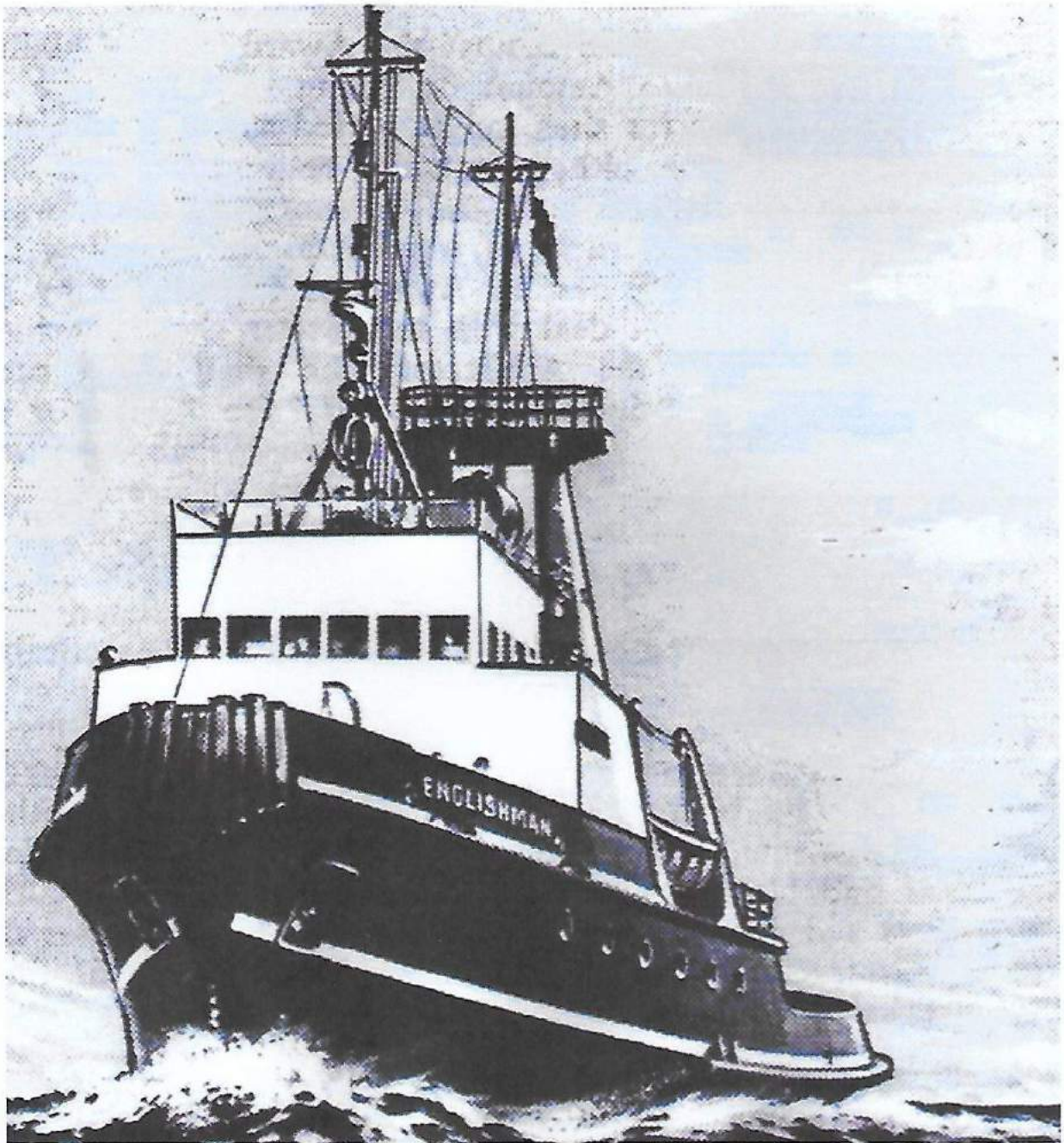




BOLLARD---PULL---

United Towing & Salvage Society's Newsletter



NO. 1 JUNE 2015

PRESS RELEASE

UNITED TOWING AND SALVAGE SOCIETY

We are proud to announce that membership of the United Towing and Salvage Society is open from Wednesday 27th May.

United Towing was formed in 1920 by the merger of seven towing companies from Hull. From then until the turn of the century it was arguably the premier towing and salvage company in the UK. Despite this their history and exploits are little known. All the vessels were mainly crewed by men from Hull, and from 1922 the ships were named using the suffix 'Man', so that 'Men' from Hull have been seen all over the globe.

Tugs and crews worked with distinction during the Second World War, not only carrying out their normal tasks but also acting as convoy rescue tugs, handling the Mulberry Harbour for D Day and the PLUTO pipeline. Two United Towing tugs were lost during the conflict. One, the 'Englishman', with all hands.

Hull is well known for its fishing heritage and the effect of the Cod Wars. Less well known is that United Towing tugs were employed to defend the trawlers off Iceland. Tugs and crews were also heavily involved in the Falklands Conflict assisting in the retaking of South Georgia and Southern Thule, and taking under tow the container ship 'Atlantic Conveyor' that had been hit by an Exocet missile and was on fire. More recently the now celebrated 'Dead Bod' was in fact painted by tugmen on salvage station at Alexandra Dock Jetty, despite it being attributed to trawlermen or River Pilots.

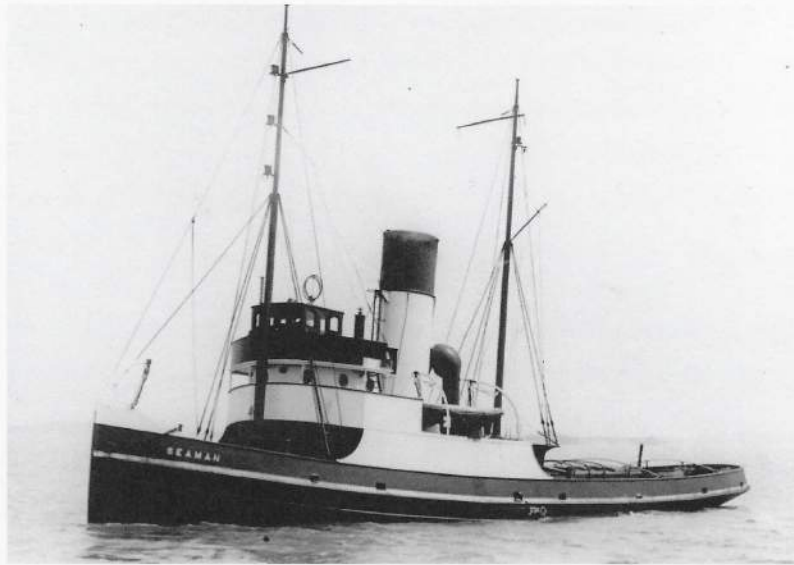
United Towing tugs were instrumental in opening up the North Sea for oil exploration after 1965, helping write the manuals for tug towing and positioning that led to the development of the vessels that have grown into massive multipurpose ships that carry out the work today.

