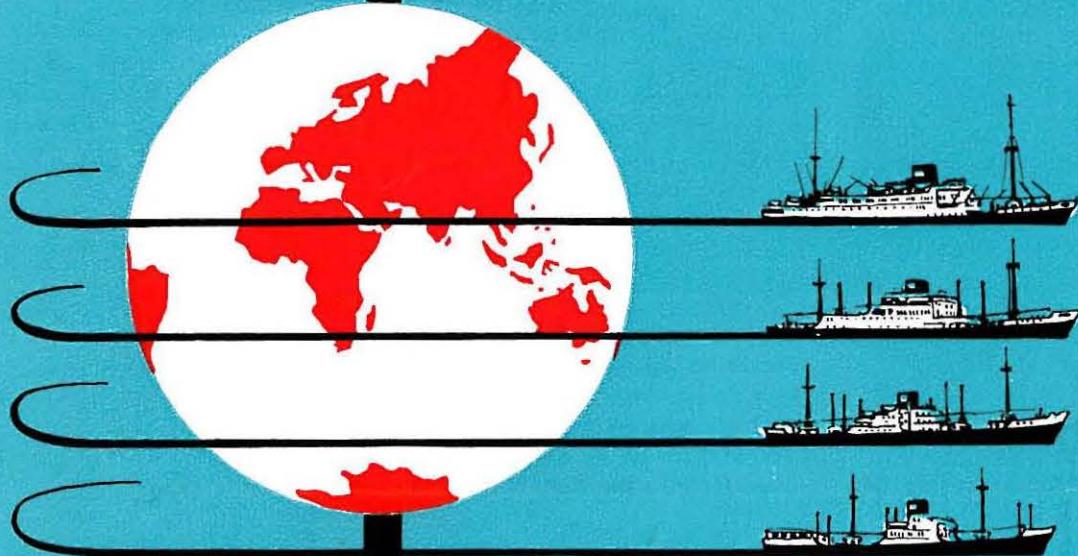


RIL post

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION
FOR ALL PERSONNEL OF THE
ROYAL INTEROCEAN LINES



KONINKLIJKE JAVA - CHINA - PAKETVAART LIJNEN N.V.

Vol. XII. No. 9. September, 1965

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S. AMERICA	— H.C.G.L. RIBBINK

SEPTEMBER 1965
VOL. XII, NO. 9



RILpost

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION FOR ALL PERSONNEL OF THE

ROYAL INTEROCEAN LINES

P. O. BOX 725

HONG KONG



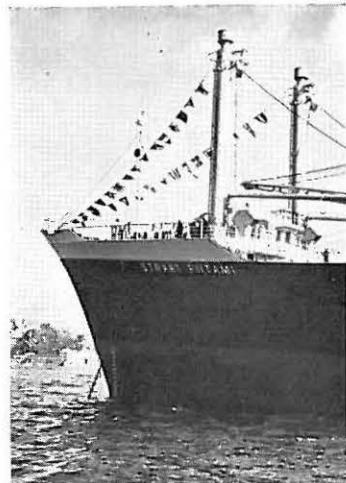
Children are notorious 'show-stealers' and this little 7-year old Korean miss received at least as much applause as other, more exotic performers on board Tjitjalengka — page 169.



From the Editor

AMULET

When Mr Yoshioka (now Manager of our Tokyo Agency office) visited the Futami-ga-ura Shrine, he brought back with him an amulet — a good luck charm. This was handed to Captain L. A. Cijssouw by Mr Sakurai in Osaka, at the time of the delivery of STRAAT FUTAMI, with good wishes on behalf of the entire Japanese staff of all R.I.L. offices in Japan. Every other R.I.L.-er will want to add a similar wish for the Company's exciting new ship, which is now on her maiden voyage — pages 163 - 5, 170/1.



TRISTAN DA CUNHA STAMPS

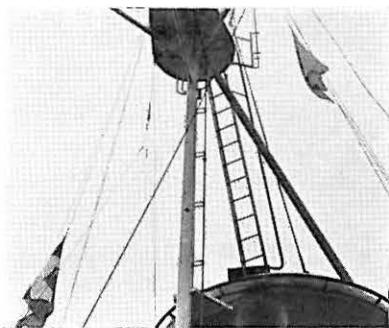
As we go to press, the last requests are coming in for the postcards bearing the six stamps from Tristan da Cunha (see July issue). It is already clear that a ballot will be necessary after 1st September and that no applicant will receive more than one card.

Full report next month!

THROUGH IRISH EYES

For the last eighteen months or so, the Passage Department at HK HO has been graced by a slender mercurial Irish girl, who — as Publicity Assistant — turned out some of the bright attractive brochures and folders currently in use in the Company. Miss Neville-O'Brien left for Africa in July, but before doing so, she made a trip to China (pages 168/70). Our thanks and good wishes go to 'Marie-Lou' on her travels.

Contents, with the exception of articles derived from other publications, may be reprinted; acknowledgement of the source, however, would be appreciated.



Hitachi's house-flag was lowered as R.I.L.'s was hoisted.

R.I.L.'S NEW SHIP DELIVERED

To the deafening sound of the ship's siren and the applause of many onlookers, Messrs Hitachi's house-flag was lowered, and simultaneously R.I.L.'s fluttered up the halyard (on the new short aerial) of Straat Futami on 24th July, as the vessel laid alongside Hitachi's pier. The occasion was the delivery of the very first Netherlands ship to be built in Japan.

Earlier, in Hitachi's Sakurajima Kaikan (hall), the formal documents had been signed and sealed by Mr Reyneker for R.I.L. and Mr Ujiie for Hitachi in the presence of a Representative of the Japan Maritime Bureau, a Surveyor of Lloyd's Register of Shipping, and the Inspector of the Dutch Shipping Inspection office, Singapore, as well as other representatives of both sides. Mr Ujiie presented Mr Reyneker with photograph albums and an oil-painting of Straat Futami, and Captain Cijssouw with a beautiful Japanese doll to commemorate the occasion.

After completion of delivery, a luncheon party was held, at which Mr Ujiie expressed his gratitude for the great cooperation and supervision experienced from R.I.L. during building. In reply, Mr Reyneker gave warm thanks to the many people who had helped to give Straat Futami 'the elegant line and speed of a greyhound', mentioning particularly the liaison work which had helped to bring about an atmosphere of goodwill and understanding at all levels.

In appointing Captain Cijssouw to the command of the vessel, Mr Reyneker said: "I think that you, your officers, petty-officers and crew can rightly be proud of sailing in this beautiful ship".



Formal signing of documents.



Mr Ujiie presented — a beautiful Japanese doll.



FIRST PORT OF CALL

Miss Yokohama presented a bouquet and (right) the first parcel was loaded





The photographs published in the May issue of R.I.L. Post of the launching of R.I.L.'s latest ship, Straat Futami, aroused a good deal of comment on the really extraordinary-looking new bulbous bow and gave rise to some—mostly—uninformed comment.

Jr.P.Th. Meerdink is the Naval Architect in charge of K.P.M.'s Shipbuilding Bureau in Amsterdam, which designs ships also for R.I.L. We took advantage of a recent visit by him to HK HO to question him about the performance of bulbous bows generally, and that of Straat Futami in particular. He gave us the following interesting facts:—

Admiral Taylor, a famous American research worker of ships models, many decades ago already made tests in his model basin with a bulbous bow, but his conception was not a bow such as we have today; his bulbous bow did not extend before the fore perpendicular, was smaller and had a different shape. According to his research a bulbous bow was an advantage only for high speed vessels.

Generally speaking, the bowwaves of any ship take energy from the machinery power of that ship. When a bulbous bow is installed, a secondary wave system is developed by the bulb, which is different in phase from that of the bow proper and — to put it very simply — this secondary wave system deflects the pressure against the ship, thus causing less loss of energy, and — it follows — more speed with the same amount of horse power.

In the last ten years, the speed of modern cargo vessels has increased considerably, so that the possible use of a bulbous bow became a very interesting question. A new investigation was made by Professor Dr. Inui of Japan who recommended an extremely extended bulb, but as a result thereof his design could not be adopted without a completely reshaped hull.

About one year ago we asked our own Netherlands Ship

THE BULBOUS BOW

An Expert gives some Information

Model Basin at Wageningen for their opinion of a big bulbous bow for a bulk carrier, extending some metres before the fore perpendicular. They did not know, but said they would investigate to see if there would be any gain in horse power. The results of the model tests were that there was no difference in h.p., with or without bulbous bow in full condition, but in ballast, there was a gain in horse power of 20%! The saving in fuel oil can be appreciated immediately. This will be put to the test when K.P.M.'s new 25,000 ton bulk carrier goes into service in October this year.

