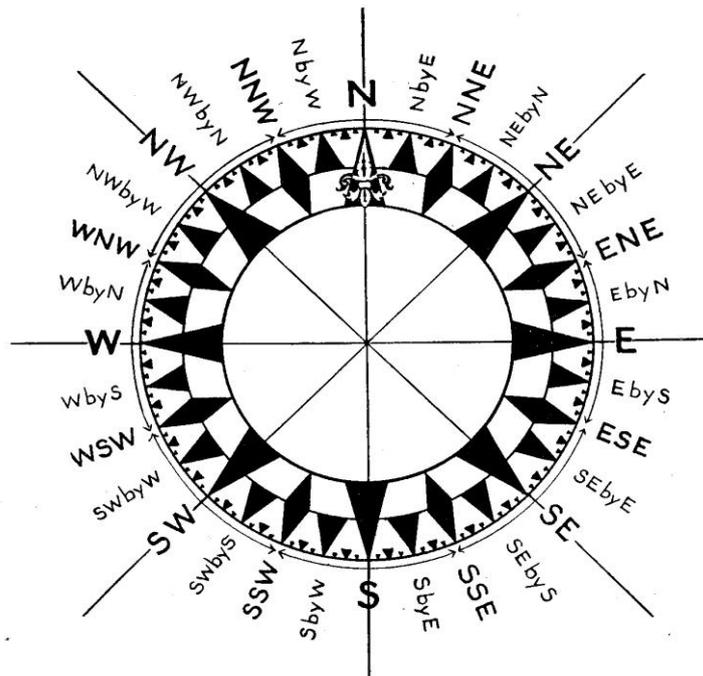




JANUARY 2014

ISSUE 76



SKIPPER/TREASURER:
SECRETARY/SOCIAL ORGANISER:
SUPPLY OFFICER:
ALMONER:
P.R.O.:
NEWSLETTER:
EMAIL:
WEBSITE:

TONY ILES 8523 1655
ANNE ILES 8523 1655
KEITH WITHEY 8278 7917
ANNE WITHEY 8278 7917
WINSTON KAY 8248 1900
MICK & JILL SURFIELD 8381 4500
surfield@adam.com.au
sa.vindicatrix.com

Editors Note

We trust that you all had a good Christmas and wish you all a Happy and Healthy New Year. Starting with this edition our newsletter will be sent out three times a year.

Jill & Mick

Next meeting Sunday 2nd February 2014

Skippers Log

Welcome to all Members.

This Christmas for us has been special with our Family and two Grandchildren. We sincerely hope that all of you out there had a pleasant Christmas with your family and friends.

Year 2013 has had many good moments but some of you are still suffering with bad health and we hope the New Year brings some relief for you. We all suffer I am sure from creaky joints etc now and then but we must soldier on!

Let us remember those who have passed on. Our organization is obviously getting smaller every year so all the better to keep happy and enjoy oneself. To those of you who need that extra pep-up and the feeling of relaxation just put on a Winston Kay CD, it will do wonders for your heart and soul.

We had a very successful Picnic in the Park again in November with 20 members. The parking did at first seem as if it would be a problem but fortunately we all managed to get in somehow. We had a bit of fun pushing David Simpson's motor home along a few inches to make another parking space for a little Mini.

I have in my possession a large business diary that I wish to give away to someone who can make good use of it. Please let me know if you are that person.

Our next meeting will be at the Port Dock on Sunday 2nd February. This may be a smaller meeting as some of our members will be on holiday or sailing the seas. Our good wishes go with them all.

Please remember our raffle stock, which is always getting very low (perhaps we give too much away!) Also we always need your stories for the news letter.

A Very Happy and Healthy 2014 to everyone from Anne and myself, and our thanks for your being a part of our very special group of wonderful "old salts".

It is now eight bells and I must sign off until I see you all again.

T.T.F.N. Skipper

From the Almoner's desk

We end the year with the news of the passing of Patrick Newman on 6th December from a heart attack. Patrick trained at The Vindicatrix as a deckie in 1950. He lived in Old Reynella. A condolence card on behalf of our Association has been sent to Patrick's family.

For more positive news, it is good to hear that Tom Billingsley is doing well after heart problems and surgery for a pace maker. Also Ron Matthews is progressing well after his year of battling Non Hodgkins Lymphoma. We send our best wishes to all members who have their times of ill health, rest assured you are very much in our thoughts.



