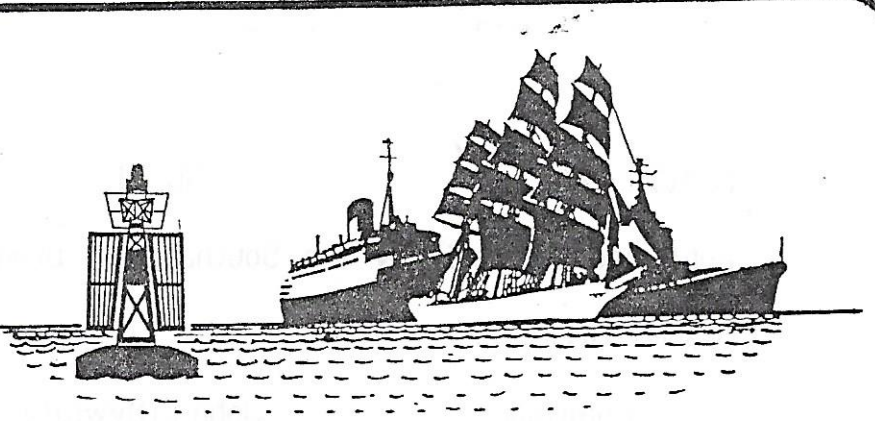


BLACK JACK

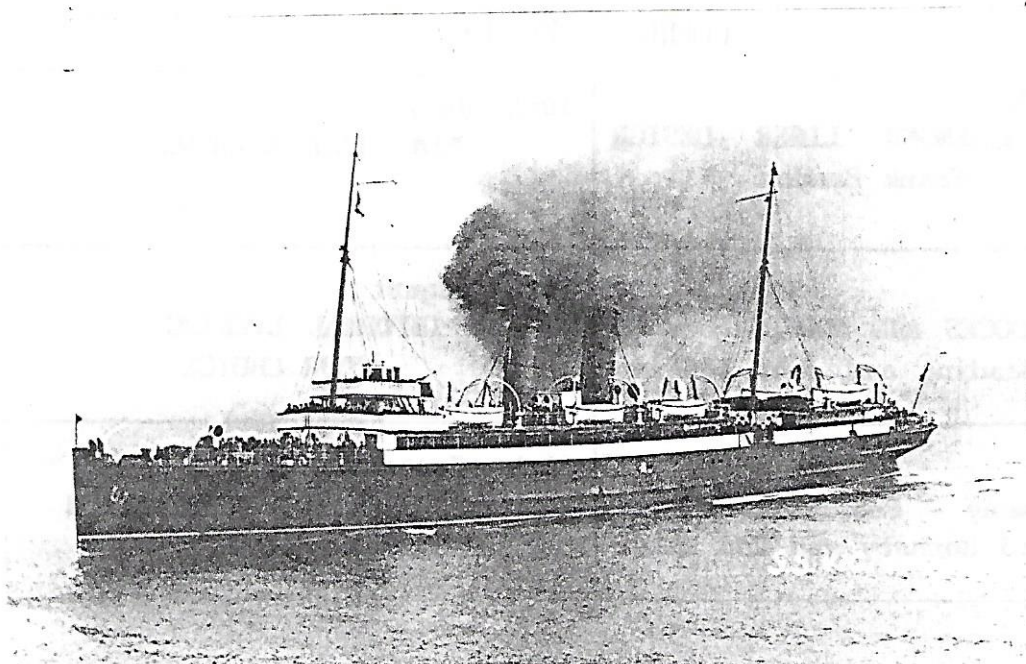
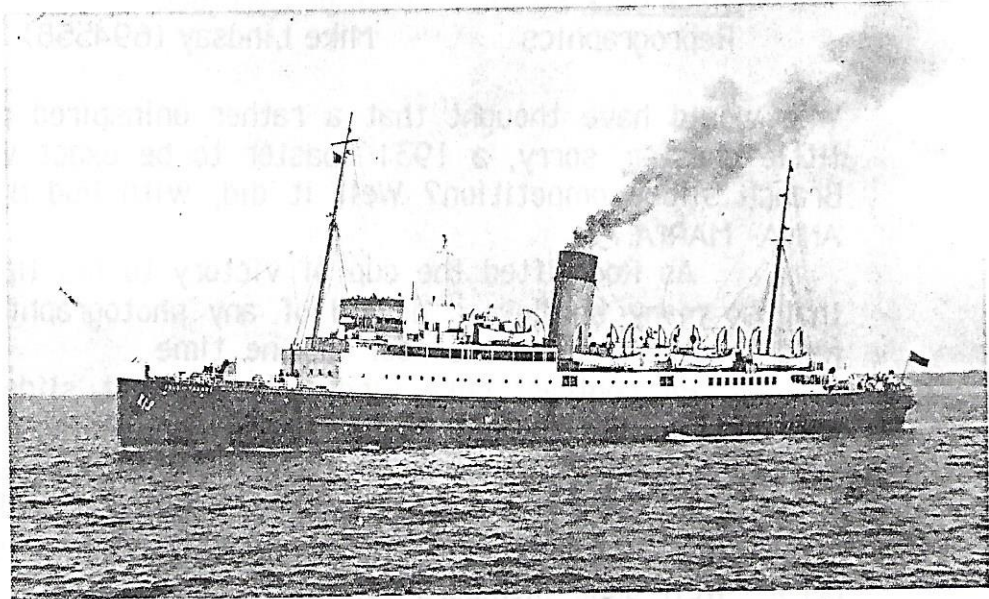
QUARTERLY MAGAZINE
SOUTHAMPTON BRANCH
WORLD SHIP SOCIETY