We supposed that also for a fast cargo liner there might be an advantage with a big bulbous bow of the new shape and therefore we asked Wageningen their opinion of a bulbous bow for Straat Futami, having in mind the keel which was to be laid in Japan in December, 1964. Again they investigated with ship models in the testing tank, and this time reported that in ballast there would be about a $4\frac{1}{2}\%$ gain, in full draught about 4%, but in between these two conditions the gain could be up to $10\frac{1}{2}\%$. We immediately asked Messrs Hitachi if they could build such a bow, and after only a few days they came up with a figure which, related to the estimated saving of fuel oil, indicated that the cost would be recovered in — say 6 to 7 years.

Further model tests at Wageningen of both larger and smaller bulbs only proved the first model to have been the best, and in fact this is the size — 4 metre diameter — which has been fitted to Straat Futami. In view of the bulbous stem, the arrangement of the windlass and the anchor hawse pipes has had to be redesigned, so that the bow anchors can let go free of the bulb. Of course, the Master of Futami has to take special care with bow anchors when the ship is listing.

During the speed trials of Straat Futami, the extremely interesting result was that there was **almost no bow wave** at all, and the water level at the forepart of the ship was in an almost straight line. (see centre pages)

CHEERFUL FAREWELLS

When Tjiluwah left pier 4-R in Kobe on 12th July, many well-wishers came to wave goodbye to the large party of Japanese students who again this year made a round-trip "study-and-goodwill" tour of Hong Kong and Australia.

Photo: The Mainichi Daily News.



BULBOUS BOW (continued)

Wageningen were asked to make two further testings. The first was the effect of the bulbous bow on "slamming", and they reported that up to Wind Force 6 and full engine power, there is no difference. No tests above Wind Force 6 are needed, because above that Force every captain will give orders to decrease engine power if there is any chance of "slamming".

The second was the influence of the new bow on the steering characteristics of the ship. Because there was more wet surface in the fore part of the ship it might have been that this would have had a bad influence on the steering characteristics of the ship and therefore the rudder post of the stern frame had been made a little bit larger. Standard steering tests at Wageningen revealed no difference in performance between the model with bulb and larger rudder post and the model without bulb and no larger rudder post.

Reportedly, Captain Cijssouw is very happy with his new ship, but it is only after the experience of some years that the performance of this new bulbous bow can really be weighed up. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating".

EXPERTS!

The local newspaper reported that "a few hours of Oriental splendour" were provided on board Tjibantjet when the ship laid in Kilindini Harbour in June.

Be that as it may, Captain Westrate gave a highly successful Chinese dinner ("better than you could obtain even in Hong Kong"—sic.) to members of the Hong Kong Trade Mission who were spending some weeks in Kenya, and the British High Commission Representative in Mombasa Mr G. Grubb.

Demonstrating their expertise with chopsticks are Mr Ph. Bangert (R.I.L.'s Representative in East Africa), Mr P.Y. Tang (a member of the H.K. Legislative Council) and Captain Westrate.

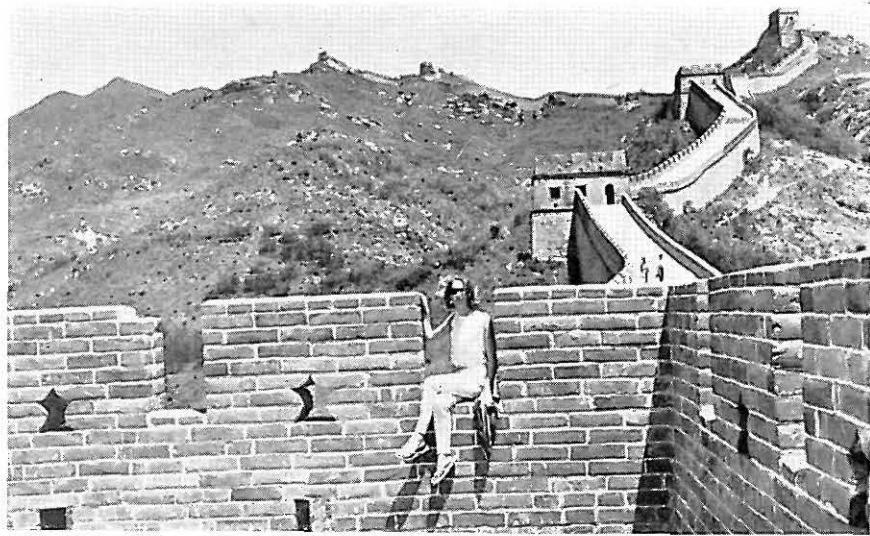
GOOD LUCK

預祝好運

黃結先生代表士打富譚美輪同寅向該輪預祝好運，當該新輪移交與渣華郵船公司後，彼即照華人習俗，在船尾燃燒爆竹一大串，以驅除邪惡帶來幸運。



Mr Wong Kit did his bit to ensure good luck for Straat Futami. Immediately after the new ship had been handed over to R.I.L. he lighted a big fire cracker on the after deck, in accordance with Chinese custom, to drive away evil spirits and bring good luck.



JADE STEPS

An R.I.L.'er in China

The calm serenity of the Chinese lake, surrounded on three sides by lush mountains where 'clouds linger': the fringed edging of forty-three varieties of willow tree in their soft shades of green: the little ornamental bridges, through the half-round arches of which a slim, canopied boat would glide: the vermillion-pillared teahouses with their curling roofs of red-brown tiles: all these made a distracting picture that slowed my steps into a dazed meander as I trod barefoot on feather-soft grass, unmarred by even a fallen leaf. In one hand I carried my sandals — the faithful 'flip-flops' — and in the other the stout traditional rattan umbrella, borrowed to shelter me from the steady gentle rain.

My lackadaisical mind enjoyed the freedom of such beautiful solitude, and I reflected back on the wild planning which had brought me — a lone female — on this tightly scheduled, twelve-day visit to an ancient civilization and to this unbelievably beautiful palace grounds.

A sudden phone-call to R.I.L.'s Head Office in Hong Kong had told me that my visa had been granted, and from then on it had been a mad rush; plane tickets, train tickets, injections, insurance, until finally I found myself in a train of the famous Hong Kong-Canton Railway. My case — packed in an hour — contained clothes for at least three of the seasons quoted to me by those well-meaning 'advisors'. Two cameras and nine precious rolls of film were clutched in my hands. Against all mockery and praise of Chinese cuisine, my cautious Irish self had also brought along three dozen 'curry-puffs' as provender — 'just in case.'

With only a few misgivings, I walked along the track at Shum Chun to change trains at the frontier, and after completion of a thorough but straight-forward customs check, clambered into another train which was almost the double of the one I had left. Sipping a cup of hot Chinese tea, I arrived a few hours later in the capital of Kwangtung Province — busy industrial Canton.

Canton

食在廣州 they say ("eat in Canton"), so what better way to spend the few hours before take-off than in one of the delightful old Chinese houses which has been converted into a Garden Restaurant? Two charming Canadian businessmen insisted that I forego my curriypuffs for what proved to be the most delicious succulent dishes of Chinese food which I have ever tasted: boneless fish, prawns soft and very juicy with crab-meat sauce, chicken liver and green peapods, sweet duck and delicious, crisp, flat noodles, plus of course a light refreshing Chinese beer.

It was the rainy season, but this did not prevent a smooth take-off from Canton's sodden airfield at 7 a.m., and soon the rich rice-fields of the South were left behind, to be replaced four hours later by avenues of lights in the famous and — I was to discover — fantastic capital of Peking. The scent of the flowers in the airport gardens wafted past me on the cool night breeze as I sat sipping the customary cup of tea; I had only just finished when my passport was returned and I was able to join my luggage in the waiting taxi.

A 45 minute drive, at a steady 30 k.p.h. (the country's speed limit) down the middle of a straight, wide avenue brought me at length to the Hsin Chiao Hotel, where I thankfully retired to an old-fashioned, but comfortable room. My morale was restored by a hair-wash and I slept soundly.

Peking

Having no time-piece, my rule of the day in China was to leap out of bed when the first flush of dawn seeped through an eyelash. Next morning, therefore, when I was awoken by the ringing of many bicycle bells and the hooting of car horns, I hastened to dress in something suitable to the country — a nice feminine pink — and was pleasantly surprised to find how my hair shone in the dry air. It was exhilarating after the hot humidity of the

south, and I fairly bounced down the long corridor towards the lift — to be confronted with a clock that said 6.35! In sheer disbelief I walked down the two flights of stairs to the vast lobby and checked with another clock. "Dining-room open at seven o'clock, miss", said a waiter. "Still plenty of time to walk round the block?" I asked, "Yes, yes." So I went through the revolving door and along the flagstones of a Peking street.

The early morning scene was a busy one, the street crowded with little donkeys pulling big loads, horses pulling even bigger carts, people walking and hundreds of others riding bicycles.

