphanage days and then to tour the Lakes. On the way north I stopped at Great Harwood again at my friends place. I finally got to Kendal on Saturday evening and stayed the night. Then on to Egremont the next afternoon where one of the boys from the orphanage with me in 1930's and his wife ran a sweets and tobacco shop. Took the bus to Whitehaven during my four days and walked the dog daily. Leaving Egremont on the Friday afternoon heading for Newcastle-upon-Tyne I called in at the Children's Home branch at Riversmead which had replaced Newcastle branch after the war. I stayed the night and rode on to Newcastle. I booked Bed & Breakfast in a private hotel (close to where I used to live), for seven nights and used local transport to get about. I called at the home of the lady who had put the advert in the local paper in Blacktown NSW (see previous story in Vindi Newsletter). But before that I went to see her sister in Jesmond on my arrival in Newcastle as she had written to tell me that Nora had died before I left Australia. She then informed me that Nora was still alive and still at home with her four children and her husband!! I called early in the morning but her husband had already gone to work. As they didn't have a telephone her sister hadn't had a chance to tell her I was in Newcastle, so it was a great shock to her. We arranged to meet in the evening when her husband would be home and I could meet her three older children who had gone to school in the morning. When I arrived her husband had gone out although he knew I was to call. We arranged to get the train to Whitley Bay a short distance away so we could talk without interruptions from her children and neighbours.

I had a request from a lady in Pinnaroo to get a copy of her mother's birth certificate so I spent some time in the city library and Registry Office. While there I read up on the history of the old house I lived in for six years. After the war the Methodist church sold it to the Roman Catholic Church to be used for a young boy's home and since then it was demolished to build a complex for the Marie Curie cancer research. I spent some time researching in the city library where I met an old chap who was researching the old Benwell area of Elswick. As I had photos of Elswick House (the orphanage) and the city research centre hadn't got any so I supplied them both with copies and have since, on returning to Australia kept in touch with the city library and Benwell District Research Centre. The old lodge at the main entrance of Elswick House was still there, the gardener had died but his wife lived across the road a few hundred yards away so I met up with her too. I met an old shipmate of mine from the *Samdart* by accident in town and we went to the football. Another

day I caught the bus to Durham to visit the University, my old college in Newcastle was part of Durham and Newcastle

Universities. I left Newcastle by scooter on the Sunday morning along the roads mentioned in the song 'Bladen Races'. From Durham I went south on my way to London, calling at my mothers bed-sit to collect my luggage.

I stayed with Tony in Harrow until I left for Australia. In the meantime I got a job in Edgware with General Motors-Opal in their import office. They imported the Opal cars from Germany via Harwich. Two employees would collect a car from Harwich ferry terminal, one day one of them was off work sick and I was asked to go and collect one of the cars in his place. As I didn't have an English driving licence it was arranged for us to go together, the other chap would vouch for me if we got stopped by the police on the way back to London. All went well that trip and the occasion never arose again. I used to walk to a cake shop/café near Edgware station at Burnt Oak for my lunch hour on some days, after I married my wife in Sydney some years later I found that she had worked in that café during the times I went there. I was made redundant after a few weeks (was only taken on during a boom time for Opal).

From there I joined a Clerical Employment firm in Harrow who supplied clerks to firms requiring positions filled urgently and on my second day there I was sent to IBM to replace a man on long service leave. My job was to collect the up-dated conversion diagrams for the IBM machines and send them to all the firms using the machines or equipment worldwide. I was able to clock up a fair bit of overtime there. In the autumn I went back to Buxton by scooter and booked a caravan in a permanent park for my stay there. On the strength of my previous time at Ferodo I took the position of Inspector, this was in the brake-shoe and clutch plate division at Duron Brake Linings.

From September to December I lived in the caravan, going to work on my scooter, until winter and the snow arrived. The caravan was heated by a coal stove which I would bank up before leaving in the morning so it would still be alight when I got home after finishing work. Occasionally, my coal bunker outside didn't get replenished (we had to pay for the coal weekly) and the fire would die out during the night. On some mornings I had to pry my scooter away from the outside of the caravan where it had frozen to it. There was a steep hill down to the centre of the town one mile away and I often slid and free wheeled to work as the engine was too cold to start, coming home it was OK. At work I would collect the measuring instruments (calipers etc) from the office, take them into the factory where I sometimes had to wait up to an hour for them to cool down to the factory temperature before I could use them for accurate measuring of the finished brake shoes and clutch plates. Like all workers on production lines, no one likes the inspector much so my time waiting for the instruments to cool down used to be spent in manually picking out obvious faulty work. By January I had decided to head south where it was warmer. Once again I took various weekly and daily employment offered by the Clerical Supply Co.