SPRING 1990

No. 74

In Southern
Railway colours,
the Isle of Thanet
off Dover.



The Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's Victoria,
leaving Fleetwood. See Page 3.

Published quarterly by the Southampton Branch of the World Ship Society.

Branch Officials :

Chairman	John Lillywhite, 1 Thornleigh road	(432181)
Vice Chairman	W J Lawes	(894234)
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Treasurer	Don Baker, Bitterne, Southampton	
<u>Black Jack</u> Editor	Dick de Kerbrech	(0329 661150)
Reprographics	Mike Lindsay (694558)	

Who would have thought that a rather uninspired photo of an uninteresting little coaster, sorry, a 1931 coaster to be exact would win the 1989 Branch slide competition? Well it did, with Rod Baker's picture of the ANNA MARIA.

As Rod lifted the cup of victory to his lips, little did he realise that so many shiplovers devoid of any photographic taste would be gathered together, under one roof at one time.

By contrast Mike Lindsay's excellent slide of the liner MERMOZ was beaten into second place. Please don't misconstrue the opening remarks as biased, it was a good shot Rod; shame about the subject!

In the print category Nigel Robinson's EARL GRANVILLE gained 1st prize with Paul Gosling's CROWN ODESSEY coming second. Well done winners! Well done members for the participation!

As usual the evening was one of organised confusion, voting in the dark, stiff competition and immense enjoyment. One outstanding question, just what is in those winner's envelopes that are awarded as prizes? A vote of thanks on behalf of the committee.

COMING SHORTLY

10th April PASSENGER LINER DESIGN Frank Bandey	10th July MINI TALK EVENING
8th May DOCKS AND MODELS Alan Beading and John Lindsay	14th August AN INFORMAL EVENING - YOUR CHOICE
12th June Germany - PAST AND PRESENT David Hornsby and Rod Baker	11th September PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

PROGRAMME SUBJECT TO ALTERATION WITHOUT NOTICE

I remember.....

going places

W.H. Mitchell

It is surprising what little incidents remain tucked away in one's mind over the years.....

I stood looking up at the raindrops dripping through the shrapnel holes in the roof of the old banana shed at berth 25 in Southampton's Empress Dock.

Alongside the quay lay the Isle of Thanet, with troops embarked for Normandy. It was a week or so after the invasion in June 1944. I walked up the gangway and glanced at my watch.....it was 3 o'clock.

The Isle of Thanet was built by Denny, Dumbarton and handed over to the Southern Railway Company at Southampton in July 1925. Turbine-driven to 22 knots, she was 2,700 gross tons and had worked mainly in the Channel Straits. She had been requisitioned as a troopship in the early months of war then, as a hospital ship, was damaged by gunfire from shore batteries on 27 May 1940 when off Calais. In November of that year she was taken over by the Admiralty as a Fleet Air Arm target ship and in 1943 was converted to a landing ship, becoming headquarters ship for Force J, which comprised a number of cross-channel ships and was based at Cowes.

We were away at 4 pm and in Southampton Water sailed through an array of shipping of many types. There were tankers, troopships, LCI's, LCTs and coasters and off Portsmouth could be seen the outline of a battleship, cruisers and some destroyers through the driving rain. We anchored off Ryde at 5.30 pm, outside the boom, joining a gathering of four cross-channel packet hospital ships, LCTs, LCIs, a dozen or more coasters, some corvettes and Union-Castle Line's Llangibby Castle. Later arrivals were the Isle of Man packet Ben-my-Chree and the American-built Empire Spearhead, a C1-type converted to a landing ship. We were due to sail at 4 am and that night two or three of us elected to sleep on deck.

At 6.30 am the Nab Tower was behind us, the weather was fine and we were rolling slightly. Our convoy now consisted of three sloops, a MTB, then the Llangibby Castle, Isle of Thanet, Empire Spearhead and the hospital ship Isle of Jersey. At 9.30 am, at half speed, we passed some dozen minesweepers and a mine was blown up some distance away. To starboard, on the horizon a line of LCTs moved in parallel course. Excepting a few friendly fighters, there was no air activity. At 10.30 am a 30-ship convoy passed and at 11.30 am I counted 27 in another homeward-bound convoy.

