



News of the BSN company, its ships and staff, its history and *histoires*, of ships and sealing wax, nautical natters, maritime miscellanies and swinging of lanterns

FROM THE EDITOR...

Those who know your Editor well would probably agree that his main aim in life is to grow old disgracefully. He has an affinity to those with similar views, who do 'inappropriate' things in their lives. Readers may recall the exploits of Mike Wheeler and other BI-ers, who set off across the Atlantic in a leaky yacht and no beer. He can now bring you news that it seems that BI has its own Hell's Angels chapter. More of this later.

We were also delighted to hear from Peter Maynard, who writes: "I have digitalised my photos from m.s. *Jelunga* 1968/69 - her first year as a B.I. ship and they have scrubbed up quite well. (I was a deck cadet).

There are photos of most of the officers/cadets there at the time along with various pictures of the ship and general Eastern Service tomfoolery.

I don't want to post them on the site, there are over 60 of them but will gladly forward a set to anyone who is interested - either to your private email or post you a disc (no charge). If anyone is interested let me know how/where to send them. maynard.peter@ymail.com". Please contact Peter direct.

We conclude for the nonce the story of the *Dara*'s sinking with various commemorations and a first hand account by Ian Tew.

Thanks to Gary Ruaux for his photographs. Readers will be interested to know that the next issue of the admirable *Sea Breezes* magazine will have a feature on the *Dara*. See the next issue of "...calling BI" for more from *Sea Breezes*.

Subsequent to the anniversary of the '*Dara*', it was enervating to watch again the footage of the BBC film made about her sister ship, the '*Dwarka*'. Your editor has a dvd of this, but sections of it can be viewed on the marvellous 'ShipNostalgia' site. For an engineers' view, see first

<http://www.shipsnostalgia.tv/action/viewvideo/1834>.

These were posted by Hugh Ferguson. And yes, Tony, a copy is winging its way to you. Sorry about the delay!

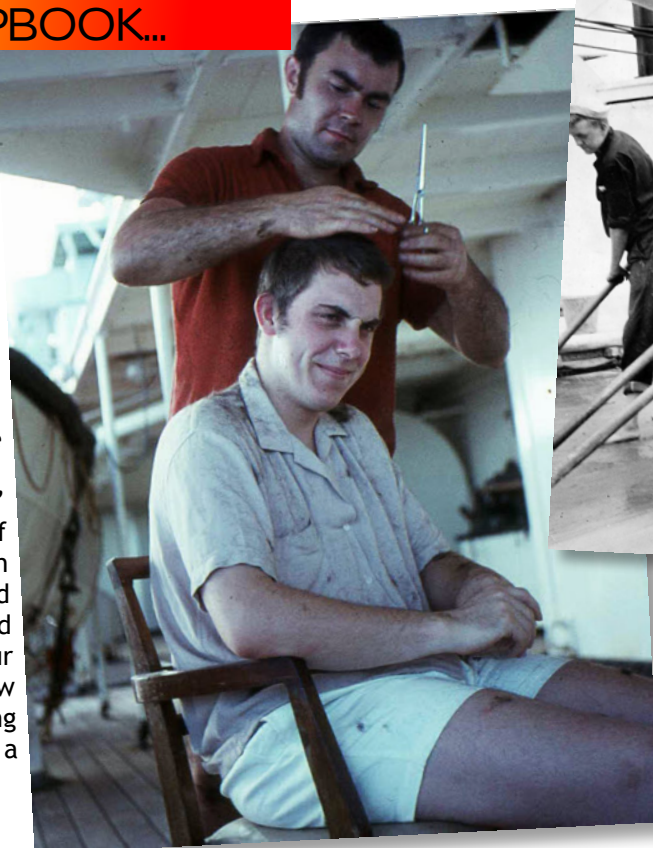
Your editor is enervated to learn that those BI stalwarts in the northwest of UK are to hold another gathering at the renowned Waxy O'Connor's in Manchester's Print Works on Thursday 23rd June. All are welcome and details can be had from James Slater on james.slater@zen.co.uk.

We trust that you enjoy this issue of memories, of wishful thoughts and good companionship.

Happy sailing!

FROM THE SCRAPBOOK...

