

*Sexaginta annis
regnavit recoed*



*Deum Vivat Regina
Vivat Regina*

New Zealand Company of Master Mariners

ON DECK

March 2012



**Barque departing Nelson via the old channel, ca. 1900.
Arrow (Fifeshire) Rock is prominent right ahead and Haulashore Island to starboard.**



**Container ship departing Nelson 2010 via the 'Cut' opened on 1906.
Haulashore Island to port and the Boulder Bank to starboard.**



The New Zealand Company of Master Mariners

Incorporated under the patronage of His Excellency

Lieutenant General The Right Honourable Sir Jerry

Mateparae GNZM, QSO Te Kāwana Tianara o

Aotearoa Governor-General of New Zealand

**Master,
General Secretary,
Council Members,**

**Captain B. M. Johnson
Captain W. G. Compson
Captain J. Frankland
Captain A. Cooke
Captain R. A. J. Palmer
Captain T. J. Wood**

On Deck is the Official Journal of the NZ Company of Master Mariners

Associated and Related Professional Maritime Organisations

**The Honourable Company of
Master Mariners - U.K.**
www.hcmm.org.uk

**The Company of Master Mariners
of Canada**
www.mastermariners.ca

**The Council of American Master
Mariners, Inc.**
www.mastermariner.org

**The International Ship Masters
Association**
www.ifsma.org

Master Mariners India
www.mastermariners-india.com

**New Zealand Merchant Navy
Association**
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Institute**
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**The Company of Master Mariners
of Australia**
www.mastermariners.org.au

**The Company of Master Mariners
of Sri Lanka**
www.cmmsrilanka.lk

The Warsash Maritime Academy
College of Maritime Studies University
of the Solent
www.warsashassociation.net

Japan Captains' Association
www.captain.or.jp

**Confederation of European
Shipmasters Associations**
cesma-eu.org

Panama Canal Pilots Association
www.canalpilots.org

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capitanesnautilus@tie.cl

**Association Française des
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www.afcan.org

**The Irish Institute of
Master Mariners**
www.mastermariners.com

**The Norwegian Maritime Officers
Association (NMOA)**
www.sjooff.

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www.mastermarinersa.co.za/

**Swedish Ship Officers'
Association Institutes**
www.sfbf.se

**Verband Deutscher Kapitäne und
Schiffsoffiziere e.V. International**
www.vdks.org

**The New Zealand Ship and
Marine Society**
www.nzshipmarine.com

**The Nigerian Association of
Master Mariners**
namm@yahoo.com

**The Round Table of International
Shipping Associations**
www.marisec.org

**The Association of Master
Mariners Kolkata**
mastermarinerskolkata.com

**The Southampton Master
Mariners Club.**
cachalots.org.uk

**Master Mariners Association of
Tasmania.**
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CONTENTS

Associated Maritime Groups	4	Legendary Monsters	54
Contents	5	The Enigma of the Nauscopie	55
Editorial	6	19th Century NZ Lady Pirates	56
Passage Planning	7	MN War Rimes	57
Branch Contacts	8	Polar Bears and the Submarine	58
To Master's Orders	9		
Letters	10		
Crossed the Bar	13		
Nature's Compasses	14		
Sonar and Cetaceans	15		
Merchant Navy Uniforms	16		
The <i>Laconia</i> Order	21		
The Y Generation	22		
Call of the Sea 1080 AD and The Y Generation	24		
The Last Black Flag	25		
Tobermory Treasure	28		
Mull the Mysterious	30		
Salvaging Tobermory	31		
Curses; Seers; Wizards	33		
Sleepy Cove Treasure	35		
Palliser Treasure	38		
Merchant Navy at Gallipoli	39		
Vignettes from the Past	40		
Friendly Floaties	40		
Doctor Dingle's Guide	44		
Little Larry and His Mum	45		
The Epic of the Fiery Star	46		
NZ travel in the 1930 - 40's	48		
Sea Monsters	52		



The official emblem of the Queen of New Zealand's Diamond Jubilee.

The Governor-General of New Zealand, Sir Jerry Mateparae has approved this Diamond Jubilee emblem for New Zealand

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EDITORIAL

A Distinguished Organisation?

The most urgent matter facing the Company is the advancing age of the members coupled with the problem of declining membership and our seeming inability to attract new and younger members. The former we can do nothing about but the latter we can.

One remembers being a member of the New Zealand Company of Master Mariners forty years ago. One also remembers belonging to a vibrant, distinguished and respected body of professional maritime practitioners'. It was a time when the Company embraced professional interests as well as social interaction between members. Yes, while embracing an exclusive membership rule the Company remained approachable and receptive to innovative ideas. Company opinions in maritime matters were sought and often acted upon before decisions were made by maritime legislative authorities. One was proud belonging to such an organisation.

Does one feel the same today? Possibly, but perhaps not with the same passion. All professional bodies that have decades of history develop heart and heritage and this spirit still remains within the core of the Company if not openly expressed.

Currently, however, it would seem the Company's opinions are undervalued and seldom sought by governmental agencies when statutes impinging on navigation or marine safety are being considered.

Part of this problem, however, is that with declining membership and potential new members not finding participation attractive, the beating heart of the Company is slowing. Despite this the heritage remains and is just as relevant to shipmasters today as it was 40 to 80 years ago even if new technology is inclined to shadow this.

We must then, raise the profile of the Company in a way that makes it attractive to potential members, particularly those serving at sea who can bring modern practice to

the wide ranging maritime experience already available within the existing membership.

On Deck was conceived as one way to do this and has certainly gone some small way to enhance the standing of the company overseas. It has become established in the general maritime atmosphere and regularly receives requests for both opinion and comment from overseas newspapers and news gathering establishments coupled with requests for copies. None of this, however, has yet resulted in any significant increase in membership applications.

This is obviously not possible without printed copy of which only one has ever been fully published. It is well known in the publishing industry that far fewer people will browse through an electronic publication than a printed copy. It is also a fact that many members and other people still have neither access to a computer nor the interest in receiving the magazine electronically.

In this regard members must provide increased support to *On Deck* to assist its objective of attracting new members or alternatively, devise new ways of achieving the same end.

On Deck was visualised as being complementary to Branch Newsletters, which by their nature are of both local interest and technical. *On Deck* is aimed at a broader market primarily for members and others on the periphery of the marine environment with articles of interest to overseas as well as national and family readers.

Whatever, membership will not increase in the present lethargic climate. Growth requires energetic effort and preferably a visual means to back up such effort. It will not happen spontaneously but needs a thoughtful marketing type approach. We must set up some sort of growth strategy and a first requirement for this is to make ourselves known and provide an easily accessed point of contact. *On Deck* is surely a very useful tool to achieve this end and targeted distribution of printed copies of *On Deck* must be of important assistance to achieve this end. Sadly an annual issue does not provide the necessary continuity but that remains a matter that can only be addressed by executive decision.

* **Editor**

2nd



Leader

Passage Planning

Increasing Membership Painlessly

As time and technology has moved on so to has the attraction of joining professional organisations declined. This is true, not only in our organisation but in many other professional establishments where membership is voluntary.

It is perhaps the voluntary aspect of any organisation and the need for monetary input (read fees) as well as showing interest that becomes the disincentive? One would hope this is not the case but there is no doubt these factors present a deterrent. Added to this is the perception that the aims of the organisation are not aligned with member's needs (read a bunch of old farts reliving past glory.) There may also be a negative perception that a particular fellowship does little to advance the esteem of the vocation it represents, (sound familiar?)

Organisations have struggled with similar objections throughout history and probably will continue to in future.

However, there are many strong, distinguished professional organisations, such as our own should be, that have risen above this to become sufficiently important that professionals within their scope of responsibility cannot operate without membership and approval. Such membership requirement is also backed up by legislation. Surely we are no less professional and our scope of activity carries huge responsibility for life and property at least as important as any other calling.

One may very well ask, then, why the possession and use of a master's certificate and the existence of such a distinguished organisation as the Company of Master Mariners has not reached the same standard of protected professionalism.

When I took my certificates they were recognised as the result of the most extended

period of technical training in the world. Surely this is still the case and we are not the poor brothers of the many other professionals who gain status with fewer years of training and probably less academic wisdom.

Perhaps our first step might be to stipulate a mandate to the Merchant Service Guild that any future employment agreements with shipping companies and maritime organisations has a requirement that annual membership fees of the NZ Company of Master Mariners are paid by our employers as a condition of employment. After all this is exactly the requirement made of employers in other professional sectors. The benefit to employers of properly qualified floating staff is plain to see but the future benefit to the Company of Master Mariners could eventually be of much greater significance. All it needs is the will to ask. Eventually even legislation may happen.

With such a charter we may finally reach our goal of being recognised as a distinguished organisation where governmental authorities may access appropriate input before making important maritime decisions, as is the case in the Civil Engineering and Human Science sections of our communities. Now wouldn't that be nice?

The collective experience gained in various maritime fields over say, forty five years or more, by our two hundred and thirty members equals some 9,400 man years. The experience and know-how contained in that three and a half millennia of knowledge is awe inspiring, yet unused. How can this be?

Well the answer is simple — we allow it to be by procrastination, inertia and other sorts of inaction. OK, maybe we do have our share of old farts and maybe the writer is one of them but then so does every other professional organisation.

Age generates a hope, even a need, for respect. Hand wringing won't generate respect but actively pursuing betterment for our profession through the Company certainly will.

Should such legislative professional recognition of the Company come to pass we may find ourselves arguing the merits of funding a chair in Ship Management at a local University rather than the fruitless inter-branch contentions such as the funding of *On Deck* or who should be able to be a member. Things that avail us such small reward.

* Editor

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City of Wellington Arms

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TO MASTERS ORDERS



Captain Ben N. Johnson

Since taking over the reins as Master of the company last October due to the retirement of Captain Tony Payne a few things have happened.

Captain John Frankland, the Auckland Warden, asked me if I would take on this role and then put it to all Branch Wardens – who eventually all agreed. Some may regret this, as one of my beliefs is that a ship is and cannot be a democracy!!! It's always the Master that gets the blame!! I bring this philosophy the Company.

My first thing to do was try and sort out the debacle of our *On Deck* publication. The first job was to get the Editor Captain Nic Campbell back into the fold as he and the printer had decided that enough was enough. After finally getting some input from most of the branches the General Secretary, the Editor and myself decided what was going to be. This decision has been circulated to all branches so I will leave it at that.

It shows how good the publication is received by the world when the Editor gets phone calls from the BBC to have somebody comment on the latest passenger ship disaster. A very big well done to our Editor.

After this came the objection from Tauranga branch concerning the change to Rule 4 at the last AGM. This was found to be correct – not the right time frame given, so that the Rule change is null and void as from

January, although I don't expect any new members affected by this to be banned. The same Rule change has been re-submitted in plenty of time for discussion at the next AGM.

The reason for this rule change is to get new blood into the Company as it is, to be blunt, dying of old age!!!

On February 6th, I attended the Governor General's Waitangi Day Garden Party at Government House in Wellington. Also attending with me was the Wellington Branch Secretary, Captain Graham Williams.

A nice day was had by all, although I did have a bit of a *dig* at the CEO of Maritime New Zealand at the tremendous pool of knowledge residing in the company that MNZ are not using. I also stayed the night in Wellington hoping to meet some of the Wellington members but unfortunately this didn't happen.

The company funds seem to be holding up but are insufficient to allow us to print this copy of *On Deck*, other than in PDF format.

To conclude, I would like to thank the help received from the General Secretary Captain Bill Compson and our Editor Captain Nic Campbell. The efforts of Branches, Wardens and Committees must also be recognised and may this continue to keep our organisation alive.

Ben Johnson



LETTERS



CHURCHILL ON CRUISING

The current plight of the Costa Concordia should remind us of a comment made by Winston Churchill. After his retirement he was cruising the Mediterranean on an Italian cruise liner.

Some Italian journalists asked why an ex British Prime Minister should chose an Italian ship.

*'There are three things I like about being on an Italian cruise ship,' said Churchill.
'First their cuisine is unsurpassed.
Second their service is superb.
And then, in time of emergency, there is none of this nonsense about women and children first.'*

Winston C.

THE CHALLENGE OF DECLINING MEMBERSHIP

Sir,

I was not in attendance at last years AGM of the Company where, I understand, a change to the Company Rules was discussed and passed. This change, I also understand, has since been rescinded as a result of due process not being followed. I am led to believe that the same amendment, which specifically deals with the admission of Naval Officers, may well be put forward again at this years AGM in August.

As a long standing member of the Company I am writing this letter to give my views on the matter of falling membership and the suggestion that a Rule change will arrest this decline if not actually increase our numbers. Listed below are the issues that I see as needing full consideration before any change to the constitution is put in place.

1. The Objects (Rule 3) are quite clear, they have stood the test of time and say what the Company is about. Specific reference to members coming from the Navy in a change to Rule 4 would, I feel, require that the Objects of the Company also be altered to accommodate this new group's formal involvement.

2 As has already been proven there is

sufficient flexibility in the operation of Rule 4.1.1 to admit *suitably qualified* Naval Officers to Ordinary Membership. I am sure that we can leave the Branch Committee and Executive Council to determine whether or not an applicant is indeed *suitably qualified*.

3. It is unquestionable that our numbers are falling. This is due to a variety of reasons most of which we all probably understand. Unless there is a queue of Naval Officers impatiently waiting for a Rule change to enable them to join the Company in Auckland, a situation of which I am unaware, then the change suggested will be fruitless. It may be worth recording that the *suitably qualified* pool of Naval Officers in Wellington were contacted through our own Naval Officer member but without the invitation being accepted. In the event there was no suggestion that the Company Rules provided a barrier to their joining.

4 Individually we all have our own reasons for being members of the Company but to increase membership numbers, both collectively and individually, we must encourage potential members to join. I see this as being best achieved at Branch level with the committee encouraging it's members to participate in a properly organized campaign. People will only participate in any organization if they are convinced that there is something in it for them both professionally and socially.

Of interest I see in today's *DomPost* that the Interislander Line employs 54 Deck Officers. Amongst this number must be a size-able number of holders of Master Mariner certificates. I am unaware of any being members of the Wellington Branch! There may well be parallel cases in the other Branches.

Part of the attraction for Master Mariners to join the Company could well be that their interest is raised by the fact that the rejuvenated *On Deck* magazine reflects that the New Zealand Company has a publication of world wide interest and thereby promotes it's position in the New Zealand maritime world. This publication could well provide the focus under which a drive for new members could be started.

**Kenneth D Watt
Wellington Branch**

HAS ON DECK CROSSED THE BAR?

Sir,

I am moved both by Robert Stott's optimistic editorial in the September issue of *On Deck* and the counterpoint comments made by Captain Gavin (Guy) Dennison in his editorial in the December copy of *Sea Breezes* to comment on the squabbles over the frequency of issuing *On Deck* and even the probability that the journal will be terminated.

We all thought that finally we were to be presented with a journal that would promote the Company's image, stimulate top level, sensible maritime discussion and attract more of our younger members.

Here, we thought again, was a vehicle comparable, in Master Mariner terms, to Sextus Aurelius Propertius's (fl. 485-410 BC) illustrious Elegies 2, and about which he pompously trumpeted;

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graeci!

Give way Roman writers, give way Greeks!
Nescioquid maius nascitur Iliad.
Something greater than the Iliad is born.

Alas it was not to be. *On Deck* was fledged with aspirations but may die in childhood with very small likelihood of any Phoenix-like resurrection. RIP

Captain Prometheus Ahab

THE PROFESSIONAL ICONOCLAST

Sir

A link to numerous BBC videos in respect to the *Costa Concordia* grounding is below. They give plenty of information and some very good footage. It seems that the police have identified the reef that the ship struck which is on the Island of Gigilio. Also there is a, perhaps believable, AIS track of the ship prior to grounding and it's track up to the time it came to rest on its starboard side.

It is curious that the operation of watertight doors have not been mentioned, perhaps the rip in the side of the ship may have extended almost the full length of the vessel. As mentioned previously the ship being thrown into darkness is not correct as the emergency power did take over and the vessel is well lit even when laying on its side during the evacuation. The radio dialogue of the Coast

Guard ordering Captain Schettino back aboard his ship is enough to hang him apart from the basic blunder. The officer of the watch at the time of the grounding will be for the high jump as well I should think. Apparently there were eleven people on the bridge at the time of the grounding.

The modern and not so modern vessels have the ship's bridge designed for entertainment areas. The NIWA vessel *Tangaroa* has a huge bridge area and it would have been designed as a party venue had their long-serving Master not intervened at the time the ship was built. Some of you may re-call the Master from a big cruise vessel who did some relieving on a small UK coastal vessel and sung the praises of having TV and video so the officer of the watch and others could view movies etc. It was also an area where the crew gathered for sundowners. My comment at the time was that I would not take that Master across the harbour on my yacht let alone have him as an officer on any ship I served in.

One time the bridge of a ship was treated with respect, almost with reverence, but that has gone many years ago. Seagoing traditions and disciplines that were learnt when we first went to sea served a real purpose. Many of those traditions aided and abetted safety at sea in a sensible manner. They had been in place for centuries. Regretfully, the uninformed mealy mouthed wooly woofers of the PC brigade have successfully undermined those traditions and the nautical terminologies that go with it. The time is nearing fast when ships will never list and always lean over, decks will be floors, the galley will be the kitchen, alleyways will be corridors and the Captain will be relegated to team leader. Perhaps many of today's' Masters should not get beyond team leader.

The atrocious attack on maritime terminology is evident in the reporting on the *Rena* disaster. However, we should not concern ourselves, as those in authority, who are not aware of port or starboard nor truk from keelson, will make sure they have others of similar ilk appointed to the Court of Enquiry. They will listen to legal counsel who are only interested in collecting a fat fee and like so many other serious shipping mishaps the cause of the grounding of *Costa Concordia* will likely be blamed on fatigue.
<http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-europe-16773052>

***Captain Ronald Palmer
Shipmaster***

INITIAL RESPONSE TO RENA GROUNDING SADLY LACKING

Sir,

Maritime New Zealand Chairman David Ledson's article in the January/February issue of Professional Skipper asserts that leadership was the key to dealing with the response to the Rena stranding combined with skills and expertise is correct. However, this was all sadly lacking in the critical first few days after the grounding.