Birthdays celebrated or to be celebrated.

December celebrations for Keith on the 11th and Mick Surfield on the 26th.

Venturing into January is Val on the 28th.

February we have Tom Billingsley and Ken Dunlevy celebrating on the 7th.

Many of us have spent Christmas thousands of miles away from family and friends over the years. This reminds me of a work colleague of mine in David Jones. She mentioned her mother in England always laid a place for her at the family dining table on Christmas Day, a very touching thought isn't it. One year she decided to arrange a surprise visit for Christmas. She was aided by a couple of family members to arrive on Christmas morning in

time for lunch. One can imagine the sheer joy and surprise for her Mother to have her precious daughter fill the empty chair at the table; it really gives depth and meaning to a family reunion, especially at Christmas. With these nostalgic thoughts, I wish everyone a very happy festive season and a great new year.

Anne Withey.

I grew up in Middlesbrough and left school at the age of 15 in 1948 and started my engineering apprenticeship at HC Trolldahl Pty Electrical Engineers where I worked on ships in the local docks. I attended trade school for one day a week for two years, but I was suspended for misbehaviour but continued to study at night school and did a correspondence course.

After deciding to go to sea I broke my apprenticeship and applied to join the Merchant Navy. I was accepted and joined the Vindicatrix April 23rd 1951 in catering completing the course on the 1st June.

My training done I joined the British tanker MV British Lady on her maiden voyage as a catering boy carrying fuel from Bergen and Oslo to Greece and Malta, Texas to North Africa, France and Germany, Holland and Denmark, crossing the Atlantic four times on my first trip.



British Lady

The SS Hudson was to be the worst ship that I sailed on carrying a cargo of pit props from Finland to South Shields. All the deck cargo was lost on one trip due to bad weather. My opinion was that the skipper was mad, always trying to beat the ice and not heeding the weather reports.

At the other end of the scale the SS Farningham carrying a general cargo from the UK to Fremantle including railway lines from Dorman Long of Middlesbrough, Sheffield stainless steel cutlery, Sobrani cigarettes, also gin and nylon stockings. This must have been the most pilfered ship to have reached Australia. This was also my longest trip.



After serving three years at sea and getting the travel bug out of my system I returned home to continue my studies at night school for the electrical trade and obtained my indenture.

In 1957 I married June and we had three children, Stephen became a school teacher, Carol a nurse and Andrew a lawyer. (June and I were divorced in 2007).

We were accepted for immigration in 1963 sailing from Southampton on MV Fairsky on the 12th December 1963 arriving at Adelaide on the 9th January 1964.

In my working career as an A class electrician I worked for FR Mayfield, Gibb & Miller industrial electricians, Gilbert & Barker, HH Green, Peko Mines Tennant Creek, Mount Newman Mines WA, Foster Wheeler on Adelaide refinery and finally the Advertiser newspaper until my retirement.

Ken Dunlevy

Continued from August newsletter.

We walked out on deck to have a look round before the lessons started. All around the deck housing paint was flaking off, but still tried desperately to hang on to the soft crumbling wood. The whole ship seemed beyond repair. We left via the gangway and made our way to our first lesson held in one of the perimeter huts. All the new boys were walking together, behind us was a hard-looking boy from Liverpool who was trying his best to annoy everyone by commenting on their looks, their accent and anything else he didn't like about them, he was a bully but no one took any notice of him. In frustration he picked on an innocent-looking Welsh boy wearing glasses who was walking peaceably along in front of him, minding his own business. After failing to get anywhere with his taunts the Liverpool boy tripped him up from behind. The Welsh boy stopped and without saying a word slowly and carefully took off his glasses placing them neatly in their case, and proceeded to give the boy from Liverpool a good hiding, finally putting him flat on his back with an amazing combination of punches. The bully lay there in a heap with a look of utter astonishment, and after carefully putting his glasses back on again the Welsh boy walked away as though nothing had happened. The bully was last seen staggering along at the back of the group mumbling incoherently, trying hard to keep up. I doubt if he ever picked on

anyone again – and certainly not while he was at the sea school. We arrived at the classroom and took our places.

