



**VINDICATRIX  
ASSOCIATION**

*Queensland*



# Under the Clock

~ Patron: Doug Duxbury ~

Newsletter Editor, Bill Davis  
PO Box 3111  
CAIRNS QLD 4870  
Ph: 043 240 1965  
Email: Davis@shirbil.com



Issue 72 – Feb 2011

## Pool of London



The Pool of London is a part of the Tideway of the River Thames from London Bridge to below Tower Bridge. It was the original part of the Port of London. The Pool of London is divided into two parts, the Upper Pool and Lower Pool. The Upper Pool consists of the section between London Bridge and Tower Bridge, while the Lower Pool traditionally runs from Tower Bridge to the Cherry Garden Pier in Rotherhithe.

Originally, the Pool was the stretch of the River Thames along Billingsgate on the south side of the City of London where all imported cargoes had to be delivered for inspection and assessment by Customs Officers, giving the area the name of "Legal Quays". Smuggling, theft and pilferage of cargoes were rife on

both the busy open wharves and in the crowded warehouses. The term was later used more generally to refer to the stretch of the river in between London Bridge and Rotherhithe, which constituted the farthest reach that could be navigated by a tall-masted vessel.

The Pool was of vital importance to London for centuries - as early as the 7th century the Venerable Bede wrote that the Pool was the reason for London's existence - but it reached its peak in the 18th and 19th centuries. By this time the river was lined with nearly continuous walls of wharves running for miles along both banks, and hundreds of ships moored in the river or alongside the quays.

The Pool saw a phenomenal increase in both overseas and coastal trade in the second half of the eighteenth century. Two thirds of coastal vessels using the Pool were colliers meeting an increase in the demand for coal as the population of London rose. Coastal trade virtually doubled between 1750 and 1796 reaching 11,964 vessels in 1795. In overseas trade, in 1751 the pool handled 1,682 ships and 234,639 tons of goods.

By 1794 this had risen to 3,663 ships and 620,845 tons. The congestion was so extreme that it was said to be possible to walk across the Thames simply by stepping from ship to ship. London's Docklands had their origins in the lack of capacity in the Pool of London which particularly affected the West India trade. In 1799 The West India Dock Act allowed a new off-river dock to be built for produce from the West Indies and the rest of Docklands followed as landowners built enclosed docks with better security and facilities than the Pool's wharves.

Even after the construction of off-river docks, the Pool of London remained an important part of the Port of London. Shipping needed unrestricted access to the Pool of London which imposed constraints on the crossings that became increasingly necessary with the commercial development on both sides of the river. The Thames Tunnel from Rotherhithe to Wapping was constructed between 1825 and 1843. Tower Bridge opened in 1894 as a bascule bridge. In 1909 the Pool came under the jurisdiction of the Port of London Authority.

## From the Secretary

Some fifteen of us Queenslanders enjoyed the WA reunion in November 2010 and most of us extended our stay although after we all went our separate ways. The atmosphere at the reunion was very relaxing and we were happy to meet new faces, some being first time at a reunion. Like all other reunions, our gatherings never stopped although officially it ended after Sunday lunch. Those who were staying at the caravan park continued to party at some Vindi boys' cabins.

The South Australian branch is host to the 2011 Down-under Reunion and information on this reunion has been either emailed or posted to all our Qld members, it is well known that we Queenslanders are very reciprocal to visitors who come from other branches for our reunions. It is time to start saving our pennies and organising ourselves to go to the SA Reunion on 4<sup>th</sup>, 5<sup>th</sup> & 6<sup>th</sup> November. After the welcome they gave us in 2005, I am sure this coming Reunion will be a "humdinger".

Our Christmas Party at the Beenleigh Tavern in December was attended by some 40 Vindi boys and girls. We thought we would do something different for the party so instead of hiring an entertainer like we did in past years, we would give members an opportunity to show their "Vindi Talents". Oh yes, we have some! Some could sing well, some could tell jokes, which may not have suited everyone, but it shows their sense of humour as Seamen. It was fun and we will improve the next time. We did not time each segment which was a mistake as some got carried away and did not know when to stop.

Pauline had once again organised a group this year who attended the Lord Mayor's Christmas Concert in the RNA Auditorium only few attended. The Greenbank RSL has also invited our members to join them in their Christmas Party, but due to the bad weather on the day, only nine members attended.

Sadly, Vindi boy Len Malcomson lost his wife Carmel after a long illness on 6<sup>th</sup> January. We extend our condolences to Len and his family.

Your committee feels that it is time for another Birthday celebration as our organisation has been operating for 15 years. We have emailed everyone for a feed back and it is welcoming. At the moment, we are negotiating for venue and once confirmed, you will be advised.

The recent floods and cyclones in Queensland has been sad news to us. We have checked on most of our members whom we know are in or near the worst effected areas and it has been fortunate that no one was seriously troubled. The worst scenario is a few members have been "boxed" in their homes as nearby streets were blocked. We pray that all will be over soon. We thank all our Vindi friends from inter-state and overseas who have sent messages of concern to us.

God bless you.

*Kim Cohen, Secretary*

**P.S. Next meeting Thursday 28<sup>th</sup> April 2011**

Did you know that you can't stick your tongue out and look up at the same time.....

## **South Korean commandos storm hijacked tanker**

South Korean navy commandos stormed a ship hijacked by Somali pirates in the Indian Ocean and rescued all the crew. Eight pirates were killed in the raid on the chemical freighter, which was seized along with 21 crew on January 15th in the Arabian Sea while en-route to Sri Lanka. The captain of the 11,500-ton Samho Jewelry was shot in the stomach during the attack, and three commandos also suffered wounds.

Colonel Lee Bung-Woo, a spokesman for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, said: 'Our special forces stormed the hijacked Samho Jewelry and freed all hostages. During the operation, our forces killed some Somali pirates and all of the hostages were confirmed alive.'

Eight South Koreans, two Indonesians and 11 from Myanmar were on board the vessel when it was attacked after setting out from the UAE. Seoul ordered a destroyer on patrol in the Gulf of Aden to give chase and President Lee Myung-Bak ordered 'all possible measures' to save the crew.

The rescue followed a gun battle, when the destroyer encountered pirates who had left the South Korean freighter to try to seize a nearby Mongolian vessel. Commandos on board a speedboat and a Lynx helicopter were dispatched to rescue the Mongolian ship.

Several pirates were believed to have been killed during that raid, although their bodies have not been found. The rescue comes as a boost for South Korea's military, which was strongly criticised for a perceived weak response to North Korea's shelling of a disputed border island in November.

## **EU threat to MN's Red Ensign**

By Daily Mail Reporter - January 2011

The Merchant Navy's historic Red Ensign could soon become a thing of the past following an EU diktat. Britain was given just two months to agree to a directive from Brussels requiring equal pay on all vessels flying the 17th century 'Red Duster'. This would mean an end to the practice of paying crews in line with wage rates in their native countries. (This is our second attack)

Under threat: Britain's historic 'Red Duster' could be 'deflagged'. Ship owners fear an increase in wage bills would lead to companies taking their business elsewhere. They would register vessels under foreign flags in a practice known as "deflagging". The orders from Brussels came about following a complaint from Bob Crow's Rail, Maritime and Transport Union. The orders from Brussels follow a complaint by union boss Bob Crow.