In our last issue, we gave you this B&W photograph of the holystoners from Richard Henderson's shoe-box of pictures taken on *Chindwara*. None of us in the editorial office could identify these fine young men, but we knew our readership wouldn't let us down. Don Wood gave us, from left to right, cadets Kenny, Richard Henderson himself and John Ross. Sadly Don couldn't recall the gentleman in shorts. Any ideas? Good friend David 'Scouse' Hammond sent in this picture of impending sartorial elegance on the *Chindwara*. Having suffered at the hands of many a ham-fisted barbarous barber himself, your editor would dearly like to know who is doing the barnet bashing and is that an enigmatic smile or a grimace of anticipation?



To send in your views, notes, photos, brickbats or spare gold bars, please click on any "...callingBI" logo

FROM THE *DARA*...

Much has been written about BI's last and largest shipping disaster, especially in this poignant anniversary month. However, we do not apologise for continuing the flow of reminiscences and photographs. First, Mrs Corri Convertito-Farrar, assistant archivist of the P&O Heritage website has written to us to say that a virtual *Dara* exhibition site will be available 'indefinitely'. Click on www.poheritage.com, then click on the 'What's new' button in the top right hand corner to bring up the fine display of photographs, comments and reports. Corri indicates they will be bringing more BI material to the table, as it were, and promises your editor will get informed of these.

On the day itself, Sir Robin Knox Johnston described his memories on his radio show on BBC radio Solent. A podcast of the complete show can be downloaded from <http://www.bbc.co.uk/podcasts/series/h2oshow> (The *Dara* feature is about a third of the way through. Your editor has a .wav file of just the relevant piece extracted from the podcast, but it is too big to imbed in this publication, unfortunately). Also marking the day in an appropriate way were divers from the British Sub Aqua Clubs in Sharjah, Dubai and Abu Dhabi, who paid a dignified tribute to those lost in the sinking.

Dropping to a depth of 11 metres, they dodged the underwater currents for which the area is renowned, and erected the Red Ensign, the flag of the merchant naval fleet, at the stern of the shipwreck.

A more personal commemoration was made by two survivors of the tragedy, John Soares and Ian Tew. John, a purser on the *Dara*, organised a Mass in his native Goa, was said for those who died, a large number of whom came from Goa. The white Aldona Catholic Church, which stands on a cliff overlooking the river, was full of friends and well wishers. The priest gave a sermon describing John's ordeal and his chance of a second life and a retired Master Mariner, a cousin of John, made a good talk. It was a fitting *Dara* Memorial Mass. Everyone in the church came up and shook Ian's hand wishing him well. The final touch was the band in the church courtyard playing "God Save the Queen." Ian had previously scattered flowers at the wreck buoy. As he says, "the flowers at the *Dara* Wreck buoy off Dubai seemed to have touched a particular cord and I was glad I had done it".

We reproduce here Ian's own account of those terrifying hours, which are taken from his book, *Salvage: a Personal Odyssey*, available from [Amazon](#), [Powell's Books](#) and, no doubt, our own Roger Northcote may be able to dig up a copy or two.

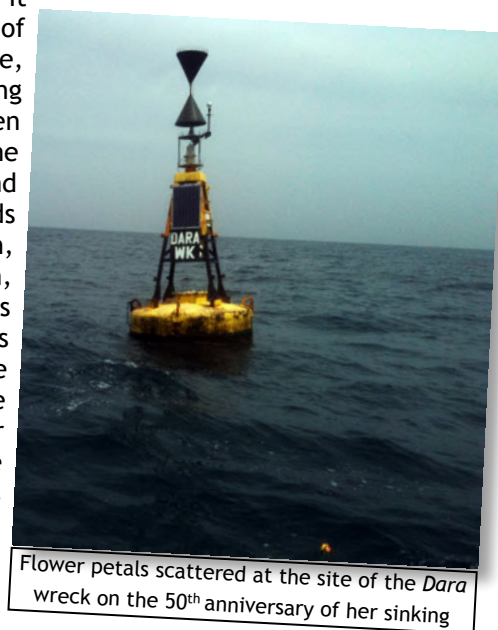
The *Dara* - there she was, burning, the smoke pouring out of her. I stood absolutely still, rigid with shock and surprise. It was so unexpected, a bolt from the past. I was attending the 150-year reunion of the British India Steam Navigation Company in September 2006. The painting on the wall of the Mount Lavinia Hotel near Colombo took me straight back to April 1961. I could hear the bells ringing, the incessant fire alarm bells, so loud. I could see the shocked face of the Third Officer in the dim light of the emergency lighting. I could feel the ship rolling heavily. I could smell the smoke and see little wisps of it curling round the alleyway. And the screaming, oh the screaming. I could hear them screaming. I put my hands

over my ears, but it was no use. The screaming was inside my head and has haunted me all my life. The figures running in panic, away from the glow and roar of the fire and the swirling smoke. Then silence, the silence of the sea, just the wind on my face and the occasional breaking wave washing over me.