It was the start of our training – which turned out to be intensive and relentless – everything relating to seamanship had to be learnt, and the instructors, including Mr. Drake, Mr. Turner and 'Popeye' made sure we did, each ruling their classroom with an iron fist. We began with the basics.

'Listen up!' said the Instructor as we started our first lesson – a heavily built man with a round well-worn face, which spoke of a life lived to the full. He smoked like a trooper and didn't look too long for this world. 'I don't know why you lot are here, but now that you are, you are going to learn – do you hear me?' The response from the class was complete silence. 'DO YOU HEAR ME!' he thundered, his face twisted in rage at the lack of a positive answer coming from us. 'Yes sir! We all shouted together, shocked at the instructor's angry outburst. 'I suppose,' he began quietly, you are looking forward to visiting the South Sea Islands and the brown-eyed girls with beautiful long black hair, waiting to frolic and prance in front of all you good-looking young seamen. You have no doubt heard how friendly they want to be to you all – WELL FORGET IT!' he shouted, becoming angry once more, his neck getting redder and redder. But he calmed down quickly and spoke more quietly again, 'Because if you sleep with any of them you will be sorry: as it won't be long before your 'willy' hurts, and you will need to see the ship's doctor. We all looked at each other puzzled by what he could mean; we were all quite young and inexperienced in the ways of the world. One brave boy put his hand up, 'Please sir, what would be wrong with us sir, I mean why would our willies hurt?' The instructor glared at him fiercely, 'POX!' he shouted, and 'you will have the POX!' The classroom was hushed for a moment, never having heard that word before and the instructor continued. 'OK,' he said quietly, having calmed himself down once again and returning to what was – for him – normal speech. 'Today you are going to learn about knots, it is essential that every seaman knows them. There are many different kinds for many different purposes – one day your lives may depend on them being correctly fastened. A wrongly tied knot may kill you, or worse still, one of your shipmates.' Then, picking up a short piece of rope, he held it up in front of us between his thumb and forefinger with one end dangling loose. 'This is the end of a rope, which in future you will call the 'ropes end,' He then picked up the other end which was still dangling loose and held that up too. 'And this is the other end' he said sarcastically, having no doubt started this lesson the same way a thousand times. He then pointed to the loop that was hanging down between the ends, 'And that is the bight – and soon you will learn how to tie one of the most useful and important of all seaman's knots, the 'bowline on a bight,' but that is for later, first we will start with a simple 'reef knot' – take the piece of rope you have on your desk in front of you and hold one end in your left hand and one end in your right – now pass the left end over and then under the right, and the right end over and then under the left, and pull it tight'. We all quickly picked up our piece of rope and confidently attempted to do as we were told – fiddling about with it for some time. But no matter how often we tried we could only make a tangled mess of it. But the instructor had made it look so simple and we were still struggling to make anything that looked remotely like a reef knot. All the while he sat on the edge of his desk watching us in amused silence. 'STOP', He roared – 'has anyone completed it?' The class was silent except for one lonely voice, 'I have sir,' and we all looked round to see who the clever person was. 'Bring it here and let me see,' and the eager recruit marched proudly to the front of the class where the knot was quickly examined. 'What's this?' demanded the instructor mockingly. 'A reef knot sir,' was the sheepish reply. 'A reef knot, look again, its rubbish! I told you left over right and right over left and you have done the opposite. If that so-called knot was put under a heavy strain you will never be able to undo it will you?' The boy remained quiet, his head down, looking at the floor. 'Will you! Do you hear me?' 'Yes sir, I mean, no sir, I won't be able to undo it,' and the instructor held up the boy's work for all the class to see. 'This', he said – as though he had just picked it up out of the dustbin, 'Is the way NOT to tie a reef knot,' and dropped the offending piece of rope on the floor and the boy slowly picked it up and walked forlornly back to his seat. He had learnt a valuable lesson in life, never push yourself forward unnecessarily. 'You all have two minutes to complete a 'reef knot' and then to form an orderly queue in front of my desk for me to check it.'

And so it went on, hours and hours of practice, first the 'reef knot', then a 'bowline' and finally the 'bowline on a bight' and once that had been mastered there were more knots to learn: clove hitch, timber hitch, sheepshank and many more. All had to be thoroughly practiced and approved by the instructor until we could move on to the next subject.