They are seen as a major threat to the £10billion British merchant shipping industry and 150,000 UK jobs. Tory Shipping Minister Mike Penning said: "I am determined to do everything I can to stand up for British shipping and the Red Ensign." Ignoring the diktat could lead to a fine of millions of euros for every day of failure to comply.

The Chamber of Shipping said members would "take their business elsewhere". Mr Crow said the existing system was "modern day slavery". Although the exact date of when the Red Ensign was first made, surviving receipts indicate that the Navy was paying to have flags sewn during the 1620's.

## The Liberty Ships

Thompson built a welded ship up at Sunderland,  
Ten thousand tons she carried, and structure simply planned,  
When the U-boat war broke out we had to hold the line,  
But cargo ships were sinking in that horrendous time.

So using modern methods he mass produced some more,  
`Empire` was the prefix of every name they bore,  
There was the Empire Ranger, and the Empire Deer,  
Among the names of many, launched there on the Wear.

She was called an ugly duckling dressed in wartime grey,  
Holds were four in number and flush decks all the way,  
Eleven knots her foremost speed, armed with basic guns,  
But crucial to our lifeline on dangerous convoy runs.

Copied by our Allies they built `em in the States,  
And named them after heroes - of the nation's `greats`,  
Like the William Hooper, Dan Boone or Joseph Meek,  
Delivered from the shipyards, several every week.

They built them too in Canada but named them after `Parks`,  
Canadians that manned them, trained and then embarked,  
Mount Pleasant Park and Jasper Park sadly met their fate,  
Shattered by the enemy while steaming with their freight.

British crews that joined them, had a different name,  
Sailing in the `Fort` boats constructed just the same,  
Fort Bedford and Fort Brandon just two of plenty more,  
That carried precious cargoes from shore to distant shore.

Later on the `Victory` ships came onto the scene,  
Longer and much faster and broader in the beam,  
They called them after cities like the Bedford Victory,  
All crewed by unsung heroes that fought the war at sea.

Joe Earl April 2010

## Adventure in WA

(inclusive of 6 old codgers)

You would have read the reunion report in the last newsletter, but I thought I might add a little tale of Kim and my self's visit to WA.

Our first experience was our one night stay in Perth. On arrival six of us "hardy" Vindi boys and girls decided we would spend our first night in a backpacker called Underground Backpackers. I can assure you it should have been called something like "Upperground" with the trudge up flights of stairs dragging suitcases with overstuffed fillings! Firstly we presented ourselves at the shanty reception and paid our fees for the night; fine, "would you like sheets?" "Yes please, that will be a \$5.00 deposit," forthwith we were each given a bundle of clean but raggy sheets not folded. "Thank you Mam." "Would you like a cup, bowl and plates for breakfast?" "Yes please." Plastic bags appeared with the items inside, "that will be \$5.00 deposit". We then trundle up to our rooms. Ours was about 2½ square metres. The bed was an undersized double with two bunks built over the top, one small cupboard and a pedestal fan. That's it – shared bathroom with whomever got in first. I gave the shower a miss but could not escape the toilet.

Having settled in, we decided we would go up the road or it could have been down the road to the English pub. Kim and I were a bit behind Fred and Pat, Norm and Princess and they had already ordered but at this point in time, not been served. Kim and I ordered two lemonade, lime and bitters and also paid for our dinner. Rack of lamb for myself and salmon for Kim. Well, the four of them received their meals which were looking delicious and there was Fred picking his way though his rack of lamb and sucking every bone. Kim and I still waiting for our meals; by this time these four were about to lick their plates. Hmm, better start asking where is our grub? The order hadn't gone through! Eventually it arrived and the Manager gave us a free drink each.


After the meal, we decided to find a shop to buy a few yummies and milk. We eventually found one and having walked around and selected our items, we went to the counter to pay. A nice smiling Indian whatever a Mongrel (I'm not racist) with nice fat prices. What?? Did Princess get into him and rightly so. We all put our items back and walked out. What's next? Better try and find a Woolly. After a couple of "excuse me, can you tell us where Woollies are?" We eventually found it. We had walked that far we had to get a taxi back. Kim and I slept like babies, clean beds. Fred found it so hot that he and Pat tried to sleep with one shoe jamming the door opened and the other shoe in his hand.

We met up in the morning in kitchen for brekkie, communal room and messy but plenty of food to eat. I think Princes and Pat left it cleaner than when we arrived in the room. That's Princess and Pat. We have to say the young people who use these places are quite happy, honest and helpful; grabbed our suitcases and carried them down the stairs for us. Some where along the line, Norm had lost a ring with M.N on the top, not valuable but sentimental value as it was his brother's. Anyway it was mentioned at the reception. We booked a cab, a seven seater and the driver managed to stack all our luggage in for the trip to

### An actual sign seen at a golf club in Scotland UK:

1. Back straight, knees bent, feet shoulder width apart.
2. Form a loose grip.
3. Keep your head down!
4. Avoid a quick back swing.
5. Stay out of the water.
6. Try not to hit anyone.
7. If you are taking too long, let others go ahead of you.
8. Don't stand directly in front of others.
9. Quiet please...while others are preparing.
10. Don't take extra strokes.

**Well done. Now, flush the urinal, go outside, and tee off.**

 We where all sitting round the swimming pool at my daughter's house on Christmas morning and one of my grandsons wouldn't go in, he was a little in front of me, so I thought I'd give him a gentle push. I had to take a little run at him, but he saw me coming and ducked to one side, you can guess the rest? I couldn't stop myself and IN I went fully clothed in my best Sunday dress, my good camera in one hand, shoes on, the lot.

I was having a problem swimming, I think I was in so much shock and of course the whole family was rolling over with laughter. We are still having a laugh over it, I had to buy a new camera and all my paperwork and money in my wallet dried out, alas nobody had a camera in hand to take a photo. To think I went through all that and didn't get a picture taken.

**Thanks Big Al - I can keep a secret.....**

Fremantle for \$120.00 which was a very good price. About 3 kms on the journey and Princess got a mobile phone call, someone had found the ring in the kitchen; so the driver turned back and the receptionist was waiting outside to give it back. Norm was so happy! I have to say "great!" for the young ones in the backpackers but a "once off" for oldies, put it down to an experience.

We arrived at the Woodman Point Caravan Park and got settled into nice cabins. Vic and Liz were already there and had all the steaks etc. ready for our evening BBQ. As the evening went by more Vindi lads and lassies arrived and the lamp was swinging nearly off its hook.

Overall, the reunion was a great success. The Committee had worked hard and I think everyone enjoyed themselves. I was asked to recite the ODE and also said the GRACE on the Saturday night, but I guess you have already had all the information of the reunion so I won't mention any more on that.

After the reunion, Kim and I took off to Kalgoorlie for 5 days and got ourselves



Steve Davis

booked in at a caravan park. The hired car was at the train station with a representative to give us the key. When we were settled in, off we went to town and Kim said, "Hey, there's Steve Davis's computer shop." So we parked round the corner and popped in to see him. His receptionist said "I think he is busy at the moment, can I help you." I said, "Well he

had better come out, his dad is my son," (I'm Bill's second dad) so off she popped and out came young Billy the Second. My God, he is the spitting image of Bill. I almost felt sorry for him - No, no, only joking. Steve runs an Internet Lounge and from which he sells and repairs computers from a rear workshop as well as his servers maintaining his many Kalnet ISP customers. He is also upwardly mobile with a fitted out van for outside work to which he is committed 24/7 to his business customers.