We have set up the United Towing and Salvage Society to ensure that the story of this way of life that is fast disappearing is preserved for the future. As many of the crews were from Hull social meetings are held every week at the Kingston Hotel on Trinity House Lane where the snug is decked with photographs and memorabilia of old company vessels. Our aim is to recruit ex crew members or their families as well as anyone else who may be interested in the history of tugs and towing, or even Hull. Our aim is to catalogue all photos, artefacts and memorabilia and record personal histories so that we can hold exhibitions and produce newsletters and eventually have a comprehensive website so all may access the archive.

If you wish to join, need more information, or have photographs or other articles that may be of interest please contact United Towing and Salvage Society, email utandss@gmail.com or telephone the Chair Tony Porter at 07531 407096.

Deep-sea Tugging in the 1940s

By Capt. Charlie Noble MBE. S.T. Seaman 1946



However, back to early days on "Seaman." After working by the "Seaman" for four weeks it was time for sailing. The cook joined, an ex-fisherman called Samson and it was him that said to me "how would you like to go to Africa son?" Course as a young lad I was overjoyed, so next day all "Seaman's" crew went to the shipping office in Posterngate in Hull to sign on for the coming voyage. I signed on as cabin boy. Back on board all hands started loading stores. There were sack upon sack of potatoes plus cases of all sorts, then I noticed some joiner erecting two large casks, looked like large beer barrels, one either side of the lower bridge deck. Then when he had finished the cook passed me a new bucket and he had one for himself, then we both started filling these large barrels up with water. After the barrels were full the cook started shovelling rock salt into the barrels, I said "what are they for?" He replied "they are for keeping meat in for the voyage ahead." He told me to get a potato, he then threw the potato into the barrel and waited a few seconds, sure enough the potato floated to the surface. Then we started packing loads of fresh meat into each barrel, so that's when I realised the "Seaman" never had a fridge. Next day was coaling day so we sailed from Town Docks to Alexandra Dock jetty to take on bunker coal. I have never seen so much coal in my life, wagons upon wagons of coal came aboard. I thought to myself when is it going to stop. Well it did for a short period whilst the crew battened the hatches down, then it all started again. Forty tons of coal was then dropped onto the decks, reason being that when the fireman or stokers used up some

coal during the voyage the idea was to shovel the coal that was on deck into the bunkers. There was water lapping onto the decks but with me being green at the time I now realised the "Seaman" was overloaded. We sailed at night time, I think the case was so no official could witness the state she was in. To get from the aft cabin to the forward end of the tug you either climbed a mountain of coal or went via the engine room.

We sailed about midnight after washing dishes etc. I went to my bunk which was down the aft cabin. My bunk was situated on top of the tugs propeller, hell what a noise it made like a large swishing sound, but I was so tired I fell asleep soundly. During the night the "Seaman" was pitching and rolling, I couldn't get to sleep again, so I wedged myself with a life jacket and fell sound asleep. I'm not sure how long I had been asleep but I awoke to find everything was still and quiet. The lights were out and I could hear water splashing. I put my hand over the side of my bunk and felt water. I then panicked and climbed out of my bunk only to disappear under water. However, I managed to surface and find the steps leading to the deck. The hatch was broken so as I climbed out on deck I noticed that most of the coal that was on deck when we sailed had been washed aft and overboard. I stumbled towards the galley which was situated amidships and inside the galley found most of the crew. As I walked in they sang out "oh here he is!" Apparently they thought I'd gone missing. The "Seaman" was now anchored inside Yarmouth roads sheltering and clearing the steering gear aft where some of the coal had washed. All the sailors bedding and belongings were wet through and were drying on the boiler top and that's where I finished my nap.

After breakfast next day it was up anchor and away for Africa, a port called Lagos. After crossing the Bay of Biscay the weather and sea was perfect, blue sky and calm sea. It was nice to sit out on deck peeling spuds, a bucket full every day, and washing dishes in the same bucket. Also using the same bucket to wash myself and clothes.

Apparently all hands had their own bucket for this purpose as there was no bathroom aboard. To get a bath you had to go down the engine room and fill your bucket with condensed water from the steam engine, go into the stoke hold where the firemen were throwing coal into the furnace, lather yourself with soap then tip the rest of the water over your head. That's how you bathed yourself, that's the way things were in them days.

One day the cook said to me "you're leaving me for a while because you are needed in the coal bunkers." I couldn't understand just what he meant but I was soon to find out. The coal was too far back inside the bunkers for the stokers to reach with their shovels, so I was lowered through the bunker hatch into the bunkers. Then a steel wheelbarrow was lowered after me, plus a shovel which, at the time, was larger than me. My job now was a trimmer which meant me filling the wheelbarrow with coal then pushing the barrow towards the opening which led to the stokehold. Then tip the barrow of coal into the opening so that the stokers could feed the fires. This I did for hours on end, my arms were like lumps of lead. I was as black as the coal itself. This went on for days, in fact I finished up sleeping in the coal bunkers. I had an old mattress that I had laid on top of a bed of coal dust. After shovelling and barrowing coal for the stokers I used to lay down on this mattress for a sleep but, whatever time it was, night or day the stokers, if they wanted more coal, they just pelted a lump of coal at my bed and so it started again, back to my barrow. I felt like the story of Tom and the chimney sweep, I was black and dirty and I developed a polished shine all over my body.