On my arrival in England I had organized a three months cheap travel voucher with National Express Coach Co that operated outside of Victoria Station. I travelled to a lot of towns on day excursions and used my scooter when I intended to stay overnight or longer. I went to Buxton and camped in my one man hiking tent for three weeks in the caravan park near my old house. It was called 'Lime Tree Park' and the proprietors had planted a lot of trees of various species. I was camped under four Australian Eucalypts. The cost was £3.75 per day.

I tried to see my cousin in Scotland whom I had not seen since she lived in Timperley, Cheshire. Her two children went to school at Tillicoultry, where a plane crashed on the school some years ago. Luckily they were not hurt and were among those children awarded compensation. I never made it because of the three changes I had to make via National Express to Glasgow, Scottish Rail to Edinburgh and local train in Scotland. The timetables were OK but transport was held up.

Another trip I had trouble with was the one to Sharpness for the Vindi Reunion. I went by car from my brother's place in Bedford where the extended family had gathered to celebrate seen Tony, Pete and me together, it had been 30 years. One of my nieces had iced a cake depicting a 'family tree' with Pete (eldest) at the top, myself next and then Tony below. My youngest niece Helen drove me to her home in Poole, Dorset where I stayed a couple of nights before catching a bus to Gloucester. From Gloucester, I had the choice of two local buses, one which went to Sharpness on its regular route, but I didn't know this, so I took the earlier one which went to Dursley near Sharpness. The connecting bus didn't show up and the one I had got off of had engine trouble and was waiting for a relief from Gloucester. As I waited it started to rain, which was the first rain we had for weeks. I phoned the Docks Club at Sharpness and they suggested I take a taxi that would cost £20.00. As I didn't have half that amount they said that if I



could wait for half an hour they would ask their barmaid to come and collect me at a charge of 10/-. She turned up an

hour later and drove me to the camping field at the Dockers Club. By that time it was pouring with rain. My tent was at the bottom of my back pack so everything got wet while I put it up. It rained all night and as my tent had a waterproof floor sewn in it collected a couple of inches of water in the bottom. That was Saturday night, and I spent most of my time in the little back room kitchen, with only a towel around my waist, watching my clothes going round in the small dryer. The club was packed with Vindi Boys and Girls enjoying the usual Vindi party. The Sunday church service was held at Berkley, the weather turned out sunny for the photo session and tab nabs on the lawn afterwards.

During autumn, the weather being fine, I rode to Maldon in Lincolnshire to visit a small seaside church and I also managed to obtain a permit to take photos inside the cathedral, in particular, the stained glass windows. The reason for going to Maldon, was to check on the ancestors of Ida's brother-in-law from Victor Harbor. I had stayed with him occasionally whilst working in Adelaide prior to my *Largs Bay* trip. The family name was Camac and I had obtained microfilm from the British Museum which mentioned the church and a memorial. I also found a small book entitled *Memoirs of the Camacs' of County Down*, with accounts of their ancestors. The family tree diagrams went back to the two Essex and Lincolnshire families living in Wimbledon, Standford and Stow. Two of the families were banished to Ireland on the succession of King James 1st. The monument in Maldon church was a large one with figures of Thomas Camac and his two wives. Wife number one had four sons and five daughters, wife number two had two sons and eleven daughters. He died 29th March 1602 aged 62. I went to Ireland to see the gravestone of one descendant in Ballymoney, Antrim that was dated 1610. As I was in Ireland for only a few hours and the weather being bad, I was unable to find anymore information. On wet days I would spend time at the British Museum where I could access books, nowadays they have to be brought to you in the reading room where there are no chairs to sit on.