As I ventured forth, and — growing more daring in this strange city — crossed the road to the shade of "The Hatamen", an old wall, I became aware that passing feet were ceasing to pedal and heads were turning towards me as the cyclists took in this tall, fair stranger with the big shoes. The inevitable happened, of course, and the passing streams became a tangle of bicycles, piled-up in the middle. Though the first dismay soon turned to open laughter, I hurried on, not wanting to be accused of disturbing the peace! The steady stares of the older people mostly turned to smiles as I nodded a "Good morning", the younger workers only glanced, but the children pointed their fingers and quietly followed me until, feeling like a female Pied Piper who attracted attention with her high heels, I retreated to the hotel.

The China International Travel Service desks did not open until 8 o'clock. I was not hungry and I did not wish to telephone my contacts at what might prove to be their 'dawn', so I studied some of the many magazines which were available in almost every language. The 'China Pictorial' and 'China Reconstructive' both presented stories of the labourers' opportunities for education, of their return to farms after graduation to get practical experience and to help their fellow workers, and of children from the poorest families getting State-aided education. Coloured photographs showed healthy, happy people from communes all over the country working and studying for their motherland.

At 8.30, impatience replaced politeness: I telephoned an ex-Hong Kong friend to ask if I must really climb in and out of coaches with hoards of other 'western visitors?' He laughed and assured me that I could do whatever I wanted and could walk to many of the "Must see's" from the hotel! I had hardly replaced the receiver and collected all my notes and instructions when a tall well-built westerner approached me. He turned out to be the great friend of one of my colleagues, in Peking on business, and ready to shower me with advice: pedicabs, buses, taxis could be taken anywhere, or I could walk: a safe return could be assured by taking along an hotel envelope and showing to any passer-by without need of language.

This time I swung the revolving door with a certain independent confidence, smiling to myself as I saw a small group of French tourists waiting for their day's itinerary to start.

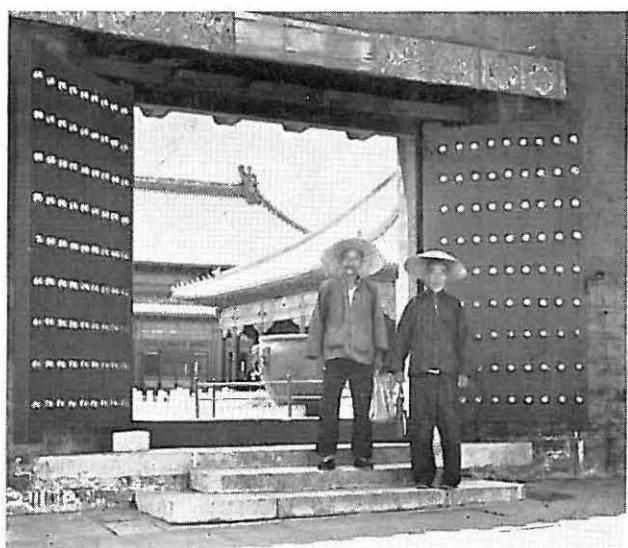
(continued on next page)



" . . . countless, glorious sweeping roofs . . . "



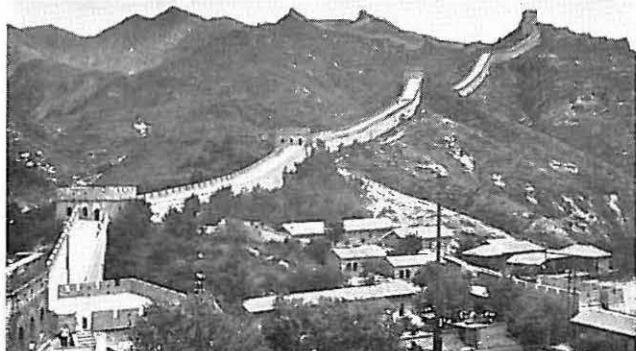
" . . . enormous courtyard . . . "



" . . . great doors . . . "



" . . . marble steps . . . carved grotesques . . . "



" . . . the most gigantic defence ever erected by man . . . "



Road to Ming Tombs.

JADE STEPS (continued)

Forbidden City

"The Palace Museum, built in 1420 and occupying an area of 72 hectares, was the former imperial palace of the Ming and Ching dynasties. With its symmetrical layout and magnificent buildings, it is China's greatest museum of culture and art . . ."

I 'did' it, right down to the last enormous courtyard and winged roof, using up the 37 coloured and 37 black-and-white negatives in my cameras, and with my mind whirling at the extent of the beauty contained beneath those countless, glorious sweeping roofs, their golden tiles shimmering in the heat. With blisters multiplying on my feet from the ridiculous high heels, I limped my way through the vast 'city'—too big, too beautiful to absorb—up white marble steps, past rows of carved marble lions and immense dragons, through great bronze doors to palaces of exotic colour (incredibly, constructed of wood without the use of a single nail), along endless avenues of trees, staring at huge copper urns, outsized birds and beasts and carved grotesques, until—in a daze—I showed my printed hotel envelope to a pedicab and jogged back to renew both my energies and my stock of film.

The Imperial City is no longer 'Forbidden' (and indeed this title is never used today) but is a treasure-house worthy of a great nation. A visit to this alone would have made my trip worth-while.

The Great Wall

Although there is a certain satisfaction in finding one's own way, I was glad to relax into a friend's Humber car for the 75-kilometre drive northwest of Peking City to the most gigantic defence ever erected by man, "The Great Wall of China". Our energies were used up in climbing to the ramparts and walking along only a minute fraction

of the massive 6,000 kilometres of stone wall which—2,500 years ago—was constructed to keep out the invading 'barbarians'. From Shanhakuan Pass in the east to the Chiayukuan Pass in the west, it is a most astonishing engineering feat, and at Petaling Pass where we stood, modern preservation makes it possible to appreciate what it looked like in its heyday.

The Ming Tombs

After about thirty minutes' drive from the Wall, we stopped in the shade and solitude of some ancient, weathered ruins of a Ming tomb to eat our picnic luncheon. (thankfully, I contributed the curry-puffs!). It was one of the older of the many tombs of this Dynasty which are set in the hills outside Peking. In the heat of the afternoon we drove along the straight miles of an avenue lined with giant-sized warriors and mammoth white marble animals to the 'Underground Palace of Ting Ling' which is really the Mausoleum of the Emperor Chu I-chun (Wan Li) of the Ming Dynasty (1620), accompanied (compulsorily) by his many wives. Here, shaded by tree lanes, we saw beautifully carved copper urns and vats, graced by banks of azaleas. Cut into the hillside at the back of numerous courtyards and temples were the burial chambers and tomb. Mighty doors of cool carved marble guarded the dignity of the dead Emperor's last resting-place. In the shadowy, dry interior, we found the icy rooms a relief from the dazzling heat outside.

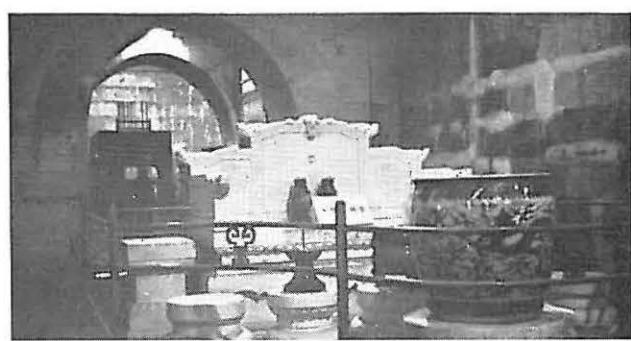
Back in the courtyard, we hastened to visit the museum, to stare incredulously at the undoubtedly genuine jewels of every colour and description. Royally set in intricate filigree gold, they not only ornamented elaborate head-dresses and belts for gold-threaded robes, but also adorned delicate teapots and dishes. Photographs taken recently showed the emperor's long hair still coiled up with jewelled ornaments.

(to be concluded)

Farmhouse



Inside the Mausoleum.





A

ONE - WOMAN

CIRCUS



A passenger on board Tjitjalengka recently sailing from Singapore to Brazil was Miss Carola Boetz, originally a member of the now defunct Circus Brazil (see May issue). Travelling with her were 11 pythons (from 18 to 24 feet), 4 poodles, and two goats. -

The passengers very much appreciated two shows given by Miss Boetz of magic, dancing, goats and pythons. Some delightful children from Korea and Taiwan supported her with beautiful dances from their native countries, and she accompanied her own dancing on an accordion.

For the python show, Miss Boetz called for some assistance,

and Chief Officer Piso turned out to be an able circus hand! After the python had completely encircled her, Second Engineer Vliegenthart was invited to test, by standing on the snake, that the reptile had not just lightly wound itself around the performer, but had her (uncomfortably) tight in its grip.

Captain Jelijs reports that crowded audiences were enthusiastic about the shows, which were a much appreciated deviation from the usual entertainment.

Our thanks are due to Asst. Storekeeper Yue Choi (余才) for his photographs.