However, "Seaman" arrived at the Azores and anchored to take on bunkers and fresh water, oh and lots of fresh fruit because we needed it. The only sort of fruit we had was concentrated lime juice with water. As for meat, during the voyage to the Azores it made me sick just to get it out of the wooden casks. What I had to do was reach inside with the aid of a boat hook, stab a meat joint, drop it into a pan of boiling water

until cooked, then the crew had to eat the stuff. They said that it tasted okay but I wouldn't touch it, no way. We stocked again in the Azores. Now that the coal bunkers were full again I was a cabin boy again scrubbing out cabins and back to my spud peeling again. It was good to be back on deck again after living in the coal bunkers, but it wasn't long before I was promoted to cook! The cook had gone sick and took to his bunk. Now what the hell did I know about cooking? But come to my rescue was the second engineer, a nice bloke called Billy Bass. He showed me what to do especially when it came to making bread and currant duff puddings with bits of coal stuck on.

Our next port of call was Freetown where once again "Seaman" topped up with coal and fresh water. It took three days to take on bunkers because the coal was brought aboard by men and women in small baskets carried on their heads. They were chanting some tune and were very happy at what they were doing. We sailed again and this time the cook presented himself for duty in the galley so I was demoted back to a galley boy. Whilst on our stay in Freetown I purchased a handbag to take home as a present for mother, it was brightly decorated with beads. I put it in my locker but days later I had a sneak look at it and, to my horror, all the so called beads had sprouted long shoots. They were beans painted over! I was learning slowly I think.

At last "Seaman" arrived in Lagos. It was scorching hot as I remember. It wasn't possible to sleep below decks. We tried sleeping on deck but were bitten all over by flying insects, so we had to sleep below again and sweat it out. Next morning we were surrounded by bum boats. For those that don't know what bum boats are, well they are canoes - small boats filled with goods for sale, such as fruit, cheap bangles, souvenirs, parrots, monkeys and birds in cages. However, I took a fancy to a little monkey so I had to start to barter a price for it. After a while we had a deal - two tins of corned beef, a pair of old trousers and a round tin of 50 cigarettes. Now I was the proud owner of a monkey.

Anchored nearby a merchant vessel called "Sangara" was to be our tow back home. Her owners were "Elder Dempster of Liverpool" and the story was that "Sangara" had been torpedoed during the Second World War. To save the ship the captain had managed to beach the "Sangara" onto a beach near Lagos. She was then abandoned and left with no hope of salvage, but the story goes that some mining engineers bought the wreck and, doing some patching up, managed to refloat her and furthermore sold "Sangara" back to her previous owners at a great profit. You can understand the Elder Dempster Company for wanting her back because she wasn't that old a ship and what's more there was a vast shortage of merchant ships after the war because so many had been sunk during the war and were hard to come by, and so was steel for building new ships.

A few days were spent in Lagos getting "Sangara" ready for sea and storing ourselves up with fresh stores and meat for our barrels on the bridge. Some said the meat was buffalo but it didn't bother me, I wouldn't eat any of it.

One early morning we set sail with "Sangara" in tow from Lagos harbour to the open sea where our long sea tow rope was paid out. Now this was the first time that I had seen a deep sea tow rope going out, it seemed never ending. A hundred and twenty fathoms of rope, sixteen inches circumference plus seventy fathoms of four inch wire attached to the end of the rope. Away we went, our final destination was to be Newcastle on the east coast of Britain. Whilst we were at Lagos the crew relaxed and sunbathed. One particular fireman overdid it and was a bright red on his chest and back. When it was his turn to go on watch all hell broke loose down the stoke hold and engine room. The "Seaman's" boiler had three fires and the fire door was opened for the fireman to throw a shovel full of coal into it, that's when he let out a scream. The heat from the fires came in contact with his sunburnt chest and he was in great pain. Also Billy Bass, the second engineer, was giving him a right rollicking for being

so stupid. Guess what, I was promoted again, only this time instead of just trimmer I was fireman and trimmer. So, saying goodbye to the cook, I descended below. The burnt fireman helped the cook. Learning to shovel coal into a fire whilst the boat was rolling is a work of art, but after a while I managed it with Billy Bass' encouragement. It was hard work raking out ashes, cooling them down then putting the cooled ashes into ash bags, then hauling the bags onto the deck and dumping them overboard. After four hours it was good to get back on deck. That's where I was sleeping now, (plus monkey). One night whilst sleeping on deck I awoke to the sound of the engines and propeller slowing down. I laid there for a while then ventured towards the engine room hatch and noticed three engineers were discussing amongst themselves, and the skipper George Collier was down there as well. The steam engines were just about turning over. I then found out that the boilers tubes were leaking badly and the boiler was losing a lot of steam. So, listening to the conversation that was going on, I heard Billy Bass say "I will do it." Now this meant raking the centre fire out completely then the two wing fires kept as small as possible, then they soaked old ash bags in sea water, laid them inside the middle fire box, then to my dismay I saw Billy Bass soak himself with water. Hand full of spanners, also a rope attached to his leg, then in the middle fire box he crawled inside whilst others paid out the rope. He was gone for about ten minutes then they pulled him out. I thought he had finished repairing but no he gulped a jug of cold water, discussed something with the other engineers and back he went. After some time he came out and gasped "all finished" he looked like a roasted pig. He stumbled out onto the deck to cool off, both his arms were blistered. After bandaging his arms he was back on watch and raising full steam again. How I admired that man, I remained friends with Bill for years to come. Mind you on that same voyage if I was at all cheeky to him he gave me a clip across my ears or a kick up the backside, that was Billy Bass.

Later on in the voyage I was permanently stuck down below in the bunkers. The coal that we got in Lagos was rubbish, it was mainly just like coal dust. As the fireman

threw the coal into the fires it more or less went straight up the funnel and wasn't any good for making steam. So myself along with other crew members started separating the coal dust from lumps of coal, hell it was work, with the heat the sweat just poured out of us. We must have swallowed quite a lot of coal dust. I remember the captain on board "Sangara" our tow saying "when are we going to get more speed?" our captain explained the situation with a few harsh words.

We plodded along, food was starting to get short, mainly fresh. We had used all the veg and meat from the casks. But daily, flying fish used to land aboard more so at night, they used to glide towards the "Seaman's" deck lights. So each morning we used to collect them all up and have a fry up for breakfast. Mind you we had to be quick because my monkey loved them too. Sometimes when a fish landed on board wriggling about on deck the monkey pounced, grabbed the fish then up the rigging it ran and ate it.