At 12.30 pm we moved through the armada of ships, sloops, destroyers and the battleship Rodney, off Havre bombarding Caen.

The Isle of Thanet dropped anchor off Sword Beach and we went overside, down rope ladders and netting to Assault Landing Craft, then on to the beach. This was littered with wrecks of landing craft and there were controlled explosions as mines were destroyed. The beach rose steeply over a light hill to a tiny village, badly damaged. Uncovered mines, ominously marked 'Achtung-Minen' lay alongside the road as we trekked some distance to a so-called reception centre which, in fact, was an open field with two haystacks, where we spent an unpleasant evening with a severe thunderstorm, hailstones and a heavy artillery barrage, complete with red flares, on Caen, two or three miles to the south.

At midnight, transport arrived, a pickup taking a few for some dark miles and stopping at an AA gun site where we were told some Tiger tanks had broken through and they were to fire through open sights. On we went, with no tanks to be seen, to an old chateau where in spite of some 150 guns pounding Caen, I slept soundly on a barn floor.

Everybody had one.....

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS
ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Force!

You are about to embark upon the Great Crusade, toward which we have striven these many months. The eyes of the world are upon you. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere march with you. In company with our brave Allies and brothers-in-arms on other Fronts, you will bring about the destruction of the German war machine, the elimination of Nazi tyranny over the oppressed peoples of Europe, and security for ourselves in a free world.

Your task will not be an easy one. Your enemy is well trained, well equipped and battle-hardened. He will fight savagely.

But this is the year 1944! Much has happened since the Nazi triumphs of 1940-41. The United Nations have inflicted upon the Germans great defeats, in open battle, man-to-man. Our air offensive has seriously reduced their strength in the air and their capacity to wage war on the ground. Our Home Fronts have given us an overwhelming superiority in weapons and munitions of war, and placed at our disposal great reserves of trained fighting men. The tide has turned! The free men of the world are marching together to Victory!

I have full confidence in your courage, devotion to duty and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full Victory!

Good Luck! And let us all beseech the blessing of Almighty God upon this great and noble undertaking.

Dwight D. Eisenhower

Our depot site for bridging and other impedimenta of war was to be fairly close to this place and a mile or so away was Arromanches and the Mulberry Harbour.

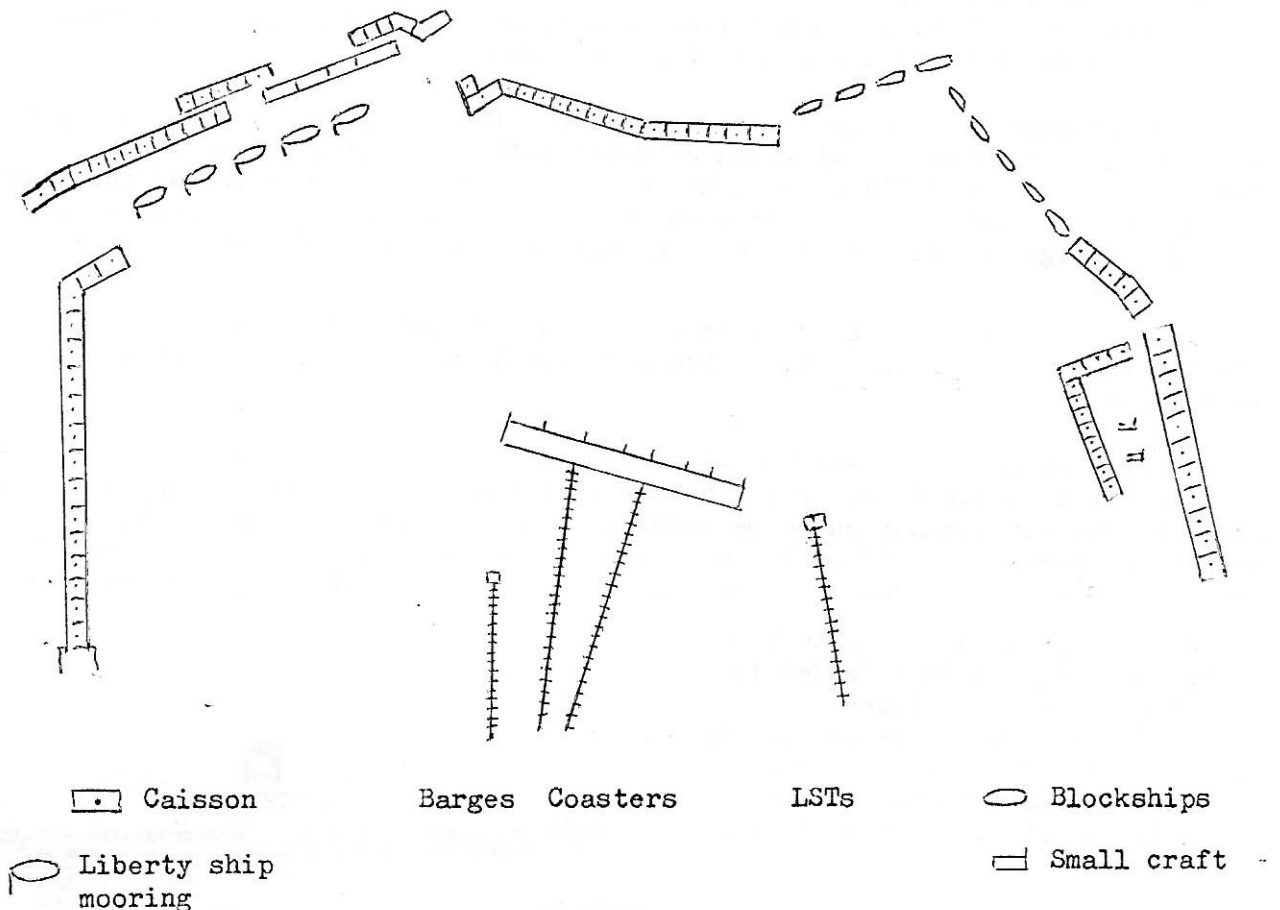
A day or so later I took a pickup to the Mulberry Harbour and was quite astounded at the sight and for a short while we stood on a small rise at the back of the beach to look and wonder.