FLEET FACTS

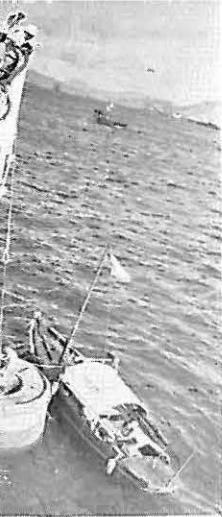
m.v. **Straat Colombo** will leave the China-West Africa Service (CHIWAS) at the end of her present voyage and, after docking in Japan, will enter the India-Australia Service (INDIAS) as the fifth unit, loading in Ceylon in early November.

The Netherlands ship **Hollands Diep** (9631 GRT) has been time-chartered and will make the October CHIWAS sailing from Shanghai. She will be delivered at Japan in mid-October.

m.v. **Ranhall**, a Norwegian all-refrigerated ship of about 180,000 cu.ft., has been time-chartered for one voyage between South America and the Far East. The vessel will be delivered off Cape Verde in mid-September and re-delivered in November.

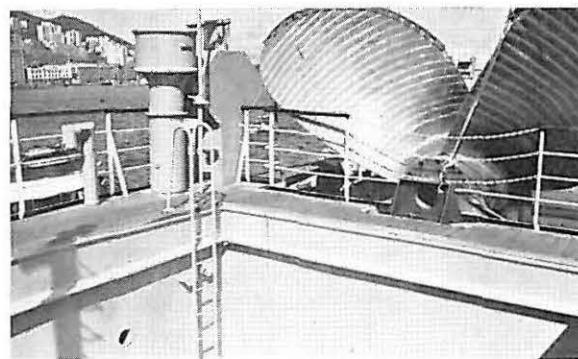
The three charter ships, **Amstelhoek**, **Pearl Sea** and **Stad Gouda** were re-delivered to their respective owners during August.

MAIDEN



A round of receptions in Japanese ports produced these mementos, generously donated by (*l. to r.*) Nagoya, Kobe, Osaka, and Yokohama. The oil-painting from Hitachi (page 163) is underneath.

ell-timed operation by
Futami, combined with
the dexterity of the pilot
crew, brought
to a well-placed berth
to both Hong Kong and
on.



The swimming-pool proved difficult to photograph. Perhaps some enterprising R.I.L.'er will get a better picture from a shore installation?



Looking aft from A-deck, past the starboard side-hatches and one of the four 5-ton hydraulic cranes to the fixed swimming-pool on the poopdeck, partly obscured by the spare propeller.



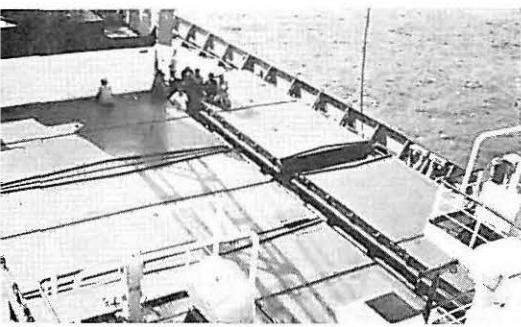
Here is STRAAT FUTAMI, cream to prove Mr Meerdink's point above.

The world and his wife came to visit Straat
Kong harbour in mid-August. The many's
comment and speculation as to exciting pos-

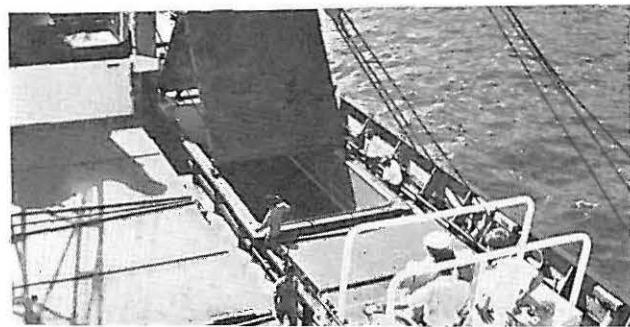
The enormous bulbous bow well-hidden by
bilge-level alarm device on the wide bridge
the various automatic controls and data-lo
arrangement at Hold No. 4 or the large 65
are just part of a ship which may well usher

Other details are shown on this page, for
be able to visit the ship for some time,
look out for them as the ship arrives in

. 4 hatch and the four side-hatches,



One of the portside hydraulic hatches just opening.



YAGE



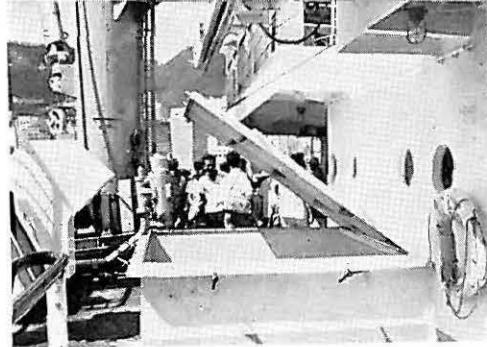
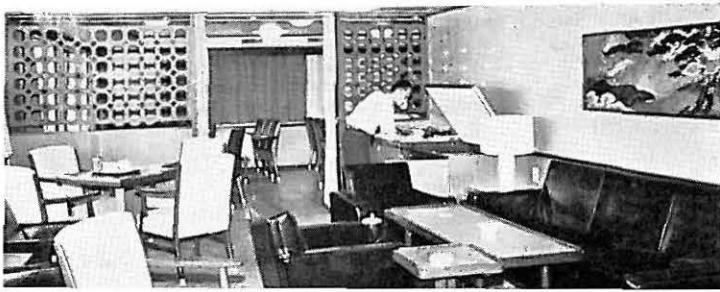
Smoothly through the waves,
bulbous bow — page 164.

as she laid at A-1 buoy in Hong
features on the vessel aroused much
s for the future.

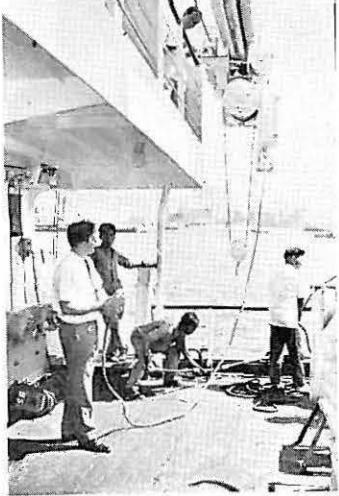
the harbour waters, the automatic
ts angled window to prevent glare,
in the engine-room, the triple-hatch
avy derrick at No. 2 hatch,—these
w era in the history of our Company.

fit of those R.I.L.'ers who may not
in Africa and South America can
ent ASAS voyage.

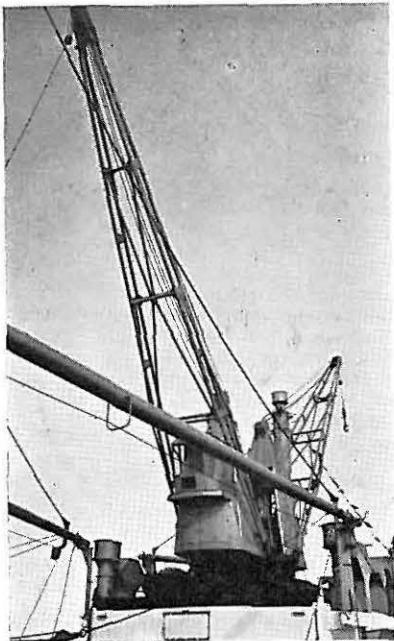
-shaped room'— officers' messroom and dining-room with large picture windows.



(right) The travelling crane or 'side-loader' is fitted at A-deck level, and controlled by push-button from the handler at B-deck. This is for ship's provisions and stores, which can be lowered into . . .
(above) . . . a special small hatch at B-deck level which gives access to ship's storerooms.



Pair of 5-ton cranes at Nos.
4 & 5 hatches.



Close-up of a crane cab which is fitted
with a cooling fan and a heater.



All officers paused for a moment in their work, to be congratulated by Mr Reyncker and to be presented with an engraved silver sake cup.





SAILOR

ASHORE

The ninth in our series of articles designed to help the seagoing man when he steps ashore, comes from someone who claims to be a crew member of the Straat Banka. However, he has a rather feminine-sounding name, and has a curiously detailed knowledge of

EAST LONDON

(R. 1.00 = 10/- sterling = HK\$ 8.00 approx.)

The early morning sun was just peeping over the horizon when we were abreast of Bonza Bay. The rays, diffused in the misty dawn's awakening, danced on the silvery wake trailing behind the "STRAAT BANKA".

In half an hour we should be docking at East London. As this was my first visit to East London or, in fact, South Africa, I had browsed industriously through a guide book on the long voyage from Hong Kong. And so I knew Bonza Bay had got its name from Australian seamen wrecked there many years before who had said of it, "This is a bonza bay", using the Aussie slang to mean it was a pretty, a nice bay.