The day came when we arrived at Las Palmas and once again anchoring the tow we started taking on fresh stores and coal. Some of the crew had to go and see the doctor. Most of the stokers and engineers were covered in a rash and had to be treated, apparently it was just sweat rash and lack of fresh food that had caused it. We stayed a night in Las Palmas, our first night in port since we left Lagos. In Lagos it wasn't worth going ashore so the crew made the most of it, thick heads next morning.

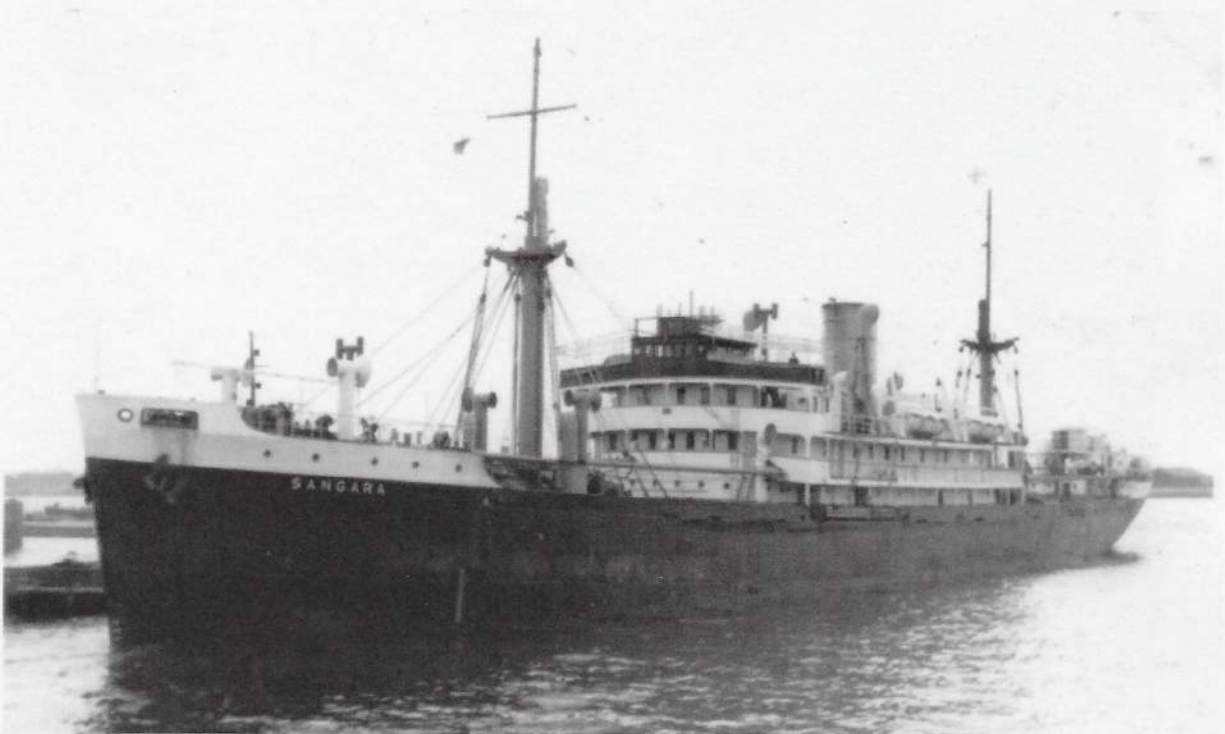
Next morning after reconnecting to the "Sangara" we sailed. Lovely calm sea it was, plenty of fresh food and everyone was in good spirits. Whilst we were in Las Palmas some of the lads bought canaries, little yellow birds in wicker baskets. Now that the lads had sobered up they found all they had bought were sparrows dipped in yellow dye! So, still being in sight of land the birds were let loose and flew away. So now I was back in the galley as a galley boy again.

We were making good speed as I remember. I used to love just sitting on deck peeling my spuds, flat calm sea, watching dolphins swimming close by. Up till then I had never seen a dolphin before. Also Portuguese man-o-wars, these were names given to a jelly fish that had small like sails protruding from the main jelly fish. They were a bright purple colour and just drifted about in the wind. But I'm afraid the weather wasn't going to last. The wireless operator, a lovely man called Bob Depress, said there was going to be some very bad weather heading our way. So hatches were battened down. I believe we were approaching somewhere between Cape St. Vincent and Cape Finistre, not quite sure really. During the night the gale was upon us, storm force winds and very heavy seas head on from the north. All "Seaman" could do was reduce speed to take the strain off the towing wire, but at the same time we were making no headway, in fact we were blown astern. After a few days the weather decreased and "Seaman" started to make some headway again, but worry was that we were burning a lot of coal. To make matters worse at Cape Finistre we ran into a storm again. So now we were into the Bay of Biscay riding the storm out day by day. As before I was promoted to trimmer again because the coal situation was starting to get desperate. There I was wheeling my barrow of coal backwards and forwards keeping the firemen supplied. The coal bunker now seemed more like a cathedral to me. There wasn't a lot of coal left, we finished up sweeping the bunkers sides.

However, after a full week the gales eased and we started making headway. With a stern wind we eventually arrived at Falmouth in Cornwall with very little coal left to burn. As I remember "Seaman" stayed a few days in Falmouth for some repairs. We bunkered up with stores and good Welsh coal, so away we went all in good spirits. It didn't take long before we eventually arrived off the River Tyne at Newcastle. Four local tugs came out to take over the tow. After heaving our towing gear aboard the local Tyne tugs towed the "Sangara" close by the "Seaman" and lined up on her decks were the captain and about a dozen African crew members. They all took off their woolly hats and "Sangara's" captain shouted "three cheers for the tug "Seaman"" and

all shouted “hip-hip-hooray.” Then one huge African shouted “and a big cheer for de fireman.” So “Seaman” headed back to Hull and we went on leave for about four days. United Towing wasn’t very generous when it came to time off, then again just after the war United Towing were very busy and it was the only tug company in Europe at the time.

Well that’s how it was, my first long sea trip on tugs. Me and monkey made our way home. First thing the monkey did was to jump onto the fireguard and wee into the fire, so that ended the voyage completely.



On 31st of May 1941 the Elder Dempster motor vessel “Sangara” was torpedoed by U-69 While lying at anchor in the roads of Accra harbour.