Travelling through England I took many photos and colour slides of the places I visited. On one trip to Penzance and Land's End I found a signpost pointing to Saint Day, and couldn't resist a self snap. For many weekends during the wet and cold months I went home to Buxton by train. Some weeks I didn't get my pay cheques from the Agency for jobs they sent me to, so I finally got a cheque book from the Australian bank in the city and had my pay sent directly there. I was on my own living in my brother's bed-sit in Harrow as he was working in Amsterdam and only came home during the Dutch public holiday. I spent my evenings between the cinema and the theatre in Harrow. It snowed a few days before the Cup Final in April so I didn't go out to get tickets for Wembley. The MOT test was due for my scooter which passed OK

While helping the Social Services people in Buxton, I was asked to help a young girl whose husband was working away on the railways and not sending any money home. She had a five year old boy and an eighteen month old girl; they were living just up the road from where I was born. I received an allowance from the welfare people to take her and the baby to meet her husband in Sheffield, leaving the son with her brother. She met the husband after he finished work and they had a fight in the street. I had been instructed by the Welfare people beforehand not to intervene in any arguments. I took her back that evening after having a meal in the bus depot. Whenever I was in Buxton I would call to see how she was getting on. Her husband came back home after three months to work so I didn't see them again.

At the end of May I gave six weeks notice to my tenants in Blacktown NSW to say I was booking a passage back to Sydney on the *Fairsky*. I finished work with IBM at the end of May and a week later started with GEC on a one month's trial. I decided to stay in England longer so cancelled the ticket I had bought for my passage. I had a call from Welfare to take the young girl to the dentist when I returned to Buxton in July. She had to have an extraction but was so scared that she had for asked for me to take her. My younger brother came back from Holland and brought a friend so I arranged to move my lodgings to a New Zealand couple's house in the next suburb at a cost of £10.00 rent per week, I moved at the end of August.

In September my international driving licence expired and I needed to take a test which I passed OK. Farnborough Air Show was held mid September, as it was not far from where I was staying I took a bus there. It was the first time the French built Concorde flew into England and passed low over the show. I also witnessed the demonstration of the new Harrier Jet vertical take off plane.

It was my god daughter Ida's 21st birthday at the beginning of November and I had sent her a 21st key and a silver chain. As they didn't have a phone I rang their neighbour who fetched Ida from the party to speak to me. She said she was wearing the key and was thrilled to be talking to me in London and hearing the thousands of pigeons cooing behind me.

My mother was given notice to move to a smaller house on the outskirts of Buxton, this was the week that I started taking driving lessons after work and on Saturday mornings in December and had to do the compulsory amount required. Many of these were in snowstorms. One evening's lesson was changed by the instructor as he had been involved in an accident. When I turned up on the Saturday there was a plank of wood in place of the driver's seat. As he was a big man, the seat had broken under his weight and each time I turned a corner the plank slid the opposite way, luckily it was fixed by the next lesson. I received my licence a couple of weeks before catching my plane to Sydney

I flew by Qantas to Italy (Rome, Naples), and caught a flight from Naples to Malta to visit my friends for the day and then on to Geneva where I stayed in a small hotel. My room was the bedroom en-suite and a bed was made up on top of the bath. The dividing door was bolted on my side and the occupants of the bedroom thought they had booked a room with an en-suite and tried to get in during the night. I spent two days and nights there and went by train to the Scout International Chalet. Arriving at Singapore I didn't leave the airport as the change of planes didn't allow me enough time; it was the same in Darwin.

On my return to Sydney in May, I found temporary work at Ford Motors in Homebush for two weeks. I then had a job at Goodyear for one day. I had words with my boss in the office because the work I was doing was not the job description I was given at the interview. It was two days later that I began at Angliss Meat Works as a Tally clerk only five minutes by pushbike from my home in Blacktown. My work was in the boning room, counting and checking packed trays of cuts as they went down the line into the freezer room hatch alongside me.

Three weeks later the clerical supply office I was registered with found me employment with ICAL (Syntron) at Rydalmere near Flemington as an Order and Service clerk. That position lasted four months until the fifth of November. I found myself a job as Inspector with Pilkington Automobile Glass, about six miles from home and used to go by scooter as there was no public transport in that area. The main part of my job there was to mark a small area on the centre top of every seventh screen; I then had to hit it with a hammer and a nail punch. The number of granulated pieces of glass inside the marked area of four inches by two inches wide then had to be counted.