It was good to have a chat and we thought we might have got back to him later but time went so quickly, it didn't happen. When you speak to him Bill, tell Steve it was great meeting him, but where we parked round the corner, we didn't see the sign which said "½ hour parking" and got a ticket as we were away for 3 hours. We went in of course and paid like "good donation givers!"

We did all the major things like the Super Pit gold mine, went down a mine and did a bit of panning - no luck. A small group of us from the caravan park thought we would have a look down the red light district of Hay Street and enjoyed the tour for one and a half hours with the Madam. No free gifts! Actually it was quite fun. The two brothels are hanging on but not many girls work there these days as they work in the clubs and bars then take their clients home. I will say it was amazing how the rooms were laid out and all the equipment's used - unless you have seen one, can't imagine what some men required for voluntary abuse.

On Armistead Day we went down to the War Shrine. I was wearing my Vindi shirt and hat for the service and was invited back to the Services Club. At the bar, the lady asked for my card and I said I only have my Veteran Affairs Card, that's ok she said, so all our drinks were on their tab and later the food came out to enjoy. Again, it was a bit of late lamp swinging.

All good things came to an end so it was back to Perth. Picked up a hire car and drove the 75kms to Mandurah and our Timeshare unit. A very nice unit at Silver Sands Resort, two bedrooms, two bathrooms etc. We had stayed there three years ago after the 2007 Reunion. Whilst there a group of us went to the Dog Racing one night (taken by the Resort Bus), 3 Course Meal and programme of 13 Races. Well, I backed three winners each way and lost the rest of the races by short noses but I think some of the dogs were "French" and won by half a long tongue. We were taken back by the bus and out of having a bet on every race, were only \$25.00 down the drain but we had a lot of fun on our table.

Brenda Creasey came to visit us and stayed the night. We went to the local pub for dinner which was good. It was good to catch up with her. Brenda was going to see their daughter. Brenda looked very well, but under treatment. Before we flew home to Qld, we went down to see Alan and Nigel Creasy at Bridgetown. Alan did a great job of looking after us and he had gone to much trouble. The meal was to be a surprise. Lunch - entrée was pancakes with unnamed crawling looking things inside, I didn't ask what it was but it was seafood of a sort but can only say tasted OK. Next to be served would you believe laid on a silver tray a big dish of SEAPIE!! The real McCoy, he must have got the recipe from Vindi! For dinner, we had roast pork and all the jollies and lots to talk about after. Nigel came up from his caravan on the property for a while and looks very well from when we met him 3 years ago.

Next day, egg and bacon, fried bread and toast for brekkie. Ready to go pop! We were packed to leave at 10.30am with a packed lunch of pork sandwich with chutney for the 205km drive back to Mandurah and our Timeshare unit, which we scorched up in 2½ hours. Time to pack ready to leave next day, which we did on 24<sup>th</sup> November. Leaving at 3pm and drove the 75km to Perth and returned the car, but left our luggage in the back as it was not due to be back until 25<sup>th</sup>. Toured around Perth for 4 hours, then collected our luggage and caught a cab to the airport and checked in. Hung around for flight at 11.05pm. Changed at Sydney then waited for another 1½ hours for flight to Brisbane.

Airport train to Beenleigh and arrived home needing another holiday! A spa bath and a couple of hours on the bed and good as new. It was good to be home but we did enjoy the hospitality and meeting up with the Vindi lads again.

### Smooth Sailing, Gordi

**By the way, did you know** This year we will experience 4 unusual dates.... 1/1/11, 1/11/11, 11/1/11 and we all should know 11/11/11.

Now figure this out, take the last 2 digits of the year you were born plus the age you will be this year and it will equal .... 111!

*Time depends on the frame of observation. Time is absolutely relative. Not only straight physicists were concerned about this. Many common people observed phenomena of time.*

## The History of the Lutine Bell



For more than a century, the Lutine bell has been synonymous with the name of Lloyd's of London, the world's leading insurance market. Traditionally rung to herald important announcements to underwriters and brokers in the underwriting Room - one stroke for bad news and two for good - it is recognized throughout the world as the symbol of an organisation whose fortunes are linked inextricably with natural and man-made catastrophes.

The bell was carried originally on board the French frigate La Lutine, which surrendered to the British in 1793. Six years later, as HMS Lutine, carrying a cargo of gold and silver bullion, she sank off the Dutch coast. The cargo, valued then at around £1 million, was insured by Lloyd's underwriters who paid the claim in full.

There have been numerous salvage attempts on the vessel since she sank. These have yielded a number of gold and silver bars, the ship's rudder, from which a table and chair were made, and several other items including the captain's watch. In 1858 the wreck yielded its most important treasure, the ship's bell which was hung in the underwriting room which Lloyd's occupied in the Royal Exchange in the City during the 1890s and was rung when news of overdue ships arrived at Lloyd's.

The purpose of ringing the Lutine bell has often been misunderstood. For many years, whenever a vessel became overdue, underwriters involved in insuring the vessel would ask a specialist broker to reinsure some of their liability based on the possibility of the ship becoming a total loss. When reliable information about the vessel became available, the bell was rung once for bad news - such as a total loss - or twice for a safe arrival or positive sighting. This ensured that all brokers and underwriters with an interest in the risk became aware of the news simultaneously.

Modern communications have ensured that the chances of a vessel becoming overdue are now very small. The bell was last rung once for the loss of an overdue ship in 1979, and it was last rung twice for a safe arrival in 1981. The ringing of the Lutine bell is now restricted principally to ceremonial occasions.