A line of blockships and concrete caissons (Phoenixes) had been sunk in arc-form, with an entrance opening for small craft.; to the left were larger entrances and just inside were Liberty ship anchorages. Outside of the blockships were Bombardons, being floating steel casements to subdue heavy waves.

Within the arc there were many small ferry craft, DUKWS, RHINOS and barges discharging on to the beach, or at a long floating jetty, for transfer to military transport ashore. The ferry fleet eventually numbered well over one hundred.

At this point we saw a Focke Wulf coming in from the sea with guns blazing, some tracer bullets whizzing over our heads and we dived behind a stone wall. You always think you are the target! The plane crossed overhead, smoking, then pancaked to the ground in a brilliant flash about 200 yards away.

MULBERRY HARBOUR
ARROMANCHES



Next day we looked at our nearest town, Bayeux and found it old and quaint. Every shop sold cheese and wine and meat seemed plentiful. Normandy is reckoned to be the 'market garden' of France.

All the time there was distant noise as Caen, hinge of the invasion, was being saturated with artillery fire and in the evening of 7 July, 467 Lancaster and Halifax bombers dropped over 2,500 tons of bombs on its outskirts.

The ground shuddered, the noise was deafening then, at dawn, came a deadly hush, to be broken shortly after as tanks and infantry attacked.

By this time our depot was working. On 18 July I was sent back to England, via a DUKW to an LST, then to Portsmouth and on to join a Port Operating Company at Liverpool.

I was there a month or so, then was on my way back to France again with a small group, this time from Newhaven to Dieppe in a LCT. It was a night crossing, not rough, but there were large swells and we felt them as we anchored off Dieppe for one hour. I don't know why we anchored. Dieppe had been liberated! on 1st of September and I remember entering the harbour, devoid of shipping and its quays quite empty. There is little comfort in a LCT and the cold easterly breeze made the loo on the after deck an unbearable spot.

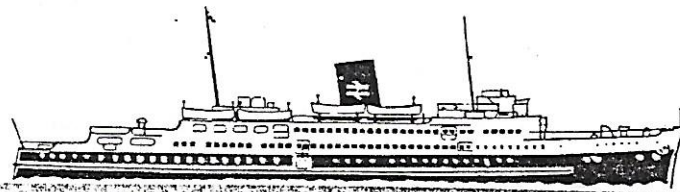
Antwerp had been liberated on 4 September and here, via train, our small group found themselves at the end of September, this time attached to the Canadian Army. Antwerp Docks were almost untouched, although the electrically operated lock gates and quay equipment could have been easily damaged by the retreating enemy. I went on a Belgian tug down the Scheldt, but there was little to see. One ship was anchored in mid-stream. "Norwegian", said the tug skipper, but she was flying the Swedish flag! It was to be 28th November before the first Liberty ship arrived and the port was re-opened to shipping. Antwerp suffered V2 rockets whilst I was there and the white vapour trails could be seen as the rockets were fired on Britain from Walcheren. That, I did not like to see, neither did I like those that dropped too close without a warning in sight or in sound.