Maritime New Zealand (MNZ) was floundering from the outset without any technical understanding of the situation. They did not have one person in senior management with any marine experience or qualifications to initiate any practical responses.

Indeed it was only with the arrival of the salvors that any meaningful response occurred. It also required two ex-employees to be recruited who were qualified and technically knowledgeable to give credibility to MNZ's news reports after the meaningless stalling commentaries during the first days.

Immediately after the grounding, MNZ should have requisitioned the Awanuia and sailed her straight for Tauranga to discharge her cargo to the shore facilities and stand by to receive the Rena's fuel. The MNZ director had the power to requisition the tanker, but left the salvors to negotiate with the mercenary Ports of Auckland, which created an unnecessary delay.

Maritime NZ's statements that it is difficult to discharge fuel from a cargo vessel like the Rena and that she was not ready for fuel transfer may strike a chord with lay people. But in it would take very little effort by ship's crew to change the pipe-work in the engine-room and use the fuel transfer pumps to discharge the fuel. If they could not, there were plenty options ashore to help fabricate flanges, and pipe work to suit.

It should be remembered that these first few days of calm weather ship's infrastructure, including pumps generators and critical pipelines were still basically intact. (We were told had managed to discharge three wing tanks back to five wing tanks). The oil was still warm and probably still capable of being heated, the crew was still on board and available to assist, indeed they were rumoured to

have been ready to discharge the fuel oil on the second day.

Let there be no doubt the fuel should have been removed from the Rena during those critical first few days of good weather, had MNZ shown leadership and some understanding of the urgency required in this situation. This would have saved a month of arduous and often dangerous work for the salvaging team.

It is more of a concern to those of us in the industry that the chairman of Maritime NZ states he is satisfied with the response, particularly where he has the benefit of hindsight. In truth, Maritime NZ instructed the owners to employ a salvor and then effectively stood back and contributed very little to the oil recovery and salvage operation.

It is more of a concern to those of us in the industry that the chairman of Maritime NZ states he is satisfied with the response, particularly where he has the benefit of hindsight. In truth, Maritime NZ instructed the owners to employ a salvor and then effectively stood back and contributed very little to the oil recovery and salvage operation.

His gratitude for Catherine Taylor's efforts during her five year tenure as director is also at odds with my peer's opinions in the maritime industry. During this time we have experienced a continual dumbing down of marine qualification standards, where the oil industry was not required to contribute to the depleted oil pollution levy, failure to ratify IMO conventions which will cap the insurer's liability for the clean-up to half what it should be, and the removal of all marine qualified people in managerial positions in Maritime NZ.

This has been highlighted by the damning audit that there is a need to employ more marine qualified personnel within MNZ, which has not been addressed. If MNZ with its huge staff cannot execute an initial response to maritime disasters without waiting for outside marine consultants to take over, they can be viewed as another unnecessary layer of bureaucracy and in my opinion could be replaced by a call centre in India.

Captain Heath Smart

REMEMBER THE SAILING BOARDS?

Sir,

Each ship used to announce its sailing time on a board attached near the gangway and in New Zealand ships the rule was that sailing times, as stated on the board, had to be displayed by noon on the day of sailing. . Some of these boards were works of art, others simply a black painted square with all kinds of varying artistic efforts in between. Many Union Steam Ship Company ships supplemented the sailing board by displaying the Blue Peter on the appropriate mast but most coasters did not follow this convention because of the frequency of departures which could be daily or even twice daily.

Generally most highlighted the ship's name although the Lyttelton/Wellington ferries were substituted by permanent notices painted on the walls i.e. " Steamer Express services to Lyttelton depart at 7.45pm daily except Sunday" at the entrance to the wharf shelter sheds. Lyttelton made exception to exact time by advertising departure on arrival of the Express train from Dunedin.

By agreement with the various maritime unions the sailing board was obliged to be displayed by 1100hrs.

Do any of our members remember when sailing boards were discontinued? I cannot trace any photos either. Does anyone know where a photo may be copied and saved as an artefact of NZ marine history?

John Beveridge

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.
Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

Alfred Lord Tennyson



Dou ponere siletum. Requiescat in Pace

Reverend James (Jim) Pether

Members will be saddened to hear that the Reverend Jim Pether passed away on 13th September 2011.

Jim was an Honorary Member of the Wellington Branch of the New Zealand Company of Master Mariners. He was also the Chaplain to the Mission to Seafarers in Wellington, having been appointed to that position in 1985. He retired from that Chaplaincy in June 2010 and was succeeded by the Reverend Bob Peters.

Jim was highly regarded by all who knew him and although he rarely attended our Branch functions, keenly followed the activities of the Branch and particularly enjoyed reading the Maritime Notes and *On Deck* which, he said, kept him up to date with seafaring things.

He held a number of other positions connected with seafarers and seafaring things and will be missed. We extend our sympathy to his family, friends, and other organisations he was involved with at the time of his crossing

Captain Lawrence (Lawrie) D. Collins

Lawrie Collins died in Wellington on Christmas Day . He was 75 years old and was one a member of the Company.

He was one of the original Union Company cadets. He remained with that company and was appointed master in 1966

He joined the Interisland Line in 1971 as one of their first masters. and retired in 2002 .

The Company of Master Mariners extend their condolences his wife Barbara and to his family.

BIRDS MAY SEE EARTH'S MAGNETIC FIELDS

Dave Mosher—Live Science



Birds can travel the world without any of the gizmos that humans depend on, and a new study suggests how: Our feathered friends might 'see' Earth's magnetic field.

While other mechanisms are thought to help birds navigate, including magnetically sensitive cells within their beaks, their brain regions responsible for vision are in full gear during magnetic navigation, researchers said.

'If you look into the brain of a bird during magnetic compass orientation, only the visual system is highly active,' said study co-author Henrik Mouritsen, a biologist at the University of Oldenburg in Germany, noting that most migratory birds do so at night. "Other regions of the brain are not, so birds could use vision to 'see' Earth's magnetism and orient themselves."

The researchers previously discovered molecules called cryptochromes, which change their chemistry, in the presence of a magnetic field, in the retinas of migratory birds' eyes.

"When light hits these molecules, their chemistry changes and magnetism can influence them," Mouritsen said. The molecules might then affect light-sensing cells in the retina to create images which would help the brain navigate during flight, he added.

A direct connection between the specialized cells and the region of the bird's brain active during magnetic orientation, however, has never been shown before.

Mouritsen and his team recently found such

connections between the cryptochrome-holding retinal cells and the "cluster N" region of migratory birds' brains, located in part of the brain responsible for vision.

"Cluster N is highly active during magnetic field orientation at night, when migratory birds fly," he said, explaining that non-migratory birds don't seem to use it during night flight. "We can't see what birds see, obviously, but they may pick up some sort of shading in their vision at night to act as a compass."

No smoking gun

Mouritsen noted that while the work is exciting, it isn't direct proof that they can actually "see" Earth's magnetism during migratory flights at night.

"If we could listen in on the neural connections between the retinal cells and cluster N, and show they actually send magnetically-influenced signals to the brain," Mouritsen said, "then that would be really compelling evidence that they can see it."

Even if migratory birds can see Earth's magnetic field, he noted, plenty of mysteries remain to explain their uncanny navigation.

"Birds also use the sun and stars to navigate, but we're not certain how," Mouritsen said.

"How do they compute all of this information and end up with a direction to fly in? There are so many steps in this process we simply don't know about."



Whooping cranes - no compasses

DOES SONAR CONFUSE CETACEANS ?

Earthtimes .org

In the past few years, whale strandings have risen, says the US Department of Environment and Conservation (DEC). The DEC isn't sure why whales are stranding more frequently, but it plans to investigate the causes.

The US National Marine Fisheries Service (NMFS) has declared an Unusual Mortality Event (UME) in the Northern Gulf of Mexico for whales and dolphins from February 2010 to May 2011. Only 4 per cent of stranded whales and dolphins were stranded live, however, suggesting that while the Deepwater Oil Spill in the gulf has affected some whale populations, other causes have led to increased strandings throughout the world. Further, even before that oil spill, whale strandings had increased dramatically in this area. In March 2010, over 50 dolphins and whales were beached here, compared to an average of less than 20 each March from 2002 to 2009.

A number of recent strandings in other regions of the world happened well before the Deepwater spill occurred. In March 2009, 194 whales and a small dolphin pod became stranded on the coast of Tasmania, and most did not survive. The previous November, 150 pilot whales died in another mass stranding in Tasmania, says the BBC News. In February 2011, 107 whales died on the coast of New Zealand. Whales seem particularly vulnerable in waters near Australia and New Zealand,



during migrations to or from the Antarctic, the article notes.

The number of whale strandings on Western Australia's coast has been increasing, but scientists aren't sure whether it stems from increasing populations of whales or another phenomenon, says Daniel Mercer in *The Western Australian*.

Experts have long believed that sonar plays a central role in causing whales and dolphins to strand. In March 2011, a study published in the *PLoS One* (Public Library of Science) journal confirmed that sonar repels beaked whales, disrupting their natural behavior. This could cause the whales to go off course, swimming into shallow waters.

This supports other findings that sonar can disrupt the migration patterns of whales and other cetaceans, perhaps making them more vulnerable when on the move. Whale expert Chris Parsons has found that mass strandings of whales have frequently followed military exercises that use sonar, as he and his co-authors asserted in a 2008 article in the *Marine Pollution Bulletin*.

Other, less visible species may be suffering too. Mass strandings of squids in 2001 and 2003 may have been caused by use of compressed air guns off the coast of Spain, according to a recent study in *Frontiers in Ecology and the Environment*, as described in *The Scientific American*. The study found that invertebrates like squid can sustain acoustic trauma from low-intensity, low-range sound. This trauma harms their centre for balance and orientation, affecting their ability to survive. The research continues. *



Merchant Navy Uniforms.

By Captain Barry Thompson

The following article is reproduced with the kind permission of the author and the Honourable Company of Master Mariners in whose journal it first appeared.

During the war years most of us were proud of our uniform whether it was the Standard Merchant Navy uniform or that of our shipping companies. But I wonder how many of us really knew much about the origins of them.

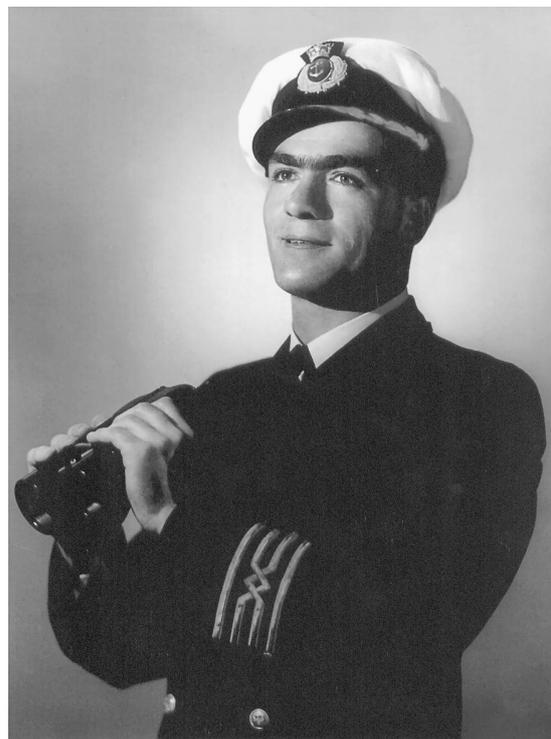
In the old square-riggers uniforms were rarely worn except in one or two of the elite companies carrying passengers, and perhaps cadets in large numbers like Devitt and Moore and the White Star Line. But in the age of steam, particularly with the growth of the large passenger ships, there was a change of attitude.

Although the Royal Navy established a uniform for its officers in 1748 and the Honourable East India Company also had a uniform, it was many years before even some of the larger shipping companies adopted one. When they did so they followed the navy, at least to the extent of the blue jacket and trousers, but they employed their own cap badges and badges of rank.

Prior to the First World War, Britain already had a proud history of shipping with numerous different shipping companies making up its vast merchant fleet. Alas, until war broke out the country had never fully realised the extent to which it was dependent on its merchant seamen and, in recognition of the part they played during the war, King George V honoured them in 1922 by referring to the ships and the seamen collectively as *The Merchant Navy*. A few years later he bestowed a further honour by giving the Prince of Wales the title of *Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets*.

The war saw many younger officers wearing their company's uniform ashore in the UK to avoid appearing as draft dodgers or pacifists.

This, and a wish to unite the diverse group of companies, saw a committee set up in 1917 comprising respected members in the shipping industry, including several shipmasters, to consider the merits of introducing a common uniform. They recommended an appropriate one which prompted the Government to introduce an Order in Council in 1918 providing for *The British Mercantile Marine Uniform*. Then, in 1919 an Act was passed to prohibit its improper use and this was followed in December 1921 by a further Order in Council revoking the 1918 Order and containing a new Schedule making some alterations to the uniform.



Standard Master's uniform with guided oak leaves on the cap peak.

Our members will be familiar with what became known to most of us as *The Standard MN Uniform* and many will have worn it for most of their years at sea. However, it is doubtful that they would have been aware of one or two interesting points which deserve a mention.

The original Order prescribed the rank markings which, for the officers, comprised gold lace or black mohair stripes.



Standard Chief Officer's uniform

Unlike the curl on the naval braid these stripes were to incorporate a distinctive diamond to be of half-inch width braid. The later Order reduced the width to three-eighths of an inch although I recall during my early years at sea that in spite of the regulations many officers, particularly masters, continued to wear half-inch stripes which were certainly more impressive.

The gold lace contained two per cent of gold for many years but as the price of gold rose many could not afford the cost of this top-quality braid and later gilt became the cheaper alternative. This braid originally went right around the cuff but WWII economies saw it reduced and attached only half-way round. This immediately brought about a savings of both braid and expense but after the war full braid was slowly restored although many chose to continue with half braid.

The regulations made provision for a greatcoat, falling to 14 inches off the ground, to be worn in cold weather by all who wished.

They also provided for frock coats to be worn by officers although these were probably confined to wearing by passenger ship officers, and for a double-breasted undress coat often referred to today as a reefer jacket. Unlike the one with which we have been accustomed, this jacket had five buttons in two rows, buttoning only four.

There were also details of a single-breasted working undress jacket of blue serge with patch pockets and black mohair rank stripes. I can remember seeing them when I first went to sea in 1946, albeit with gold lace rather than mohair, and I believe they were referred to as patrol jackets. Battle dress and duffel coats were also common then but were never included in the regulations although they were practical remnants of WWII.



A young man looks business-like as he models a standard Merchant Navy uniform with Second Mate's insignia

White uniforms and white cap covers were prescribed for wearing in hot climates, the latter following the naval custom of being also used in the UK between 1 May and 30 September. After 1956 cap covers became

worn all the year round and soon led to caps being made with permanent white crowns.



Certified Third Mate's single stripe with diamond, shown here as epaulette or shoulder strap.

The MN uniform regulations provided for a cap badge with an anchor on a red cushion to be surrounded by oak-leaves and acorns. Many wore this badge but I can recall as a Port Line apprentice, when not wearing the company cap badge, I proudly displayed the unofficial but more impressive cap badge known as the *Bombay Rose* made by skilled Indian wireworkers. It was an enlarged badge with laurel leaves in place of oak leaves, somewhat more like its naval counterpart.

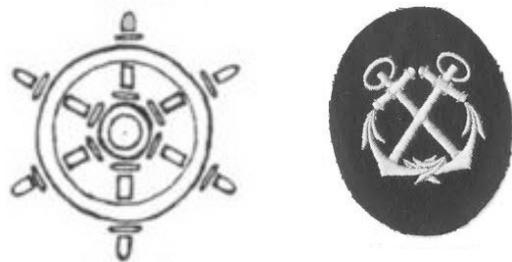
The regulations also stipulated that the peak of the Master's cap was to have laurel leaves embroidered on its front edge. This was certainly an improvement of the plain embroidered 'Station Master' pattern often previously worn. It has since become further changed, I believe, without any official recognition, to see the 'scrambled eggs' — the colloquial term for the peak decoration — almost always comprising oak leaves, as in the RN, in place of laurel leaves

The 1921 Order in Council also provided for a Petty Officer's uniform. This was for a double-breasted jacket with four buttons of which only three were to show, the fourth being under the lapel, but custom has since altered it to accord with current practice. The cap badge was the same as for the officers but without the oak-leaves; and for stewards in cargo ships the badge is silver.

Petty Officers had distinguishing arm badges;

boatswains *Crossed Anchors* and carpenters *Crossed Axes*. Quartermasters had a *Wheel*, but they were distinctive in any event because they wore a jumper and cap similar to that worn by naval ratings, the latter with the ship's name on its ribbon.

No provision was made for other deck ratings but the practice soon grew up that in passenger ships blue seamen's jerseys embroidered with the ship's name across the chest were worn with blue trousers.



**Petty Officer insignia
Quartermaster Boatswain**

In the catering department Chief Stewards in passenger ships were accorded a thin gold stripe with three gold stars on the cuff while other stewards had a number of gold or silver stars, and the cook silver stars.

Many of us will remember being issued during and just after WWII with a silver lapel badge to be worn with civvies. It contained the letters *MN* encircled by a rope, reef knotted at the bottom and surmounted by a naval crown.



WW2 undress MN Badge

During the 1990s, when the British Merchant Navy was at about its lowest ebb, the Government considered revoking Section 57 of the

1995 Merchant Shipping Act which provided protection for the proper wearing of the uniform. Fortunately there was sufficient protest to cause it to drop the idea and happily there has since been a slight upsurge in the number of ships flagged under the Red Ensign so perhaps a small increase can be expected in the wearing of our uniform again in the future.