In 1946 “Sangara” was towed from Lagos to Middle Docks South Shields by Seaman at an average speed of 2.5 Knots, they were underway for 62 days



1944. When a weary pigeon heading across the Channel from France, came to rest on the British tug Seaman, an important chain of events was kept intact and a Canadian corvette H.M.C.S. "Mayflower" was given an unexpected chance to help speed victory. The tired pigeon carried important information from a French patriot regarding gun emplacements and flying bomb platforms. It was sent aboard the "Mayflower" which broke wireless silence to send the information in code to the shore authorities.

The picture shows the pigeon being passed in a bag from "Seaman" to the Canadian corvette "Mayflower".

U.T.C. QUIZ



Among this fleet of Tsavlis tugs are four ex. U.T.Co. tugs

Can you name and them and their former names

Free pint in Kingston for the winner

It was a life less ordinary for this young seaman



STORMY SEAS AHEAD: Joe Martin as a 16-year-old Ordinary Seaman, before joining the ill-fated Empire Oak in 1941

PETE Bass, of Old Rectory Mews, Sproatley, East Yorkshire, says "thank you" to the readers who have helped him in his search for information about sea-going tugs from our area.

Mr Bass writes: "I would like to thank all the Mail readers who sent me letters and information regarding the tugs Empire Rupert, Empire Oak and Empire Harry, all lost in the Second World War.

"Quite a lot has been written about Hull's fishing industry, and rightly so, but it should be remembered Hull had one of the largest deep-sea salvage companies in the world, United Towing Company (UT Co), which played a very important part in Hull's maritime history."

Pete has also sent us details of a reply he received concerning the Empire Oak, which was lost in August 1941, from Joe Martin of Tranmere Close, Hull.

Joe was a 16-year-old seaman on board and recalled the survivors of the Empire Oak, who

5 CERTIFICATE OF DISCHARGE				6			
MARTIN				MARTIN			
EMPIRE OAK 165771 1941	22.8.41	U.S.	Very Good	VERY GOOD	VERY GOOD	16 Aug 1941	
Margareta 174524	10.4.41	U.S.	Very Good	VERY GOOD	VERY GOOD	10 Apr 1941	

BAD LUCK: The first two discharges in the discharge book of Joe Martin

were Captain Fred Christian, the Mate Sid (Ginger) Kennedy, Second Engineer Fred Graham, and two other seamen beside himself, Geoff Moxon and George Wilson.

Joe writes: "When the naval vessel HMS Campanula landed us in Gibraltar, Captain Christian and the others were billeted in a hotel in Main Street. Geoff and myself were put into the sailors' home in Engineers Lane.

"We stayed for about three weeks and then joined an old ship to get back to the UK. Geoff and I were the only Englishmen on board.

"The ship was the Margareta (Finnish) built around the early 1900s, and we got sunk again. We

all got off, everyone was picked up by the corvette HMS Hibiscus and landed at Milford Haven."

Joe stayed with United Towing for another year, then left for another company and was stationed at Kirkwall. After a year, he left and went into the Merchant Navy. He retired from the sea about 20 years ago.

Pete sent us these pictures, one showing Joe Martin as a 16-year-old Ordinary Seaman before joining the Empire Oak in 1941, the other showing the first two discharges in Joe's Discharge Book.

Pete says: "Note the VG Stamps, deliberately stamped upside down, to change his luck for his next ship".

Holy Trinity Parish Church, Kingston upon Hull
Falklands War
Service of Commemoration

Sunday 19th April 2015



SAMA....South Atlantic Medal Assosiation



Englishman. (SMS Towage) off pier after the service at Holy Trinity Church

Attended by U.T.S.S. members

Hi Pete,

Nice to hear from you again, you keep refreshing my memory. Regarding Nick Exel he was cook with me many times, he was cook on Masterman whilst working with the drilling ship Global Adventure in the North Sea, then when Global sailed for work of Cabinda West Africa. Mastermans crew transferred to Tradesman and so we sailed from Rotterdam towing a large barge loaded with steel jackets, these were used for placing over the oil wells after drilling was complete. This was Global Adventures job, and after anchoring the barge on arrival, we then ran eight anchors out for Global, then after completing the anchors we then brought the barge alongside for Global to discharge.

However, Regarding Nick, whilst towing the barge South we stopped at Dakar for bunkers etc. I went down to the galley to speak to Nick, but the galley was choc o block with the black locals, I said to Nick be very careful they pinch any thing they can get their hands on, Nick replied they are my brothers so I left it to him. Lo behold half an hour later I herd yelling from the galley and later along the quay, there was Nick chasing his black brothers along the jetty, yes they had stole most everything they had his watch, clothing, even his shoes, he later said never again.

Another incident was whilst working of the African Coast. Nick said to me I need some fresh meat, we had plenty of frozen meat aboard Tradesman but to keep him quiet, I got in touch with the local so called chandler, so along went Nick for his meat. A few hours later Nick arrived back aboard, he looked a bit sheepish, I said well Nick where's the fresh meat he then told me that the chandler drove him into the Bush and there presented him with a herd of skinny cattle, they said to Nick which one do you want us to kill for you, brandishing large Knives Nick forgot his request for fresh meat.

I remember when Masterman was in trouble and I nearly drowned. When I told the crew to abandon ship Nicks head was used as a stepping stone, I'll try to explain, Nicks hands were hanging onto Global Adventurer ships side, his feet standing on Mastermans bow, I saw some of Mastermans crew putting their feet onto Nicks head like a stepping stone before leaping aboard Global, although things were very critical I could not help smiling it looked so funny. Nick was a good ship mate and a good cook, when ever he wanted a sub it was always forty quid but with his accent sounded like farty quid. His first purchase was always a large whisky plus a large cigar, then came the singing.



Mid-air collision

Four seamen from Hull and one from Withernsea narrowly escaped death when the light aircraft in which they were passengers was involved in a mid-air collision with an RAF jet fighter.

It happened on the night of Wednesday January 7, 1976, over the North Sea. The men, crew members of the Hull tug Irishman, were being flown home via Humberside Airport from Gothenburg, Sweden, when the collision occurred. Their plane, a small Piper Aztec, was about 50 miles east of the Humber and in complete darkness when it was intercepted without warning by two RAF Lightnings from Binbrook, Lincs.