Part of your work as a seaman means you will be required to steer the ship and man the lifeboats, and for this you will need to know how to use the magnetic compass and name every one of its points. Without this knowledge you will not be able to take the wheel and steer a ship because you will not know which way you are going, nor understand the orders given to you by the officer on watch. We don't want anybody guiding their ship or a lifeboat onto the rocks – DO YOU HEAR?' he bellowed, glaring at us from under his heavy black eyebrows and with a quickly reddening face. 'Yes sir!' we all shouted in unison – having seen how soon he could fly off the handle. No one wanted to be on the wrong end of his wrath.

There followed more weeks of compass instruction with each of us standing up in turn to recite out loud, as if in prayer, all the points of the magnetic compass: 'north a quarter east – north a half east – north three quarters east – north by east – north by east a quarter east – north by east a half east – north by east three quarters east – north north east... and so it went

on as if it would never end, but finally we knew them all.

Now at Sharpness the long winter was upon us and snow and ice hemmed us in. The colourful autumn of farmland and trees were glowing white as hoarfrost changed everything to a glowing white. The 'Vindicatrix' adorned with icicles looked beautiful and new, but all our classrooms were cold. But the early morning calls for physical training continued as before, with no additional warm clothing allowed. We were to be seamen, and seamen worked in all weathers. But this, and the meagre rations, caused me to go down with pneumonia and I was taken to the sick bay and placed in the gentle care of the camp nurse known as 'Codeine Annie' – she could spot a 'shirker' a mile away and some of the boys would do anything to get a short rest in the sick bay, where there was better food and a warm bed with real sheets. But most of the 'shirkers' received only a 'codeine' tablet for their trouble and sent packing. But I was not pretending – I was really ill with a dangerously high temperature and 'Codeine Annie' or 'Mimi' – which was her real name – kept me in for two weeks. She was, underneath her harsh exterior, a very kind, loving person. I could have been sent home because I was so ill, but thankfully I was not – that was the last thing I wanted.

Shortly after getting back to my lessons there was a food riot. Some of the deck trainees, especially those who got no extra food sent to them from home were very angry and after a 'normal' meal gathered at the bottom of the gangway demanding more. The small gathering became a larger one as the word got round. But the shutters were down at the top of the gangway – there would be no more food until the next scheduled time – but it didn't deter the boys: who carried on banging on the shutters with their metal plates, chanting 'We want more!, we want more!' It didn't help when the word got around that the catering trainees were getting more food than the deck department. The mini-riot was quickly put down by the arrival of the instructors and the boys concerned were dealt with; and although I saw what was going on I didn't take part, but all of us sympathized with them. The food was awful and the weekly pocket money of five shillings wasn't nearly enough to buy sufficient extras. Most of us smoked but no one was going to give that up – it was all we had to comfort us – and the pocket money was gone in a day.

The weekly visit to the 'Vindi' for distribution of mail and food parcels was a special day for all of us – even those who were not expecting anything – like me. There in the 'Vindi' 'tween decks' where there was no room to stand up – we all sat down cross-legged and waited to hear our name being called. The officer on duty, with a large stack of letters and string-bound parcels at his feet, waited for us to settle down before he began. Starting with the letters he called out the names. 'Yes sir!' Shouted the lucky boy and the officer flicked the letter with his fingers in the direction the voice came from without looking up. Soon names and envelopes were whizzing in all directions. I wasn't holding out much hope that there would be one for me, but was pleased when Ian or Mike got one, which they often did. 'Colin Crawley' shouted the officer – I couldn't believe it, there was something for me! 'Yes sir!' I shouted with my hand raised, and a letter came flying over the heads of the boys in front of me, I grabbed it quickly, as some letters tended to get 'lost' in the crowd. It was so good to hear my name being called and a surge of pleasure filled my heart as I tucked the letter away to read later – when I could be alone. It would be the only letter I would receive while on the 'Vindi' and I was so pleased to hear my name being called out. Now the officer turned to the parcels which were soon hurtling around the room in the same way the letters had been, but this time they needed the help of other boys to reach their destination, being much heavier of course than the letters. All the parcels, except one had found their target. The missing one had been intercepted by one of the boys it didn't belong to, before it reached the owner and he had kept it. Meanwhile the officer in charge had dismissed the boys – post distribution was over until the next time and everyone was making their way back to their classes, many with glum faces. 'Move along, move along!' said the officer sternly, as the boy, whose parcel had been taken wandered around still looking for it, and was now becoming more and more distressed. 'Where's my parcel?' he demanded, looking at the labels of as many parcels the other boys were carrying in the hope that it was his, but no one listened to him and he never found it. I felt so sorry for him as he walked dejectedly back to his classroom with the others, having had his only contact with home snatched away from him.