When provision for a uniform was first introduced by legislation it was hoped that shipping companies would encourage the wearing of the Standard Uniform in place of their own. Some did so, and for others an acceptable compromise was agreed whereby a company's cap badge could be worn with the rest of the standard uniform if desired. In some companies their officers did not embrace the idea of the Standard Uniform and preferred to retain the full company uniform which they felt fostered greater *esprit de corps*.

My own company, the P & O, had a uniform for its officers from 1845, almost from the date of its founding, and for many years its cap badge, and badges of rank, were probably some of the more unusual amongst shipping companies.

For most officers the P & O officers' cap badge for many years was simply the gold rising sun which appeared as the crest of the Company's Coat of Arms, and for a long time it was portrayed with eyes, a nose and a mouth. It was the badge for all officers with the exception of the deck officers whose prerogative alone was the addition of a gold fouled-anchor, not upright like that of the Royal Navy, but mounted at an angle of about 45° and surmounted by the rising sun.

This changed in 1947 when all officers became entitled to the combined badge with the anchor and it was not until the late 1960s that the house flag, so common on other cap badges, appeared on the P & O officers' cap badge.

For many years, instead of wearing rank

markings on the cuff of the blue reefer jacket P & O deck officers, pursers and surgeons wore them on the shoulder. Uniquely, the deck officers wore them only on the right shoulder and the pursers and surgeons on the left, but the 1947 regulations saw rank markings at last on both shoulders. From this date P & O Commanders (later referred to as Captains) wore a thick gold stripe with a rising sun above it on each shoulder and staff captains had the stripe without the rising sun. When Radio Officers became 'company's men' instead of Marconi Marine employees in the 1950s they too wore their rank markings on both shoulders but engineers continued to be more conventional and wore theirs as straight stripes on both cuffs.



Examples of different rank insignia

P & O observed the convention of maroon between the engineers' stripes, white for pursers and scarlet for surgeons, later introducing green for its radio officers. Most

Most unusually, P & O deck officers wore royal blue between their stripes until the major changes of the 1960s, and this was probably a relic of the early days when Royal Navy navigators used pale blue to denote their special skill.

Some other companies had unusual provisions for their officers' rank markings too. Royal Mail officers wore chevrons on their cuff and Orient Line Captains and Staff Captains did so too. Other companies, including Clan Line, British Tankers and Ben Line adopted the naval curl into and above the uppermost stripe and Royal Fleet Auxiliary, British Antarctic Survey and South African Railways (which operated the port tugs) introducing a lozenge in a similar manner. Cunard and a few others relied simply upon straight stripes while Canadian Pacific appropriately placed a maple leaf above the stripes.

One interesting and unusual recent innovation by the Royal Fleet Auxiliary concerns the chief officers' cap peak. It no longer has the plain black patent leather peak prescribed in the Standard Uniform regulations for other than masters, but now has laurel leaves around it in the manner prescribed for masters in the



Various styles of epaulette

1921 Order in Council. This appears to have been a move to put them on a similar footing with Royal Navy Commanders with whom they have close association in their fleet support role and who also wear three stripes and 'scrambled egg' on their caps.

There were many shipping companies with

interesting uniforms which survived until so many of the famous companies disappeared in the latter part of the 20th century, but where a company did not possess a uniform of its own the introduction of the Standard Uniform served a useful purpose for many of them. *

I'M ON A COMMITTEE **Anon.**

Oh, give me some pity, I'm on a committee,

Which means that from morning to night:

We attend and amend, contend and defend,

Without a conclusion in sight.

We confer and concur, we defer and demur,

And reiterate all of our thoughts.

We revise the agenda with frequent addenda,

and consider a load of reports.

We compose and propose, we suppose and

oppose,

And the points of procedure are fun.

But though various notions are brought up as

motions,

There's terribly little gets done.

We resolve and absolve, but we never dis-

solve,

Since it's out of the question for us.

What a shattering pity, to end our committee,

Where else could we make such a fuss?



The *Laconia* Order



Survivors of the sunken *Laconia* cramped on the upper deck of U-156 (Werner Hartenstein).

The story of the *Laconia* Incident began on the morning of September 12 1942. U-156 was on patrol in the South Atlantic, off the bulge of West Africa, midway between Liberia and the Ascension Island. Commanded by KL Werner Hartenstein, she was one of the many Type IXCs stationed along the west coast of Africa. While heading southward on the surface, the cry of a lookout brought Hartenstein to the bridge of the U-boat. Their attention was fixated on the silhouette of a large British ship, sailing alone in the distant horizon, southwest of their position. That location was about 500 miles off the African coast and at an area frequently patrolled by allied planes based out of Freetown. Hartenstein altered course to run parallel with the ship, keeping the smoke in sight and staying far out of sight until he could close the gap when night has fallen.

He would soon learn that his target was the 20,000 ton British Cunard Star liner, the *Laconia*. At the outbreak of war, the *Laconia* had been converted into a troopship, armed with deck guns, depth charges and asdic equipment. This made her a legitimate military target.

As soon as sunset approached, Hartenstein closed his target and by 10pm, U-156 was in position. With the allied ship in his crosshairs, he fired two torpedoes from a range of about two miles. After a run of about three minutes

both torpedoes found their target and almost immediately the *Laconia* stopped dead in the water and began to list. Hartenstein surfaced and made his way to the stricken ship to try to capture senior military officers. In the fading sunlight crew members of the U-156 could see survivors struggling in the water, some in lifeboats, but many in the sea. The scene was in total chaos, with burning wreckage lighting up the night sky, there were floating corpses, over-crowded lifeboats, frantic swimmers and panic cries for help.

As he approached the beleaguered survivors, the crew of U-156 was astonished to hear the sounds of Italian voices. "Aiuto, aiuto", the cries for help in Italian. Puzzled, he takes on a few survivors and soon discovers the true situation aboard the *Laconia*. As it turned out, she was carrying 2,732 passengers; 136 crew, 285 British soldiers, 80 civilians including women and children, 160 Polish guards and 1,800 Italian prisoners of war. It was not the troopship that he had imagined.



Civilian women and children including the wife of the governor of Malta were among the survivors rescued by U-boats.

Realizing his error, Hartenstein immediately launches a rescue operation. Hundreds of survivors were picked up, including civilian women and children, with many crammed inside the submarine, on the upper deck and

a further 200 survivors in tow aboard four lifeboats. He also called for assistance from nearby U-boats and broadcasted a radio message in plain English, providing his position and requesting aid from any nearby vessels, promising a suspension of hostilities while rescue operations were underway. U-156 remained on the surface for two and a half days providing aid to the beleaguered survivors.

Meanwhile, back in U-boat headquarters in Paris, Donitz was startled by Hartenstein's actions. Although he ordered for no such rescues to take place, this time he not only allowed it, but nevertheless supported it. Donitz would explain many years later, "to give them an order contrary to the laws of humanity would have destroyed it (the crews morale) utterly".



Erich Wurdeman of U-506 arrives two days later and joins in the rescue.

To speed up the rescue operation, he ordered three more U-boats to speed to Hartenstein's aid. Flying the Red Cross flag, U-506 (Erich Wurdeman) and U-507 (Harro Schacht) arrived two days later, just around noon of September 15. They were later joined by an Italian submarine Cappellini. These four submarines shepherded the survivors, with lifeboats in tow and hundreds

standing on the decks of the U-boat, they made towards the African coastline for a rendezvous with Vichy French warships dispatched as part of the rescue.

The next morning, September 16, at 11.25am, this concentration of U-boats was spotted by an American B-24 Liberator bomber operating out of Ascension island. The survivors waved and the U-boats signalled for help. As Red Cross flags were draped over their decks, the pilot Lieutenant James D. Harden turned away and radioed back to base for instructions. The officer on duty that day Captain Robert C. Richardson III replied with the order to attack.



Half an hour later, Harden flew back and the survivors felt a sigh of relief on seeing the returning aircraft. They had expected a drop of supplies, of the much needed food and medicine. Instead, they were attacked with a concentration of bombs and depth charges. One bomb landed amidst a lifeboat and hundreds perished during that attack. U-156 was slightly damaged and forced to submerge, leaving hundreds of victims struggling in the water. All the submarines dived and escaped, although U-506 and U-507 returned to the area later, unwilling to desert the people they had saved. Fortunately, Vichy French warships from Dakar arrived the next day and picked up the remaining survivors, so the loss of life from the American action was contained. In total, there were about 1,621 deaths with 1,111 survivors, including those already taken aboard the overcrowded U-boats. This incident left a foul bitterness in the U-boat war that would cast a long shadow over Donitz and his seamen.

The action of Captain Richardson was considered by many as a war crime, although no formal charges were ever placed. As a result of this incident, Admiral Donitz issued an order forbidding U-boats from attempting any rescues and furthermore, from providing any assistance whatsoever to survivors of submarine attacks.

He was quoted to say "no attempt of any kind must be made to rescue the crews of ships sunk". This order became to be known as either the '*Laconia Order*' or the '*Laconia Directive*'.

Up until now, it was common for U-boats to aid survivors of their attack by providing provisions and pointing out the direction closest to land. Despite the order, some U-boat commanders continued in their practice to aid survivors of their attacks.

After the war, Donitz stood trial for war crimes and the *Laconia Order* was used as a basis of indictment against him. Most surprisingly, he received support from some of the most respected figures in the US Navy, Admiral Chester Nimitz who came to his defence said that the United States had operated under the same engagements of unrestricted warfare. Despite the evidence of allied practice, Donitz was convicted of war crimes by the Nuremberg Tribunal and sentenced to 11 and a half years in prison.



The U-boat crews deeply resented this action and felt that they were being prosecuted for the threat they had posed to the allies rather than for war crimes.

Recommended Links:- Werner Hartenstein and the Laconia Incident

<http://wernerhartenstein.tripod.com/U156Laconia.htm>



R.M.S. *Laconia* shortly before World War Two.

The Call of the Sea in 1050 AD

Author unknown ca.1050 AD

The poem translated below, has been interpreted as a dialogue between a weather-beaten old sailor and a youth eager to go to sea. The parts are not assigned in the original MS and the only warrant for our dialogue form lies in the structure of the poem itself. Only the youth's comments are interpreted here.

The Youth

Oh wildly my heart
Beats in my bosom and bids me to try
The tumble and surge of seas tumultuous,
Breeze and brine and the breakersâ roar.
Daily hourly drives me my spirit
Outward to sail, far countries to see.
Liveth no man so large in his soul,

So gracious in giving, so gay in his youth,
In deeds so daring, so dear to his lord,
But frets his soul for his sea-adventure,
Fain to try what fortune shall send
Harping he heeds not, nor hoarding of
treasure;
Nor woman can win him, nor joys of the
world.

Nothing doth please but the plunging billows;
Ever he longs, who is lured by the sea.
Woods are abloom, the wide world awakens,
These are but warnings, that haste on his
journey
Him whose heart is hungry to taste
The perils and pleasures of the pathless deep.

Sudden my soul starts from her prison-house,
Soareth afar oâer the sounding main;
Hovers on high, oâer the home of the whaleâ
Back to me darts the bird-sprite and beckons,
Winging her way oâer woodlands and plain,
Hungry to roam, and bring me where glisten
Glorious tracts of glimmering foam.
This life on land is lingering death to me,
Give me the gladness of Godâs great sea

Author unknown ca. AD 900- 1050

**Translated from the *Book of Exeter*
also known as the *Codex Exoniensis*, a
tenth-century book or anthology of
Anglo-Saxon poetry.**

The Y Generation 1980 until now.

What is generation Y?

- People born before 1946 were called The Silent generation.
- The Baby Boomers, are people born between 1946 and 1959.
- Generation X, people born between 1960 and 1979.
- Generation Y, are the people born between 1980 and 1995

Why do we call the last group Generation Y?

I always thought it was because they say...

- Y should I get a job?
- Y should I leave home and find my own place?
- Y should I get a car when I can borrow yours?
- Y should I pay board?
- Y should I clean my room?
- Y should I wash and iron my own clothes?
- Y should I buy any food?

However, recently a cartoonist explained it very eloquently below...



From:
Journale de Quebec 22 march janvier 2008

THE LAST BLACK FLAG

Copied from Papers Past The Christchurch Star

Issue 5789, 5 February 1897, Page 4

In June 1935 the Sun was incorporated into the Star and became a new newspaper the well-known but now discontinued Christchurch Star-Sun.

A good rollicking yarn from yesteryear.
A typical piece of sensational journalism
from the nineteenth century. True or not,
it reads like a tale from
Robert Louis Stevenson (Tusitala.)
Who knows? Is it real?

The last sailing ship to make the run from London to Australia as a passenger packet was the Ruby Castle, and you may call it a curious coincidence when I tell you that she was the last ship, so far as is known, to be attacked by pirates in the South Atlantic. The adventure created a good deal of talk at the time, and has often been woven into story; but, as I was one of the apprentice boys on board the packet and saw and heard all, I think I can give you many new particulars.

It was advertised that the Ruby Castle was making a last trip, and, as she had always been a favourite craft, and as the passage money had been scaled down considerably, she had a list of seventy cabin passengers and about two hundred emigrants. Her crew consisted of some sixty men, and she was armed to protect herself from anything but a man-of-war. As no craft on the line had been interfered with for several years, and as the cruisers boasted of having swept the seas of pirate craft, there was talk of disarming the Castle before she sailed. But for the protestations of some of the cabin passengers, this would have been done, and her fate would have been something for all England to shudder over.

Things never went better with any of the big liners until we were south of St Helena, and the beginning one of our troubles was the sighting of a brig which stood out to us from the African coast. She was first seen at eight

o'clock of a fine morning, and, though a few glasses were turned upon her, she excited but little interest. I heard Captain Wilson say that she was an American merchantman, and, so far as the glasses could tell us, all was well with her. We were therefore considerably surprised when she approached within two miles of us, and showed a signal of distress and checked her way. The wind was falling at the time, and before we were quite sure about the flag, it had fallen flat calm. The two crafts were left a mile apart, and a boat was ordered down from the Ruby Castle to pull across the interval and give heed to the appeal. The men were tumbling into her when a young woman, who had been carefully observing the stranger through the glass, called Captain Wilson's attention to the fact that she carried guns, and that a part of her crew seemed to have been sent below. Other glasses soon revealed other suspicious things, and while no one took the stranger for a pirate, there was a fear that she might be a craft in possession of convicts or a mutinous crew. The second mate, who had charge of the boat, was instructed not to board, but to ask and answer questions from a safe distance and then return and report. His crew pulled away, and after a few minutes was close enough to the stranger for conversation. Her captain, of whose nationality they were not clear, reported her the French brig Celeste, bound from the Mauritius to Brest. A week previous he had been driven to the east by a gale and his craft had sprung a leak, and he had lost four of his crew. The leak had been stopped, but he was short of water and provisions, and wanted both from the packet. He was too short-handed to come for them, but would pay well if they were sent aboard.

When the mate returned and reported he added to the above that the brig was certainly armed and evidently a new and fast craft. There was no sign of her having been through a gale, and, taken altogether, the impression was that the captain was lying. Captain

Wilson's humanity prompted him to offer every assistance, and yet the mate's report determined him to make no move until the Celeste should send a boat aboard and make further explanations. She certainly had boats, and two men could easily row her captain aboard of us.

I do not think the Castle would have been put in a state of defence but for the passengers. Many of them became nervous, and to quiet them and at the same time exercise the crew the guns were cast loose, small arms served out and the peaceful packet was soon turned into a man-of-war. There was a Providence in it. When the stranger saw that he was suspected, he threw off all disguise. Of a sudden his decks were alive with men running about, and later on four boats were lowered and filled with armed men. They were coming to attack the Ruby Castle. They must have known that she was armed and had a strong crew aboard, but pirates were men to take long chances. When the four boats were ready to leave the brig's side I counted fifty-two men in all, and it seemed as if as many more were left behind. The signal of distress was hauled down and the black flag run up, and there was no longer a question of the stranger's identity and object.

You will wonder how we took matters aboard the packet. Of the thirty or more male cabin passengers, five or six showed the white feather, and, of course, most of the women were greatly frightened. Among the emigrants were about fifty men and half-grown boys. To a man of them they volunteered to help the crew, and muskets and pistols were served out to some and cutlasses and boarding pikes to others. We were prepared to give a good account of ourselves as the boats approached, and aside from the few skulkers we had no doubt of beating them off. The fellows were a desperate lot, belonging to all races, and there was no stopping to parley. The boats divided as they came on, and when half the distance had been passed their crews began cheering.

Our first shot from one of the big guns could not have been bettered. The solid shot struck one of the boats fair in the stem and split her

open full length, and of those not killed outright only two or three were picked up. The disaster only made the rascals the more desperate. Raising a cheer, the three boats dashed at us, and were soon so close that the big guns were of no further use. We met them with firearms, and we have cold shot into the boats as they hooked on, and no gang of pirates ever got a harder drubbing. Although we lost two killed and several wounded, not a man of them got aboard, and only two boats and eighteen returned to the Celeste. We knew they would not make another boat attack, and it was generally believed that when the breeze came the pirate would sail away.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the calm was broken, and, to our surprise and anxiety, the Celeste did not show her heels. On the contrary, she began working down towards us, and as soon as within cannon-shot she opened fire. She had four guns in broadside, the same as the Ruby Castle, and for an hour we had a square fight of it. Her object was to cripple us aloft; ours to damage her wherever we could. She sailed much better than we did and was more easily handled, but in spite of all her tricks we gave her the worst of it and finally drove her out of range. You can judge how hot it was when I tell you that in the running fight, which lasted for about seventy minutes, we were hit in hull and rigging forty-four times. We had nine men killed and twelve wounded among the fighters, and four killed and nine wounded among passengers and emigrants. What the loss of the stranger was we could not tell, but we battered him below and aloft until he had to draw off.