The aircraft was being flown at 6,000ft when the pilot felt an impact. Minutes later he saw an RAF aircraft 20ft away from his port wing.

An air traffic control spokesman at Humberside Airport said the Aztec had extensive damage to the wing and in other places.

A spokesman for RAF Strike Command said: "We have no reports of any of our aircraft missing or of one striking anything.

"It is possible that the pilot may not be aware that he has had a bump and it will take some time to check".

Mr Brian Huxford, company chief of Lease-Air, the light plane's owners, said that if the aircraft had been two feet closer the Aztec would have been brought down.

It was understood that the Lightning pilots had been sent to make a visual identification of the smaller aircraft. The Aztec's passengers were Thomas Shepherd (17) a deck-hand of 97 Bilton Grove, Hull; Michael Cowell (19) a cook of 6 Shoreditch Close, Ings Road Estate, Hull; Stephen Hollingsworth (19) a galley boy of 66 South Promenade, Withernsea; Arthur Clarkson (44) of 16 Crawford Close, Greatfield Estate, Hull, and Edward Shackley (36) mate of the Irishman, of 242 North Road, Hull. The pilot of the light aircraft was captain Arthur Ramsden, of Lease-Air. At one time he was the chief pilot of the former Hull-based Humber Airways. Mr Shackley said that he heard a loud bang as the two planes scraped together. "I was sitting in the front with the pilot. We were about 6,000ft high when the crash came, but we did not know what had caused it. Five minutes later however a Lightning came zooming towards us and passed within just 25 feet of our plane. "I think we realised we had been hit by another Lightning jet when we heard on the radio a pilot reporting that he had struck a plane".

Mr Cowell said the Aztec pilot remained cool throughout the incident and no-one panicked. The plane landed safely at Humberside Airport. The men were returning home after a four-week spell aboard the Irishman which was towing a barge from Gothenburg to Middlesbrough.

TUG BREMEN TO JOIN HULL FLEET

24 MARCH 1972

EIGHTEEN months ago United Towing, of Hull, went out to tender for a tug of almost the same size and power range as the 1,139-ton German-owned Bremen.

The company did not go ahead with the plan, however, because of the heavy costs involved.

Now they have agreed to buy the Bremen—at considerably lower cost than the new tug would have been.

The four-year-old Bremen is in Durban and the deal would have been concluded had a dredger not spent eight days longer than expected in dry dock.

The tug is now to go into the dry dock this weekend for survey and the purchase will be completed by the end of next week.

On Monday Capt. Arthur King, of Hull, is to fly out to become the first English towing master of the Bremen, which will be renamed Euroman. With him will go a master mariner from Edinburg who will be navigator. The majority of the 21 crew will follow later in the week.

Capt. King is no stranger to South African waters, for he spent some time there in the company's tug, Englishman.

So far as one can tell in the towing world, he will be out there for a while in the Euroman, for the Englishman has a job that will bring her into European waters, and the company want a powerful unit on the Durban salvage station.



Editor's Note: Kevin McGarry, a native of England, used to cover the Hull area for the BBC, so it was like old home week when he interviewed the skipper and crew of the Tradesman. The crew, he says, was amazed to find someone who spoke their dialect; the conversation dealt with mutual friends and acquaintances in the old country.)

By Kevin McGarry
Patriot Ledger Staff Reporter

As the stocky, weather-beaten British tug Tradesman came to rest alongside the Boston Fish Pier Monday afternoon, the skipper, also stocky and weather-beaten, turned to his 14-year-old son.

"Well, Charlie, how did you enjoy your first voyage?" he asked.

"Champion, Dad!"

"Good lad. Now nip down to t'galley and tell 'em to mash a cup o' tea for the lads."

A cup of tea! The typical English way of relaxing after a job. And these British seamen richly deserved to relax. They had just brought the Tradesman more than 3,000 miles from the German port of Bremerhaven, towing two Boston trawlers.

One of the trawlers, Tide, was built at the Fore River Shipyard. The other, Squall, was built in Bath, Me., and both have been on lend-lease to Germany. After long periods of inactivity and laying up in Bremerhaven, they are in poor condition, rusty and disabled. The Birdseye Food Division of the General Foods Corporation, which chartered the British tug to bring home the trawlers, expect they will be fishing out of Boston in the near future. With them will be four more American trawlers towing here from Bremerhaven. Two of them arrived in Boston recently, brought by the Tradesman's sister tug, Rifleman. Yet another tug, Merchantman, is on its way here with the last two trawlers.

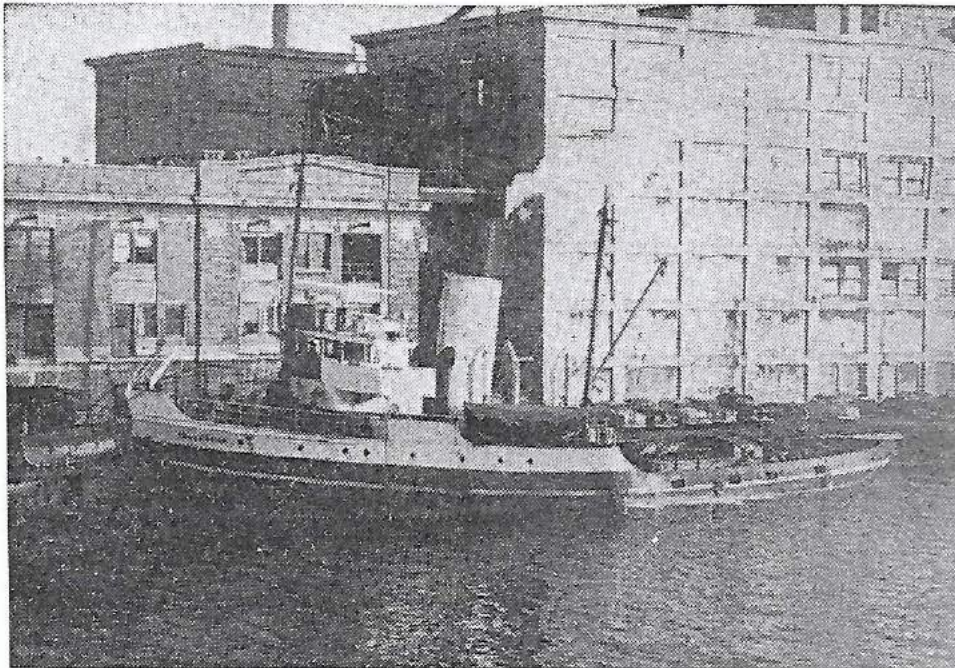
Fleet Of 30

These three British tugs belong to the fleet of more than 30 salvage tugs owned by the United Towing Company of Hull, a port on the East Coast of England, in the East Riding of Yorkshire. Small in appearance, with a crew of only 15, they haul vessels to and from any part of the world.