After lessons had finished for the day and we had eaten our evening meal I went off on my own and found a quiet place to sit down. There I took out my letter as if it were something very precious, turning it carefully over and over in my hands delighting in every precious moment. I read my name on the front several times before finally opening it very slowly. It was from my eldest brother Dan, who had always been close to me alongside all my brothers and sisters. Inside the envelope was a letter, and inside the letter was a ten shilling note which fell to the floor as I took out the letter. I picked it up quickly feeling very emotional and put it in my back pocket, my heart racing wildly – I was close to tears, 'Dear Colin, I hope you are doing well at the Merchant Navy Training School and by now you will have settled in, and I hope found some new friends. It must be hard for you being so far from home, but always remember I am thinking of you... I read the letter again and again and, still very emotional, folded it up and put it away. Dan had at that moment made me the happiest boy in the world – I would always remember him for it. To him it may have been a small thing, but to me it was something wonderful. Of course my two friends Ian and Mike had a share in what my ten shillings would buy at the tuck shop. It was a pity we couldn't go to the nearby village of Dursley to spend it – but Dursley was out of bounds to the 'Vindi' boys. But I was proud to be able to give a little something back to the friends who had given me so

much, and it was Dan who had allowed me to do it.

For some boys the harsh regime of training was too much for them. They hated the discipline and shortage of food; they hated the lessons, the cockroaches and everything about the place. One night two of the boys stole the ship's rowing boat and were last seen disappearing down the river Severn towards Bristol, and later two more boys absconded to join a travelling circus which passed close by the 'Vindi' – they were all never seen again.

On 14th December 1956 my training was complete and it was time to embark on my great adventure. There was still more to do before we left: a photograph for my seaman's discharge book, used by the master of each ship to report on my ability and conduct after each trip, and also an international vaccination certificate and, most important of all, details of the ship I was to join first – it was to be the Union Castle Mail ship, 'Rhodesia Castle' going to Africa; I was very pleased with that. All the paperwork now done I walked proudly out of the training school gates in my Merchant Navy uniform wearing the beret with the silver badge, and with a railway warrant in my pocket and carrying a brand new kitbag over my shoulder.

Colin Crawley

City of Adelaide/HMS Carrick

The clipper ship *City of Adelaide* was built on the River Wear in Sunderland in 1864 as a passenger ship to carry migrants from England to South Australia. It was jointly owned 50% South Australian, 25% Scottish and 25% English. This iconic vessel marks the relationship between South Australia and the UK. It is estimated that a quarter of a million Australians today are descendents of the passengers who made the long voyage to the colony. She is the only surviving sailing ship that was on a regular route between the UK and Australia carrying passengers and cargo until 1887.



In 1893 she was used as an isolation hospital ship in Southampton, then later in 1924 after being purchased by the Royal Navy she was refitted as a training ship at Irvine, Scotland and renamed *HMS Carrick*. In 1948 she was decommissioned and just known as *Carrick*.



After being flooded in 1989 in Glasgow where she had become known as a venue for the RNVR club and moored in the centre of Glasgow, she eventually sunk in 1991. The following year she was stripped of her masts and made what everyone thought to be her last voyage back to Irvine where the trustees of the Scottish maritime museum hoped she could be restored to her former glory. However they were unable to raise the millions of pounds required for the restoration. She was left to rot on the slipway.

The new owners Clipper Ship City of Adelaide, moved the ship to Greenwich on a barge close to the *Cutty Sark* where she was renamed in a ceremony by Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh back to her original name *The City of Adelaide*.

If everything goes to plan she should arrive in Adelaide in the spring of 2014.

A violin said to have been played by the bandmaster as the Titanic sank sold recently for a world record £900,000. Thirty three year old Wallace Hartley famously led his seven fellow band members in playing the hymn 'Nearer My God To Thee' as the doomed vessel sank in April 1912.