She was my second ship and I was the 17-year-old junior cadet. I had flown out from London in December 1960 to join the *Dara* in Bombay. The *Dara* was a single-screw passenger cargo ship permitted to carry 13 first class, 65 second class, 948 unberthed passengers and 132 officers and crew. She was built in 1948 by Barclay Curle in Glasgow and her length was 382 feet, breadth 55 feet, depth 24½ feet and gross tonnage 5,029. She was classed A1 at Lloyds.

Sailing day was always pandemonium, but organised pandemonium. The departure of the weekly mail ship to Basrah was an event. The BI ships were the main way to travel around the Persian Gulf, to some places the only way, so they were an important link between India, Pakistan, Oman, the Gulf States, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Iraq. The ships were always full of passengers, mainly deck passengers. It was a busy day of hustle and bustle, with everything seeming to happen at the same time and the shouts and babble of hundreds of people - men, women, children, servants, the cries of the porters carrying the luggage, huge bundles on their heads and the street traders hawking their wares. There was a steady stream of humanity coming aboard via the gangways and shouts and sometimes scuffles as men staked out their part of the deck for the voyage. Of course the more privileged or richer went second class and had cabins. Europeans were not allowed to travel on deck. First-class passengers came on board by a separate gangway, where the duty security kept watch. The 'tween decks where the deck passengers lived seemed a form of bedlam to me on my first Gulf trip. The ship had a couple of holds forward, for passenger baggage and cargo and the winches worked at full speed, swinging the cargo on board by the derricks, the stevedores sweating in the holds stowing it.

At long last everyone and everything was on board, the ship was fully bunkered and watered and the trip to the money changer completed (for there was a nice little earner exchanging Indian rupees into Gulf rupees and the other way round). The pilot was on the bridge, I was showered and wearing my spotless whites for stations leaving, the tugs were made fast fore and aft, the gangways were put ashore and with



Flower petals scattered at the site of the *Dara* wreck on the 50th anniversary of her sinking

FROM THE *DARA* (contd)...

much shouting, wailing and waving from the passengers aboard and the families left ashore the ship moved off the pier. She was turned, the tugs were let go and with a last blast on the ship's foghorn she steamed out to sea through the busy harbour, crisscrossed by country craft with their ragged sails, or if there was no wind the crews toiling at huge sweeps, all laden with cargo for trading up and down the coast and when the monsoon was fair to East Africa, past anchored ships waiting for a berth, the buildings of Bombay to starboard - and so out to sea and up the coast to Karachi. With the northeast monsoon the weather was fine and the sea was calm.

The ship at sea was a world of her own. Apart from the noise of the diesel engines it was quiet. If my duties took me down to the 'tween decks there was the continual babble from the hundreds of passengers in the vicinity and it was sometimes difficult to get through the decks as they had spread themselves and their belongings. The sea routine was very pleasant. We had to change into whites for all meals and were expected to be in the saloon on time. When off duty I studied and worked the correspondence course we had to complete. The distances between the ports were quite short, especially in the Gulf, so were in and out of port most days. The other Cadet, Jos Grimwood, a strong handsome white Kenyan, was my senior and he showed me the ropes and

Captain Elson took the *Dara* to sea, the ship pitching into the rough weather. When well clear of the coast he hove to ride out the storm for the night.

It was the bells which woke me at 0443 in the morning, the incessant ringing of the fire alarm bells. It was dark and the bunk light did not work when I switched it on. I jumped down from my top bunk and went out into the alleyway, the noise of the bells louder. The ship was rolling heavily and it felt as though she was stopped. The shocked face of the Third Officer appeared in the dim light of the emergency lighting.

'Tell Grimwood to get the breathing apparatus and go with him to your fire station - the CO₂ control panel on B deck' he shouted, his voice difficult to hear over the noise of the ringing bells.

'Yes sir', I shouted back, sticking my thumb up, my hand on the bulkhead to steady myself.