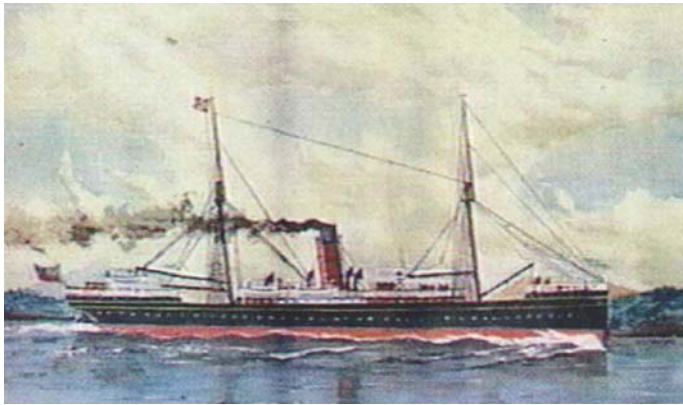
### Facts About The Lutine Bell

- Lutine is a French word meaning 'elf' or 'sprite.'
- The bell weighs 106 pounds and measures 18 inches in diameter.
- It bears the inscription St. Jean 1779, which may have been either Lutine's original name or the bell may have been a second-hand replacement
- The bell has hung in four successive Lloyd's underwriting rooms:
  1. The Royal Exchange 1890s - 1928.
  2. Lloyd's building in Leadenhall Street 1928-1958.
  3. Lloyd's first Lime Street headquarters 1958-1986.
  4. The present Lloyd's building since 1986.
- On 24 May 1986, four red-liveried Lloyd's waiters carried the bell on a 12-foot Thames barge oar from the 1958 building to the new headquarters on the opposite side of Lime Street.
- The last occasion on which the bell was rung twice for a vessel was 10 November 1981 when it was struck twice to announce news of contact with the overdue Liberian motor vessel Gloria.
- The bell was last rung once for a vessel on 9 November 1979 when wreckage of the tanker Berge Vanga (228,000 tons dwt) was located in the South Atlantic. By a sad coincidence, the previous occasion was for the Berge Vange's sister ship the Berge Istra (227,000 tons dwt) which sank in the Pacific after three explosions on 19 January 1976.
- The bell has been rung twice for good news on a number of Royal occasions including the opening of the present building by HM the Queen on 18 November 1986.
- During World War Two, the bell was often rung to warn the room of impending air raids.
- On 27 May 1941 news was received that the German battleship Bismarck had been sunk by the Royal Navy. The bell was struck once.
- The bell rang once to mark the deaths of a number of monarchs and statesmen including HM King George V, HM King George VI, President Roosevelt, President Kennedy and Sir Winston Churchill.
- Although the Lutine bell's traditions are firmly rooted in Lloyd's marine market, it was rung:
  1. Twice to announce the safe splashdown of the US Apollo 8 space mission on 27 December 1968.
  2. Twice on 28 November 1973 to announce the release of eleven hostages from a hijacked Dutch Boeing 747.
  3. Twice on 14 November 1984 when Lloyd's Silver Medal for meritorious services was presented to the crew of the NASA space shuttle Discovery who had successfully recovered two communications satellites from an incorrect orbit.
- The most unusual ringing of the bell took place on 14 July 1994 at a charity concert in the underwriting room when it was struck once four times during a performance of a specially-composed piece of music.
- The bell is no longer rung as the result of a vessel becoming "overdue". Today, the ringing of the Lutine bell is generally limited to ceremonial occasions, although in rare instances exceptions are made. For example, the bell was rung following the terrorist attacks on September 11th, 2001.



# October 29th 1894

## The Tragedy of the SS Wairarapa.



Maritime accidents in and around the coastal waters of New Zealand are far from uncommon. Even in this present age, ships sink and people lose their lives. The sea, in all cases, is unforgiving and can sometimes become down right vicious. Mariners will take on the challenge of their occupation with the knowledge that one day they may fall victim to the sea. Passengers on the other hand view the sea as a means of travel thinking only of their destination and the interim pleasure they may experience on the voyage. It is this innocence that makes the loss of their lives all the more tragic.

One of New Zealand's worst (and possibly most famous) maritime tragedies was the sinking of the *SS Wairarapa* on October 29th 1894. It was not until we began looking into the

records surrounding this event that we realised the wrenching impact it had on families from New Zealand, Australia and around the world. In compiling the passenger lists for those who survived and those who did not, we could see families being torn apart, brothers and sisters surviving while others perished, fortunes lost and businesses destroyed. There are stories of bravery in the face of life-threatening dangers and of those who gave their lives so that others might live while some were driven insane by the loss of family members and loved ones. This is the story of that tragedy.

The *SS Wairarapa* was built in Scotland in 1882 and launched in May of that year. Two months later she was on her way to New Zealand to become one of a small fleet of luxury trans-Tasman steamers, the pride of the Union Steam Ship Company. During her early days *Wairarapa* was involved in two dangerous incidents at sea. On Wednesday February 20th 1884, she collided with the *SS Adelaide* while the two were racing each other at 16 knots and on November 1st 1885, while steaming from Napier to Gisborne, she caught fire suffering £6,000 worth of damage. There was no loss of life in either incident and only once in her career had she lost a passenger. This occurred on February 17th 1894 during a journey between Bluff and Hobart.

Following these early incidents *Wairarapa* settled down to a life of trouble free service and thus it was that she commenced her final voyage at 6:00pm on Wednesday October 24th 1894. Under the command of Captain John McIntosh she left Sydney Harbour bound for Auckland. After an uneventful passage across the Tasman Sea, her first landfall was to be the Three Kings Islands off the northern-most tip off the North Island a point which she reached and passed in the early morning light of Sunday 28th. Just beyond here, at North Cape, she was to turn to the South East and steam down the North Island's east coast towards Auckland. But it was here, too, that the first and probably most fatal mistake was made. A compass bearing, planned to take her just to the east of the Poor Knights Islands from where she would turn due south to Auckland, was not made or was made incorrectly. Instead of steaming on the correct and more southerly course, *Wairarapa* continued to sail further to the east, on an increasingly divergent course which was to prove disastrously wrong.

Many reasons were given for the apparent error in the compass reading. Some said it was the load of iron she was carrying in her hold while others suggested the compass itself was faulty. Indeed, some evidence from the Court of Enquiry suggested that the compass was not used at all and that the Chief Officer placed the ship on the chart in his cabin "by dead reckoning". Whatever the reason the southerly course change that was made, so the Captain thought, at the Poor Knights Islands was actually made many miles to the east and instead of taking her to Auckland, set her on a collision course with the northern cliffs of Great Barrier Island. Indeed so wrong was the estimation of their true position that, immediately following the collision when asked where he thought they were, Captain McIntosh replied "On the Hen and Chickens". In fact the *Wairarapa* was many miles to the east.

Two other factors served to compound the problem of being in the wrong place. Thick fog was encountered just prior to the ship rounding North Cape, a fog so thick that they were not to see land again until striking Great Barrier Island. Into this gloom Captain McIntosh drove *Wairarapa* at her maximum speed of almost 14 knots, blatantly ignoring the safety of passengers and crew and refusing suggestions from his senior officers to slow down.

At eight minutes past midnight on October 29th 1894 *SS Wairarapa* rammed headlong into a small cave in the cliffs near Miners Head on the northern end of Great Barrier Island. Immediately following the impact, it seems that the engines were put astern, drawing the ship off the rocks at the base of the cliff. This further error of judgment may have put her into deep water where she would have quickly slipped beneath the waves. As it was, *Wairarapa* remained fast on the rocks pounded by heavy seas. The night was solid black, all was confusion and tumult and above her stood a 700 foot cliff. All of *Wairarapa's* lifeboats were launched but in the confusion and high seas only two succeeded in making the shore. The rest were swamped or stove in and smashed.

Shortly after the ship had struck and come to a sudden standstill, passengers poured from their cabins onto the deck. In addition to the passengers and crew mingling about getting their bearings, the deck was also crowded with the 16 horses she was carrying in crates on her decks. At this time *Wairarapa* gave a lurch and canted over to port tossing passengers, crated horses and crew into the surf. Everything moveable on deck was thrown into the sea and all 16 horses and many of those in the sea were drowned. As the lifeboats had been largely ineffective, the life-rafts were cut adrift and this action succeeded in saving the lives

of many of those in the sea. Those remaining on deck clambered up the masts and into the rigging where they clung, literally, for dear life. Incessant pounding by the sea and waves high enough to wash right over the ship continued to fling others into the sea. All this, remember, took place in intense and visually impregnable darkness.

Daylight revealed an horrific sight. The ship was fast on the rocks below the cliff, leaning to port in a sea of floating wreckage, portions of the ship, horse crates, dead horses and bodies. Survivors clung to the rigging where they had been all night, weary, wet, cold and frightened. As the seas had calmed somewhat, valiant attempts were made to effect a connection with the shore.

Although New Zealand was aware that *Wairarapa* was somewhat overdue, no one knew that she had been wrecked and absolutely no one knew where she was. Everything that needed to be done needed to be done by those who had survived this terror filled-night. Two of the crew swam ashore with lines and by this means many of those in the rigging were hauled through the water to the safety of dry land. All of the surviving passengers except two succeeded in being saved in this manner. These two let go of their hold on the rope and were drowned.