We left him astern as we headed our course, and no one supposed we should see him again. That night all the dead aboard of us were buried and the ship put to rights as far as could be, and only the women and children slept. The wounded spars were replaced, shot holes plugged up, and there was no reason why we should not safely make the Cape. When daylight came we congratulated each other over our victory, and the captain had just decided to make a sort of holiday in honour of the event, when a thunderstorm

the black cloud was the pirate brig. Instead of sailing away in search of a haven or of other prey, when she had repaired damages she had picked up our trail and was going to give us another brush. Such grim persistency at first brought a feeling of fright, but this soon gave place to one of grim determination to fight her to the death and show her no mercy. When we had her crippled the night before we could have destroyed her, but Captain Wilson simply sailed away. He now promised the crew to sink her if he could, and there was cheering as the men went to the guns. Down came the black cloud, and with it down came the pirate with his black flag flying, and as he ranged by on our port quarter at half-rifle shot he opened fire. His first shot struck a gun and killed three men, and his second wounded five men. Then the storm broke, the sea increased, and although the firing continued no great damage was done on either side. Daylight was turned into evening by the storm. There was heavy rain, with gusts of wind and the keenest of lightning and the loudest of thunder. Our decks were ankle deep water, but every man stood to his gun and continued the fight. As the darkness increased the brig crept closer to us, and during the last ten minutes of the fight one could have heaved a stone aboard of her.

One saw her in the play of the lightning, and for an instant could almost look into the eyes of the men aboard, and then for a few seconds she would be lost in the darkness. So terrific and continuous was the roll of thunder that the reports of the guns were unheard. You felt the concussion along the deck.

Loading and firing every gun which would bear as fast as possible, the Ruby Castle rushed forward on her course, and hanging to her quarter like a bulldog to his prey followed the Celeste. Of a sudden there was a great crash aloft, and down came fore and main topmasts together. The men were called from he guns to clear the wreckage and the ship

was in danger of broaching to and being swept, when there came such a flash of lightning as seemed to bum the eyeballs. This was followed by a thunder clap which seemed to lift the ship out of the water, and then fifty pairs of eyes saw a great spout of flame shoot up out of the sea. In the midst of the flame were masts, yards and sails and flying objects. The brig had been struck by lightning, and her magazine had blown up. There was a puff, a boom, a gust of red flame, and that was the end. She was blown into matchwood, with her black flag whipping in the gale, and her crew working at the guns, and the last pirate craft to plough the South Atlantic was no more. *

**PIRACY STATISTICS FOR THE
NORTH-WESTERN INDIAN
OCEAN AND THE SEAS ABOUT
THE HORN OF AFRICA AT
11 MARCH 2012**

Every person noted and every item of maritime inventory listed below is in the hands of pirates currently awaiting ransom or other resolution at the above date.

Personnel:

572 seamen, fishermen and yachtsmen,

Ships: 21 cargo vessels, 3 fishing vessels.
2 Yachts

Type of vessels:

Tankers – 6
Boxships - 2
General cargo – 4
Ro-ro – 1
Bulk carriers – 8
Fishing - 3

Vessels' nationality:

Algeria 1
Germany 1
Greece 6
China 1
Egypt 1
Iran 1
Italy 1
Malaysia 1
Thailand 1
Tunis 1
UAE 3
USA 1

THE SPANISH ARMADA IN SCOTLAND

Spanish Treasure in Tobermory Bay

Tales of prophecy, curses, deceit and unrequited revenge



Tobermory Bay , Isle of Mull, Scotland

After the defeat of the Spanish Armada by the English navy in 1588, it is said that a critically damaged Spanish vessel took shelter in the bay of Tobermory on the Isle of Mull, Scotland. The ships that survived the English onslaught were forced to navigate their way home around the north and west coasts of Scotland.

Several ships were lost along the treacherous Scottish coastline in terrible weather. One ship, although the identity of the ship is not known for sure, (some sources say she was the *Florida*, the *Florenzia*, the *San Juan de Sicilia* or the *San Juan de Baptista*, *Duque di Florenzia* - the *Duke of Florence*) rumours that the vessel was carrying a huge treasure with gold and silver plate and carrying the Armada paymaster's chest, a hoard of thirty million ducats in gold coin have persisted for many years, mysteriously blew up in Tobermory Bay on the Isle of Mull.

It is said that in October 1588 the critically damaged *San Juan de Sicilia* anchored in Tobermory Bay to take on supplies and make repairs; there are several theories of what happened next.

The most popular story of the event is that after sailing into Tobermory the captain arrogantly demanded food and aid from the islanders. The chieftain of Clan MacLean said that if the Spanish captain gave him 100 men at arms he could have all the food he liked, provided he paid for it. The Spaniard agreed and MacLean and his newly acquired mercenaries set out to attack MacLean's enemies, the MacDonald's on the Isles of Eigg, Muck, Rhum and Canna. As MacDonald reinforcements arrived the MacLeans and Spaniards withdrew burning and sacking lands throughout the region. When MacLean returned the Spanish captain announced he was ready to sail. The

Spaniard said that he would only pay once his men were returned. MacLean handed over the men at arms but kept three officers as hostages. MacLean then sent his young kinsman Donald MacLean over to the galleon to collect the promised gold.

Once on board the young Donald was taken prisoner. Even although there were still officers being held by MacLean the Spanish began to set sail. A short while later there was a huge explosion and the galleon sank to the bottom of the bay. Allegedly it was blown up by the MacLean's of Duart castle, however some find it is highly unlikely that MacLean would blow up his Spanish allies "Great Ship" which was of such use to him in his feud with the unforgiving clan of the MacDonald's.

Perhaps it could have been destroyed by an English spy or the Macdonald's who were at war with the MacLeans, the more romantic among us would like to believe that Donald MacLean, did in fact, realising that he had no escape and not wanting to let the greedy Spanish leave, had touched off the powder kegs in the magazine, perhaps, but we'll never know for sure!

FACT OR FICTION?

I'm not one to spoil a good story by letting the facts get in the way . But there are some stories that contain so much information, most of it conflicting, that the process of separating fact from fiction becomes an almost impossible task. All of which brings us to the town of Tobermory on the Isle of Mull - more specifically, its attractive sheltered bay.

Even children's books carry the story which has now been passed down through generations - that of the sunken galleon from the Spanish Armada which lies buried in the silt at the bottom of Tobermory Bay, complete with its haul of gold doubloons. The vessel was - so the story goes - blown up by locals, drowning hundreds of sailors, because she was trying to leave without paying her dues.

It is a great story. Local people can recount the details as if they were there. The tourist industry on Mull positively thrives on it. But is there really a galleon? If so, which one was it and why was she in, of all places, Tobermory? More importantly, how much money and treasure lies beneath the sea only 400 yards from the pier in the port's small harbour?

The prevailing theory among those who have taken time to study the subject is that an Armada vessel most certainly found refuge in the sheltered waters of the bay. When the Armada was defeated in 1588 many vessels headed round the north coast of Scotland to escape the English. A number came to grief, notable El Gran Grifón off the coast of Fair Isle. The name of the vessel which met its end in Tobermory Bay alters depending on who you listen to. Many claim it was the Almirante di Florencia, one of the treasure ships of the Armada. Often known simply as the Florencia, or the Florida, she would have been laden with the most fabulous Spanish gold and treasure. Others say the vessel was the San Juan de Sicilia (or San Juan de Baptista), with plenty troops on board but little in the way of treasure.

Finding the lee of Tobermory in the middle of winter was no mean feat for the Spaniards and it is highly unlikely they just happened upon it. More probably they were led there, either by a friendly vessel or after having captured a local fishing boat. Once in Tobermory they were in waters owned by Mull's leading clan chief, Sir Lachlan MacLean of Duart Castle. A ruthless character, he would have known about any treasure chests on board the Spanish ship and would have been anxious to use anything that would help him increase his hold over the then important sea route between Argyll and the along northern coasts of Ireland.

Whatever his motives, the story goes that either MacLean himself, some of his family or

an emissary acting on his behalf (possibly an undercover agent from the English Government) boarded the galleon and ignited its powder store causing a huge explosion which sunk not only the boat and the sailors on board - but also the treasure. Over the years some - but very few - valuable artefacts have been recovered. The story among locals is that the galleon has simply sunk into the fine calciferous silt of the seabed.

So of all the theories, which are most likely? Local Tobermory historian Dr Jean Whittaker recently completed a book *Lost Treasure* which deals with all the lost galleon myths. Whittaker is convinced there was a ship there in the first place and further that it was the *San Juan de Sicilia* (or *Baptista*) which she claimed was simply commandeered by the Armada while in one of the several ports in the island of Sicily.

"I used to think that the most likely thing that happened to it was an accident and I still think that," Whittaker says. "However the English government were fairly panicky at the thought of these vessels dotted round the Scottish coast. They did not realise they were in such bad shape but Queen Elizabeth I, on hearing one was cosily tucked away in Tobermory, may have reacted quite strongly. After having routed the Armada they did not want any possibility of Mull being used as a Spanish offensive and it's not too much of an exaggeration to think that the English government was responsible for the explosion. I'm not saying that's definitive but it certainly shouldn't be discounted," she says.

And so that is the story in Tobermory. Believe it if you will. After the defeat of the Spanish armada by the English navy in 1588, it is said that a critically damaged Spanish vessel took shelter in the bay of Tobermory on the Isle of Mull, Scotland. The ships that survived the English onslaught were forced to navigate their way home around the north and west coasts of Scotland.*

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Mull the Mysterious

Mull is an ancient island formed by volcanic eruptions that took place sixty million years ago. Successive flows of lava cooled into cliffs and ridges and long, sloping escarpments that rise above the sea, like the prow of a Viking vessel. Buttes pop up like stone souffles on top of broad plateaus. It is difficult to comprehend the complexity of Mull's geological past, but as you drive around the island, noting the wildflowers, the sheep grazing on high hills, and the tender green carpets of grass running down to the sea, one is aware of the fragility and thinness of the covering that gives Mull its really quite astonishing beauty.

On a bright blue day in July, Mull looks like the backdrop for a book of fairy tales with no bad ending: misty mountains, fir-clad glens, rafts of white clouds floating over fields full of foxglove, harebells and heather. In summer, winter-white children scamper down the stone steps at low tide to play on the beach below the town of Tobermory's sea wall. But last October, during a storm, when the waves slapped their full weight against the wall, a young fisherman lowering lobster traps from a boat got his foot caught in a rope, was dragged overboard and drowned. The summer before, five boys from the nearby island of Iona capsized in their boat when they were coming home from a party on Mull. Only one of the youngsters survived.

On an island where boys can be snatched into the sea in an instant, life has a snap-of-the-fingers feeling to it. What has gone before seems more real and palpable than what exists today. Mull is littered with thousands of years of human history. Standing stones, castle shards and abandoned crofters' cottages lie about like wordless clues. One's imagination is always filling in blanks, looking for the rest of the story. Like the Water Horse; This dragon-like saltwater beastie is also said to swim the waters of the Island of Mull, Loch Poit. So step warily here - - some of it might be true! *

THE TOBERMORY BAY TREASURE SEARCH



One of our early members , Angus Campbell, as Mate is seen (second from left) sitting on the boiler room scuttle of the dredge during his time in Tobermory in 1922

Shortly after WW1 a group London businessmen became interested in the possible recovery of the gold in the wreck of the Spanish treasure ship reputed to have been destroyed in Tobermory Bay on the west coast of Scotland. A suitable dredge vessel was obtained on the Clyde and work being hard to find in the aftermath of war Angus, applied and was employed as Mate.

Shortly after the vessel arrived in Tobermory work began, although with little success at first. The first reasonable find was a small brass cannon that Angus thought was much more likely to have been a eighteenth or nineteenth century signal cannon than one from the sixteenth century. Later small artefacts and other small items were sometimes recovered although if they were actual artefacts from the Spanish wreck rather than simply jetsam amassed on the floor of the bay over its hundreds of years of occupation was some-what doubtful. Whatever was found the director of the salvage took charge of all the items.

The crew were ordered to remain silent about what was discovered so as not to encourage other expeditions to the bay. This seemed a reasonable request in the circumstances and due to the depression and lack of work they naturally obeyed. In any case

they were not privy the funding nor sponsoring of the operation. But, whenever those financing the search in London began to have doubts about its viability an artefact or two would be suddenly produced as though it had just been found. This gave the impression that the expedition was searching in the right place and perhaps on the verge of finding treasure.

The truth was of course that the promoters of the scheme, having found nothing, were milking the project for their own benefit. One of the supervising directors is reputed to have remarked that "*those bankers in London have plenty so we'll keep going for as long as they finance us.*"

This troubled Angus and he took the very next opportunity to pay off the undertaking which continued for some months after he left. It is understand the project continued to lack any real success.

**Quote from *The Times*
August 23, 1922**

'Evidence of the ship's presence, moreover, has been supplied by the recovery of various pieces of plates, cannon balls, parts, of muskets swords and daggers, a bronze cannon, 4 1/2ft.. long and with a 3in. bore, and some gold buttons- and silver ware. A quantity of

CURSES , SEERS AND WIZARDRY SURROUNDING THE TOBERMORY GALLEON

The Galleon Curse

The Brahan Seer was a sort of Highland Nostradamus said to have worked for the third Earl of Seaforth. His existence is reckoned to be legendary at best.

However, legendary or not, the Seer is said to have made a prophesy on the Chiefs of Clan Campbell. It relates to a Spanish Galleon known to have sunk in Tobermory Bay on the Isle of Mull in the scattering of the Spanish fleet after the defeat by Sir Francis Drake. The Dukes of Argyll were quickly granted salvage rights to the vessel at the time and every Duke since then has launched his own expedition to try to recover the ship. The Seer's prophesy is said to decree that when any Campbell dives to find the wreck he will be cursed by fire and water. In 1975, following the 12th Duke's own dive in the bay, Inveraray Castle suffered a disastrous fire followed by inevitable water damage in the efforts of the Fire Service to extinguish the blaze.

For Argyll has recently reported on the current 13th Duke's on going attempt to locate the sunken galleon. We note that he has employed a professional team and does not intend to dive himself – which in the light of the Seer's prophesy, looks like a very good idea. The interesting thing is that the existence of the Seer may be legendary but the dates tally quite well if he worked for the third Earl of Seaforth. Kenneth Mackenzie died in 1678. The Armada sailed from Spain in 1588 and the galleon in question sank in Tobermory Bay later that year. The Campbell's were granted rights to the wreck in the 1600s – so the story of the Seer's curse is at least chronologically possible.

The Brahan Seer – Coinneach Odhar – came to a profoundly unpleasant end, and in doing so uttered another prophesy – this time relating to the family of the third Earl of Seaforth. Later events uncannily followed the picture Odhar had foreseen. Possibly the 13th Duke of Argyll's decision to stay on land and leave the diving to others may be Inveraray Castle's best preservation order.

Coinneach Odhar the Scottish Brahan Seer

Kenneth Mackenzie, also known as Coinneach Odhar or the Brahan Seer, was a legendary Scottish clairvoyant. Tradition dates his birth to the early 17th century in Uig, on the island of Lewis. This is the northernmost island of the Outer Hebrides, a chain of islands to the west of Scotland's northern coast. Legend has it that he came into his talent after napping on a fairy hill and finding a small stone in his coat, which allowed him to view the future. Predictably, legend has it that he was eventually burned to death as a sorcerer by being immersed in a barrel of burning tar. Before his death he forespoke the doom of the noble Mackenzie family who had him executed: the last male heir of this line would be deaf. In the 19th century this came true, as the last of the Mackenzies lost his hearing in his youth.

He is inevitably compared with Nostradamus. However, unlike Nostradamus, many of predictions attributed to the Brahan Seer are very straightforward and literal, instead of being cloaked in word games, riddles and allegory. For instance, a typical prediction is that a specific church roof would collapse when a magpie made a nest in it for three years running. There are predictions of the birth of a two-headed calf, a boulder falling over, and the plaintive death of a French expatriate in the Isles, mourned by a local woman. Other reputed predictions were of "a chariot without horse or bridle", and "fiery chariot[s]" which could be interpreted as a premonition of railroads or automobiles, and "hills strewn with ribbons", which sound like powerlines, but this is about as futuristic as he gets. Unlike Nostradamus, none of his predictions are about geopolitics, global war, or the distant future.

The problem with the Brahan Seer is that there is no contemporary or historical record of any such individual ever existing. This is not surprising given the paucity of Scottish written sources from that period. This book, written by the noted Scottish folklorist Alexander MacKenzie, is the

primary source for the Brahan Seer legend, and it was written in the late 19th century. The fact is, there are no Brahan Seer manuscripts or old editions with known provenance which could be used to back-test his predictions, as with Nostradamus. These accounts are oral tales which doubtless 'grew in the telling.' Given the Scottish fascination with 'second sight' and story-telling, it is not impossible that the Seer's best predictions were invented after the fact to match up with events, and a generation or two later ended up as being accepted as fact. Indeed, it appears that people are still creating Brahan Seer lore. Some of the material you will find elsewhere on the Internet about him doesn't appear in this book: draw your own conclusions.

However, the narrative is a gripping tale with a punchline delayed by two centuries. There is definitely a subversive subtext in the story arc of a man of humble origins who gains magical powers, and foretells the doom of the landed nobility before his brutal execution. Whether or not he was 'The Scottish Nostradamus,' the tale of the Brahan Seer can be a source of national pride for Scottish people

THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH

Many young boys learning seamanship skills from those many older highland men also learned the stories of the Wizard of the North. It seemed that most of those from isolated mainland areas and those from the Hebrides and other Scottish Isles could all recount tales of an ancestor or some fey villager who *'had the power.'*

There are many stories about this seaman wizard. One of our members, Ron Palmer can only just re-call a very rare mention of the Wizard when he was a young deck boy, or perhaps ordinary seaman, and sailing with Hebrideans and Shetlanders in the *tev Maori* when she first arrived in NZ. Then it was just a passing comment.

Other old Highlanders and Islanders I have been able to contact remember the stories but, as with most legends, fact is difficult to find. Stories of the Wizard causing shipboard jobs to be

completed miraculously and another cute tale of him wanting a monetary sub in order to go ashore and being refused by the master. It seems that the master had some cause to regret his decision as he had just purchased a new pair of patent leather shoes but when he went to go ashore in them one turned white making them sensibly not wearable.

He was variously reputed to have sold his soul to the devil or coming from a fey family who had the 'power', a common folk belief in Scottish folklore.