Just before Xmas I moved to Brussels and for a few weeks was based at a depot alongside the Brussels Canal which connects with the Scheldt at Antwerp. During that Christmas came Hitlers last gamble in the Ardennes offensive and the 9-day onslaught was regarded as the gravest crisis since 1940. All in Brussels were in a state of high alert, but by the 27th December the German forces lay covered in the snow.

A short move across Brussels saw me in Rear HQ of 21st Army Group in the eight-floor Shell Mex building in the city centre and here I remained until after war ended in May 1945.

During that period there was a most welcome home leave in February. I made the crossing from Calais to Dover in the new Invicta, which had been launched for the Southern Railway Company on 14 December 1939 and delivered in July 1940. She had been taken over by the Admiralty whilst still building and was later given de-gaussing equipment and a 12 pdr gun on the after end of the promenade deck.

There were 2½" thick concrete slabs on the bridge, but they tended to splinter and were replaced. As an assault landing ship she was in the Dieppe raid and later at Normandy. The Invicta was then turned into a troop transport across the Straits.



Invicta

British Railways Board, London	3980 G.R. Tons Launched 1940 1,500 passengers	Length: 348'3" 106.14m. Beam: 52'3" 15.92m. Draft: 12'9" 3.89m. Service speed 19 knots
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In June 1945 I was sent to Germany and travelled via Venlo (Holland) and the autobahn from Rheda to Bad Oeynhausen. One month later I returned to Brussels via Osnabruck by road through the stark

devastation of Arnhem, Nijmegen and Eindhoven bridges, temporarily repaired, to Brussels. At the end of the following month came another home leave and I arrived at Calais on the 28th, only to find there were no crossings that day owing to strong gales. I crossed the next day to Folkestone, if I remember correctly, in the Isle of Man packet Victoria, of 1907 vintage, and returned from leave in that same ship.

Another Denny-built ship, the Victoria was bought by the Isle of Man Company from the Southern Railway in 1928. Her later war service included exploding two mines in the Mersey, but she reached port safely, only to be damaged when she hit another whilst outward bound on 27 December 1940. Towed into Fleetwood, she was repaired and requisitioned in 1943 to become a Landing Ship Infantry, pendant 4.108, later working on the Straits service for home leave personnel.

At the end of that leave I returned to Brussels in August, with thoughts of a Far East posting now out of one's mind, for Japan had surrendered in that month and there slowly began the run-down of the war machine. I made several visits to Antwerp as more shipping came, but I had no camera and, in any case, there were no films available. At the end of October I had more home leave and crossed in the Invicta again, repeating this once more in February 1946.

Next month, March, I was off again, this time through the shattered Ruhr via Duisburg, Essen, Dortmund and Osnabruck and the big Hamm rail junction and marshalling yards, riddled with bomb craters, to the Transportation Directorate, at HQ British Army of the Rhine at Bad Oeynhausen .

This, really, was a nice posting. I had only three months more service to do. Bad Oeynhausen was a small spa town surrounded by green countryside and hills. Here, one night, I tried to sleep through the loudest and longest thunderstorm I have known. It seemed to get trapped in the hills and lasted twelve hours or so.

A lovely park in the centre of Bad Oeynhausen contained the Kurhouse and Badehouse which housed great deep wooden baths where one could laze in the warm spa water.

There was also a two-coach diesel railset at the Directorate and each weekend, loaded with sandwiches and tea urns we travelled to different parts of the British sector.

I remember a trip in April to the Mohne Dam, subject of the bouncing bomb attack, but by this time, repaired. We climbed (seemingly) down one thousand steps to walk along the bottom at the dry side (of course), with some thought of the huge Mohne Lake on the other. Also in April we went to Minden, Bremen, Wesermünde and Bremerhaven where the Europa lay alongside a quay.

We journeyed to Hamburg where I stood opposite the empty Blohm & Voss shipyard. Hamburg was severely shattered, almost every road lined on both sides by mounds of brick rubble. In one of the scarce lightly-bombed buildings in the city centre we had tea in an upstairs studio. It was a local radio station with temporary repairs and I found it quite incongruous to sip tea and listen to a German string orchestra broadcasting with a vista of devastation through every window.

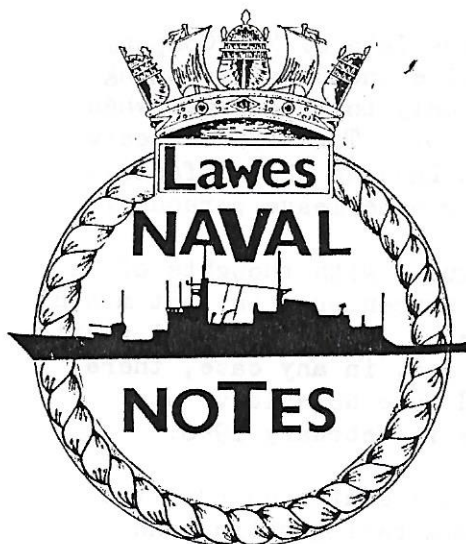
Our visits included Cologne, Bonn and Konigswinter where we climbed the Drachenfels some 1,600 ft to the cave of the legendary dragon...the winding Rhine flowed below. Another spa town visited was Bad Harzburg in the Harz Mountain range, North Germany. One Sunday we toured Holland by train - Amsterdam, The Hague, Rotterdam and through the miles of tulipfields. I made the last of these memorable journeys in April to Hameln (Hamelin) of the Pied Piper fable.