I knew too before we should meet the harbour tug we would have to pass Nahoon Point and Mermaid's Pool and the picturesque Bat's Cave.

Captain Peter Zweers was another up with the dawn. I could see him pacing the bridge ready to deliver his charge to the pilot who would shortly come aboard.

My name is Han Suyin and I am 27 years old. I have served with the company for seven years, but this is my first stint on the South Africa run. Curious by nature, I extensively "explored" East London during the three days we were in port and I would like to tell you what I saw and did.

First let me tell you about the harbour. Situated on the Buffalo River, East London is South Africa's only river port and one of the country's four major harbours.

Dominating the whole of the harbour complex is the huge three million rand grain elevator comprising 40 silo bins standing 220 feet high — the equivalent of a 16-storey building.

The breath-taking view from the top of the elevator commands a magnificent panorama of sea, sand dunes, a bustling esplanade fronted by big hotels, and looking up the river, a gentle stretch of water trimmed with wooded slopes on either side and framed beneath the mighty stanchions of the Buffalo Bridge — the only double-deck bridge taking rail (below) and road (above) traffic in South Africa.

Entering East London by boat you are "greeted" by two "arms" stretched out in welcome — the smaller "Little Pier" on the right going in and the Breakwater, its larger limbed "brother" on the left.

Looking across the harbour entrance from the ship's deck my eye fell first on the golden stretch of sand that is the Orient Beach — the

city's main bathing beach which gets its name from the wreck of the s.v. Orient on the beach yesteryear.

I looked at my watch. It was 6.15 a.m. A few intrepid bathers were jumping in the waves at their early morning dip. Beyond the beach it was easy to discern the city's beachfront hotels overlooking sand, sea and shore and fronted by a gentle, grassed slope dotted with flowers and trees.

It was Monday morning as we nestled into the quay ahead of the mailship resplendent in her maroon and white livery. Berthing crew on the Straat Banka exchanged nodded good mornings with stevedores going aboard the Capetown Castle.

After breakfast I set out on my first "venture into the interior". As the harbour is only half a mile from the city's commercial centre the obvious suggested a stroll into town. Armed with sun-glasses, guide and English phrase books, I set out along the main exit from the harbour. This is a broad roadway whose sylvan setting is emphasised by the flamboyant and strangely named Kaffirboom (native tree). As the Kaffirbooms were in bloom the tree-lined avenue was a riot of rich orange blossoms. (A smaller exit at the other end of the harbour provides a ready access to the Orient Beach).

Turn left into Fleet Street, right at the Market Square into the city's main street, Oxford Street, walk a hundred yards and you are in East London's thriving, busy city centre.

Glancing into shop windows I noted at random that a good poplin shirt sells for R. 3.95 (£1.19.6), a lacy petticoat for R. 4.35 (£2.3.6), a good quality watch for R. 20 (£10), a loaf of bread for 9c (10d.), a pound of tea for 85c (8/6d.). In front of the quaint City Hall topped by a clock tower my camera clicked at an impressive monument of a scout astride a prancing horse. I walked over to examine the inscription — a memorial to colonial troops who died in the Anglo-Boer War.

As the morning wore on I consulted my guide book and decided the museum should be the next port of call.

I found the museum, acknowledged as one of the finest in South Africa, housed in a modern building and laid out internally with imaginative real-life settings. The entrance hall is dominated by Latimeria Chalumnae — or to give it its colloquial name, a coelacanth. The capture of this fish, long thought to be extinct, in South African waters a few years ago constituted one of the most startling discoveries of a "living fossil". It had generally been accepted prior to this sensational catch that the coelacanth species had completely died out before the end of the Mesozoic Epoch — about 50 million years ago.

The mounted specimen gets its scientific name from Miss Courtenay-Latimer, the museum's curator, and the Chalumna River mouth area on the coast east of East London, the locale where the fish was caught.

Of particular interest is the native cameo depicting life in a Xhosa tribal kraal and the moonlight showcase featuring those animals and birds which fall into the "prowlers by night" category in a very real-life setting.

Not far from the museum is the Ann Bryant Art Gallery. The gallery houses a good selection of contemporary and post-Victorian art, tastefully displayed in a gracious mid-Victorian building, the former home of the art patroness who bequeathed it to the city and whose memory is perpetuated by its name, Mrs. Ann Bryant.

After a light lunch in town I strolled down to the East London branch of the Missions to Seamen where I met the genial Missions padre, the Rev. George McCollum. Over the snooker table I met some visiting Scandinavian officers off one of the ships in port who invited me to go along with them on the morrow on East London's well known walk over Bat's Cave. It transpired that my new-found friends always made a point of taking the walk when they were in East London. We arranged to meet at the harbour entrance at nine the next morning.

Our walk took us along the beach front esplanade and past the Orient Baths. These swimming baths have a special place in the hearts of East Londoners for it was here that Joan Harrison trained and learned to swim, a place where hours of practice climaxed in a gold medal at the 1952 Olympic Games in Helsinki.

Also on the way to Bat's Cave is the city's aquarium — reputed to be one of the best aquariums in South Africa. As we had plenty of time before low tide — a necessary condition for access to the Cave — at 11 a.m., we decided on a quick browse through the aquarium. There I "met" Tommy the turtle, an aquarium resident for the last 12 years who was only four inches long when he was brought in; stood fascinated at the antics of the little sea horses; watched in horror as the creepy octopus made a meal of a baby crab.

From the aquarium a huge building catches the eye. It is the Wool Growers Auctions building — a building accommodating the biggest floor space under a single roof in the Southern Hemisphere.

Continuing our walk we passed the Eastern Beach, popular with holiday-makers from the nearby camping sites, skirted around Marina Glen, a favourite week-end picnic rendezvous with East London families where often on a Sunday afternoon a military band is in attendance, and on across gently undulating golden sands and on towards the cave. Soon the sand gives way to a rocky hillside path and all the while the ponderous ocean beats out its mighty melody on the rocks below.

The mile-long walk brings you out to a natural observation platform on top of the cave. From here there is a breath-taking vista, looking back on the sweep of the harbour entrance, the beaches and the houses dotting the hills above the sea. Out to sea a school of porpoises gambolled in the waves.

An access path takes you into the cave — at low tide only — and an eerie world of thousands of bats, asleep by day, easily seen in their comical upside-down sleeping arrangement. The floor of the cave is carpeted with the guano of thousands of bats.

Returning to the top path the natural walk is to continue on to Mermaid's Pool past The Three Sisters — three natural rock-hole formations through which the sea gushes, sending up a cascading jet of water. Mermaid's Pool is a favourite haunt of spear fishermen. Its clear translucent waters provide an ideal haven for the young spoterman wanting to shoot the mercurial "big 'un".

Just around the corner the broad sweep of the Nahoon Beach fades away to the hills which mark Bonza Bay in the background. This is the beach favoured by East London's younger set — the girls in bikinis, the tanned torsos of the Hawaiian board enthusiasts. Over week-ends and during the school holidays in the summer, hundreds of the younger beach set throng to Nahoon. Acknowledged as one of the finest surfing beaches anywhere along the South African coast-



City Hall.

line, its rolling swells are always dotted with surf-board riders engaged in the exhilarating sport of taking the "shoots".

From Nahoon we caught a bus back into town and were back on board ship in time for lunch. After the morning's exercise I was happy to sleep the afternoon away after lunching on crayfish mayonnaise and rock lobster peri-peri.

That evening I glanced at the officers' bulletin board and learnt that Padre McCollum had arranged a day's scenic drive on Wednesday for any who were interested. I added my name to the list.

The drive took us through the city centre, out along tree-lined suburban avenues and by way of Amalinda to the twisting mountain road that snakes its way down into the Buffalo Pass. At the top end of town on the way to the pass we passed the city's impressive civic theatre, a select and intimate theatre catering for overseas touring productions, revues, musicals, amateur dramatics and cabaret.

Buffalo Pass crosses the Buffalo River about ten miles from the mouth and then climbs steeply up through the Glen Grey forestry reserve and through it to the marine drive. The drive follows a meandering way past such resorts and picturesque places as Cove Woods, Igoda Mouth, Gulu River and, where we turned after a light picnic lunch, Kidds Beach, 21 miles from the city. This beach is on the fringe of East London's budding pineapple industry and the surrounding hills are dotted with the stunted plants and their yellow core — the delicious pineapple.

On the return drive we kept to the coastal road and after Cove Woods the road sweeps below the city's airport and down to the sea, passing in quick succession, Leach's Bay and Shelley Beach, before the road becomes part of an international grand prix racing circuit — the Prince George circuit and home of the South African Grand Prix, a popular ring on the calendars of such drivers as Jim Clark, Graham Hill, John Surtees, Stirling Moss — all of whom, and many more, have raced here.