Christmas time, being the car manufacture's summer holidays, I was made redundant. It wasn't until the middle of January that 'Golden Girls' clerical supply office found me a job at St Regis ACI at Homebush in their production office. They manufactured paper and cardboard, this lasted for four months and travel was easy by train from door to door. Then out of work for two weeks before I answered a newspaper ad for a Production/Costing clerk with Westinghouse Brakes at Concorde West. I usually rode my scooter as there was a short cut through Rookwood Cemetery, the largest in Australia with a train line and mortuary station in it. Their firm had an offshoot factory at Regents Park where they manufactured railway brake cylinders and pneumatic gears. I used to travel there twice a week to do their costing and take it back to the parent company next day. I had to set up standard cost sheets for the road division and also a stock control system for their stores. That lasted me until May 1973 and on July 1st I started with Abel Lenon & Co at Concorde West near where I previously worked. I was the Stores clerk and Dispatcher Supervisor in the Olives and Calico section for eighteen months until 3rd January 1975 when I then moved to South Australia. During the two years after returning to Australia I started looking for a partner through a club in Brighton NSW and that story will be told in the next issue.

* Instead of flowers and branches being arranged in bouquets and other groupings, the essence of Well-dressing or Flowering is that flowers, petals, and other natural products of the earth, are arranged to form pictures.



Highland Chieftain Built for the Nelson Line in 1928, by Harland & Wolff , sister ships were *Brigade*, *Monarch* and *Princess*.

Gross tonnage was 14,131. She was launched on the 21st June 1928 and went into service 26th January 1929. Her maiden voyage was on the London /River Plate service on the 21st February 1929. In 1932 she was transferred to the Royal Mail Line.

In 1939 she commenced wartime trooping duties and was damaged in October 1940 during a raid on Liverpool. Commercial operations resumed on the River Plate Service in 1948.

The Calpe Shipping Company bought her in January 1959 for use in the whaling industry, renaming her Calpean Star. Whilst under tow in 1960 due to rudder damage, she suffered a boiler room explosion off Montevideo which resulted in her being abandoned. The wreck was cut up in 1965 for scrap.

“Security Alerts”

The British are feeling the pinch in relation to recent terrorist threats in Islamabad and have raised their security level from "Miffed" to "Peeved."

Soon, though, security levels may be raised yet again to "Irritated" or even "A Bit Cross." Brits have not been "A Bit Cross" since the blitz in 1940 when tea supplies all but ran out. Terrorists have been re-categorised from “Tiresome” to a "Bloody Nuisance." The last time the British issued a "Bloody Nuisance" warning level was during the great fire of 1666.

The French government announced yesterday that it has raised its terror alert level from "Run" to "Hide". The only two higher levels in France are “Collaborate” and "Surrender." The rise was precipitated by a recent fire that destroyed France’s white flag factory, effectively paralysing the country’s military capability.

It's not only the French who are on a heightened level of alert. Italy has increased the alert level from "Shout loudly and excitedly" to "Elaborate Military Posturing." Two more levels remain: "Ineffective Combat Operations" and "Change Sides."

The Germans also increased their alert state from "Disdainful Arrogance" to “Dress in Uniform and Sing Marching Songs." They also have two higher levels: "Invade a Neighbour" and "Lose".

Belgians, on the other hand, are all on holiday as usual, and the only threat they are worried about is NATO pulling out of Brussels.

The Spanish are all excited to see their new submarines ready to deploy. These beautifully designed subs have glass bottoms so the new Spanish navy can get a really good look at the old Spanish navy.

Americans meanwhile are carrying out pre-emptive strikes, on all of their allies, just in case.

And at a local level...

New Zealand has also raised its security levels - from "baaa" to "BAAAA!" Due to continuing defence cutbacks (the air force being a squadron of spotty teenagers flying paper aeroplanes and the navy some toy boats in the Prime Minister's bath), New Zealand only has one more level of escalation, which is "Shut, I hope Australia will come and rescue us". In the event of invasion, New Zealanders will be asked to gather together in a strategic defensive position called "Bondi".

Australia, meanwhile, has raised its security level from "No worries" to "She'll be right, mate". Three more escalation levels remain, “Crikey”, "I think we'll need to cancel the barbie this weekend" and "The barbie is cancelled". There has not been a situation yet that has warranted the use of the final escalation level.