The majority of those who perished and whose bodies were located either on the shore of the island or in the sea are buried in mass graves on Great Barrier Island. Of 271 men, women and children on board *SS Wairarapa* that night, almost exactly half (135) perished while one third of the crew (20) of 66 were lost.



## On the Beat

By Ron Kerr

### Arresting Times

I mentioned earlier that I had only a few arrests under my belt during my time in the job so now I'll write about a couple of them.



One of them was quite important to me as a Police Constable's services could be dispensed within his first two years at the Chief Constable's discretion without any reason. Therefore, having carried out an arrest in your early days was always beneficial. It was also a bit of luck too. Arrestable offences didn't come easy or land in your lap everyday especially when most of your dealings are with motorists or cars, parked or moving.

My big arrest happened in the early hours of one summer's night. I hadn't been long out of meal break so it was about 2.30am. I was on a nobby bike, one of those quite famous LE 200cc Velocettes. They were water cooled and had lots of fairing to make them quiet so you could creep around the streets. In actual fact, in the wee small hours of the morning the sound of the engine echoed off the buildings and they sounded like Fordson tractors. They were also fitted with a radio which, in keeping with the era, was huge!

Suddenly the radio crackled, as they did, and a voice from the information room, passed on a message to one of the cars, "Intruder on the premises" and gave an address. It happened to be quite near where I was so I, thinking that the police car would be already at the scene or nearby, decided to go along and join in the fun.

As I turned into the street in question, there in the middle of the road in their night gear were two or three agitated people waving frantically at me. There was no mistaking that this was the place. I was quickly taken into the back of the old terrace house to be met with the sight of a big fat man, dressed only in his singlet and underpants, sitting on the chest of a much smaller, but fully dressed man.

There was some sailor type language from the big fellow, who was the householder and I said to the guy on the floor, "If you move, I'll....." Whatever I did say, was, when the evidence was given in court, was all very nice and proper official police language but then the villain was trying to pretend he was drunk so he couldn't argue.

Everybody was pleased to see me which was nice and I got the burglar out into the street just as the police car arrived. The duty inspector turned up too because, as I have said earlier in one of my pieces, my patch wasn't exactly the most exciting place to work and the arrest of a burglar was a talking point for days. The only people not pleased about my big moment were the occupants of the police car who reckoned I had done them out of their big moment!

Then came the paper work. Again, as I have said previously, if crooks knew how much time and paper is expended getting these things to court, they'd all relent for the sake of the trees if nothing else.

My client turned out to have quite a record and was engaged in his favourite occupation when the householder pinned him to the floor. He'd picked on the wrong house that night as it was the home of a dustman whose muscles had been tuned through the years on picking up and heaving dustbins.

There were a couple of good consequences to come from that arrest for me. It helped me stay in the job and I got a compliment from the Chief Constable. The second and probably the most important thing was that the dustman was a drinking mate of my recently acquired father-in-law and I'm sure my esteem was raised a bit because my father-in-law wasn't quite sure about his daughter marrying a 'rozzar' (as he called policemen), and an Irish one at that.

I have kept, for some reason, some of my old paper work from all those years ago. Well, maybe I should say, some of it has been overlooked when we have had many a clear out. I haven't got any on the previous job about the burglar but while I was looking through what I have got, I came across the antecedents of a bloke I knocked off for drink driving.

Antecedents are what the court wants to know about the customer before he gets weighed off – his background, criminal history, that sort of thing. Apart from a list of fairly minor criminal stuff, I included his employment history and pointed out that "In October 1954 he went to the National Sea Training School, Sharpness, Gloucestershire, to train for the Merchant Navy. He remained there a week and states he left owing to the bad food."

***Bad food at the Vindi? What next?***

## How I ran away to Sea!

Frank Mortimer

I was 18, working as a butcher and living with my parents on the "Dickie Bird" estate in Bury, Lancashire. I went dancing one Saturday at the local Palais with my girlfriend and my cousin, Patrick French, who was in the Merchant Navy. He had trained at Sharpness on the "Vindicatrix". His first ship was bombed in port and was unable to sail so he was now on the S.S Hopecrown and was home as his ship was loading cargo at Manchester docks.

My father was very strict and I had to be in by midnight so ever watchful of the clock I stopped at the corner for a goodnight kiss with my girlfriend, who lived close by, and at three minutes to midnight we parted and I walked the 50 yards home. I put the key in the door but the snick had been put on! My father's voice came from behind the door "what do you want" - I replied that I wanted to come in - he said "not here - you know the rules - you are only allowed in until midnight" I would still swear to this day that it was only 2 minutes to 12, but I knew I had no chance of getting in the house!

Luckily Cousin Pat only lived around the corner so I managed to get a bed for the night. Pat had to be back on board his ship by 7 a.m. Monday and had to leave on Sunday night so we spent Sunday together with me ever more resentful about my father locking me out. I thought " I'll show him (my father) locking me out"!! It was then that Pat and I hatched the plan for me to run away to sea. It was usual to go through the Merchant Navy training school as Pat had done but that would take too long and I would have had to go home to my father with my tail between my legs. Pat did not think I would have a problem getting a job on a ship if I wasn't too choosy what job I took as there were over 20 ships loading on Manchester docks - so off we went.

The big difficulty would be getting past the gateman on the docks as security was very tight. As luck would have it, on our approach to the dock gate we met up with the Bosun of the S.S Hopecrown, along with about six drunken crewmen! Pat explained the situation to the Bosun and when we got to the gate the Bosun showed his pass and said "these are all my crew" and lo and behold -we were in! I spent the night on the S.S Hopecrown and on Monday morning began asking round for jobs and had 3 offers of "cabin boy" by the end of the day they were on the S.S. Briarwood, the S.S. Elizabeth Bakke and the S.S. Inverness which was the one I chose.

The S.S Inverness was a 7000 ton merchant ship. It part loaded in Manchester and then moved onto Birkenhead where we loaded two 90 ton railway engines, one starboard , one portside along with two tenders loaded onto the after deck. All were secured on deck by welding cleats and steel cable - a wonderful job done by Birkenhead riggers. These were destined for Cape Town. The rest of the cargo was all military - guns, vehicles etc with number 3 hold filled with thousands of tons of ammunition , destined for the middle east.

We left Birkenhead on 23rd June 1941 and joined a convoy in Liverpool bay. We went up the Irish Sea where we were joined by more ships from Scotland. The convoy now numbered about 60 ships. We set off across the North Atlantic at 6 knots, ziz-zagging all the way although we never saw any enemy aircraft or submarine activity. At that stage of the war there was a shortage of escorts so a convoy

would head out across the North Atlantic and when it got within a few hundred miles of the American/Canadian coast the convoy would disperse and the escorts would pick up a convoy heading for the U.K. Unfortunately the Germans had tipped what was going on and had invented the wolf pack system of U-boats. They would wait for the escorts to leave and the convoys to disperse and then pick the ships off individually. On the 2nd July our convoy dispersed at noon. There were 6 ships heading for South Africa and the Middle East.



I shared a cabin with 3 others in a cabin adjacent to the engine room. At 1.50.a.m. on 3rd July i was thrown out of my bunk, the lights failed and clouds of steam filled the cabin. The 4 of us grabbed what clothes we could plus our lifejackets and scrambled up to the boat deck. I did not have any trousers or shoes! The torpedo had struck the engine room on the starboard side and shattered the 2 lifeboats on that side. The crew then lowered the remaining 2 lifeboats from the portside.