He is supposed to have died at sea and buried in St John's Nova Scotia. In another story he was buried in Montreal.

Young cadets and deck boys sitting with an old Scots seaman to learn splicing or seamanising might be regaled in hushed tones accompanied by a wild eyed look as he made the ancient Caledonian sign to ward off misfortune, "*Aye and nary a blade of grass grew upon his grave*".

Here is little doubt he existed even if his powers may have been exaggerated beyond credibility. I remember being told his name on occasion but now memory has failed over the years.

Can anyone out there add to this?

SIR WALTER SCOTT AS THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH

In his earlier writings Walter Scott avoided the publishing of his real name. Mindful of his reputation as a poet, Scott maintained the anonymity he had started with his famous Waverley, always publishing the novels under the name Author of Waverley or attributed as "Tales of..." with no author. Even when it was clear that there would be no harm in coming out into the open, he maintained the façade, apparently out of a sense of fun. During this time the nickname The Wizard of the North was popularly applied to the mysterious best-selling writer. His identity as the author of the novels was widely rumoured, and in 1815 Scott was given the honour of dining with George, Prince Regent, who wanted to meet "the author of Waverley".

SLEEPY COVE TREASURE

HOW MUCH IS REALLY WAITING HERE FOR DISCOVERY?

This story tells of Te Rauparaha's attack on the South Island Maori, specifically the attack on the pa on Onawe Peninsula. In late 1831 the Kaiapoi Pa was attacked by Te Rauparaha and his northern followers. During the three month siege many Maori people were killed as they fled from the Pa site through the surrounding swamplands. Some of these travelled overland for shelter at Onawe Pa on a peninsula at the northern end of Akaroa Harbour. They warned of the approach of Te Rauparaha and his raiding force.

On the basis of this warning preparations were made for the defence of the pa and to secrete their most valuable and honoured artefacts so that they should not fall into his hands.



Sleepy Cove on the Banks Peninsula Track

These were loaded into a canoe in the charge of two warriors and one elder who paddled off to find a secure hiding place. It is believed they succeeded in hiding them safely.

When these men returned to the pa the attack was already under way and they were seized and executed. Consequently the secret location where the treasure was buried died with them and so far has never been discovered. If it exists it may have only intrinsic value rather than any great monetary value. Who knows? But, whatever, it would have some immense cultural value to the descendants of the Onawe iwi, while its importance both nationally and to other local Maori would be beyond price.

As far as the writer knows there has never been a concerted effort to locate this treasure and it may be that the story has been forgotten, especially as Te Rauparaha put nearly all the Onawe Maori to death. There has been little follow up and the writer heard the story many years ago from a respected kaumatua of the Kaik Marae and also from Louis Vangioni. Both had faith in the story.

Louis Vangioni OBE, one of New Zealand's first collectors of Maoritanga and artefacts who over a lifetime gathered an immense accumulation of New Zealand historical artefacts. Eventually his work was acknowledged in the Monarch's Birthday list for the finest private accumulation of, and a lifetime of collecting for which he received the OBE. His collection now resides in the Christchurch Museum.

He spent a lifetime in collecting and firmly believed in the existence of the *treasure*. His research led him to believe the location was in or near Sleepy Cove. (The name has been elided in the past few years to Sleepy Bay)

On the basis of hearsay evidence backed up by practical research he considered it is somewhere within a series of sea caves lying beneath high cliffs on the southern side of the cove. The tops of the cliffs have been eroded and undermined by the sea over the years and have collapsed. The huge piles of detritus lying across the mouths of the caves have all but sealed them off although what can be seen from the hills across the cove suggests that the caves themselves are relatively unharmed. They still appear to be water-filled but are subject to some surge that suggests there must be openings to the sea through the detritus although these are not obvious. It would be very dangerous if not impossible to search them from the sea as even in good conditions there is a dangerous wave climate that surges constantly around the high fallen rock piles. Probably it may be even more hazardous after the recent earthquakes.

Louis had always had the desire to explore these sea caves but never had the resources

to attempt it.

Sleepy Cove is part of Long Bay Station which has been a sheep farm since and in the same family since 1845. The area is currently traversed by the Banks Peninsula Track, one of New Zealand's first private walking tracks. The area also has the attractions of large tracts of bush covering the flats and surrounding hills and the deeply indented rugged coastline with its many small coves, bays and exciting land forms, mostly surrounded by high cliffs and abundant marine wildlife but with access to the sea at many places.

The volcanic origin of the area had also bequeathed many caves, especially where the action of the South Pacific waves had eroded the sea cliffs to expose lava cavities. Many of the caves had been used as shelter by the early Maori and exploration could often turn up artefacts of those early days. Some of the caves were the haunts of penguins while at night these birds were also to be found within the coastal bush.

There is a cave behind the site of the old derrick which overlooked a deep water indentation in the cliffs of Long Bay and where produce and supplies had been respectively shipped or landed for the station in the days before good road access was available. The writer, as a boy, had unearthed some old pieces of kelp, preserved beneath the dirt on the cave floor in the dry atmosphere. These were in squares and scalloped shapes which were known to have been cut for some use or other by the Maori, using cutting tools probably made from large sea shells. There were other uses for kelp such as cutting a shoe shape and slitting it through to make a pair of slippers that could be used when collecting shell fish in areas of sharp rocks and shells.

Sleepy Cove, just over the hill south of Long Bay was a favourite overnight stopping place in the days when Maori travelled the coast in canoes. The morphology of the bay makes it easy of access from sea, with good shelter, camping sites and ample fresh water from the close by creek. There are many old middens, where it is possible to unearth old fish and bird bones also bones fashioned into fish

hooks. Much, including greenstone adzes, tiki and ornaments have been found in the vicinity. I have been told by kaumatua at the Kaik that custom dictated that when slaves or prisoners were killed for food much of their ornamentation and weapons became tapu and were abandoned, usually on the middens or simply abandoned in the bush. One can easily imagine these early voyagers splashing about in the pool at the foot of the lovely waterfall that tumbles over a cliff at the head of the cove, hidden within a patch of bush but, only a very short distance from the stony beach. The writer and others have found artefacts here as well



Searching for artefacts at Sleepy Cove

Close to the seaward extremity the foot of the cliffs are pockmarked with a series of caves that, although water filled, were until recent years completely isolated from the sea by a rampart of detritus that had fallen from the tops of the cliffs as the unceasing roll of the ocean had undermined them. Although protected by this imbroglio of rock from the general wave climate of the bay there is some surging of water apparent within them that suggests they are not entirely free of the action of the sea.

They would have certainly been open to the sea and accessible by boat until a big rock fall came down many years ago and that more or less isolated them.

Who was Louis Vangioni OBE ?

Most of the evidence, apart from Maori legend comes from heresay but backed up by the knowledge of Louis Vangioni possessed what was probably the finest private collection of Maori artefacts ever owned by one person. He was one of the first to approach central

government with an attempt to restrict the export of taonga and introduce regulation to enforce the importance of respecting and reporting what was found. He was an extraordinarily interesting man both in the wealth of stories and anecdotes he was able to relate and in his love and care for the artefacts in his collection. He was also an exciting companion to be with either on a short walk about Akaroa or on a search of old native habitation sites.

People of all sorts visited his house in Rue Bulgare (Rue is a newer enticement to tourism since the 1970's, until then they were simply streets,) scholars, scientists, quasi-scientific, researchers, the famous, the humble and the simply curious. Louis welcomed them all and sometimes I was permitted to sit in quietly and listen to his discourse and the subsequent discussions. One learned a lot that was not available to most young people at that time. Other than a few personal pieces most of his collection is now housed in either the Christchurch or Akaroa museums. Unfortunately neither of these institutions can house the spirit of the man.

One of Louis Vangioni's idiosyncrasies was to wear a fresh carnation in his buttonhole each day; he was very well known for this. In his later years, he became a sort of Edwardian town treasure and a tourist attraction in his own right. The town Council was fully aware of this and exploited his carnation habit by growing carnations year round so that he could help himself to a fresh one, of whatever colour he might fancy, each day.

No doubt this Council service was informal but was well known and the writer and others often accompanied Louis on his morning strolls along the waterfront to the small garden outside the Council yards where he would select his fresh buttonhole. Probably this would be seen as some sort of unfair privilege these days and cause an outcry, but nobody ever seemed to begrudge Louis his daily buttonhole as far as is known.

It was Louis who introduced Akaroa's most famous animal citizen in the form of Pompey the Emperor penguin. Pompey had his name tran-

scribed onto pieces of crockery and other souvenirs. The writer's families still possess some very old pieces depicting Pompey. It is understood Louis found him hurt in Long Bay, so he was probably named for Pompey's Pillar, a rock spire off the northern jaw of Long Bay and which has always been a familiar landmark for passing ships. Pompey's injuries made him unable to swim any distance so that he became a permanent resident of the town. Folklore has it that he disappeared one day and was believed to have been shot by some vandal. It is not really known what happened to him in the end.

Louis was a friend to all. He had a special relationship with the local Maori and his casket was draped in a rare huia feather cloak by the local iwi as a very rare mark of respect usually only to accorded chieftains.

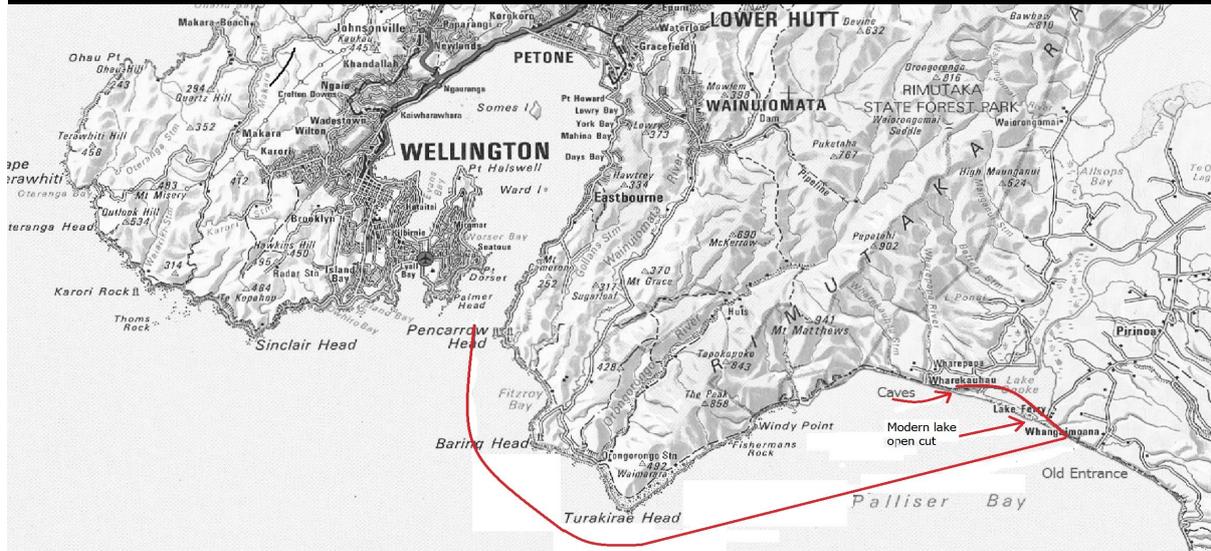
One of the continuing memories of the man was that one never knew what would be in various corners of his home. Everything from ancient harpoons, cannon balls, human skulls and beneath his bed were two chamber pots full of moa crop stones. It was a wonderland for historians friends and local small boys.



Poor quality photo of Louis Vangioni OBE displaying some of his Maori artefacts collection.

Louis never ever did get to explore those sea caves and neither the writer nor would he wish to as he grows older. It is a story founded on fact, intermingled with violence and death while still shrouded in mysterious history. Probably it is much better to let it lie. *

TREASURE NEAR WELLINGTON?



Showing courses from Port Nicholson around Turakirae and across Palliser to the old entrance into Lake Onoke thence across the lake to storage in the caves at Wharekauhau Lagoon. This was an early supply trade route before the 1855 earthquake raised the lake bed and parts of the shoreline up to three metres and destroyed cross lake navigation. The lake has a long shingle spit barrier.

Another treasure cave may well exist much closer to Wellington. In the very early days of the settlement of the Wairarapa, before good roads, the farms of the Lower Valley were serviced by small boats from Wellington journeying around the southern coast into Palliser Bay.

They entered Lake Onoke a half mile or so east of where the Lake Ferry Hotel is situated now. This was the original entrance to the lake before the 'Cut' opposite the Lake Ferry Hotel was opened.

They would then sail across the lake eastwards to the Wharekauhau Lagoon which was lined with cliffs to its north. These cliffs contained several caves at lake level and some were used as transshipping cargo shelters from which local boatmen would collect and deliver supplies to the farms and villages using the extensive waterways that existed then as far as Featherston.

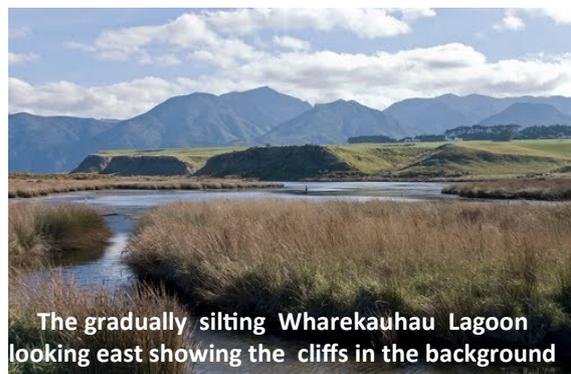
The 1855 earthquake raised the lake bottom making the lagoon shallow, collapsed these cliffs and buried whatever was stored there. Probably nothing of great value but, nevertheless, hidden curiosities. Yes, the writer has searched but the early morphology around the lagoon is hard to define, while any caves are under several metres of detritus that would need some concerted effort and,

of course, land-owner permission.

The changes wrought by the earthquake may be judged by the fact that one has been able to walk across Lake Onoke as far as the deep channel fronting the Lake Ferry Hotel. Not now navigable for other than run-abouts.

This lake is often referred to mistakenly as Lake Ferry. Only the hotel and village sport this name, which originated back in the 1850's when a requirement attached to for the hotel license was that the proprietor had to provide a vessel for ferrying persons and stock across the tidal outlet.

A bell was provided on a post on the shingle spit opposite the hotel that could be rung to alert the ferryman. *



The gradually silting Wharekauhau Lagoon looking east showing the cliffs in the background

**MERCHANT SHIPPING IN WW1.
ALTHOUGH UNREMARKED THE MN WAS AT
GALLIPOLI TOO.**

See <http://www.anzacday.org.au/history/ww1/necdotes/waratsea.html>, 'Text courtesy of the Royal Australian Navy History Unit and the Australian War Memorial.'

We should not overlook the contribution of the merchant seamen during the Great War. We should not overlook the fact that without the support of merchant ships to service the military then offshore wars would be virtually impossible to prosecute.



In the foreground, French troops training on Lemnos Island prior to the Gallipoli landing. In the background the troopships which transported the Allied forces lie at anchor in Mudros Bay

In wartime, nations with extensive global interests involved in such confrontations look towards their merchant ships for sea lift capabilities in the transportation of their military personnel, equipment and supplies to wherever—and whenever—they are required; to sustain them for the duration with the necessary arms and ammunition, fuel and food and all the paraphernalia of war; and then bring everyone safely back home again.

We, in Australia and New Zealand commemorate 25 April as ANZAC Day, setting aside the day to remember and to pay homage to our fallen comrades. This day was born out of the Gallipoli campaign, but how many people are aware of the involvement of the Merchant Navy in that campaign.

The merchant ships took all of our troops to Gallipoli, and in many cases landed our troops on the beach at ANZAC Cove in the ships' lifeboats — manned by merchant seamen, who also came under the deadly fire from the Turkish guns and sinkings and deaths occurred amongst these merchant seamen but generally went unreported.

It is also interesting to note that the great majority of wounded in that campaign were taken in the ships' lifeboats — with merchant seamen manning the oars — to the hospital ships

which were waiting offshore. The merchant ships evacuated most of our troops from Gallipoli to Alexandria, Lemnos and Cyprus and then transported the wounded home to Australia and New Zealand.

One of our past members A. Campbell, served at sea during both WW1 and WW2. He served as an able seaman and later as an officer on a total of seven ships in the Atlantic and in the European theatre including the Gallipoli campaign during WW1. Standing off close to the beaches was no guarantee of safety. He told the story of his ship's company being invited to a concert being held on a warship.

There was only a little time before they would be picked up for ferrying to the warship. Some small job aloft needed attending to first and he was about to do it when one of his shipmates offered to climb up and do it to save time so they could both get ready and be in time for them both to go over to the navy ship. His shipmate was spotted while aloft by a Turkish marksman on the hillside ashore, and was shot and killed. As always fate took a hand but he never forgot this and felt some blame. The 'why not me' syndrome.

Despite being continually at hazard during his service in WW1 he asked no recognition nor thanks. He saw no merit in celebrating death and destruction, as do the armed services, and never ever picked up his war medals.

At sea again in WW2 his ship was taken and sunk. He was captured and survived this but again asked no recognition and his medals, such as they are for Merchant Seaman, were once again not applied for. As he would have wished, nor have they ever been. *



AWM J03109. The S.S. Matunga carried stores, fuel and personnel of the Australian Naval and Military Expeditionary Force (AN&MEF) to New Guinea in 1915 until she was captured and sunk by the German raider Wolf. The merchant navy crew were taken to Germany and interred as prisoners of war.

Sea Tales. Vignettes from the past

Rangatira

Those who remember the 1931 build *Rangatira* know she was regarded as the best looking and most comfortable vessel ever to grace the Wellington - Lyttelton run. Not so well known was the fact, that like many high speed, twin screw, single rudder ships, she was a difficult steering ship on passage.

In those days the crews in these ships worked very long hours and some fatigue was inevitable. I recall once as a young AB watching the compass swing as she yawed to starboard. I applied a couple of turns to starboard to correct this then for some reason lost concentration. I awoke with jerk realising I had applied the wheel the wrong way only to see the compass swinging back towards our course but from port to starboard. I quickly corrected and steadied her back on course.