I returned to the cabin and shut the door, lessening the noise from the bells. I shook Jos's shoulder in the lower bunk.

'Wake up' I said, 'We have to get the breathing apparatus and go to our fire stations. There is smoke in the alleyway. There's a fire.'

Jos was instantly awake and out of his bunk. We quickly dressed in our working gear by the light of a torch and I followed him out of the cabin. The noise of the bells was as loud as ever and the smoke in the alleyway was thicker. It was a relief to get out into the cool air on the boat deck, away from the ringing of the bells. I followed the light from Jos's torch, the sound of the wind blowing around the accommodation and funnel louder as we went aft, until it was overtaken by the sound of the screaming. The sea was rough.

We climbed down the companionway ladder onto the main deck and into the midst of the screaming, shouting, milling passengers. We had picked up the breathing apparatus on the way and pushed and shoved our way through the throng down onto B deck. We stopped in the glow and could hear the roar of the fire and I helped Jos put on the breathing apparatus.

The Second Engineer was instructing Jos how to set off the CO₂ fire-extinguishing gas into the engine room. The box was further up the deck on the side of the engine-room bulkhead. He gave a thumbs-up and disappeared into the smoke, a ghostly red in the glow of the fire. Figures ran past, fleeing the flames and there was a screaming man covered in blood. I wondered what had happened to him.

Some time later Jos returned, appearing out of the glow like some figure from hell, his face covered by the mask. He tore it off and gasped, 'I found the box but I couldn't find the key to open it'.

The Fifth Engineer had appeared and gave him a piece of metal to smash open the control panel. Jos put the mask back on and disappeared again into the thickening smoke. The continuous ringing of the bells stopped, to be replaced by the emergency signal, boat stations.

'Abandon ship', I thought. (It was only eight minutes after what turned out to have been an explosion from a bomb: the speed of the fire was terrific.)

Jos reappeared, staggering and I helped him off with the apparatus.



organised the work reporting to the Chief Officer. We got on well together - just as well, living in a small hot cramped cabin with a top and bottom bunk. I had the top bunk.

It was my fifth voyage since joining the *Dara* and we were on our way back to Bombay from Basrah. The *Dara* was anchored off Dubai, the creek full of dhows, long before the days of Port Rashid, let alone Jebel Ali. The passengers were brought out on barges towed by tugs, although we had been ashore in the agent's launch, shopping along the creek for duty-free goods, the stalls all on the port side entering the creek.

I was on the bridge, looking down on the foredeck covered with its canvas awning, shelter for the deck passengers. A storm had blown up suddenly in the afternoon and it was now just before darkness set in, the normally clear sky covered by low cloud. The tugs were towing away the barges before they were damaged or they damaged the ship. I can still see in my mind's eye the *Zeus*, a Panamanian cargo ship dragging slowly towards us. Collision was inevitable and her black hull crunched into the lifeboat on the port side forward and scraped down the white painted hull of the *Dara*. As soon as the *Zeus* was clear the anchor was weighed and

FROM THE *DARA* (contd)...

'Couldn't make it, too much smoke, too hot', he cried. 'It's boat stations', I cried. We went up and back into the throng on the main deck and to the motor lifeboat which was our boat station. It was chaos. People were shouting and screaming and running around, some already in the lifeboat and some trying to get in, although it was not properly turned out, let alone lowered.

'You go aft and I'll go forward and get it turned out,' shouted Jos. The Second Engineer had disappeared and we were alone amongst the passengers. The boat was incredibly heavy and no one took any notice of us. I grabbed a man to help me turn the boat out, as did Jos and we managed to get her hanging over the edge of the ship.

'You get in and take charge' shouted Jos. 'I will lower'. I climbed up and in and fought my way aft to the rudder. I found the tiller under a passenger and pushing him out of the way I shipped it. 'The plug', shouted Jos.

I pushed and shoved my way through many legs to the bottom of the boat and found the metal plug. Even though it was dark in the bottom I could feel the hole and screwed it in. Jos lowered away and stopped at the embarkation level. More and more passengers got into the already overcrowded boat, with people shouting and screaming and waving their arms around.

'Lower away' I heard a voice shouting and the boat disappeared below the level of the deck. People were still jumping in as she went down the side of the ship, the rolling making the boat hit the hull of the burning *Dara* with sickening jolts and making the already panicked people more frightened. My efforts to calm the passengers were a complete waste of time.