The ship was now sinking on an even keel with the deck almost level with the sea. The lifeboat that I was in drifted away from the ship but the midship lifeboat was washed back onto the sinking ship. In that boat were the captain, 2 officers and some crew. We did manage to rescue them later which meant there were 36 people in a lifeboat designed for 28. Then for some unknown reason the Germans fired another torpedo into the ship. This time it went into number 3 hold where the ammunition was. There was a terrific explosion which broke the ships back. The stern and the bows of the ship both rose high in the sky and slowly sank. I will never forget the sight of looking up at the sky and watching two halves of the ship sinking with the two monster railway engines and it's two tenders still not moving an inch as it gently slid down into the sea.

We were now adrift in the lifeboat (they had no engines in those days). The German submarine appeared alongside us pointing a machine gun. Our 1st mate told everyone to keep quiet. The submarine commander asked where our captain was and the first mate replied that we had lost him with the ship (not true - he was in the boat with us!). The commander then asked the name of our ship and what our cargo was to which the mate replied "general". The commander said that he did not believe him but would send out an S.O.S. for us. Whilst this conversation was going on our lifeboat kept hitting the side of the submarine which damaged our boat and it leaked continuously for the rest of the journey.

We drifted until dawn when we rescued a crew member from a raft, unfortunately we failed to take on board the emergency rations from the raft. Then the captain addressed us and said that we should take a vote on what we should do. He had taken our position at midnight and we were 450 miles northwest of the Azores. There was a compass in the lifeboat

and the 3rd mate had salvaged a sextant. The captain did not hold out much hope of us being rescued but felt that we could row to the Azores in about ten days. The vote was unanimous to row! I was too small to handle an oar but as the boat was leaking I was appointed "bailer out" and that is what I did for the next 6 days..

There was a sail with the boat which we put up every night and in the daytime they rowed - one hour each person and we fairly moved along. The captain worked out the rations: one ships biscuit and 2 eggcups of water per man per day. We used to break the biscuits in half and save one half for the evening. They were too hard to chew - you had to suck them. We also had some Nestles condensed milk and 4 teaspoons but that took a long time to share round as everyone licked the spoons until they were polished!

The next day was my 19th birthday and it was then that I thought to myself "was it really that clever to run away to sea because my father had locked me out?"- maybe it wasn't ! The officers checked our position with the sextant at noon each day and on the sixth day we sighted land. It was the smallest - only I mile long -and most northern island in the Azores called Corvo. We later found out that of the 6 ships heading for Capetown from our convoy five of them had been sunk. So in less than a month I had run away to sea, been torpedoed and spent 6 days in a lifeboat. My pay for this period of time was £5.5s.5d including a war bonus.

## Man named Daniel Defoe stranded

By Matt Blake, Daily Mail

Stranded: Daniel Defoe, from Livingstone, was saved when he remembered he still had his mobile phone. It's a harrowing tale of one man's fight for survival, marooned on a remote isle with little but his wits and the help of a trusted companion. It could be a story plucked straight from a classic novel. And this one even has a twist. Our hero's name was Daniel Defoe - the same as the acclaimed author of Robinson Crusoe. Mr Defoe's ordeal began when rising tides stranded him and a female partner on Cramond Island, off the coast of Scotland. But his quick-thinking saved the pair when he remembered he still had his mobile phone.

Brave seafarers from RNLI at South Queensferry crossed treacherous seas to reach Mr Defoe the namesake of the Robinson Crusoe author. A spokesman for Forth coastguard said: 'We received the call at 3.10pm when we were told that a man and his female partner had been cut off by the tide at Cramond Island. 'The man was a bit sheepish about revealing his name at first. He was called Daniel Defoe - the same name as the author of Robinson Crusoe. Crusoe was stuck on his island for years, but he didn't have a mobile phone.

Defoe's 1719 novel tells of a castaway who spends 28 years on a remote tropical island near Venezuela, encountering native Americans, captives and mutineers before being rescued. The story was believed to be based on Alexander Selkirk, a sailor from Lower Largo in Fife, who was rescued in 1709 by Woodes Rogers' expedition after four years on the uninhabited island of Mas a Tierra in the Juan Fernandez Islands off the Chilean coast.

The RNLI station at Queensferry was this week named the busiest in Scotland, with 74 launches including one where they were assisted by their colleagues from Kinghorn, in Fife, in rescuing more than 60 people who had attended an all-night music festival at Cramond Island.

## **OBITUARY**

**Vindi Boy 1949 George Sears** was born in England in 1932 and went to the Vindicatrix Sea School at Sharpness in 1949. After his Vindi training, he served on various ships, which took him like all other MN seamen to many countries in the world. His first ship being the Furness & Withy "Pacific Nomad", ex- Samavon.

In 1962, George decided to emigrate to Australia as a £10 pound Pom. He then worked as a rigger to get his "Riggers Certificate" and later joined the Australian MN and stayed at sea until his retirement in 1991. Interestingly, he sailed with another Queensland Vindi boy Ray Bright (deceased) and both sailed together on the Australian coastal waters for 16 years.

Over the last couple of years, George and his wife Violet regrettably had to move to a nursing home in Cleveland. George died on 8<sup>th</sup> December at the Rosevale Nursing Home, Cleveland from a brain tumour and is survived by his wife and only daughter Lyn living in the UK.

George was privately cremated on Friday 10<sup>th</sup> December 2010. George will be remembered by us when we place his name on our Vindicatrix Queensland Memorial Plaque.



## **Pirates seize Greek Supertanker**

By Daily Mail Reporter 9th February 2011

Pirates seized a Greek-flagged supertanker with 25 crew members off the coast of Oman today, Greece's Merchant Marine Ministry said. Irene SL was sailing 200 nautical miles (360 kilometres) east of Oman with a cargo of 266,000 tons of crude oil and a crew of seven Greeks, 17 Filipinos and one Georgian when it was attacked, according to the ministry. It earlier mistakenly identified one of the crew as Ukrainian, and it was the second oil tanker to be attacked in the region in two days.

The supertanker, which had a cargo of 266,000 tons of crude oil, was travelling from the Persian Gulf to the Gulf of Mexico. Irene SL was travelling from the Persian Gulf to the Gulf of Mexico. The ministry said authorities had lost contact with the ship since the attack.

The Piraeus-based shipping company First Navigation Special Maritime Enterprises confirmed its ship had been attacked by pirates but had no further comment. Yesterday Somali pirates firing small arms and rocket-propelled grenades hijacked an Italian-flagged oil tanker, which had been heading from Sudan to Malaysia, in the Indian Ocean. The pirates boarded the MV Savina Caylyn after a sustained attack by a skiff carrying five suspected pirates, the European Union's anti-piracy task force said.

**WHEN IS THIS EVER TO END.**

## **TS Vindicatrix of South Australia**

presents the

**2011 DOWN UNDER REUNION**

at

**West Beach**

**ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA**

4<sup>TH</sup> 5<sup>TH</sup> & 6<sup>TH</sup> November 2011

**[www.sa.vindicatrix.com](http://www.sa.vindicatrix.com)**

## MS Herald of Free Enterprise



MS Herald of Free Enterprise was a roll-on roll-off (RORO) car and passenger ferry owned by Townsend Thoresen. She was one of three ships commissioned by the company to operate on the Dover–Calais route across the English Channel. The ferry capsized on the night of 6 March 1987, moments after leaving the Belgian port of Zeebrugge, killing 193 passengers and crew. This was the worst maritime disaster involving a British registered ship in peacetime since the sinking of the *Iolaire* in 1919.