The second mate was in the chartroom so had noticed nothing wrong but the weather was fine and clear with good visibility. I still wonder if I sent the vessel on a gentle 360° turn at something like 17 knots. There was a constant able seaman on lookout on the bridge but even he had noticed nothing. One wonders though, how alert he would have been on this regular run. I'll never be sure, but it does seem likely and I wonder to this day if the ship turned a full circle?

Another consequence of her steering idiosyncrasies was the occasional loss of pressure in the steering tele-motor. One morning in Cook Strait, approaching Wellington in a heavy southerly storm with heavy following swells, the ship took a sudden yaw to starboard at the same time as all the pressure in the tele-motor dropped out. The ship was travelling at her usual 17-18 knots and she charged off into the trough and began to maintain a violent rolling broach as she bolted along taking each swell broadside.

It had happened so quickly that the mate who had been in the bridge wing found it almost impossible to clamber along the violently rocking deck to open the relief valve and re-set the pressure in the tele-motor system. In the midst of all this came the crashing of crockery as the cups and plates set out by the stewards for the passenger's morning cups of tea and biscuits were thrown and shattered while from outside on the bridge steps came

the strident voice of the master '*Tugboat*' Johnson who was roused from his bed by the fierce rolling and was trying to reach the wheelhouse.

Eventually the mate managed to restore the tele-motor pressure and we recovered our course. The master made it into the wheelhouse, still in his pyjamas but incongruously wearing his uniform hat.

I think this broach must have cost a lot in ships inventory i.e. cups, saucers and plates etc. but as far as I recall caused no injuries, possibly because we were still an hour or so off the heads and most passengers would have still been in bed.

Kiwitea

On this occasion I was third mate in the *Kiwitea* a 1925 era engines aft, bridge amidships USSCo collier. This build was favoured for vessels working river bars in those days as it equalised the beam windage across a vessel when approaching a narrow or restricted entrance from seaward.

We were berthed in Greymouth, waiting to load when I was called from my bunk in the early hours of morning to assist the Master '*Gentleman Jim*' McNeil on the bridge. I found the river was in full heavy flood and some of the headlines had carried away. The mate and a few crew were on the forecastlehead trying to put out additional lines when the last of the lines parted with solid bang. The Master had the engines on standby and had just rung for slow ahead in an attempt to relieve the pressure on the lines

The only line left forward was the wire back spring and as the ship payed off into the river current it tightened and actually held!

I stood beside the master and always remember his comment as the ship now lay at an acute angle to the wharf. He said "*Can't do any more; if that goes we're ****ed.*" Next he lit his pipe and leaned on the dodger just waiting. The expletive was not a usual utterance from the captain and was a sign of his concern. I was panicking inside enough for both of us.

Well, incredibly the spring held despite the unnatural angle of the ship and what must have been significant strain above its normal working load. The fresh in the river eased

after an hour or so and we managed to heave her back alongside. This was the closest I ever came to a shipwreck.

Kaimai

I mentioned this to a locomotive engineer friend of mine, many years later and he told me the story of another USSCo collier called the *Kaimai* built in 1924. On this occasion exceptionally heavy flooding was expected in the Grey River.

In such conditions it was sometimes prudent to keep the engines in steam and also bowse off an anchor and lead one of the chains around a bollard and shackle it to the one next upstream. He said the windlass of the *Kaimai* was not powerful enough to complete this task and the cable was hanging slack.

He was a young locomotive fireman at this time and with the locomotive driver they were shunting the wharves when the mate asked them if they would use their engine to assist. He said this was way outside regulations and even good sense. The potential for disaster was quite evident but the driver agreed for a packet of tobacco for himself and one for his fireman.

They backed down to the wharf and the anchor cable was shackled on to the engine. It drew out sufficient cable without a gasp and finished the job easily.

My friend said he will never forget this job as when the driver received the two packets of tobacco he kept both, saying that as the fireman was young and didn't smoke he didn't need one. He still feels the USSCo owes him the price of a packet of tobacco!

Kokiri

The *Kokiri* was one of the fleet of modern Union Company colliers completed in the 1950's. She was quite new when I was in her in 1953 under Captain '*Ginger*' Heenan.

It was the duty mate's duty, when loading coal on the West Coast, to walk up past the rakes of coal wagons and note the numbers so that this could be compared with the weighbridge as a check on tonnage loaded. The job was simple and not onerous but could be unpleasant in the often cold and wet West Coast weather.

The railway tracks on the Greymouth wharves were not set into the surface of the wharf, as was usual in other places but laid directly on

to raised timber baulks on the wharf decking. Thus one had to be careful where one stepped.

One dark wet evening we were loading under wharf flood lights which could create shadow hazards. A railway shunter signalled a locomotive, with his lantern, to propel an empty rake of wagons off the wharf. As was normal practice he stood facing the wagons as they approached him. On this occasion, as he as he stepped over the greasy rails he slipped in the wet conditions and fell straddling the rail and facing the approaching string of wagons.

Before he could do anything the wagons were upon him. He was sitting up facing his doom and unable to get up when the wheel of the first wagon pinched the cloth of his trousers in the centre of his crotch. Despite the bad conditions and rain the locomotive crew saw his lantern fall and immediately applied the brakes but the rake travelled some metres before this took effect.

When rescuers rushed to the scene believing the worst there was the shunter lying on his back in almost mortal shock and relatively uninjured.

The rain and wet had saved him from a dreadful fate. The wheel was on a free wheeling un-braked wagon and when gathering up the loose material of his trousers had jammed slightly while the wet slippery railhead had sufficient lubricant to allowed it to push the man backwards on the seat of his trousers along the railhead without running over him.

A huge crowd gathered to wonder at this miraculous escape and the shocked shunter was hurried over to the pub where he was toasted and given copious quantities of whiskey shots to calm him. The upshot was that work on the wharves finished after this and loading did not resume until the next morning.

All were happy except perhaps the local Branch manager of the USSCo who felt the work stoppage was excessive.

Well, branch managers were like that. I heard no more of the shunter other than this tale becoming folklore in Greymouth.

This time it was true.

I was there! *

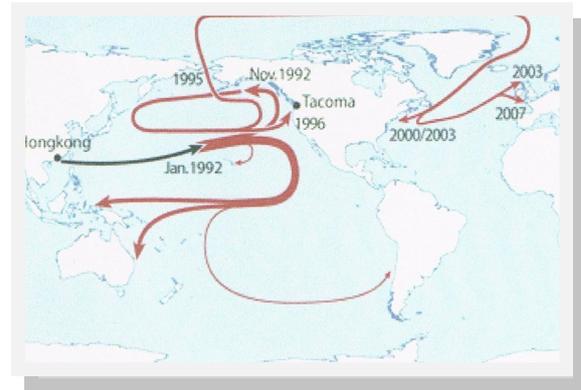
FRIENDLY FLOATEES

Friendly Floatees are plastic bath toys marketed by The First Years, Inc. and made famous by the work of Curtis Ebbesmeyer, an oceanographer who models ocean currents on the basis of flotsam movements, including those of a consignment of Friendly Floatees washed into the Pacific Ocean in 1992.

A consignment of Friendly Floatee toys, manufactured in China for The First Years Inc., departed from Hong Kong on a container ship destined for Tacoma, Washington, U.S.A. On 10 January 1992, during a storm in the North Pacific Ocean close to the International Date Line, twelve 40-foot (13.3 m) international containers were washed overboard. One of these containers held 28,800 Floatees, a child's bath toy which came in a number of forms: red beavers, green frogs, blue turtles and yellow ducks. At some point the container opened (possibly due to collision with other containers or the ship itself) and the Floatees were released. Although each toy was mounted in a plastic housing attached to a backing card, subsequent tests showed that the cardboard quickly degraded in sea water allowing the Floatees to escape. Unlike many bath toys, Friendly Floatees have no holes in them so they do not take on water.

Seattle oceanographers Curtis Ebbesmeyer and James Ingraham, who were working on an ocean surface current model, began to track their progress. The mass release of 28,800 objects into the ocean at one time offered significant advantages over the standard method of releasing 500-1000 drift bottles. The recovery rate of objects from the Pacific Ocean is typically around 2%, so rather than the 10 to 20 recoveries typically seen with a drift bottle release, the two scientists expected numbers closer to 600. They were already tracking various other spills of flotsam, including 61,000 Nike running shoes that had been lost overboard in 1990.

Ten months after the incident, the first Floatees began to wash up along the Alaskan coast. The first discovery consisted of ten toys found by a beachcomber near Sitka, Alaska on 16 November, 1992, about 2000 miles (3,200 km) from their starting point. Ebbesmeyer and Ingraham contacted beach



Route taken by Friendly Floatees originally lost in the Pacific Ocean in 1992 and still being found

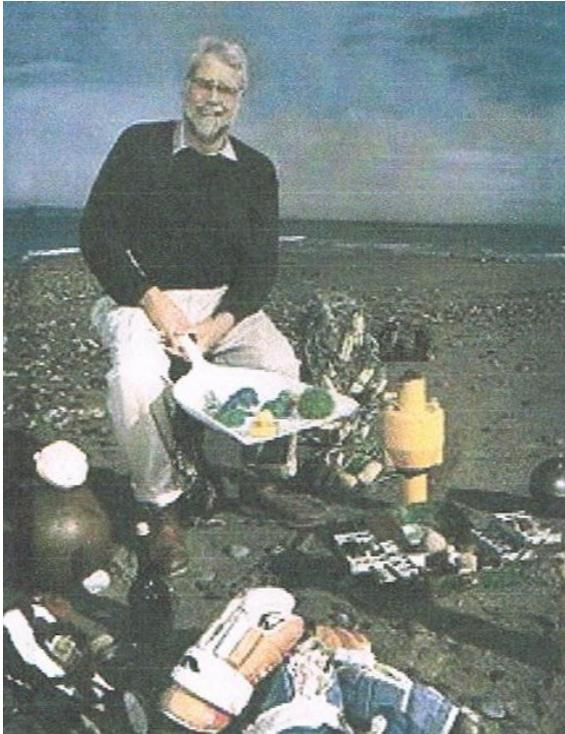
combers, coastal workers, and local residents to locate hundreds of the beached Floatees over a 530 mile (850 km) shoreline. Another beachcomber discovered twenty of the toys on 28 November 1992, and in total 400 were found along the eastern coast of the Gulf of Alaska in the period up to August 1993. This represented a 1.4% recovery rate. The landfills were logged in Ingraham's computer model OSCUR (Ocean Surface Currents Simulation), which uses measurements of air pressure from 1967 onwards to calculate the direction of and speed of wind across the oceans, and the consequent surface currents. Ingraham's model was built to help fisheries but it is also used to predict flotsam movements or the likely locations of those lost at sea.

Using the models they had developed, the oceanographers correctly predicted further landfills of the toys in Washington state in 1996 and theorized that many of the remaining Floatees would have travelled to Alaska, westward to Japan, back to Alaska, and then drifted northwards through the Bering Strait and become trapped in the Arctic pack ice.

Moving slowly with the ice across the Pole, they predicted it would take five or six years for the toys to reach the North Atlantic where the ice would thaw and release them. Between July and December 2003, The First Years Inc. offered a \$100 US savings bond reward to anybody who recovered a Floatee in New England, Canada or Iceland.

More of the toys were recovered in 2004 than in any

of the preceding three years. However, still more of these toys were predicted to have headed eastward past Greenland and make landfall on the southwestern shores of the United Kingdom in 2007.



Oceanographer Curtis Ebbesmeyer with flotsam (including some Friendly Floatees) that he observes to monitor ocean currents

In July 2007 a retired teacher found a plastic duck on the Devon coast, and British newspapers mistakenly announced that the Floatees had begun to arrive. But the day after breaking the story, the *Western Morning News*, the local Devon newspaper, reported that Dr. Simon Boxall of the National Oceanography Centre in Southampton had examined the specimen and determined that the duck was not in fact a Floatee.

Bleached by sun and seawater, the ducks and beavers had faded to white, but the turtles and frogs had kept their original colours.

Author Eric Carle has written a children's book *10 Little Rubber Ducks* inspired by the Floatees. At least one other children's book and TV sketches have been written about the ducks, and the toys themselves have become collector's items, fetching prices as high as \$1,000 *

MASSIVE SOUTHERN OCEAN CURRENT DISCOVERED LAST YEAR

A deep ocean current with a volume equivalent to 40 Amazon Rivers was discovered last year by Japanese and Australian scientists near the Kerguelen plateau, in the Indian Ocean sector of the Southern Ocean, 4,200 kilometres south-west of Perth.

In a paper published in *Nature Geoscience*, the researchers described the current -more than three kilometres below the Ocean's surface— as an important pathway in a global network of ocean currents that influence climate patterns.

"The current carries dense, oxygen-rich water that sinks near Antarctica to the deep ocean basins further north," says Dr Steve Rintoul from the Antarctic Climate and Ecosystems CRC and CSIRO's Wealth from Oceans Flagship. "Without this supply of Antarctic water, the deepest levels of the ocean would have little oxygen.

The deep current along the Kerguelen Plateau is part of a global system of ocean currents called the overturning circulation, which determines how much heat and carbon the ocean can soak up.

The current was found to carry more than 12 million cubic metres per second of Antarctic water colder than 0 °C (because of the salt dissolved in sea water, the ocean does not freeze until the temperature gets close to -2 °C).

"It was a real surprise to see how strong the flow was at this location. With two-year average speeds of more than 20cm per second, these are the strongest mean currents ever measured at depths three kilometres below the sea surface.

"Mapping the deep current systems is an important step in understanding the global network of ocean currents that influence climate, now and in the future. Our results show that the deep currents near the Kerguelen Plateau make a large contribution to this global ocean circulation," Dr Rintoul said.

Antarctic waters carried northward by the deep currents eventually fill the deep layers of eastern Indian and Pacific Oceans. *

Doctor Dingle's Guide For Agreeable Living



Q: Doctor, I've heard that cardiovascular exercise can often prolong life. Is this true?

A: The heart is only good for so many beats, and that's it... Don't waste your beats on exercise. Everything wears out eventually. Speeding up the heart does not make you live longer; it's like saying you extend the life of your car by driving faster. If you want to live longer..... take a nap.

Q: Should I reduce my alcohol intake?

A: Oh no. Wine is made from fruit. Brandy is distilled wine, that means they take water out of fruits so you get even more of goodness that way. Beer is made of grain. Bottoms up!

Q: How can I calculate my body/fat ratio?

A: Well, if you have a body and you have fat, your ratio is one to one. If you have two bodies, your ratio will be two to one.

Q: What are some of the advantages of participating in a regular exercise program?

A: I can't think of single one, sorry. My philosophy is no pain ... that's good!

Q: Aren't fried foods bad for you?

A: YOU ARE NOT LISTENING! Food is fried in vegetable oil. How can getting more vegetables be bad?

Q : Will sit-ups help prevent me from getting a little soft around the middle?

A: Oh no! When you exercise muscle, it gets bigger. You should only be doing sit-ups if you actually want a bigger stomach.

Q: Is chocolate bad for me?

A: Are you crazy? HEL-LO-O!! Cocoa beans! Another vegetable! It's the best feel-good yummy food around!

Q: Is swimming good for your figure?

A: If swimming is good for the figure, explain those whales to me.

Q: Why is getting in shape important for my for my sort of lifestyle?

A: Hey! 'Round' is a shape!

Well... I hope this has cleared up any misconceptions and misunderstandings you may have had about food and diets.

And remember:

Life should NOT be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in an attractive and well-preserved body, but rather to skid in sideways, tires and brakes smoking - Champagne in one hand, chocolate in the other - body thoroughly used up, totally worn out and screaming

"WOO-HOO, what a ride!!"

AND also note well...
For those of you who watch what you eat, here's the final word on nutrition and health. It's a relief to know the truth after all those conflicting and misleading nutritional studies.



1. The Japanese eat very little fat and suffer fewer heart attacks than Kiwis.
2. The Mexicans eat a lot of fat and suffer fewer heart attacks than Kiwis.
3. The Chinese drink very little red wine and suffer fewer heart attacks than Kiwis.
4. The Italians drink a lot of red wine and suffer fewer heart attacks than Kiwis.
5. The Germans drink a lot of beer and eat lots of sausages and fats and suffer fewer heart attacks than Kiwis.
6. The Eskimos live on fish, meat and blubber with vegetables mostly ignored and have fewer heart attacks than Kiwis.

CONCLUSION: Eat and drink what you like. Speaking English is apparently what kills you.

*



LITTLE LARRY AGAIN WITH STORIES FOR THE LADIES

It was a cold and breezy and with light snow, certainly a day to make sure the littlies were well wrapped up in boots and mittens.

A lady Scout Cubmaster was helping little Larry put on his cowboy boots. He asked for help and she could certainly see why.

Even with her pulling and him pushing, the little boots still didn't want to go on. By the time they got the second boot on, she had worked up quite a glow.

She almost cried when the Larry said, *"Akela, they're on the wrong feet."* Sure enough, they were. It wasn't any easier pulling the boots off than it was putting them on. She managed to keep her cool as together they worked to get the boots back on, this time hopefully on the correct feet.

Larry then announced, *'These aren't my boots'*.

She bit her tongue rather than get right in his face and scream, 'Why didn't you say so', like she wanted to. Once again, she struggled to help him pull the ill-fitting boots off his little feet. No sooner had they gotten the boots off when he said, *'They're my brother's boots. My Mom made me wear 'em'*.

Now she didn't know if she should laugh or cry. But, she mustered up what grace and courage she had left to wrestle the boots onto his tiny feet once again.

Helping him with his coat, she asked, *'Now, where are your mittens'?*

He said, *'I stuffed 'em in the toes of my boots so's I wouldn't lose em'*.

She will be eligible for parole in three years.

WHEN WOMEN LIE

One day, when a seamstress was sewing while sitting close to a river, her thimble fell into the river. When she cried out, the Lord appeared and asked, *'My dear child, why are you crying?'*

The seamstress replied that her thimble had fallen

into the water and that she needed it to help her husband in making a living for their family. The Lord dipped His hand into the water and pulled up a golden thimble set with sapphires...