From the circuit we drove to the Alexander Country Club for afternoon tea. The club is a private Jewish Club — though visitors are always welcome — catering for golf (an 18-hole course), bowls, including floodlit bowls and tennis.

Talking of golf, there are two other courses in East London — the city's best known course, the East London Golf Club, a difficult though very picturesque course set among rolling hills and scene of the South African Open golf championships on numerous occasions; and the West Bank course which overlooks the Indian Ocean's breakers crashing on the shore.

Driving back into town from the westerly approach across the Buffalo Bridge, the road skirts the Princess Elizabeth graving dock, opened by the then Princess Elizabeth (now Queen Elizabeth) when the British Royal Family toured South Africa in 1947. It is one of the country's biggest. Almost opposite the dock is the entrance to the Queen's Park, a secluded park devoted to the cultivation of flora and fauna and featuring a small zoo. This is where we next turned our

FAREWELL LUNCHEON FOR CAPTAIN DE ROODE



Family group with Captain Klein.

The lounge of the Tegelberg was unusually full for the time of day. The clinking of glasses, the friendly chatter and the abundance of laughter lent itself to the auspicious occasion. Captain Klein was host to the Durban Management and Senior members of R.I.L. ships in port, at the official farewell party of Captain and Mrs de Roode.

Mr Egberink, addressing Captain and Mrs de Roode on behalf of the Managing Directors, spoke of Captain de Roode's devoted service since 1930 in an interesting and varied career with K.P.M./R.I.L. Mr Egberink added that it was a pleasant coincidence that the farewell luncheon took place on the vessel in which Captain de Roode had spent 4½ memorable war years as Third Officer.

In conclusion Mr Egberink proposed a toast to the Guests of Honour expressing the hope that, after a distinguished and honourable career, Captain de Roode would share many years of health and happiness with his wife in Australia.

Captain de Roode commenced his reply by paying tribute to his wife, who for twenty-three years had patiently and sincerely encouraged him in his career. After thanking Mr Egberink for his kind words, he reminisced briefly on his career at sea, mentioning the friends made and the co-operation given on board and ashore.

The retiring Master concluded his speech by proposing a toast to the continued prosperity of R.I.L. and those who serve in the Company.

(Photo: Dresser Tang Man To 鄧敏滔)

EAST LONDON (continued from previous page)

attention and I strolled down gently sloping footpaths between great beds of trees and shrubs bordering emerald lawns. Here are the tumbling gold of cassia, the flamboyant hibiscus, red and pink poinsettia flaunting their flowers, the unique and graceful strelitzia crowning the green with its crane flower, the demure brunsfelsia

Town Centre.

showing the shades of bloom that gained its name of "yesterday, today and tomorrow".

At the zoo we met Jimmy the Crow — a truly remarkable crow who boasts an extensive vocabulary, though he is best known for his raucous cry of "BORRRDAAHHH", the traditional cry of East London's partisan rugby followers screaming encouragement to the home side, Border, when they are engaged in a provincial fixture.

And so back to the ship.

As this was to be my last evening in East London I was glad the Mission had arranged a braaivleis for the evening. Americans will recognise a braaivleis as a barbecue, but it was at this braaivleis, a traditional South African way of eating in the open, that I was introduced to chops roasted over an open fire, and boerewors. Boerewors is an Afrikaans sausage delicacy roasted, too, over the fire and eaten in your hands, as is the chop. Braaivleis is an Afrikaans word meaning "cook meat".

It was eleven o'clock when I got back on board and we sailed early the next morning after a hectic, but rewarding three days in East London.

I hope I have given you a small insight into the city.

From the deck railing as we steamed out to sea I looked back fondly on this city I had come to know during the past three days, a new found friend, and I did not say 'Farewell', but rather 'Au Revoir' for I knew at some time in the future I would make a point of returning to renew acquaintances with this city by the sea.



POSTINGS

On 1st September, 1965

<i>Vessel</i>	<i>Captain</i>	<i>Chief Engineer</i>	<i>Head of C.D.</i>	<i>Boatswain</i>	<i>No. 1 Fireman</i>
m.v. RUYS	J.H.W. Voigt	Th. Kuiken	A.P. Eekhout	Lau Chung 劉 鐘	Lam Lin 林 連
,, TEGELBERG	H. Klein	J.v. Boven	B.A.C.H.G.v. Zutphen	Tang Kee 鄧 祺	Lam Kow 林 九
,, BOISSEVAIN	R. Jungeling	M. de Groot	K.A.W.M. Verkerk	Yiu Kwong 姚 光	Yue Fat 余 發
,, TJITJALENGKA	J.D. Jelijs	G.J.C. Bevelander	Li Moon Chung	Cheung Ming 張 明	Leung Yung 梁 容
,, TJIUWAH	S. Jochems	P.C. Spuybroek	Tsui Fook	Leung Tim 梁 添	Lam Fook 林 福
,, TJIWANGI	J. Kuiken	G.H. Menses	Yip Pak	Lai Fook 黎 福	Kwok Kuen 郭 權
,, STR. BANKA	P.H. Zweers	A.P.C. Reynhoudt	Zee Yuen Ching	Ho Woon To 何 煥 圖	Liu Hin Ming 廖 顯 明
,, TJI NEGARA	D. Procee	C. Schavemaker	A. Dumais	Lam Wai 林 偉	Cheung Sai 張 級
,, STR. BALI	S.Tj. Doornbos	P.L.Th.M. Pietersma	Tsang Hin Fai 曾憲輝	Lo Sang 羅 生	Tang Kau 鄧 球
,, STR. MOZAMBIQUE	N. Kroone	J. Tamboer	Mok Hoi Tai 莫海泰	Lee Wah 李 華	Lam Kam 林 金
,, STR. MAGELHAEN	W.F.H. Gerken	J.C. Meulenberg	Ling Yau 凌 有	Kwok Bing 郭 炳	Lam Cheung 林 祥
,, STR. VAN DIEMEN	G.J. Noë	C.F. Nicolai	J.L.W.M. Brand	Chan Kan 陳 根	Lam Lin 林 練
,, STR. RIO	H. Muys	J. Stoop	Wilkiam Doo 杜威謙	Chan Shui Fook 陳水福	Leung Hoi Kwan 梁 海 坤
,, STR. FREMANTLE	H.A. Scheybeler	J. Birza	Shum Wai 岑 維	Kwok Ming 郭 明	Cheng Lau Man 鄭 流 民
,, STR. FUTAMI	L.A. Cijssouw	A. Geurts	Wong Siu Chan 黃兆燦	Cheung Wah 張 華	Choy Yan 蔡 仁
,, STR. FREETOWN	D.C.M.v.d. Kroft	F.M.H. Beckers	Chung Sang 鍾 生	Chow Tai Yau 周帶祐	Choy Ying 蔡 英
,, STR. MALAKKA	W. Lautenbag	A. Nieberg†	Leung Kin Wah 梁建華	Tang Yiu 鄧 耀	Keung Chee 姜 志
,, STR. SOENDA	C. Dekker	J.H.M.v. Miltenburg	Chan Lam 陳 霖	Pang Kwok Wah 彭國華	Lam Chiu 林 照
,, TJBANTJET	L.P. Weststrate	J. Mos	Wong Shan 黃 山	Ho Tao 何 桃	Lee Wah 李 華
s.s. TJBODAS	E.F. Aalberts	P.A. Zwart	Yip Ho Hung 葉河孔	Chan Chuen 陳 錄	Lau Kwai 劉 桂
,, TJPONDOK	W. Ineke	J. Pronk	Yip Sung 葉 宋	Leung Yung Kan 梁容根	Lam For Hing 林火興
,, TJKAMPEK	F. List*	A.J. Pouw	Lo Cheung Hung 羅 張 鴻	Leung Yun Choy 梁潤財	Tong Kow 唐 九
m.v. STR. COLOMBO	G. Verkerk	A.E. Saman	Lam Yuen 林 源	Ho Kwan 何 坤	Cheung Kwai 張 桂
,, STR. CHATHAM	G.v.d. Spoel	D.M.A.J.v.d. Gugten	Ngai Chee Kin 魏志堅	Cheung Ding 張 丁	Lee Sang 李 生
,, STR. CLARENCE	G.P. Proper	H.M. Deggens	Tong Yuet Tim 唐 慶 添	Lee Lun 李 麟	Chan Sing 陳 勝
,, TJPANAS	J.G. ten Bhömer	J.J. Kalkhoven*	Loo Bok Hang 盧 博 恒	Lam Tak 林 德	Tsc Tak Wah 謝 德 華
,, STR. JOHORE	A.J.M. Michelsen	J. Verdonk	Loh Soy Fong 樂 瑞 芳	Luk Wai Man 陸 偉 文	Cheung For Chun 張 伙 清
,, STR. SINGAPORE	J. Verburg	C. van het Maalpad	Leung Lun 梁 麟	Kwok Tai Yau 郭 帶 有	Chan Woo 陳 和
,, STR. CUMBERLAND	J. Jacobs	P. Reuvers	Chung Yan 鍾 仁	Pang Wah Bing 彭 華炳	Chan Chun Ming 陳 振 明
,, STR. CLEMENT	G.v. Altena	H.J. ter Stege	Huen Ng 胡 五	Fan Ah Tak 范 頤 德	Lee Fook Tai 李 福 泰
,, STR. TORRES	J.L.v. Schoondrager*	M.G. de Wever	Ngai Wing Fook 魏 莊 福	Ma Ying Cheong 馬 仍 昌	Lam Sui Hing 林 少 興
,, STR. COOK	D. Kuiken	A. Vink	Chan Yim Hing 陳 炎 卿	Poon Pak Hung 潘 柏 洪	Liu Kwai Yuen 廖 桂 元
,, TJI LWONG	W.H. Schröder	J. Boone	Mok Hong 莫 康	Tang Kit Chec 鄧潔 池	Lam Siu 林 少
,, TJIMANUK	E.P. Helleman	G.G. Peek*	Yau Wang Hing 游 宏 庆	Chan Chau Tung 陳 就 東	Lam Yan 林 仁
,, TJITARUM	A.J. Zonnevijlle	G.J. Doves	Lock Yan 駱 恩	Loo Kan 盧 根	Choy Bing 蔡 炳