The Tradesman's trip from Bremerhaven was made by six additional men—three on board each of the trawlers. For them it must have been a strange, lonely voyage, living for 28 days on the "ghost ships" as they rolled through heavy seas and howling gale winds in the wake of the laboring tug.

One of the men was Robert McFarlane, formerly a trawlerman in Glasgow. A cook by trade, he worked in the silent galley, and stood his watch with his two companions to see that nothing went wrong with the towing gear. There must have been many anxious moments during rough weather when each man prayed inwardly that the frail-looking 120-fathom rope, the trawler's only link with the tug, would hold. Had it snapped, they would have been in a sorry plight, for the ship's propeller lay on the foredeck!

In spite of the ordeal, MacFarlane, a typical taciturn Scot, shrugged it aside as "Nae so bad!" It was the same with his shipmates. Sitting around on the taffrail of the Tradesman, they brushed aside the trip they had just finished, and told tales of other towing trips they had made in every corner of the globe.



BRITISH TUG TRADESMAN is seen on her arrival in Boston Monday after towing two American trawlers, one Quincy built, from Bremerhaven in Germany. Her story, and those of her crew, are related in the following article. (Photos by Charles Flagg)

New Face For Smith

Another of the Tradesman's crew, William Smith of Hull, has cause to bless the city's pre-eminence in the field of surgery. For in March of 1942 he was serving aboard the British freighter Empire Razor, when her cargo of Sulphur caught fire while she was off Providence, R.I. Smith was horribly burned and temporarily blinded in the mishap, and was taken ashore at Providence and rushed to the Homeopathic Hospital in Boston.

There a miracle of plastic surgery was performed. So successful were the operations that Smith was later "shown" before groups of doctors. When he returned to Hull, he could not work for 4½ years because of the condition of his grafted hands. But now he is married and back at sea—and full of praise for the Boston doctors who gave him his new span of life.

For the skipper of the Tradesman, Capt. William Hopper of Hull, his arrival in Boston Monday had a double significance. In the first place it was his 25th anniversary of going to sea.

"I signed on at Cape Verde Islands in the Atlantic on Sept. 28, 1928," said Captain Hopper.

Family Reunion

But he was particularly pleased to be celebrating his anniversary with a family reunion, for seated in his small cabin aboard the Tradesman were his brother-in-law and sister-in-law, Hugh and Doris Murdoch of Cleveland, Ohio, who had come to Boston with their seven-year-old son, Colin, to meet the British tug.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch are British, but they emigrated to this country more than four years ago. Mrs. Murdoch's father, Stanley Wallbank, was foreman plater at Clelland's Shipyard in Newcastle where the tug Tradesman was built.

So there was a great deal of family talk in the captain's cabin that afternoon, and in one corner Charlie, the captain's son, told young Colin Murdoch of his exciting trip to sea, the first in his life—and probably the most memorable!

Captain Hopper said it was a rough voyage all the way. "We were doing nicely, making good time to begin with," he said, "then we got warning of the hurricane Edna. We had to change course and go north to avoid it. We caught the tail-end of it, but there was no damage."

Captain Hopper did not mention the fact that last year he was one of those who took their vessels to the aid of Capt. Kurt Carlsen aboard the Flying Enterprise. It was left to First Mate Jack Ryan to reveal that. It was also revealed that Captain Hooper's tug was chartered to take out newspapermen and movie camera men to witness the last moments of the valiant cargo ship—pictures which made history and thrilled the whole world.



The Skipper's 14-Year Old Son Made His First Trip

HIS FIRST VOYAGE—Charlie Hopper, 14, of Hull, who is the son of Capt. William Hopper, skipper of the British tug which brought home two American trawlers this week, was making his first sea trip. Here he is shown how to splice a rope by veteran George Wall of Hull, second engineer.

VOYAGE OF THE TRADESMAN:

Other Voyages

On one trip they had to pick up from a Middle East port an old pilgrim ship—a vessel that had carried thousands of followers of Mohammed on the sacred voyage to Mecca.

One of the longest trips the tug has made was from the Burmese port of Rangoon to Buenos Aires in South America. But the trip that stands out in the memory of the mate, Jack

Ryan of Hull, is the one they made in 1951, towing a tanker from the Portuguese port of Lisbon to Dar Es Salaam on the east coast of Africa. Jack remembers that voyage best because he landed in Africa with his back broken in two places, and his hip bone and pelvis injured.

"We were running into heavy seas at time," he said. "I was going aft to have a look at the tow rope with another man, when a huge wave broke over us. I remember looking up and seeing it poised overhead. Then it smashed down. The other chap had his legs broken."

Ryan was taken off the tug to a hospital in the port of Mombasa. He lay there for 24 days. Then he was shipped home to England.

Today one leg is shorter than the other, and he feels that his injuries have not healed properly. Knowing the world-wide fame of Boston surgeons, he hopes to get further attention here, and perhaps remain for surgical treatment.



A CUP O' TEA is enjoyed by these members of the crew of the British tug Tradesman which arrived in Boston this week after towing two American trawlers from Germany. Left to right are Joe Ellis of Hull, fireman; Bernard Spinks of Hull, fireman, and Robert Skelton, seaman.



Masterman towing two trawlers from the German port of Bremerhaven to Boston Mass. October 1953



Bill Bass Ch/eng. On the fore deck of Masterman alongside in Boston after the 3,000 mile tow from Bremerhaven

U.T.Co. MODELS

A question often asked.....What happened to all the builders models from the Office? Here are a few which are in the possession of the Hull Maritime Museum.



S.T. YORKSHIREMAN



S.T. SEAMAN



M.T. LLOYDSMAN



M.T. ENGLISHMAN



S.T. ENGLISHMAN



S.T. SUPERMAN

TUG CAPSIZES

IN

HUMBER

THREE JUMPED—AND WERE SAVED

ONE HESITATED—AND WAS DROWNED

“Daily Express” Special Correspondent.