The lowering slowed and then went down with a rush. The lifeboat hit the water with a splash and the lifting hooks swung clear both forward and aft. We were lucky. But then unfortunately a nearly empty boat appeared in the glow of the fires raging in the accommodation. The passengers saw it and made a rush to the side of my lifeboat, heeling her over. And then I was in the water. My boat had capsized.

I began to swim. I was not wearing a lifejacket. It had not occurred to me to pick it up when I left the cabin, for never in my wildest dreams had I imagined I would be swimming for my life in the Persian Gulf. After the bedlam and noise in the lifeboat it was suddenly quite quiet. What had happened to all the passengers in my boat? I could still hear shouting and screaming but it was becoming faint as the *Dara* drifted away, surprisingly quickly. It was rough and waves were breaking over my head. I tried to swim back to the ship but it was no use and I soon gave up, treading water to preserve my strength. I was a strong swimmer but I found my shoes and dungaree trousers a hindrance so shook them off. It was much easier without them. I kept facing the burning *Dara*, smoke pouring out of her, the wind and sea behind me, the occasional wave breaking over my head. It became darker as the *Dara* moved away. I was alone.

In the dim light of the early morning darkness, the sky now clear, the stars shining brightly, the wind still blowing but not so hard, I saw a shape close by. A shark, I thought. 'Don't panic', I told myself. 'Do nothing, don't move. I am not bleeding, maybe it will go away'.

Occasionally I had to kick my legs - it was too rough to lie on my back - but I did it as slowly and as little as possible,

just enough to keep my head above water. I felt very vulnerable with no trousers, not that it would have made any difference if the shark attacked. I watched with exaggerated concentration as he moved closer to me. I felt utterly helpless as I waited, wondering if it would hurt when he attacked. After what seemed eternity, but in reality could not have been many minutes, I realised the shape was wrong and the movement towards me was my heightened imagination. It was not moving. I cannot express the feeling of utter relief as I realised it was not a shark and I was not about to be attacked.

I quickly swam the short distance towards the shape and caught hold of the oar I found, at the opposite end to the head I had seen, not the fin of a shark.

'Hello' I said as I clutched the wooden oar, but there was no answer.

'Hello' I said more loudly and shook the oar. There was still no answer and the corpse slid off and sank. I realised it was the back of his head I had seen. The face, which I never saw, was in the water.

I was alone in the darkness. There was nothing in sight except the glow from the now distant burning *Dara*, like a false dawn. I felt a lot safer with the oar and it was no effort to keep my face above the water, the salt drying. Daylight could not be too long away. It was just a matter of settling down and waiting, alone with my thoughts, my eyes constantly searching.

Some time later a slight lessening of the darkness in the east heralded the dawn and it was soon light. The slowly rising sun felt warm on my face and

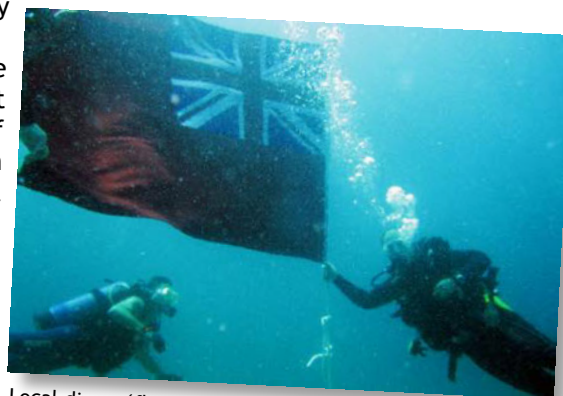
eventually I saw another shape, which turned out to be a lifeboat in the distance. At first I set off still holding onto the safety of my oar, but progress was slow and I soon abandoned it. I swam strongly, the lifeboat, people and safety a huge tonic.

'Ahoy there' I shouted to attract the attention of the people in the lifeboat, but no one seemed to have seen me and there were no oars out. Brown faces peered over the side as I approached and helping hands assisted me on board.

'Hello, Ian,' said the Assistant Purser. 'Thank God you are here. You are a deck cadet - you can take charge.' Some kind person handed me a pair of swimming shorts, noticing I was only wearing a shirt.

'We'd better get organised', I told the purser. 'Tell everyone to keep a good lookout for anyone else in the water'.