* = acting

† = temporary service



PERSONALITIES

Mr F. Terwogt, Managing Director, left Hong Kong on 9th August for a business visit to Manila, returning on board Tjitarum.

Mr H.F. Vengelers returned to Hong Kong from Home Leave on 31st August and will take over again as Manager of the C.T.A. Department.

THE YELLOW ROLLS ROYCE — 2

In July, we published an account of the journey of a 1912 Rolls Royce from Africa to New Zealand on board Van Der Hagen and Van Spilbergen. Here is a letter received in Durban from the owner:—

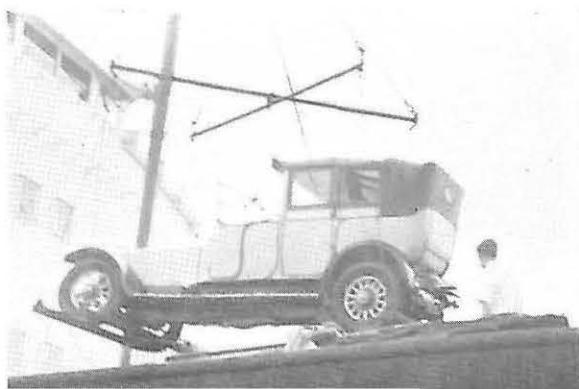
"Dear Mr Blaauw,

I am very pleased to advise that my old car was offloaded safely last Friday and I would like to sincerely thank you and your Company for the very great care taken of my old car while it was on your ships and during the handling at the ports. When one realises the tremendous distance this car has travelled and the fact that it has spent 5 out of the last 7 months on ship board, it is most creditable that it has returned home without a shipping scratch or dent.

Please convey my sincere thanks to everybody who has handled this matter for me.

Yours sincerely,

G.A. HUDDLESTONE"



COMPANY L

REORGANIZATION

In the past half-year, there has been a rearrangement of the structure of our organization in Japan. The aim has been to concentrate overall management and operational management together in the Tokyo/Yokohama area, instead of having the office of the Manager for Japan in Tokyo, and operational management in Kobe, as was the case before. During the course of time, it had become clear that the distance between the two main offices made for difficulties.

The arrangement now is that the Manager for Japan has his office in Tokyo, and operational management is directed from the new Yokohama Management office.

It is intended to house both the Yokohama Management office and the Yokohama Agency (now in separate buildings) together in a new office building, which it is hoped will be constructed in the near future.

As can be imagined, the re-organization has meant quite a number of transfers for Japanese and Dutch staff-members which have necessitated some farewells in the last few months, as shown on this page.

The first transfers were in the Accounts Section — always important! Messrs I. Yagi, K. Kimura, A. Sakai, T. Tamaki, and T. Yano moved to Yokohama from Kobe in February. They were seen off at Sannomiya Station by many staff and business friends. (1)

FAMILY NEWS

New Arrivals

To Chief Officer N.P. Dekker (on leave in Sydney) a son, Petrus Nicolaas, on 9th August.

To Mr. J.H. van der Wal (HK HO FB) a son, Sjoerd, on 15th August.



SHORE LINES

Our July photograph showed the shipping at Autea Quay in Wellington, New Zealand, with the dry-dock in the foreground. The bright sparkling picture was recognized by Mr R.G. Blakey of Messrs Dalgety in Brisbane, who will therefore receive the prize of a letter-opener. Congratulations!

G BOOK

N JAPAN

A warm welcome awaited them in Yokohama (2)

In May, Messrs K. Dirkzwager, W.A. Mulock Houwer, S. Hatakenaka, K. Namura, T. Osada and N. Tsuchiya said Goodbye to Kobe, and a presentation was made to Mr Dirkzwager by the new Kobe Manager, Mr G.D.M. Boot. (3)

Mr Dirkzwager handed over to Mr van Randwyck as Operations Manager in Yokohama in June, and an enjoyable Sayonara Party was held for him before he left for Amsterdam (4)

In July, Mr Mulock Houwer took over the management of Yokohama Agency from Mr C. Moes, and an introduction party was held on board Straat Banka (l. to r.) Mr Moes, Mr van Rhoon (Manager Japan), Mrs Mulock Houwer, Capt. P.H. Zweers, Mrs van Rhoon, Mr Mulock Houwer. (5).



3.

BUSINESS VISIT

Mr H. Oike of our Tokyo office finally left Africa for Japan via Amsterdam on 16th July, having spent 5½ months in all, making business visits. He is seen here on the right of Mr R. Schats, R.I.L.'s Public Relations Officer in Durban, together with two Indian importers, Mr H.H. Lakhani of Lakhani Trading Company, and Mr C.K. Haribhai of Haribhai & Sons (Pty.) Ltd.

Photo: M.K. Bobby Naidoo



4.



5.

VERENIGING VAN "REUNISTEN HOGERE ZEEVAARTSCHOOL DEN HELDER" VRAAGT UW AANDACHT:

Deze vereniging vond haar ontstaan op de reünie van oud-leerlingen, ter gelegenheid van het honderdjarig bestaan van de school in december 1963. Doel is de onderlinge band tussen de oud-leerlingen te verstevigen.

Helaas mist de administratie nog steeds de huidige adressen van een groot aantal oud-leerlingen, waardoor het niet mogelijk is hen in een persoonlijk schrijven te benaderen.

De Secretaris zou het op prijs stellen indien U uw adres laat weten. Secretariaat:

p/a Laan van Bereel 6
Bloemendaal
Nederland.

Tegen een contributie van f. 7,50 per jaar t.n.v. de penningmeester des Heer T. Rijkers, Celebesstraat 8, Den Helder, postrek. No. 9559 t.n.v. Nutsspaarbank te Den Helder t.g.v. "Reünisten Hogere Zeevaartschool Den Helder" bent U lid van de Vereniging.

NEW LOOK!

Full protective clothing was donned for 'owners' inspection' of Straat Futami, just before the formal delivery by Hitachi. This certainly caused a 'sea-change'!



TEN YEARS AGO

1st September, 1955

DILIGENCE REWARDED

"In our March issue mention was made of the fire which broke out in the S.M.N. godown at Macassar on January 15th, 1955 and which was brought under control by the crew of the m.s. Tjiwangi. We were now informed that the S.M.N. had a metal plaque made commemorating the event. This plaque, measuring 65 x 45 cm ($\pm 26" \times 18"$), was handed to Mr Cheung Wah, boatswain of the m.s. Tjiwangi on behalf of the S.M.N. by its Macassar Agent."

十年前的勞動報酬

本刊一九六五年三月號曾刊載有關「芝萬宜」輪船員於一九五五年一月十五日在孟家錫為荷蘭郵船公司貨倉救火事。現荷蘭郵船公司特製一金屬匾額贈與本公司以誌其事，該匾額長二十六英吋，闊十八英吋，由荷蘭郵船公司駐孟家錫代辦交與「芝萬宜」波臣張華。

查張華君為本公司有數之波臣，現服務於本公司新輪「士打富譚美」號。彼於一九四一年加入本公司，在一九六二年曾代表「寶樹雲」輪船員接受由田漢先生所頒發之「特里維沙」杯，因該輪之船員曾於一划船比賽中獲勝。



Today Boatswain Cheung Wah is a proud petty officer on board R.I.L.'s newest ship Straat Futami, a position he has well-earned by his continuous service with the Company since 1947. In 1962, he received the Trevessa Trophy from Mr de Haan in Hong Kong on behalf of the victorious ship's boat crew of m.v. Boissevain.