In the late 1970s, Townsend Thoresen decided to commission the design and construction of three new identical ships for its Dover–Calais route for delivery from 1980. The ships were branded the Spirit class and were named Herald of Free Enterprise, Pride of Free Enterprise and Spirit of Free Enterprise.

The Dover - Calais crossing of the Channel is the shortest route between England and France, and in 1987 (prior to the opening of the Channel Tunnel) it was the quickest route. To remain competitive with other ferry operators on the route, Townsend Thoresen required ships which were designed to permit fast loading and unloading and quick acceleration. The ships comprised eight decks numbered A to H from top to bottom which contained the following:

Loading of vehicles onto G deck was through watertight doors at the bow and stern. Both sets of doors were hinged about a vertical axis meaning the status of the bow doors could not be seen from the wheel house. Loading of vehicles onto E deck and F deck was through a weathertight door at the bow and an open portal at the stern. Vehicles could be loaded and unloaded onto E and G deck simultaneously using double-deck linkspans in use at Dover and Calais.

On the day the ferry capsized, the Herald of Free Enterprise was working the route between Dover and the Belgian port of Zeebrugge. This was not her normal route and the linkspan at Zeebrugge had not been designed specifically for the Spirit class of vessels. The linkspan used comprised a single deck and so could not be used to load decks E and G simultaneously. The ramp could also not be raised high enough to meet the level of deck E due to the high spring tides being encountered at that time. This was commonly known and was overcome by trimming the ship bow heavy by filling forward ballast tanks. The Herald was due to be modified during its refit in 1987 to overcome this problem. Before dropping moorings, it was normal practice for the Assistant Boatswain to close the doors. However, the Assistant Bosun, Mark Stanley, had taken a short break after cleaning the car deck upon arrival at Zeebrugge. He had returned to his cabin and was still asleep when the harbor-stations call sounded and the ship dropped its moorings. The First Officer normally stayed on deck to make sure the doors were closed, but he had returned to the wheelhouse to stay on schedule. The captain could only assume that the doors had been closed since he could not see them from the wheelhouse due to their construction and had no indicator lights in the wheelhouse.

The ship left its berth in Zeebrugge inner harbour at 18:05 (British time) with a crew of 80 and carrying 459 passengers, 81 cars, 3 buses and 47 lorries. She passed the outer mole at 18:24 and capsized about four minutes later. When the ferry reached 18.9 knots 90 seconds after leaving the harbour, water began to enter the car deck in large quantities. The resulting free surface effect destroyed her stability. In a matter of seconds, the ship began to list 30 degrees to port. The ship briefly righted herself before listing to port once more, this time capsizing. The entire event took place in less than a minute. The water quickly reached the ship's electrical systems, destroying both main and emergency power and leaving the ship in darkness.

The ship ended on her side half-submerged in shallow water 1 km from the shore. Only a fortuitous turn to starboard in her last moments, and then capsizing onto a sandbar, prevented the ship from sinking entirely in much deeper water, which would have resulted in an even higher death toll.

A nearby dredger noticed the Herald's lights disappear, and notified the port authorities. The alarm was raised at 18:26 British time (or 19:26 Belgian time). A rescue helicopter arrived within half an hour, shortly followed by assistance from the Belgian Navy who were undertaking an exercise within the area. The disaster resulted in the deaths of 193 people. Many of those on board had taken advantage of a promotion in *The Sun* newspaper for cheap trips to the continent. Most of the victims were trapped inside the ship and succumbed to hypothermia because of the frigid (3°C) water. The rescue efforts of the Belgian Navy limited the death toll. Recoverable bodies were removed in the days following the accident.

After a public inquiry into the sinking in July 1987, Britain's Lord Justice Sir Barry Sheen published a report that placed primary blame on Stanley for not closing the bow doors, the First Officer for not making sure they were closed, and the captain for leaving port without knowing if the doors were closed. It also castigated Townsend Thoresen, the ship's owners, and identified a "disease of sloppiness" and negligence at every level of the corporation's hierarchy.

It was apparent from the testimony of crew members that the member responsible for shutting the doors was Mark Stanley; it was confirmed that when he finished cleaning the car deck after the arrival in Zeebrugge he returned to his cabin for a short break, but did not return to the car deck during loading of vehicles and before the ship set sail. When he was questioned, investigators found that he was still asleep when the call to harbor stations sounded. There was confusion as to why no one else closed the doors. The other crew members expected Stanley to close them because he was scheduled to close them. Before the ship dropped moorings the First Officer should have stayed on the car deck to make sure the doors were closed, but trying to stay on schedule he went back to the wheelhouse. The final factor was that the captain left port assuming the doors were closed

rather than knowing they were closed.

According to the National Geographic documentary "Seconds From Disaster" on the capsizing a few years earlier, one of the Herald's sister ships sailed from Dover to Zeebrugge with the bow doors open, but she made it to the destination without incident. It was therefore believed that leaving the bow doors open alone should not have caused the ship to capsize.

After looking at possible reasons for reduced clearance between the doors and water line, investigators found that there was a problem during the loading of the car decks. The loading ramp at Zeebrugge was too low to reach the upper car deck at high tide. To clear the gap, the captain put sea water into the front ballast tanks to lower the ship's bow. The clearance between bow doors and water line was 2.5 metres. The problem arose due to the fact that Dover-Zeebrugge was not her regular route. Had the Herald survived she would have been modified to avoid this procedure.

Another factor that contributed to the capsizing was the depth of the water. When a vessel is underway, the movement under it creates low pressure, which has the effect of increasing the vessel's draft. This effect is known as ship "squat". In deep water the effect is small but in shallow water it is greater, because as the water passes underneath it moves faster and causes the draft to be increased further. This reduced the clearance between the bow doors and water line to 1.5 metres. Although the bow doors were open and they were 1.5 metres above the water, it was still not enough to cause the ship to capsize, so the investigators looked at the height and volume of water produced by the bow wave.

After extensive tests, the investigators found that when the ship travelled at a speed of 18 knots, the wave was enough to engulf the bow doors. This caused a "step change": if the ship was below 18 knots and not in shallow water, people on the car deck would probably have had time to notice the bow doors were open and close them, but even this did not cause the final capsizing.

Almost all ships are divided into watertight compartments below the water line so that in the event of flooding, the water is confined to one compartment, keeping the ship afloat. The Herald's design had an open car deck with no dividers, allowing vehicles to drive in and out easily, but this allowed water to flood the whole of the car deck, putting the ship in danger. As she turned the water flooded to one side and the vessel capsized.

In October 1987, a coroner's inquest jury into the capsizing returned verdicts of unlawful killing. Seven individuals involved at the company were charged with gross negligence manslaughter, and the operating company, P&O European Ferries (Dover) Ltd, was charged with corporate manslaughter, but the case collapsed after Turner J directed the jury to acquit the company and the five most senior individual defendants (for a discussion of the legal issues, see corporate manslaughter). It did, however, set a precedent that corporate manslaughter is legally admissible in English courts. The disaster was one of a number that influenced thinking leading to the Public Interest Disclosure Act 1998.