'Is this your thimble?' the Lord asked.

The seamstress replied, *'No.'*

The Lord again dipped into the river. He held out a golden thimble studded with rubies.

'Is this your thimble?' the Lord asked. Again, the seamstress replied, *'No.'*

The Lord reached down again and came up with a leather thimble.

'Is this your thimble?' the Lord asked. The seamstress replied, *'Yes.'* The Lord was pleased with the woman's honesty and gave her all three thimbles to keep, and the seamstress went home happy.

Some years later, the seamstress was walking with her husband along the riverbank, and her husband fell into the river and disappeared under the water. When she cried out, the Lord again appeared and asked her, *'Why are you crying?'*

'Oh Lord, my husband has fallen into the river!'

The Lord went down into the water and came up with George Clooney.

'Is this your husband?' the Lord asked...

Yes,' cried the seamstress.

The Lord was furious. *'You lied! That is an untruth!'*

The seamstress replied, *'Oh, forgive me, my Lord. It is a misunderstanding.'*

You see, if I had said 'no' to George Clooney, you would have come up with Brad Pitt. Then if I said 'no' to him, you would have come up with my husband. Had I then said 'yes,' you would have given me all three. Lord, I'm not in the best of health and would not be able to take care of all three husbands, so THAT'S why I said 'yes' to George Clooney.'

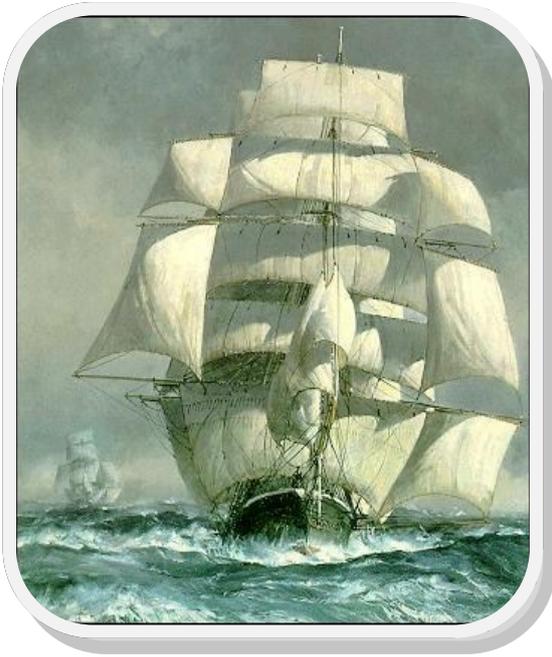
And so the Lord let her keep him.

The moral of this story is: Whenever a woman lies, it's for a good and honourable reason, and in the best interest of others.

That's the ladies story, and they are sticking to it *

THE EPIC OF THE FIERY STAR

TOLD BY OLD NIC



Full rigged clipper ship, of the same type as the *Fiery Star* . When carrying a full suit including stunsails and running full and by the wind many of these elegant vessels could reach speeds approaching 20 knots.

The following tale is not well known, even in maritime circles, but nevertheless is a story that ranks high in the chronicles of human endeavour. It is also one that required almost incredible fortitude and stamina against all but impossible odds. The fact that it was only partly successful does not detract in any way from the moral strength and courage of the men involved.

The *Fiery Star* was a full rigged clipper ship of some 1,361 tons built in 1851 and owned by T. M. Mackay and Company (the famous Blackball Line.) and was formerly called *Comet*. She departed Moreton Bay on 1 April 1865 on voyage from Brisbane to London via Cape Horn, under Captain W. H. Yule, with a complement of 96 souls, being 41 crew and 55 passengers. In the morning of April 19 when about 150 nautical miles northeast of

the Chatham Islands fire was discovered in the wool stored in her forward hold. Immediate efforts were made to combat the fire and the wind being fair a course was set for Lyttelton being the closest suitable port. The wind changed later and increased to gale force so that course had to be altered and a new course was shaped for the Hauraki Gulf (to the west of Great Barrier Island and the Coromandel Peninsula.)

Despite the strenuous efforts of those aboard the fire increased in intensity and expanded so that the Master decided the ship was doomed. After consulting with his officers on April 23 he decided to abandon the ship. Two of the ship's boats had been swept away in the gale and two others were not suitable for an ocean voyage. This left only two lifeboats, which could not accommodate all those aboard. The Master called all hands and explained the position and called for volunteers to remain aboard the *Fiery Star* and take the chance that they may be picked up by a passing vessel. In mid-afternoon of April 23 the two boats left the ship and by daybreak the next day were nowhere in sight and as far as is known were making for the Chatham Islands.

The Chief Officer, Mr. W. C. Sargent, now assumed command and with the remaining 17 men left aboard demonstrated remarkable courage and tenacity in continuing to fight a losing battle with the fire while at the same time working the ship towards land. The weather continued overcast and at noon on 3rd May (ten days later) the mate estimated, by dead reckoning, the *Fiery Star* to be 98 nautical miles from New Zealand. On the next day two islands were sighted which the chief officer thought to be the Alderman or Mercury Islands and gave some hope of salvation. On the 5th May, however, the burning ship encountered another gale that drove her offshore.

Next morning it was discovered a raft constructed to abandon ship, when finally necessary, had been swept away during the night. At 11am the foremast went by the board, taking with it the main topgallant mast and upper yards. Throughout May 6, 7, 8, and 9 the gale continued, and any hope of making land at this time was abandoned. On May 10 and 11 the gale abated and the wind blew light from the east. The mainmast still held, although swaying dangerously with each roll, and at midnight on the 11th May the ship was estimated to be 25 nautical miles from the land.

There were then only four distress rockets left, and at 1am on 12th May, twenty three days after the fire had been discovered, the lights of a vessel were sighted on the starboard bow. A rocket was fired and to the delight of those aboard the *Fiery Star* was answered with another rocket. At daylight the ship *Dauntless*, commanded by Captain Moore, and inwards bound from Dublin to Auckland, hove to alongside

Even though the flames were bursting through the decks Mr. Sargent still determined to save the *Fiery Star*, and asked Captain Moore for assistance to navigate the ship to Auckland. This Captain Moore declined to do and advised that the ship be abandoned immediately. This was done, and just as the rescue boat got clear with the survivors the mainmast crashed to the decks. Within 30 minutes of the survivors being rescued the ship was enveloped in flames and shortly after, at 7.10 am, fifteen nautical miles south of Cuvier Island, the *Fiery Star* foundered.

A search for the missing lifeboats was carried out by H.M.S. *Brisk* in the vicinity of the Chatham Islands, for where it is believed the boats steered after leaving the *Fiery Star*, but no trace of the boats nor their 78 ill-fated occupants was ever found.

It has been said that some ships develop a personality. Was the *Fiery Star* such a ship?

Did she in fact work as hard to save her crew as they worked to save her? Certainly she did not give up until her crew were safe.

What do you think? *

This story and many others recording the tragedies and occasional triumph over adversity in our long maritime history may be found in Chas. Ingram's, *Shipwrecks*, New Zealand Disasters, Published by AH and AW Reed.

WHERE'S MY SPECS?

The luxury of being able to call up your spectacles when you misplace them and in addition your keys, phone or whatever would make one part of our lives much less frustrating.

I've often wondered why keys especially are not installed with a technology that means you can make them beep when you lose them. Why not our reading glasses as well?

A team from Hitachi have gone one better though.

They've invented EMIEW2, a wee robot that looks like a cat character and gets around on wheels.

With EMIEW2 comes the ability to identify any objects it's been previously shown. Developer Takashi Sumiyoshi said the robot communicates with cameras mounted around the room to find lost objects that its user names.

Asked to find a watch, the EMIEW2 said, "*The watch is on Mr Tanaka's desk. I'll lead you to it*".

"We developed this robot to mainly provide guidance services for people, so it has to be nimble in moving around without bumping into people, and light as well so it wouldn't hurt anybody even if it accidentally hits them," Sumiyoshi told reporters.

The group of developers want to see it being used in hospitals and rest homes - and eventually homes. *

TRAVELLING SOUTH IN THE 1930'S AND 1940'S

An article from Old Nic describing a typical inter-island ferry journey and other travelling modes and conditions in the mid years of last century when I was a boy. Interestingly it was possible to make the journey described much quicker, easier and cheaper than today. The days before the frenetic requirements of air journeys, that seem to have few co-ordinated onward connections, and no public transport at all to smaller towns, were far less stressful and catered for the needs of people first.

In those days there were good passenger services throughout the country. It was possible to leave Auckland by Night Express and travel by train and ferry to Invercargill in around 43 hours, including having the day in Wellington. If one travelled from Auckland by Daylight Express it took only 32 hours. Northbound the times were similar. The same journey today can take up to 60 hours unless one arrives in Christchurch in time to get the overnight bus to Dunedin where you must wait for the morning Invercargill bus anyway. No wonder people either fly or if they can't afford that stay at home.

The contrast was that in those days travel was an adventure and when you arrived at your destination railway station you had the exciting feeling that you had really arrived somewhere different. These days when we fly we do not seem to arrive anywhere different but simply at another mundane air terminal, just like the one we left. David Morgan once said that flying was slick and efficient but in the same category as a modern flush toilet. Cynical? Perhaps, certainly cryptic, but in remembering the fun of old time travel, I can only agree with him.

In any case, while the trip described happens to be to Akaroa, any trip there, from the south or north, had to be via Christchurch.

Within the South Island one usually arrived in Christchurch by express train but from the

North Island it was usually by the Wellington - Lyttelton ferries and the Boat Train, although it was possible to use the Picton ferry and train connection but this was not always reliable for time-keeping and could miss other connections.

The Ferry: From Wellington we would board the Steamer Express (usually simply called the Ferry) which sailed nightly, except Sundays, for Lyttelton at 7.45pm, where it arrived at 6.30am. These were really more high class sea-going ships than is suggested by the appellation *ferry* and probably the official name of Steamer Express was much more appropriate, but they were *ferries* in the local vernacular and everyone used the term.

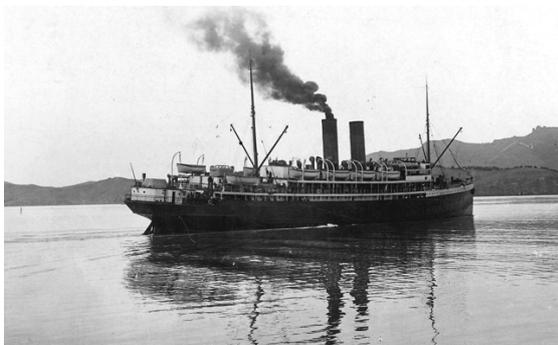


tev Rangatira in service from 1931-1967

An example of the type of ship used in the service was the graceful *Rangatira*. This beautiful ship was taken to heart by the travelling public to an extent never really achieved by any other ferry. From 1931 until well after WW2 she was reputedly the most powerful and fastest merchant ship in the Southern Hemisphere. Her true top speed is arguable but during WW2 she usually sailed without convoy depending on her speed for protection because few naval ships could match it. It must have worked because she survived to serve until well beyond the war.

The Silver Greyhound: She carried a six foot long Silver Greyhound on her foremast truck and none of her consorts or later build ferries ever earned that privilege.

There were two other ships at that time, the first *Maori* and the first *Wahine*, both somewhat older than the *Rangatira* but still both seagoing greyhounds, almost as well appointed as the *Rangatira*. None of these ships lacked anything in class.



tss Maori in service 1907-1946

The *Maori*, I well remember as having a cast and polished brass head, in effigy, of different *Maori* people over most of the passenger cabin doors. I wonder what happened to them? Probably melted down when she was scrapped in Keelung, I suppose.

As a point of political correctness, in this modern world, I have been instructed that it is no longer acceptable to refer to a ship in the feminine gender within the written word, i.e., she, her. For those feminists out there who would take me to task, I reply "such usage is not a reflection of my values but rather a reflection of the fact that the English language has yet to provide a suitable gender neutral pronoun for such use."

I recall some years back some feminists picketed the (then) Ministry of Marine demanding they edit out all female gender words in navigation manuals and replace them with 'it'. How much more silliness must we endure before some good sense prevails?

Yes, the Wellington - Lyttelton ferries were beautifully appointed and comfortable. The overnight trip either way was to be looked forward to. They were reliable and a late arrival was practically unheard of. One boarded by way of one of two gleaming white gangways to quickly enter brightly lit

vestibules. To a boy, it was entry to a captivating wonderland. A line of black suited stewards, who with their white shirts and black bow ties, stood as a bevy of penguins, waited to assist the boarding passengers. You handed your bags to a steward who came forward to meet you and were escorted to your cabin. Days of elegance and grace not seen now.



tss Wahine in service 1913 –1951

The decks and accommodations were, without exception, clean and bright, unlike today the crews were also clean and neat. The deck crew in black company logo jerseys and white caps, the stewards in black and white. The cabins were fitted with forced air ventilation and wash basins with hot and cold water. Carafes of distilled water and glasses were in oaken cabinets above the basin. The beds had first class mattresses, were made up with crisp white sheets and pillow slips and covered with a blue or white counterpane. These appointments guaranteed a restful night's sleep except, perhaps, in the worst of weather. But even this was allowed for as each bed was discretely supplied with a set of cardboard punnets in a chrome fixture. There were commodious wash rooms with both bath and shower facilities that gave the option of either fresh or salt water for bathing and never a shortage of hot water. For additional passenger comfort the ships had saloons, extensive deck shelter plus promenade and boat decks for strolling and viewing. Below there was a cafeteria serving drinks and snacks and several large silverware plates

with assorted water biscuits and a cheese board. Cheese and biscuits were constantly available and free of charge. A separate small bar was also available nearby. On the saloon deck was a bar/smoking room and a lounge. Drinks were generally the same price as ashore and served by white-coated waiters in lovely thin Union Company design glassware. All furnishings were either soft leather or moquette covered, while all crockery was quality china. All woodwork was polished teak, oak or walnut. Tables were set with silver service and crisp white linen. Plastic had yet to be inflicted on us. Cars were also carried but in those days had to be hoisted aboard.

Each nightly sailing was accompanied by crowds on the wharf, and a conglomeration of coloured streamers made a paper maze along the ships side. Only we oldies will remember streamers these days. For the young sprogs; a streamer was a long roll of brightly coloured paper, about 2cms wide, that unrolled as it was thrown. One end was held by the person aboard ship while the other was held by the person saying farewell on the wharf. The idea was that persons could keep contact with each other until they stretched and broke as the ship left the wharf. They were popular and a lot of fun but made a paper mess after the sailing, especially in wet weather. Probably they would be banned today as is confetti at weddings. Each sailing took on the aura of a celebration. Sometimes *Anchors Away* would be played over the PA as the ship moved off and this could be either emotional or hype depending on one's mood. Travel then was not only dignified but illuminated with much fun.

A wakeup call from the steward was always accompanied by a cup of tea and biscuit, or buttered toast from the stewardesses, if requested by women with children or any oldies who might ask for it. Breakfast aboard the ship was optional but meant missing the boat train. How different to today's Rail Ferries! A small but fascinating aspect into

the perversity of human nature was that it was quite usual to see passengers lined up at the foyer doors, sometimes up to an hour before berthing. They would wait thus, in order to be first ashore and thus ensure getting a seat on the boat train. Waiting an hour in crowded discomfort for a seat on a 15 minute train ride!!



ss *Tamahine* in service 1925-1962

The Picton ferry in those days had some class too. This was the old *Tamahine*, a lovely little ship, but her small size made her a trial to her passengers in a Cook Strait gale. Unlike today, a train to Christchurch would be on the wharf at Picton for south going travellers, and right beside the disembarkation gangways. It may surprise the younger generation to know there was also a nightly ferry service each way between Wellington and Nelson.



Picton Boat Train on Picton wharf

In those days the train to Christchurch was always waiting on the wharf at Lyttelton, right opposite the gangways, and as the wharf was covered over, weather was no discomfort. The carriages were usually old but always heated in cold weather by one of the old F class steam engines used in the Lyttelton yard for shunting. Soon an electric engine

was connected and took you to Christchurch Station where, if one had not eaten on the ferry, one could partake of a memorable breakfast in dignified surroundings.



The morning Lyttelton Boat Train leaving the ferry wharf.

Breakfast at Christchurch Railway Station: Despite what we hear about the old railways they really knew, better than most, how to provide a hearty meal. The standard plate of bacon and eggs never contained less than four rashers of bacon with extra rashers provided within the same price if you asked for it. This used to cost I think about one shilling (10c) or about half of what it would cost anywhere else, except perhaps at Mother Huck's in Gloucester Street. How many of you Cantabrian's remember Mother Huck's or the Hole in the Wall?

The same was true of railway pies. Those who denounce them these days probably never tasted one. They were the best. Tasty nourishing with good filling surrounded by well baked pastry and cheaper than most, too.

Bicycles and Cars: As one often does, I still remember, in cameo, two mature adult friends Tom and Joe, sitting with me in the cafeteria of the old station on one trip south about 1939 where Joe was protesting the price of cars. Tom's reply was to exploit the example of bicycles as a model of how prices had fallen since he was a youth and he was sure that the same would be the case with cars in a few years. The advent of WW2, soon after, clouded the argument, in my mind, and I cannot say if Tom was right or

wrong but cars still seem to me to be over-priced. Only years later did I see some humour in the bicycle example and I wonder just how prevalent or expensive bicycles must have been in the 1880's in New Zealand. Perhaps they were expensive but I doubt they did much to threaten horse transport such as the motor vehicle did some thirty years later. Christchurch in those days, being mostly flat and with sensibly designed roads for people to use rather than cars, was known as the 'City on Wheels'. It proudly proclaimed in the 1930's that over 60% of the population rode bicycles regularly. Hardly an appellation one could use today, but to a visitor, then, the town seemed infected with scurrying people on two wheelers.

Onward from Christchurch: Unlike today arrival in Christchurch did not mean an enforced stop-over nor even a long pause if you were heading onwards to somewhere distant, or even within the city or local region.