So to June 1946; to drinks, farewells and handshakes of comrades who were to go their various ways and, with a few others, I was on my way to Cuxhaven at the mouth of the River Elbe where I embarked on the Empire Halberd, a C1-S-AY1-type American-built landing ship, originally laid down as the Cape Gregory.

The day was perfect and I remember sitting on deck with a few others. The sky was blue, there was just a slight movement of the ship; our thoughts and conversations were of the future. The sun shone, the crossing uneventful.....

Slowly we crept up the River Humber to Hull and turned into King George Dock, with three United Towing Company tugs to berth us.

I can still remember their names, Autocrat, Kroozman and Prizeman.....



Naval movements have again been scanty, and as previously, auxiliary vessels have supplied the interest.

Our largest visitor was RFA ARGUS, the helicopter training ship. She spent the Christmas-New Year period in Southampton, due to the lack of space at Portsmouth! Details of her conversion from the container vessel CONTENDER BEZANT were given in a previous Black Jack.

Earlier in the quarter, the Dutch Replenishment Vessel POOLSTER appeared in the port. She was built by Rotterdamse Droogdok and first entered service in 1964.

With a full load displacement of 16 800 tons she can carry over 10 000 tons of cargo, mainly fuel, but with the facility to handle 3 Lynx helicopters, the POOLSTER is particularly effective when operating with "A/s hunter-killer" groups. In a secondary role, she can also transport 300 marines. Two geared turbines of 22 500 h.p. produce a speed of 21 kts.

The Landing Ship, Logistic SIR LANCELOT has left Marchwood Military Port having been sold to commercial owners and renamed LOWLAND LANCER. This vessel was the prototype for a class of six ships. Laid down by Fairfield in 1962 she entered service in 1964, originally managed for M.O.D. (Army) by British India Steam Nav. Co. Ltd., she was transferred to the R.F.A. in Jan 1970. As with the other vessels of the class, the SIR LANCELOT was actively involved in the Falklands War, during which she was damaged by two unexploded bombs.

Erratum

How many readers noticed the mistake in the previous Naval Notes? It was stated that H.M.S. SOUTHAMPTON was transported on the same vessel, SUPER SERVANT I, to Swan Hunter, as carried her from Fejairah. In fact the earlier leg of the journey was on the MIGHTY SERVANT I.

Sorry! but no prizes this time for spotting the error.

It is with regret that we announce the death of Ron Adams towards the end of December last year at his home in Stubbington.

Ron had been an active member of the Southampton Branch for over 30 years and was principally a pleasure steamer enthusiast. Indeed, during his early days in the Society he wrote some regular articles for Marine News. Ron was also a regular patron of the WAVERLEY during her visits to the South Coast, and being in possession of the much-coveted "Commodore's ticket" he got much sea time in on her.

Ron, a quiet man by inclination with a good sense of humour, was author of "Red Funnel and Before" which was published in 1986 to mark the 125th anniversary of the Red Funnel Group.

The Branch extends its condolences to Beryl and Keith, Ron will be missed by us all.

BY APPOINTMENT TO QE2 - CONCLUSION
by David Hutchings

First officer Peter Moxom and second officer Ian MacNaught were on watch and as usual the "merry banter" was in full swing.

Once one's eyes got used to the dimness of the bridge and looked out over the bow one could see, in the little light available, the elegant forepeak moving up and down, the wind by now having increased to a force 8, and volumes of spray blowing over the deck from starboard to port. As the spray blew aft it was lifted by the gale through the bridge wing wind deflectors in an almost solid sheet of spray rising vertically behind the wing. Most impressive and a sight not granted to many passengers.

We arranged with Ian to meet him at 2pm on the next day in the Queen's Room; he would then take us on a tour of the ship. I had asked to see two or three specific areas so we wondered what would be shown.

Sandy soon went to sleep when we returned to 3048 but I lay awake listening to and feeling the storm; later it seemed to calm or else the ship had turned against the wind but it must have been my imagination. However, the woodwork in the cabin was once again rhythmically creaking to the beat of the storm, the corners of the cabin seemed especially joyous in the steady gentle movements of the liner's bow.