He was among more than 1,500 people drowned when Titanic hit an iceberg on her maiden voyage to New York. The violin was said to be a gift from his fiancée, Maria Robinson, was found in a case strapped to his body when it was recovered from the Atlantic.

It was thought that it might fetch around £400,000 at auction but it far exceeded this.

Something many of you may not be aware of.



Going to renew my driving licence, and being a newly retired gentleman, I enquired whether I was entitled to a concession and was told I was to complete a form for this. After renewing my licence for ten years at half the full fee and reading the form it also entitles the applicant to get 50% rebate on the registration of a vehicle, and also a caravan or trailer (but not both).

Marlene Robinson sent this picture of Bill (hubby) and Mike Day. Although these two Vindi boys have been absent from our meetings for a while we still keep in touch. Whenever possible Marlene and Bill drop in to visit and Mike gives us the occasional phone call to let us know his news, which is always entertaining.



Talking to Mike just before Christmas, he told me that he was bending down looking into his fridge and felt funny and thought that he was having a heart attack.

He was undecided on whether to call for an ambulance, or walk over the school field to the hospital. Common sense prevailed and he called for an ambulance at around 4pm, it finally arrived after 5pm. I think that he said the driver worked in the post office and had to wait to close up shop. He was put into a wheel chair and wheeled out to the ambulance.

After some tests he spent three days in hospital but still didn't know what was wrong with him.



THE STORY OF A NIGHTMARE VOYAGE WITH A MAD ULSTER CAPTAIN.

Capt. R.H. Davis, well-known authority on shipping topics, here relates the grim tale of a trip on which a crazed captain murdered the crew of his ship under the impression that they were plotting mutiny.

The affair of the Mary Russell was at the time described in the Belfast press as "an event without parallel in the annals of maritime misfortune." This description was not in the least exaggerated. The dreadful story has a certain amount of local interest owing to the fact that her captain belonged to Londonderry and that the captain of a Belfast brig also plays a principal part. The brig Mary Russell belonged to Cork.

On May 9, 1828, she sailed from the island of Barbados with a cargo consisting of hogsheads of sugar and bales of hides. Her master was Wm [William?] Stewart, a native of Derry, and her crew consisted of a mate and seven men, two of whom were muleteers working their passage. There were also three apprentices, aged respectively 15, 13, and 12 years. Also on board were a young boy passenger and a man named Raynes, who was described as a "naval gentleman." All went well at first, but as the days went on the master began to act in a peculiar manner, the truth was he was a dangerous lunatic, but as yet no one suspected it. First he had a delusion that a mutiny was brewing on board and that Raynes was the ringleader. Raynes, it appears, was very friendly with the crew. He spent a lot of time forward, and often conversed with them in Gaelic, a language that the captain did not understand. The mate also incurred his suspicion, and he ordered him out of his cabin and made him sleep in the half-deck. One day he charged Raynes with plotting mutiny, and when the charge was denied he ordered one of the boys to throw all the charts and navigating instruments overboard. He also destroyed the log-book and told the mate that he was to make no further reckoning. His idea was that this would prevent the mutiny coming to a head, as he was the only one on board who would have any knowledge of the ship's position, as he had already stowed away sufficient charts and instruments for his own use.

CAPTAIN'S PISTOLS.

Death Threat to Mate.

Some days later the Mary Russell spoke to the Mary Harriet, bound from New York to Liverpool. Both vessels hove to, and Captain Stewart went on board and returned with a pair of pistols. On the night of June 13 the mate came into the cabin for an implement to trim the binnacle light, and on leaving made a noise that awoke the captain. Next morning, while the mate was asleep, the captain came along, woke him, and told him that if he had found him forward with the crew he would have him put to death as a mutineer. The mate presumably resented such language, and there were probably words between them. In any case the captain threatened the mate with a harpoon and ordered some of the men standing by to seize him. This the men refused to do and walked away. Here was mutiny in earnest, the men had actually refused to obey his orders. The mate went below, and two or three of the men went with him and, thinking to appease the captain, they advised the mate to let the captain make him prisoner, and, unfortunately, the mate agreed to take this line of action. The captain had him bound, and he was carried below and put in the lazarette, where he lay for three days, and in that time was given only one meal. The lazarette was a store room in a sailing ship situated under the cabin, and was usually entered through a trap door in the deck or floor. In the madman's brain was now conceived the amazing plan of making every member of the crew a prisoner and with the assistance of the boys bringing the ship into port himself. The brig was now about 400 miles W.S.W. of Cape Clear, going along with a fair wind and fine weather. On Saturday, June 21, the captain commenced to shorten her down, and when the men were aloft he got the boys into the cabin and told them of his plan. He said that if they assisted him they would get 100 guineas each, and that he himself would get £7,000 or £8,000 from Lloyd's and would also probably get command of the largest ship out of London. The boys agreed to help, and one of them was sent forward to tell one of the men that he was wanted in the cabin by the captain.