PERSONNEL

PROMOTION



Our congratulations go to Appr. Engineer D.W. Karsse who was promoted to 5th Engineer on 21st June, 1965.

TRANSFERS OF CAPTAINS

AND CHIEF ENGINEERS



Captain E.M. Drukker, Master of m.v. Ruys, went on home leave prior to retirement.
Captain J.H.W. Voigt was posted to m.v. Ruys following intermediate leave.
Captain B.L. Legemaate, Master of m.v. Straat Malakka, went on intermediate leave.
Captain W. Lautenbag was posted to m.v. Straat Malakka following home leave.
Captain A.J. Zonnevijlle was posted to m.v. Tjitarum following intermediate leave.
Chief Officer J.H. Mak was temporarily posted as Acting Captain to m.v. Tjitarum and subsequently reverted to his substantive rank.
Chief Engineer R. Jonker of m.v. Ruys went on home leave.
Chief Engineer Th. Kuiken was posted to m.v. Ruys following home leave.
Chief Engineer A. Nieberg (temp. service) of m.v. Straat Soenda was posted to m.v. Straat Malakka.
2nd Engineer H.A. Slettenaar of m.v. Tegelberg was temporarily posted as Acting Chief Engineer to m.v. Straat Soenda and subsequently reposted to m.v. Tegelberg in his substantive rank.

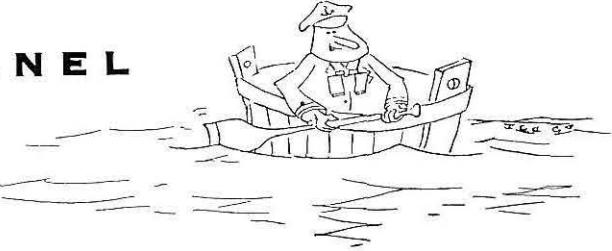
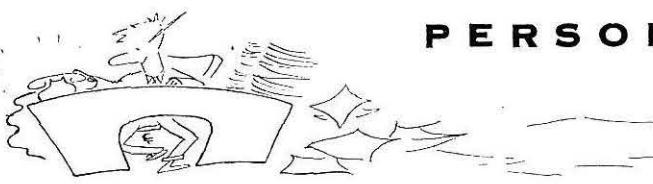
Chief Engineer J.H.M. van Miltenburg was posted to m.v. Straat Soenda following home leave.
Chief Engineer J. Mos went on sick leave and was subsequently reposted to m.v. Tjibantjet.
2nd Engineer H.H. Post was temporarily posted as Acting Chief Engineer to m.v. Tjibantjet and subsequently reverted to his substantive rank.
Chief Engineer H.J.G.A. Otten of s.s. Tjikampak went on home leave.
Chief Engineer A.J. Pouw was posted to s.s. Tjikampak following home leave.
Chief Engineer H.B. Visser of m.v. Tjipanas went on home leave.
2nd Engineer J.J. Kalhoven was posted to m.v. Tjipanas as Acting Chief Engineer following home leave.
Chief Engineer G.J. Doves was posted to m.v. Tjitarum following sick leave.
2nd Engineer F.J. Bruij was temporarily posted as Acting Chief Engineer to m.v. Tjitarum and subsequently reverted to his substantive rank.

LEAVING (OR LEFT) SERVICE



Mr C.C. Schoe	2nd Officer	own request
,, H.J.L. Geurtz	4th " "	—, —
,, J. Hooymayers	3rd Engineer	—, —
,, H.J.M. Peters	" "	—, —
,, K. Watz	" "	—, —
,, E. Floor	5th "	—, —
,, J. Visser	" "	—, —

PERSONNEL



NEW PERSONNEL

A hearty welcome is extended to the following new R.I.L.'ers who recently took up employment:

Mr J.A.W. Martens	4th Officer
„ H.J. Arends	Appr. Engineer
„ A.C.M. Blijlevens	„ „
„ E. de Buyzer	„ „
„ G. Feringa	„ „
„ A.A.M. Groot-Antink	„ „
„ H. Kieviet	„ „
„ N.C. van der Klis	„ „
„ W.P.J. Kooijman	„ „
„ J.J. Kos	„ „
„ E.J. Koster	„ „
„ H.R. de Lange	„ „
„ G.J. Leuning	„ „
„ H.J.A. Mulder	„ „
„ R.W.P. Netto	„ „
„ J.A. Nieuwenhuis	„ „
„ R.J.L. Pietersen	„ „
„ G. Prins	„ „
„ F.J.M. Schouten	„ „
„ R.J. van der Spoel	„ „
„ J.H. Timmer	„ „
„ F.J. de Vreeze	„ „
„ J. Wagenaar	„ „
„ H.G. Wakkers	„ „
„ P.A. Weenink	„ „
„ J.H. van Wisselingh	Employé

SUCCESSFUL EXAMINATIONS

Our congratulations go to the following officers, who passed examinations as indicated below:

Mr D.A.P. Algra	2nd Officer	Th.I	2-7-65
„ M. Hofland	„ „	Th.I.	22-7-65
„ M. van Dorssen	3rd „	Th.II	20-7-65
„ R.G.A. Steenvoorde	„ „	II	30-7-65
„ Wiebe Verbaan	„ „	Th.I	4-8-65
„ H. Soetekouw	4th „	Th.II	29-7-65
„ J.Th. van Voorhuizen	„ „	Th.II	9-7-65
„ G. van Beek	2nd Engineer	Th.C	± 23-7-65
„ D. van den Berg	„ „	C	± 12-7-65
„ J.J. Kalkhoven	„ „	C	± 28-7-65
„ H.D. Broersma	3rd „	B	8-7-65
„ J.K.D. ten Hoedt	„ „	B	8-7-65
„ A.W.J.H. van Alfen	5th „	A	29-6-65
„ U.C. van Baal	„ „	A	1-7-65
„ L.W. Joziasse	„ „	A	21-7-65
„ D.W. Karssen	„ „	ASW	21-6-65
„ H.G. van der Mei	„ „	A	19-7-65
„ E.J.B. Verschuren	„ „	A	13-7-65



LEAVE

The following personnel went on leave:

Mr J.R. van Amerongen	Chief Officer
„ J. de Boer	„ „
„ N.P. Dekker	„ „
„ S. Westerweel	2nd „
„ P. Boichel	3rd „
„ F.J. André	„ „
„ J. Drost	„ „
„ G. Schreuder	„ „
„ J.A. van Es	4th „
„ R.G. Hoogakker	2nd Engineer
„ C.J. van Donk	„ „
„ V.J.W. Hendriks	„ „
„ F.B.M. Monsma	„ „
„ H. Deusien	3rd „
„ M. Lessing	„ „
„ J.H.M.Th. Smulders	4th „
„ J.W. Gestel	„ „
„ H.M.M. Grootveld	„ „
„ M.C. Schooremans	„ „
„ B.S. de Vries	5th „
„ R. de Groot	„ „
„ B. Hoogstrate	„ „
„ P. Jansen	„ „
„ W. Klootwijk	„ „
„ C. Rog	„ „
„ J.J.A.B. Tollenaar	„ „
„ R.F. Janssens	Employé



Those who returned are:

Mr E. Pels	Chief Officer	posted to
„ M. Hofland	2nd „	m.v. Tjiluwah
„ J.J. Kol	3rd „	Str. Freetown
„ H.J. Mietes	„ „	Str. Cumberland
„ G. van Beek	2nd Engineer	„ Str. Malakka
„ C.P. de Jager	„ „	Boissevain
„ J.J.A. Guitoneau	3rd „	Tjitarum
„ Ch. van der Laan	4th „	s.s. Tjipondok
„ J.C.M. Noordermeer	„ „	m.v. Str. Fushimi
„ H.G. van der Mei	5th „	„ Str. Chatham
„ P.M. Weterings	H. Employé	„ Str. Malakka
„ P.A. Saman	H. Employé	„ Str. Cumberland
„ J.C.J. Dreverman	Employé	HK HO
		HK HO



SHORE LINES

On the back cover is a photograph of a place well-known to many R.I.L.-ers. If you think you can recognize it, please write to the Editor, heading your entry "Shore Lines — September". The reader who names the place correctly will be given a prize. Shore staff of the area concerned may not enter.

If more than one correct solution is received, lots will be drawn to decide the winner.

Each reader may send One Entry Only, which must reach the Editor by October 15th. The winner will be announced in the November Issue.

See page 176 for the winner of July's Competition.

CARGOES

What and Where

TIN



VAN NECK

S
P
S



The coils of cold rolled strip (reproduced by kind permission of The Broken Hill Proprietary Co. Ltd) await tempering for the production of tin plates which will be carried in the South Pacific Service from Port Kembla to Bangkok.

SHORE LINES

(see inside back cover)

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