Friday morning and all was calm. The night had been rough but apparently not many people had suffered as they had on Tuesday night when we had bumped into the double depression.

After reading through the days programme (there is always too much to do) and a good breakfast we had a good walk around the boat deck. Midmorning I spent signing a pile of books (a dozen each of 'Mary' and 'Titanic' and two dozen of 'QE2') that June Ashbee wanted to sell on the return trip. Another superb buffet lunch under the Magrodome and we were ready for a rest, but we had Ian MacNaught to meet in the Queen's room.

Spot on time and we were off. A quick walking, two hour tour took us from inside the funnel which, being very warm, did not enable us to climb to the platform at the top of the red casing. The funnel casing is still the original although expanded, widthwise, during the last year's major refit. The port side plating still shows the buckling caused by a severe boiler room fire in 1976 when the ship returned to Southampton with a soot blackened funnel.

From the funnel we went on to see some of the new luxury penthouses which were really not much bigger than our own cabin. I must say that I was not impressed with the finish of some of the German woodwork.

Columbia and Mauretania Restaurants and crew's kitchens were next; the floors being wet made us walk with caution. The crew's kitchen used to be the old Observation lounge, the only public room that had a view looking forward- a sad loss to the passengers. Also saw the rubbish disposal area which ejects some of the kitchen's rubbish through a door concealed by the 'U' in 'CUNARD' on the ship superstructure.

The crew's mess; after mooring deck; foredeck (where an almost 60mph wind made it impossible to go too far forward); ship's television studio; engine control room; cold stores at the bottom of the ship; working alleys; laundry (where the chinese never leave their stations for months on end as they like it so much, we were told) and the original and very hot steam presses; printing room; childrens' nursery with its talented nurse in charge : up and down, fore and aft we covered much of the ship during our tour which flew by but left us exhausted.

Ian MacNaught's generosity had still not diminished. "Anything else you want to see?" he enquired. "Well" I said "I know it's not permitted but would it be possible to be on the bridge when the ship docks in New York tomorrow morning?" "I'll leave a note for the captain," Ian offered "so give the bridge a ring at 5:30 and see what he says. See you tonight at the Ward Room cocktail party!"

With that we made our departure and walked through the Grand Lounge where a passengers' talent contest was in its last stages. One of the ship's bands was playing, in its usual very professional manner, accompanying a passenger blowing a Swanee Whistle. A coloured gentleman sat in a chair by the door, tears streaming down his face, his personal hi-fi unable to block out the sounds that had him slumped in helpless mirth.

The officers cocktail party was a noisy affair but fun. I talked with the printing shop people - mostly young Americans gaining work experience. I also gave the captain's secretary our Special QE Voyage Certificates for him to write our names in as he had only signed them. Very obligingly these were returned the next day. I also gave her a card for the QE2's 21st birthday, showing the first Cunard ship 'BRITANNIA'.

Tom, Alice and Maire were delightful companions at dinner and we exchanged addresses and had photographs taken. Sandy and I then took in the cabaret as it included a puppeteer whom we had missed before. His marionettes were excellent and beautifully animated. The captain took the stage between acts and gave a humorous, but p.r. orientated, speech.

It was slightly sad to return to the cabin as this was our last night in it. We had already packed the bulk of our luggage and these cases were put out in the corridor for overnight collection. Before retiring early I telephoned the night steward and asked for our morning tea to be brought in at 5 am as we did not want to miss entering New York, wanting a decent vantage point on deck if we could not get to the bridge.

The next morning and a quick look through one of our two portholes revealed a flashing light which I supposed to be the Nantucket light vessel.

Shortly after 5.30 I telephoned the bridge. "oh" a voice said, sounded a little surprised at my request "I'll check with the Captain". The 15 seconds that passed seemed like ages, then "yes, skipper says its O.K. come on up!"

The morning was chilly and still dark and obviously it would be too dark to take any worthwhile photos as we entered the harbour, but Sandy and I tried one or two shots of the illuminated funnel.

Another photographer was on the bridge and he introduced himself as Allan Burney, editor of Ian Allan's "Aircraft Illustrated" and professional photographer. He had been photographing the activity during the week for a forthcoming book about "QE2's" Bridge. The QUEEN slipped by anchored tankers and soon a string of lights shaped in a huge inverted arc appeared, the Verezano Narrows bridge, casting a glow on the water below.

Like thousands of passenger before us we wondered whether the funnel would collide with the bridge but knew, of course, that it would clear by many feet. Still, the illusion of a near miss was still there.

With the aid of our binoculars a distant green glow turned into

the Statue of Liberty, a sight that had, over the past ten decades, thrilled many new arrivals to the New World. We had arrived.

We were careful to keep out of the navigating officers' way as we were merely visitors in their domain.