WAITING WITH PISTOL.

How Crew Was Bound.

The cabin was entered by an almost vertical ladder, and the man after descending found the captain standing with a pistol pointing towards him. Two of the boys came forward, and he allowed himself to be bound. In this way, one at a time, six of the seamen were secured. There were now only two left. The seventh man may have had his suspicions aroused, for when he was halfway down the ladder he looked round. When he saw the captain with the pistol in his hand he didn't wait to discuss matters, but made a bolt for the deck. The captain let go both pistols, but fortunately they both misfired, and the man escaped forward and joined his companion in the fore-castle. It is hardly credible that, although these men were safe enough in a sunk fore-castle, where he could not get a shot at them, the captain actually talked them into coming out and agreed to be bound by the boys. Next morning, Sunday, a bright idea entered the madman's brain. He secured some staples and drove them into the cabin deck at the heads and feet of each of the prisoners, and then with a length of rope to

these staples he lashed each prisoner. Next he went forward to see how his other two prisoners were getting along, and was profoundly shocked to find that one of them had managed to free himself. When this man refused to allow himself to be again bound the captain fired two or three shots at him and, although not seriously wounded, he fell down and pretended to be dead. A few moments afterwards a sail hove in sight and, although distress signals were exhibited, the stranger sheered off, probably being suspicious of a trap on seeing a ship going along with a fair wind under shortened canvas. The captain turned his attention to the man he had shot, intending to throw him overboard, and was cute enough to notice that the supposed dead man had moved his position. He again fired at him, and the bullet entered his leg. The man got to his feet. Armed with a harpoon and axes, the captain and the boys attacked him. A terrible fight ensued.

GRIM STRUGGLE.

Struck with an Axe.

He rushed the captain, knocked him down, and took the pistol from him, but before he could do anything more he was struck on the head with an axe by one of the boys. Covered with blood, he managed to get away and hide himself in the fore hold. That afternoon another ship hove in sight. They were now getting among shipping. This vessel also sheered off and refused to have anything to do with this suspicious looking craft. This seemed to drive the madman to distraction. Followed by the boys and armed with a crowbar, he butchered every one of the seamen that were lying lashed to the cabin deck. Below him in the lazarette the mate was lying, and he was next to be dealt with. In the cabin deck or floor there was a hole for ventilation, and through this hole with a harpoon the captain attacked the mate, who was lying bound underneath. Although severely wounded, the mate managed to roll out of range of the harpoon. Beneath him were bundles of hides, and the madman kept jabbing at these until he felt sure that his victim had been despatched. The mate afterwards managed to get clear of his bonds. He then broke through the wood bulkhead and joined the other wounded man in the fore hold. Apparently quite satisfied, the captain now lay down and fell asleep, but was awakened by hearing a voice hail the Mary Russell. He rushed up on deck, and a ship was hove to quite close by. The stranger asked the captain what was the matter, and he was told by Captain Stewart that there had been a mutiny on board, that eight of the mutineers were dead, and that one had escaped. One account says that the stranger was the Belfast brig Mary Stubbs, and another that she was an American vessel, the Mary Stubbs, bound from Barbados to Belfast. The stranger lowered a boat, and her captain (Callender) came on board, and, needless to say, he was horrified by what he saw. He then went along with Captain Stewart to search for the man that had escaped to the hold, and Captain Callender persuaded the man to come on deck. To the consternation of Captain Stewart up came his mate also. These two wounded men were in such a condition that they were sent on board the Mary Stubbs, from which two seamen were transferred to the Mary Russell to help the captain and the boys to navigate her. Both vessels now proceeded on their way towards Cork. Two days afterwards, on the 25th, Captain Callender again visited the Mary Russell, and he was no sooner on board than Captain Stewart began to tell him that the two seamen he had sent on board were also plotting to murder him. It was only then that Captain Callender for the first time began to realise that Stewart was a madman. The men that he had sent on board the Mary Russell refused to stay any longer, and to get them to carry on Captain Stewart was induced to return with Captain Callender to the Mary Stubbs. The ships were now approaching land, and twice Stewart jumped overboard. On the first occasion he was rescued, and on the second was picked up by a hooker. He convinced the skipper of third craft that his life had been attempted on board the Mary Russell, with the result that the hooker cleared off with Captain Stewart on board and brought him into Cork. As soon as Captain Callender arrived he lodged an information, and a warrant was issued for the arrest of Stewart. On June 28, 1828, an inquest was held, and the bodies of the murdered seamen were inspected by the jury just as Captain Stewart had left them. The cabin was a shambles, with the bodies, some of them horribly mutilated, lashed to the deck.