I took over my first command. The lifeboat was rolling quite heavily, beam-on to the sea and swell. I thought of using the sea anchor, but then decided it would be better to get the oars out. Keep the people occupied and busy. There were



Local divers 'flying' a Red Ensign on the 50th anniversary

FROM THE *DARA* (contd)...

some crew in the boat and getting the oars out was soon achieved. The activity seemed to have cheered everyone up. They all looked to me, facing aft.

'Remind everyone to keep a sharp lookout for others in the water', I emphasised to the purser. He relayed my instructions in Hindi.

I soon had the crew rowing gently to keep the bow up into the wind and sea. The rolling was much reduced and it was much more comfortable. It became much warmer as the morning wore on and the sun rose higher in the sky. A tanker was heading in our direction and when she saw us she altered course and stopped, making a lee. The crew on my urging rowed with a will and I steered towards the lowered gangway.

'Tell the crew forward to have the painter ready', I told the purser. I came alongside the gangway and the painter was handed over to one of the Japanese on the gangway and taken on deck.

'We are safe now', I said to the purser. 'We can let the men go first. It will be easier to get the women off then'. The boat was soon empty except for me and someone lying face down in the bottom of the boat. I thought he was asleep.

'Time to go', I said. 'You're safe now'. I shook his shoulder, but he felt funny and there was no sound or movement. I pulled him onto his side and saw his face. His eyes were empty. He was dead.

'What should I do', I wondered. 'Leave him? No, I'm sure the family will want the body. Must get him on board'.

I saw the purser among the faces looking over the side.

'Tell the Captain we have a dead body. We must put him in the freezer' I shouted up to him. The corpse was put on the stretcher the Japanese crew brought into the lifeboat. I followed it up the gangway onto the deck of the tanker and watched him being carried into the accommodation.

I had never been on a tanker before and she seemed huge and strange to me, all pipework and open metal deck instead of wooden decks, hatchways and derricks. The Japanese were looking after the people and I went up to the bridge. The foredeck looked huge.

I thanked the Captain of the *Yuyo Maru No. 5* for saving us and looking after the passengers and crew. We arranged to make a list of all the survivors, which the purser did and it was transmitted to the agents in Bahrain by Morse code that evening as soon as it was completed. Unfortunately my name was left off - unfortunate for my poor parents, who thought I was a goner. It was two days before they were told I was alive, two days of lurid newspaper headlines depicting attacks by sharks and sea snakes and accounts of the many dead, 238 in total. I was given a cabin in the crew accommodation and went to sleep.



From Lloyds Casualty Reports, 1961

Dara - Bahrain, April 8 - British motor vessel *Dara* (Basrah for Bahrain). Following SOS received from steamer *Empire Guillemot*, via Cable and Wireless, Bahrain, at 0230 GMT (0630 local) - closed on burning ship. Request all vessels stand by to pick up survivors. Name of distressed ship *Dara*, call sign GDTT. At 0700 local time - 'Am closing to distress ship and sending lifeboat to pick up survivors.' At 0710 - 'We have already taken on board some survivors.' At 0740 - 'We have on board 85 survivors. *Dara* (Master) informs originally 550 persons on board, none got away in lifeboat.' Master of *Dara* reported from motor tanker *Thorsholm*. At 0810 local - '*Dara* abandoned on fire in position Lat 22 55' N, Long 55 13' E.'

Dara - Bahrain, April 11 - Captain Desmond Commander HM Frigate *Loch Ruthven*, motor vessel *Dara* sank yesterday as being towed for beaching. 'About 10 miles off shore, the list in the *Dara* increased and she rolled over to starboard. She is now lying on her starboard side with her davits just sticking out of the water.'



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Elson.
Jordan.
W. Alexander.
C. S. Jackson.
Mr. B. R. L. J. Heard.
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A. D. Sinclair.
2nd Radio Officer—Mr. L. McGrath.
Surgeon—Dr. A. N. Banerjee.
Purser—Mr. J. E. Murray.
Extra Purser—Mr. J. D. Soares.
Chief Engineer Officer—Mr. G. K. Cruick-
shank.
2nd Engineer Officer—Mr. R. K. Birrell.
3rd Engineer Officer—Mr. J. Edgar.
4th Engineer Officer—Mr. D. J. McLeod.
Junior Engineer Officer—Mr. P. Durham.
Junior Engineer Officer—Mr. D. Bhattachar-
jee.
Junior Engineer Officer—Mr. N. H. M. Ali.

FROM THE COMPETITION DEPT....