By the time the Manhattan skyline started to unfold in the light mist, tugs of the Moran company were keeping pace with the ship and our two pilots (one port and one starboard) kept an eye on the ship's progress, occasionally exchanging pleasantries with Captian Bennell.

The World Trade Centre disappeared into a low narrow bank of fog. Not so tall as I thought until I looked above the band of fog to see that there was some more of the centre rising above that into another low cloud and even more above that!

By the time we came abreast of the twin, tall buildings fog was cascading from the top of them. By now the Moran tugs were fussing around the bow of the ship and soon we were edged into the waters of our pier.

I spoke to one of the pilots and it turn out that he had often worked with Commodore Marr and it was this pilot who was on duty on board the QUEEN ELIZABETH during the voyage described in Leonard Steven's book "Passage of a Queen".

Down to breakfast, tip the waiters and make our farewells to Alice and Tom, who were anxious to see their infant grandson who had been poorly, and to Maire who was off on a few days holidays with friends in the states.

Back to the 3048 for the last time to pick our hand luggage. The phone rang - it was Captian Bennell! He wanted to thank me for the card which he had only just opened.

We then waited for the immigration officers to see us all in the Queen's waiting room, but whilst we were waiting I went on to the boat's deck to see the cruise ships that the pilot told me were arriving that morning. They were already in; the AMERIKANIS, MONARCH OF BERMUDA and ATLANTIC. The latter having arrived for the last time as such as Home Lines had been bought by Holland America.

Formalities completed, we stepped ashore on to American soil for the first time. We were being met by Bill Miller who himself, was arriving home in New York that morning after lecturing to the Washington Art Deco Society the previous evening.

Bill was a little late, but he and his driver, Mickey, soon had our luggage in the Buick and we were soon on our way to Bill's charming house in Jersey City.

That evening, after a pleasant, but hurried, day circumnavigating New York on a circle line boat, Charlie Haas and John Eaton came over to see us and, after dinner in an all-American diner, they asked me if I would take their new manuscript (about White Star Line accidents for which I had written a foreword) back to the U.K for onward transmission to their publishers, Patrick Stephens.

Sunday was spent in Macy's and the Empire State Building until Bill drove us to Newark airport where we caught a "limo" to Kennedy, crossing the Verazzano bridge to Long Island en-route.

An exciting, unexpected few days indeed ended with an uncomfortable flight in a "Jumbo"; back to reality and my next book - now well behind schedule.

Tom, Alice, Maire and cabin 3048 - we miss you!



My Dinner choices

MONDAY : "WELCOME DINNER"

Italian Minestrone
GRILLED LAMB CHOPS MERE BRASSIERE with Sauteed
Mushrooms, sauce Perigourdine, shoestring Potatoes and
Carrot Mousse in Artichoke
Choux Swans with Strawberry Cream

TUESDAY : (Missed captain's cocktail party for first Class
passengers on Columbia Restaurant and Dinner Dance)

WEDNESDAY : "INTERNATIONAL DINNER"

ITALY-BRODO DI ANATRA-Duck Soup with Elbow Noodles
and Beans
JAPAN-LA BROCHETTE TERIYAKI Marinated Broiled Skewer
of Beef, Peppers, served with Soy-Ginger and Sherry
Sauce, Brown Rice and Bean sprouts
BANANA FLAMBE, Apricot Sauce, Vanilla Ice Cream and
Roasted Almonds, Flamed by your Restaurant Manager At
your table

THURSDAY : "CHEF'S DINNER"

CRABE D'ALASKA & SURPRISE- Alaskan Crabmeat on
Toast, Garnished with Russian Malossol Caviar
LES ESCARGOTS BOURGUIGNON
Baked Vineyard Snails with Bourguignon butter
LOBSTER THERMIDOR Ragout of Fresh Lobster in fine
Wine sherry Sauce, served with Rice
LES CREPES SUZETTE, served with Vanilla Ice Cream
Flamed by your Restaurant Manager at your Table

FRIDAY : "CAPTAIN'S FAREWELL DINNER"

Clear Oxtail Soup with Sherry and Cheese Sticks
SAUTEED REINDEER MEDALLIONS, topped with Creamed
Mushrooms, Cranberries, Almond Croquette
Iced Souffle Grand Marnier



"You realise you're undermining the passengers'
confidence, Mr. Mitchell"

On Sunday afternoon 29th October last,
28 members of the Southampton Branch
visited the Canberra by kind permission
of P & O Cruises and arrangements made
by Adrian Tennet.

It was an extremely well conducted tour
of the liner and some time was spent on
the bridge where the technical
application to modern navigation was
explained. Then there followed a tour
of the many lounges and public rooms,
a visit to both Atlantic and Pacific
Dining rooms and a look at various classes
of passenger cabins.

The party left the ship as embarkation
began for another cruise which began as
the Canberra departed at 7 pm that
evening.