TRIED FOR MURDER.

Sent to an Asylum.

At the inquest Captain Callender told his part of the story much as it is told here. Two of the boys, Henry Richards, aged 12, and Dan Scully, aged 14, were the most important witnesses. The jury found that the several sailors and passengers were killed by Captain Stewart, he being then and for some time previously in a state of mental derangement. He was afterwards tried on the capital charge, but was acquitted on the grounds of insanity and ordered to be confined in a lunatic asylum for life. No mention is made of Captain Stewart's age. After being detained in the asylum for seven years he was released in July, 1835. In February, 1834, the Mary Russell went ashore near Yarmouth and became a total wreck.

Taken from Irish Emigration Database.

GHOST OF NEW YEAR PAST

or

CAN'T WAIT FOR NEXT NEW YEAR'S EVE

New Year's Eve 2006 was a memorable night being with my precious better half in the company of my very best friends –sending out the old year in style and welcoming in the new even better coming year.

Let me paint the picture, Dinner Dance all drinks included, 9 of us attending, 8 of the group mid to late sixties bar one very close behind. Beautifully dressed – long time partners.

Two couples not exactly madly in love on the night – hot night, beers & bubbly flowing.

BONG-BONG-BONG- no other way to describe the men's eye's.

There on the dance floor is the Happy Hooker.

Young Asian Girl-Tiniest Red Dress (even blind Freddie saw the G String) and how do they make Shoes that high and stand up and then gyrate down to and sometimes on the floor and then up again?

Dancing with her mid 50's lady partner, who spends most of their dance routine caressing Happy H's bum.

Happy H has obviously completed her apprenticeship in some Asian Bar and is now so skilled she **can slither up and down the imaginary pole** just as if it were really there all night long while battering her eyelashes (and other –un-mentionable parts) at all and sundry.

Suddenly some of our precious better half's are on the dance floor and their arthritic knees and hips are gyrating like there is no tomorrow-they are taking turns in being **THE POLE** for that thing in **RED**.

The little wives' are now madly throwing down some of that free bubbly stuff and suddenly it's got very hot and steamy. Two of them are off and racing straight to the **SHE DEVIL** and their very entertaining little boy's- they tell **HER** they are cutting in and **SHE** can ####**... take a walk or something else polite like that.

Oh what a quite fun, romantic night we are all having, aren't we lucky, don't we feel special? And why are most of our women now as pissed as farts.

Oh God our own special floor show, it's on again (and we own the majority of the performers)-Oh well at least they are enjoying themselves and we know where they are and we know they will feel like a 100 in the morning and they will be nursing their knees, hips and backs for weeks to come.

CAN'T WAIT TILL NEXT YEAR
BET YOU WISHED YOU WERE HERE

LADIES MEETING AGENDA

MARCH: Term 1 – Pole Dancing Classes

MAY: Book and pay for Bangkok

AUGUST: Bangkok: cut off/ pull in/Nick N Tucks. 2 new non bouncing balls each.

NOVEMBER: Fitting for RED DRESS

DECEMBER: New RED SHOES

DECEMBER: GOLD injections to ankles to walk in RED SHOES