Your editor was right last month when he said that perhaps we had come a step too far for the ever-popular "Where are we now?" competition. We received only one correct answer to the conundrum set by Don Wood - take a bow, JP! We ended up in South America at the Maracaibo Bridge in Venezuela.

This month's subject may be more recognisable although, to tell the truth, your editor does admit that he is not too sure himself. (Please when you send in pictures for this competition, do let him in on the secret - it's embarrassing otherwise). Anyway, send in your answers to the usual [e-mail address](#) for a chance to win wondrous prizes and plaudits (it says here). Just where are we cooling off? It certainly isn't Hamburg!



FROM THE BIRTHDAY BOYS ...

These fine machines - the men, not the bikes - have a great BI heritage. The intrepid trio are, from left to right, Brian Walker on a Yamaha Dragstar, James Slater on a Triumph Bonneville and Chris Wright on a Royal Enfield. The venue was Devils Bridge in north Wales, on 6th April.

Brian and James were both 62 a month or so ago and going for a run out seemed like a good idea - as it is most weeks! Your editor has long lusted after a Hog - a Harley Davison for the uninitiated - but Mrs Editor has surely stomped on that particular ambition! He has been relegated merely to photographing them!



Don't forget to contact [James](#) re the Great Northern BI Gathering at Waxy O'Connor's in June.



FROM THE SOCIAL ROUND....

It was a goodly occasion in the far-flung depths of north Essex on 12th April. It comes naturally to those BI staffers in Suffolk and Essex to get together for a good lunch and yarn, but with the two recent BI anniversaries, they had a special reason this time. With a backdrop of a BI Commodore's house flag donated for the occasion by Nick Pearson, the assembled company had a quiet minute of reflection for those in the *Dara*, before raising their glasses to the *Dunera*. It was hoped that Peter Jordan, the last Chief Officer of the *Dara* could join the assembled company but a last minute chest infection prevented him from going. Get well soon, Peter, and perhaps you can go to the next gathering at the Thatcher's Arms. Also giving their apologies were Richard Turner, Tom Wright, Frank Kemp, Mike Wheeler, Barry Sanderson, Mike Choak, David Whitehouse and Mike King. Amongst the guests present was Tom Crozier, who was on one of the RN ships giving assistance to the *Dara*, Peter and Jan Neubauer, who were on one of the early school cruise trips and have been together ever since and John Leftley, who worked in providing ship finance for BI. Former BI staffers included Tom Allard, Barry Fleetwood, Peter Motion, Alan Myers, John Prescott and John Rees. Your editor, who unaccountably

"Following a very enjoyable reunion held in Queenstown, New Zealand during April 2010 a further one was recently held in Hobart, Tasmania. There were seven of us, Mike Davison, Gerry Rowe, Neville Dent, John Bee, Jim Venn, Tony Gates and myself plus partners, although unfortunately Anne Gates had an accident breaking her wrist just before and had to miss



(L to R) Mike Davison, Gary Ruaux, Gerry Dent, Marilyn Rowe, Tony Gates

the event. We stayed at Rydges Hotel, Hobart for five nights from March 24 to 28.

During our stay we celebrated Gerry Rowe's and my 73rd birthdays, visits to the Cadbury Chocolate Factory (most popular with the ladies!), Saturday, the famous Salamanca Markets, local Cascades Brewery



(L to R) Jim Venn, Neville Dent, Gerry Rowe, Sheila Ruaux, Marilyn Rowe

forgot to snap any of these worthies, was also seen lurking in the background. Meanwhile, halfway round the globe, they had no such photographic problems. In Tasmania, they also know how to party. Garry Ruaux takes up the story:



(L to R) Neville Dent, Anne Davison, Coral Venn, Jim Venn, Bev Bee, John Bee

tour, (more popular with the gentlemen!) and visits to Mount Wellington (very spectacular), a new, very interesting Mona Museum and a day trip to the Port Arthur convict settlement. Most of us travelled to various other places around Tasmania either before or after the Hobart stay and by all accounts had a very relaxing and enjoyable mini reunion".

All in all, April seems to have been a very good month for BI get-togethers and very happy birthdays to Gerry and Garry, and do get better soon, Anne!



(L to R) Sheila Ruaux, Tony Gates, Anne Davison, (Mike's sister), Mike Davison, Gerry Rowe, Beverly Bee, John (Buzz) Bee