Local trains serviced all the regional and small towns within a diameter of some fifty miles (82k's) of the CBD. These ran regularly and daily, generally at least every three hours in between rush hours and, of course, much more frequently to serve morning and evening commuters. Most New Zealand cities had similar passenger services.

These rail services were backed up by buses covering those areas that the trains did not service. These were provided by the old NZR Road Services, Midland Coach services and the Christchurch Council.

One did not fly in those days, rather one travelled and that was the adventure. Not any more. Old Nic. *



SEA MONSTERS

Sea monsters are sea-dwelling mythical or legendary creatures, often believed to be of immense size. Marine monsters can take many forms, including sea dragons, sea serpents, or multi-armed beasts. They can be slimy or scaly and are often pictured threatening ships or spouting jets of water. The definition of a "monster" is subjective, and some sea monsters may have been exaggerations of scientifically accepted creatures such as whales and types of giant and colossal squid.

Sightings and Legends

Historically, decorative drawings of heraldic dolphins and sea monsters were frequently used to illustrate maps, such as the Carta Marina. This practice died away with the advent of modern cartography. Nevertheless, stories of sea monsters and eyewitness accounts which claim to have seen these beasts persist to this day. Such sightings are often catalogued and studied by folklorists and cryptozoologists.

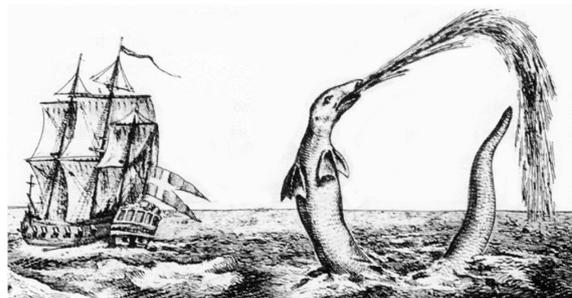
Sea monster accounts are found in virtually all cultures that have contact with the sea. For example, Avienus relates of Carthaginian explorer Himilco's voyage "...there monsters of the deep, and beasts swim amid the slow and sluggishly crawling ships." (lines 117-29 of *Ora Maritima*). Sir Humphrey Gilbert claimed to have encountered a lion-like monster with "glaring eyes" on his return voyage after formally claiming St. John's, Newfoundland, (1583) for England. Another account of an encounter with a sea monster comes from July 1734. Hans Egede, a Danish/Norwegian missionary, reported that on a voyage to Gothaab/Nuuk on the western coast of Greenland he observed, "a most terrible creature, resembling nothing they saw before. The monster lifted its head so high that it seemed to be higher than the crow's nest on the mainmast. The head was small and the body short and wrinkled. The unknown creature was using giant fins

which propelled it through the water. Later the sailors saw its tail as well. The monster was longer than our whole ship."

Other reports are known from the Pacific, Indian and Southern Oceans.

There is a Tlingit legend about a sea monster named Gunakadeit (Goo-na'-ka-date) who brought prosperity and good luck to a village in crisis, people starving in the home they made for themselves on the southeastern coast of Alaska.

A more recent development has been the two mysterious noises "Bloop" and "Slow Down" picked up by hydrophonic equipment in 1997 and not heard since. While matching the audio characteristics of an animal, they were deemed too large to be a whale. Investigations thus far have been inconclusive.



Sea serpent reported by Hans Egede, Bishop of Greenland, in 1734

It is debatable what these modern "monsters" might be. Possibilities include the frilled shark, basking shark, oarfish, giant squid, seiches, or whales. For example Ellis (1999) suggested the Egede monster might have been a giant squid. Other hypotheses are that modern-day monsters are surviving specimens of giant marine reptiles, such as an ichthyosaur or plesiosaur, from the Jurassic and Cretaceous Periods, or extinct whales like *Basilosaurus*. Tropical cyclones such as hurricanes or typhoons may also be another possible origin of sea monsters, mainly through ship damage accounts.

In 1892, Anthonie Cornelis Oudemans, then

Director of the Royal Zoological Gardens at The Hague saw the publication of his *The Great Sea Serpent*, which suggested that many sea serpent reports were best accounted for as a previously unknown giant, long-necked pinniped (fin footed animal.) It is likely that many other reports of sea monsters are misinterpreted sightings of shark and whale carcasses (see below), floating kelp, logs or other flotsam such as abandoned rafts, canoes and fishing nets.



**Alleged Sea Monster carcasses
Saint Augustine carcass**

Sea monster corpses have been regularly reported since recent antiquity. Unidentified carcasses are often called globsters. The alleged plesiosaur netted by the Japanese trawler *Zuiyō Maru* off New Zealand caused a sensation in 1977 and was immortalized on a Brazilian postage stamp before it was suggested by the FBI to be the decomposing carcass of a basking shark. Likewise, DNA testing confirmed that an alleged sea monster washed up on Fortune Bay, Newfoundland in August, 2001, was a sperm whale.

Another modern example of a "sea monster" was the strange creature washed up in Los Muermos on the Chilean sea shore in July, 2003. It was first described as a "mammoth jellyfish as long as a bus" but was later determined to be another corpse of a sperm whale. Cases of boneless, amorphous globsters are sometimes believed to be gigantic octopuses, but it has now been determined that sperm whales dying at sea decompose in such a way that the blubber

detaches from the body, forming featureless whitish masses that sometimes exhibit a hairy texture due to exposed strands of collagen fibres. The analysis of the *Zuiyō Maru* carcass revealed a comparable phenomenon in decomposing basking shark carcasses, which lose most of the lower head area and the dorsal and caudal fins first, making them resemble a plesiosaur. *



The Aspi Prima fontana dei mostri marini - First sea monster fountain, Florence



Second sea monster fountain, Florence

LEGENDARY SEA MONSTERS

Aspidochelone, a giant turtle or whale that appeared to be an island, and lured sailors to their doom

Capricorn, Babylonian Water-Goat, in the Zodiac

Charybdis of Homer, a monstrous whirlpool that sucked any ship nearby

Cirein-cròin Coinchenn, from whose bone the Gae Bulg is made in Celtic mythology

Curruid, the sea monster who killed the Coinchenn

Hydra, Greece

Iku-Turso, Reputedly a type of colossal octopus or walrus.

Jörmungandr, the Norse Midgard Serpent.

Kraken, A gigantic octopus or squid Leviathan

Loch Ness Monster

Proteus

Scylla of Homer, a six-headed serpentine that devoured six men from each ship that passed by.

Sirens of Homer

Taniwha

The Rainbow Fish

Tiamat

The Constellation Cetus

Umibōzu

Yacumama, South America

Sea monsters actually reported first or second hand include:

A giant octopus by Pliny.
N.B. Not the giant octopus of the Pacific.

Mermaids

Sea monk

Various sea serpents

Tritons by Pliny

Currently reported specific sea monsters

Cadborosaurus of the Pacific Northwest

Chessie of the Chesapeake Bay

Lusca

Morgawr

Sea monsters in fiction, literature, theatre and movies .

Ayia Napa Sea Monster, of Ayia Napa, Cyprus

Creatures of H. P. Lovecraft's Cthulhu Mthos.

Creatures of The X-Files episodes Aqua Mala and Quagmire.

Creatures in such sci-fi/horror films as Deepstar Six, The Rift, Deep Rising, Deep Shock, and The Host.

Carcharodon Megalodon in Steve Alten's Meg series.

Clover

Fictional portrayals of the **Giant Squid**.

Giant octopus in It Came from Beneath the Sea.

Giganto

Godzilla and related kaiju.

Kraken in Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest.

Leviathan in Gears of War 2.

Moby-Dick

Nabooian sea monsters in Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.

Rhedosaurus

Sin

Lake Monsters

Ichthyosaur and plesiosaur in A Journey to the centre of the Earth

Currently there are records of sightings of lake monsters in 84 locations (Lakes) worldwide. Although the majority appear to be in the United States of America followed closely by the Central African States. There are a few in Australian Aboriginal legend while the New Zealand Taniwha seems to inhabit either fresh or salt water according to need.

More at wikipedia.org/wiki/list_of_reprted_lake_monsters

THE ENIGMA OF THE NAUSCOPIE



Port of Mauritius 1782

Etienne Bottineau (born in 1738 in Champtoceaux, France) was a career-seaman -- first in the merchant marine, then briefly in the service of Louis XV's Royal Navy. Passing his time shipboard by making observations of navigation techniques, he began to develop a question which became the catalyst for his mysterious life's work: shouldn't a vessel approaching land produce a visible effect on the atmosphere which could be seen by the practiced eye and used to predict the arrival of a ship before it would be visible on the horizon?

His shipmates all thought the question itself was far-fetched and that Bottineau was nuts, but he left the Navy to stay in Mauritius (then I'le de France) and to work on his crazy hypothesis. With a clear sky and few vessels coming to visit (making for fewer possibilities for error), in 6 months Bottineau succeeded in developing a technique for "seeing beyond the horizon" -- watching the atmosphere on the horizon and predicting the arrival of ships three days before they could become visible on the horizon.

At first, he used his new technique, which he called nauscopie, to win bets around the docks. Between 1778 and 1782 he correctly predicted the arrival of 575 ships to Mauritius, many as much as four days before they could be sighted, and the local government took notice. In 1782, the Governor of Mauritius began to record Bottineau's predictions, and at the end of two years, Bottineau had such an outlandish record of accuracy (from land and at sea) that the local French Government offered Bottineau a lump sum of 10,000 livres

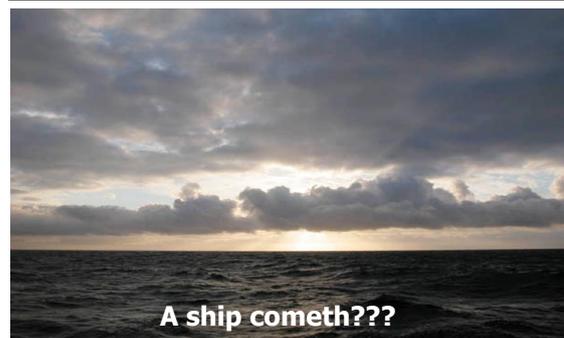
and an annual pension of 1,200 livres if he would reveal his secret to that government. He declined the offer; he was convinced that he had made an important scientific discovery, and instead he wanted to go to France to bestow this gift on the nation of his birth and be the great teacher of the new science of nauscopie.

In Paris, however, Bottineau's offers met with indifference in the royal bureaucracy of Louis XVI, and opinion-leader Abbe Fontenay, the editor of the *Mercure de France*, sneered at Bottineau's offer without studying it. Humiliated and disgusted, Bottineau disappeared without revealing his secret technique.

A Scottish journal reported his death in Pondicherry, India, just before the French Revolution (1789), and Jean-Paul Marat, something of an occasional scientist himself, considered Bottineau notable enough to mention his death in a letter to a friend.

Several people later claimed to have mastered nauscopie, but Bottineau's technique has never been documented. The invention of practical radar by Robert Watson-Watt in 1935 no doubt rendered Bottineau's science of nauscopie a mysterious irreproducible result of the quaint and distant nautical past, or perhaps a good seacoast sun-parlour trick. *

For those with further interest there's a description of how nauscopie was possibly accomplished by Bottineau, in *Myth, Fact, and Navigator's Secrets* by J. Gregory Dill (article 56). He predicates it involved a 'plume' sent up by disturbing the sea.



NEW ZEALAND'S EARLY 19TH CENTURY LADY PIRATES.

Charlotte Badger and Catherine Hagerty, both convicted felons were amongst other convicts who seized the colonial brig *Venus* in 1803 while it was lying at Port Dalrymple so her commander could attend to government business delivering official despatches.

They then headed for the Bay of Islands in New Zealand. In one account the Maori hanged them, as well as four others but another story suggests that both Charlotte and Catherine were living ashore where Catherine became ill and died in April, 1807.

Charlotte who apparently had a child remained in Kororareka, (now Russel) where it is suggested she lived with a local Maori Rangatira for some time.

She refused to return to Port Jackson, though they were offered passage aboard several ships, including the *Elizabeth*, saying she wanted passage to America. Charlotte and her daughter were believed to have accepted passage aboard a vessel bound for Tonga.

No more is known of either of them, but as the Admiralty Sailing Directions of the times warned seamen not to land in the Tongan Islands because the inhabitants were dangerous cannibals, one wonders if she knew this.

The Kingdom of Tonga ironically acquired the name "The Friendly Islands" from Captain Cook in 1777, on his third visit. The Ha'apai locals had prepared an enormous feast for the sailors, which was, unbeknownst to them, to be the lure for a plot to kill the Englishmen. Thankfully the plan went awry.

Missionaries first arrived in Tonga in 1797, but found it intimidating and left. The first permanent European 'settlers' were deserters from an American ship, having arrived only a year earlier.

Cannibalism still being common, missionaries did not come again for many years; the next arriving about 1830.

Perhaps Charlotte and her daughter became hors d'oeuvres or mains, on the King's table; who would know now, after all these years ?

*

ATHEIST IN THE WOODS

An atheist was walking through the woods.

'What majestic trees!'

'What powerful rivers!'

'What beautiful animals!'

He said to himself.



As he was walking alongside the river, he heard a rustling in the bushes behind him. He turned to look. He saw a 12-foot grizzly bear charging towards him.

He ran as fast as he could up the path... He looked over his shoulder and saw that the bear was closing in on him.

He looked over his shoulder again and the bear was even closer. He tripped and fell on the ground. He rolled over to pick himself up but saw that the bear was right on top of him, reaching for him with his left paw and raising his right paw to strike him.

At that instant the Atheist cried out, *'Oh my God!'*

Time Stopped.

The bear froze.

The forest was silent.



As a bright light shone upon the man, a voice came out of the sky. *'You deny my existence for all these years, teach others I don't exist and even credit creation to cosmic accident. Do you expect me to help you out of this predicament? Am I to count you as a believer?'*

The atheist looked directly into the light, *'It would be hypocritical of me to suddenly ask you to treat me as a Christian now, but perhaps you could make the BEAR a Christian?'*

'Very Well,' said the voice.

The light went out. The sounds of the forest resumed. And the bear dropped his right paw, brought both paws together, bowed his head and spoke:

'Lord bless this food for which I am about to receive from thy bounty, through Christ our Lord, Amen.' *



Rimes of the Wartime Merchant Mariners

Both poems provided by Captain Clive Spencer with permission from 'Sea Breezes'

Tramp Ships and Seamen at War.

They were oft so unregarded
Those tramping ships and men
Before the conflict started
And the nation called on them
To the call they bold responded
Were to self and country true
And with blood and sweat expended
Showed their courage through and through
And when the fight was over
And the awesome battle won
Then back to the life of a rover
With their nation's duty done

Anon.

The correct title of the above poem is unknown. That one given above was chosen at random.

Lest we Forget the Forgotten

Sometimes while the bands are playing
And the uniforms march past
You will find a seaman watching
With a wistful looking eye
And you know just what he's thinking
As he hears the cheering crowd
As the sailors, soldiers, airmen
Swing along, erect and proud.
He is thinking that his country
Saves it's honours once again
For the uniforms, forgetting
All the seas forgotten men

He is thinking of the armies
And the food and fighting tanks
For every safe arrival
To the Seamen owe their thanks.
He is thinking of those mates of his
Who have paid the final score
Not in khaki or in navy
But in the working gear they wore
And we'd like to tell him something
That we think he may not know
A reminder he can stow away
Wherever he may go.
All your countrymen are proud of you
And though there's no brass band
Nor a bugle or a banner
When the Merchant Seamen land
We know just the job you're doing
In your well-worn working clothes
On the seas where death is lurking
And a fellow's courage shows.
So be sure to keep your chin up
When the uniforms parade
What a Man wears doesn't matter
It's the stuff of which he's made.

Anon

The above poem was written for all those who served in Allied Merchant Ships during times of war. It's author is unknown and so is it's title. So I have provided one I feel is suitable.
Clive Spencer



**Taken from the
USS *Honolulu*
(Los Angeles Class fast at-
tack submarine)**

**At the Arctic circle 280
nautical miles from the
North Pole.**

**Is there anything
that scares a
Polar Bear?**



**With thanks
from
US Navy
Operations**



Stena Scandinavica, Halsevard 2011



ZIM PUSAN, Port Vostochny, Russia, northern Summer 2011

SEASHORE
Ralph Waldo Emerson

I heard or seemed to hear the chiding sea say,
Pilgrim, why so late and slow to come?
Am I not always here, thy summer home?
Is not my voice thy music, morn and eve?
My breath thy healthful climate in the heats,
My touch thy antidote, my bay thy bath?
Was ever building like my terraces?
Was ever couch magnificent as mine?
Lie on the warm rock-ledges, and there learn
A little hut suffices like a town.
I make your sculptured architecture vain,
Vain beside mine.

I drive my wedges home,
And carve the coastwise mountain into caves.
Lo! here is Rome and Nineveh and Thebes,
Karnak and Pyramid and Giant's Stairs
Half piled or prostrate; and my newest slab
Older than all thy race.
Behold the Sea,

The opaline, the plentiful and strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July;
Sea full of food, the nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth, and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,

Washing out harms and griefs from memory,
And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,
Giving a hint of that which changes not.
Rich are the sea-gods:--who gives gifts but they?
They grope the sea for pearls, but more than pearls:
They pluck Force thence, and give it to the wise.
For every wave is wealth to Dædalus,
Wealth to the cunning artist who can work
This matchless strength.

Where shall he find, O waves!
A load your Atlas shoulders cannot lift?
I with my hammer pounding evermore
The rocky coast, smite Andes into dust,
Strewing my bed, and, in another age,
Rebuild a continent of better men.
Then I unbar the doors: my paths lead out
The exodus of nations:

I dispersed Men to all shores that front the hoary main.
I too have arts and sorceries;
Illusion dwells forever with the wave.
I know what spells are laid.
Leave me to deal With credulous and imaginative man;

For, though he scoop my water in his palm,
A few rods off he deems it gems and clouds.
Planting strange fruits and sunshine on the shore,
I make some coast alluring, some lone isle,
To distant men, who must go there, or die.