A salvage operation, conducted by Dutch company Smit-Tak Towage and Salvage, was embarked upon almost immediately to refloat the ship. The operation was successfully concluded late in April 1987 allowing the remaining bodies trapped underwater to be removed. The

ship was towed to Zeebrugge where its fate was decided. It had originally been assumed that it could be repaired and continue sailing. Eventually no buyer came forward to retain the ship and she was renamed Flushing Range and the Townsend Thoresen branding painted over before her final one way trip to Kaohsiung, Taiwan, for scrapping.

Since the accident several improvements to the design of this type of vessel have been made, these include indicators that display the state of the bow doors on the bridge, watertight ramps being fitted to the bow sections of the front of the ship, and "freeing flaps" to allow water to escape from a vehicle deck in the event of flooding. Some vessels omit the bow door configuration altogether and vehicles enter and exit from rear doors only.

### **Queensland Vindi boy John Mason is lucky to be alive**

after stepping on an eastern brown snake at his front gate. Sixty-eight-year-old Mr Mason was recovering in Nambour General Hospital yesterday after suffering two minor heart attacks and kidney malfunction following the attack at his Mudjimba home. He was wearing slip-on leather shoes when the snake struck. One fang penetrated Mr Mason's ankle and the other, his shoe. The attack happened a week in mid February.

Licensed snake catcher Joel Keady said the common eastern brown snake was the world's second most venomous and very aggressive. In the past week Mr Keady has cleared brown snakes from North Beach Road at Mudjimba, from the walking track between the Northshore Road car park and the river beach, and from the beach inside Twin Waters Resort. an increase in marsupials in the coastal dunes escaping flooding had increased the snakes' food source and their activity.

Mr Mason's son Gary flew from Perth last weekend to be at his father's bedside, fearful that he may die. He said yesterday that doctors had said his father may take up to six months to regain as normal as possible function of his kidneys. "It (the snake) injected a large quantity of venom," Mr Mason said. "They're quite aggressive. It was under the gate and dad stepped through and on it and it got him on the ankle. "He jumped into his van and was at the North Shore Medical Centre within a minute. They put a constriction bandage on and an ambulance took him to Nambour."

When doctors cut the bandage venom poured into Mr Mason's system, causing blurred vision and palpitations. "The venom hammered his bloodstream. He had fluid to the lungs and two minor heart attacks," Gary Mason said. The impact on his system saw Mr Mason's kidney function drop to less than 10%. Dialysis has helped clear his system and he is now in a general ward and anxious to get home. "He's pretty positive now he's out of the heart ward," his son said. "He's now in a general ward as a renal patient. "At this stage the doctor said it may take up to six months for his kidneys to return to normality. "It may require more dialysis. At the moment he's impatient and feeling bed-bound." *We wish you well John and know that you are now home.*

### **COMMON EASTERN BROWN**

World's second most venomous species found in coastal and inland zones around Australia. Avoid, do not approach, the species is extremely aggressive. If bitten, immediately apply pressure bandage from above the wound to the bottom of the limb and dial **000**

**Good Morning, this is Radio Pakistan.**

**The Sports News.**

**“And here are tomorrow’s cricket scores”**



**This Irish bus driver** decided to do things a little differently. Instead of jumping over buses on a motorcycle he decided to jump over some motorcycles in his bus. So he lined up a few motorcycles and off he went. He would’ve made it too but halfway across someone rang the bell.....

**In deference** to The Archbishop of Canterbury and The Royal Commission for Political Correctness, it was announced today that the climate in the UK should no longer be referred to as English Weather. Rather than offend a sizeable portion of the population, it will now be referred to as Muslim Weather. In other words - partly Sunni, but mostly Shi’ite.



**A tough looking biker** was riding his Harley when he sees a girl about to jump off a bridge so he stops. “What are you doing?” he asks. “I’m going to commit a suicide,” she says. While he did not want to appear insensitive, he didn’t want to miss an opportunity so he asked “Well, before you jump, why don’t you give me a kiss?” She does. A long, deep, passionate kiss.

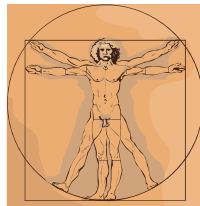
After she’s finished, the biker says, “Wow! That was the best kiss I have ever had. That’s a real talent you are wasting. You could be famous. Why are you committing suicide?” “My parents don’t like me dressing up like a girl.

## A Few Word on Wise Words

Most people can bear adversity, but if you wish to know what a man really is - give him power.

\*\*\*\*\*

The best index to a person’s character is: How he treats people who can’t do him any good and two how he treats people who can’t fight back.



\*\*\*\*\*



Any fool can criticise and complain and most fools do. But it takes character and self-control to be understanding and forgiving.

\*\*\*\*\*

**Two Red Indians and an Irishman** were walking through the woods. All of a sudden one of the Indians ran up a hill to the mouth of a small cave. 'Wooooo! Wooooo! Wooooo!' he called into the cave and listened closely until he heard an answering, 'Wooooo! Wooooo! Wooooo! He then tore off his clothes and ran into the cave.

The Irishman was puzzled and asked the remaining Indian what it was all about. 'Was the other Indian crazy or what?' The Indian replied 'No, It is our custom during mating season when Indian men see cave, they holler 'Wooooo! Wooooo! Wooooo!' into the opening. If they get an answer back, it means there's a beautiful squaw in there waiting for us.

Just then they came upon another cave. The second Indian ran up to the cave, stopped, and hollered, 'Wooooo! Wooooo! Wooooo!' Immediately, there was the answer. 'Wooooo! Wooooo! Wooooo!' from deep inside. He also tore off his clothes and ran into the opening.

The Irishman wandered around in the woods alone for a while, and then spied a third large cave. As he looked in amazement at the size of the huge opening, he was thinking, 'Hoo, man! Look at the size of this cave! It is bigger than those the Indians found. There must be some really big, fine women in this cave!'

He stood in front of the opening and hollered with all his might 'Wooooo! Wooooo! Wooooo! Like the others, he then heard an answering call 'WOOOOOOOOO, WOOOOOOOOO WOOOOOOOOO!' With a gleam in his eye and a smile on his face, he raced into the cave, tearing off his clothes as he ran.

The following day, the headline of the local newspaper read.....**Naked Irishman run over by train.**



**A man is madly in love** with a princess and wants to propose, but an evil witch has cast a spell on him, and now he can say only one word a year. So he waits 14 agonizing years accumulating all his words before approaching his beloved.

Finally, the big day arrives. When he sees her, his heart skips a beat. He gathers his nerve, drops to his knees, and intones, “*My darling, I have waited many years to say this: Will you marry me?*”

**The princess turns around, smiles, and says, “Pardon?”**

**ALL MONIES, for whatever reason to be paid to the Treasurer  
(Cheques & PO’s made payable to Vindicatrix Association Queensland - ONLY)**

President, Fred Joughin  
104/31 Kruger Parade  
REDBANK QLD 4301  
Ph: 07 3814 0293  
Email: badgerden@hotmail.com

Vice President, Terry Creasey  
4/121Mt Cotton Road  
CAPALABA QLD 4157  
Ph: 07 3245 4348  
Email: lfc\_36@optusnet.com.au

Secretary/Treasurer, Kim Cohen  
Ruby Gardens - 222/225 Logan Street  
EAGLEBY QLD 4207  
Ph: 07 3287 5182  
Email: kimmy47@people.net.au

**Vindicatrix Queensland web site - [www.qld.vindicatrix.com](http://www.qld.vindicatrix.com)**