HULL, Tuesday.

THERE was a repetition in the Humber today of the Edgar Wallace trawler disaster.

The Boatman (United Towing Company's salvage tug) was working on the salvage of the Edgar Wallace at flood tide.

She was lashed to the tide side of a lifting lighter near the wreck, supplying steam for the lighter's winch.

The tide made the lighter drag its anchor and the stern fouled the wreck.

The tug heeled over away from the lighter in the strong current. For twenty minutes one of the rails was under water.

The crew worked feverishly to get their vessel free of the lighter. Again the lighter's anchor dragged. The tug rolled over, keel uppermost.

The crew were on deck. Three leaped into the lighter just in time.

James T. Vessey, aged sixty-five, engineer, who had come on deck owing to the danger of a boiler explosion, hesitated at the jump.

He climbed on to the side and then on to the bottom of the vessel as it rolled over. He was washed away by the swift-moving current.

Joseph Tomlinson, aged twenty-nine, of The Beeches, Sidmouth-street, Hull, the master; Douglas Hawksworth, mate, aged twenty-five, of Wellstead-street, Hessle-road, Hull; and Bernard Young, fireman, aged twenty-one, of Steynberg-street, Holderness-road, Hull, were the three who saved themselves by jumping.

The Boatman floated bottom uppermost, supported by the air trapped in its hold.

The tug Tollman took the men off the lighter, and a third tug, Waterman, towed the Boatman to the shore near Hessle Cliff, where it turned on its side and foundered.

Joseph Tomlinson said: “Vessey came up from the engine-room and left the engine turning over slowly. When the lighter dragged its anchor a second time we knew there was no hope.

“Three of us jumped for our lives. Vessey remained behind. We shouted to him to jump, but he refused. Instead, he climbed on to the side and then on to the bottom.”

Douglas Hawksworth said: “I tried to pull Vessey with me to the bulwarks to jump. He shook my hand off.

“His last words before he disappeared were: ‘Have you a line, Duggie?’ We had no line on the lighter.”



Mr. J. F. Vessey. Mr. D. Oakworth

Daily Express

Wednesday

January 23rd

1935

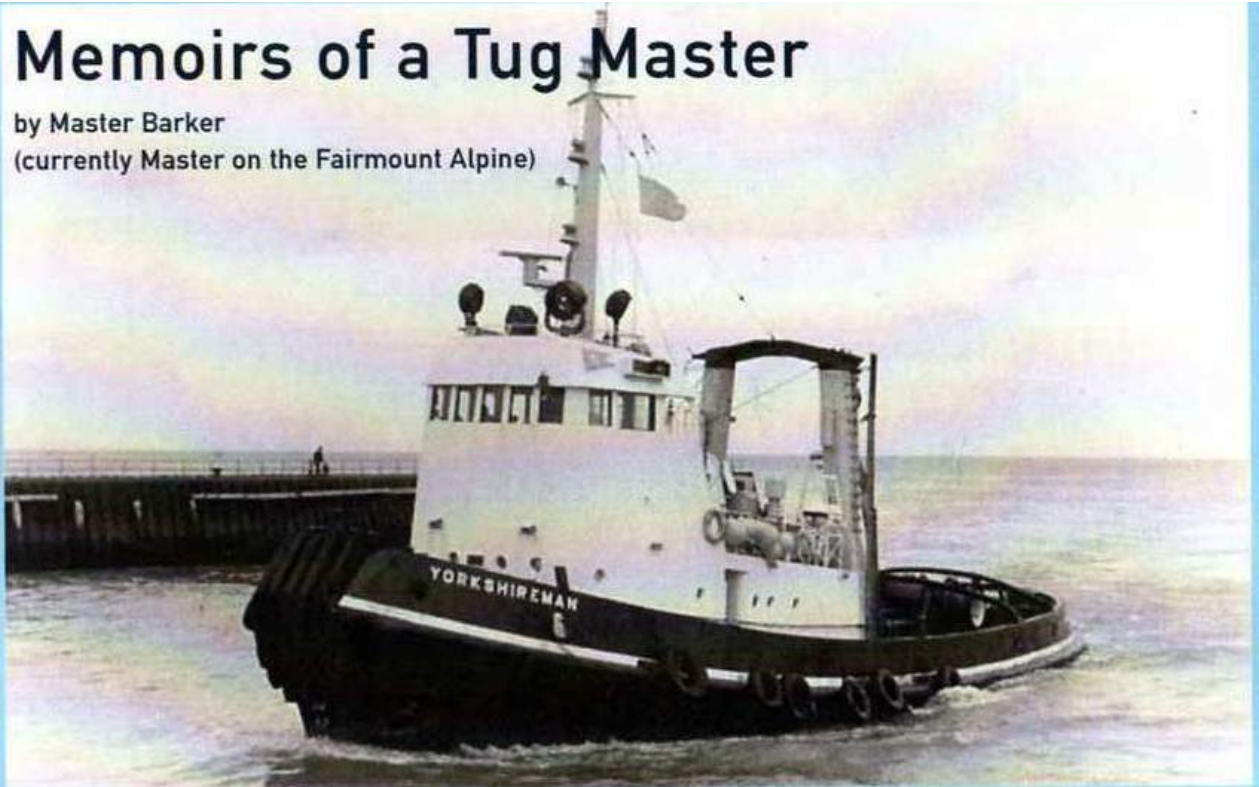


Bernard Young was later lost when the tug Empire Rupert (managed by U.T.Co.) was in a collision with the Twickenham Ferry in the English Channel in 1945, but that's another story.

Memoirs of a Tug Master

by Master Barker

(currently Master on the Fairmount Alpine)



I first went to sea on the tugs in August 1967 at the age of 16 and at that time I really had no idea what I was letting myself in for! In those days my home city of Kingston upon Hull in North East England was perhaps best known for being the country's largest deep water fishing port, but it was also the home of my first company, United Towing Ltd.

I left school one Friday at the end of July and started work on the Monday. The first tug I joined was the 'Yorkshireman', delivered new to the company only two months earlier, in June. She was 32.5 meters overall, 251 grt and with 2,400 BHP, giving her a bollard pull of 26 tons!

After a week working by in the dock we finally sailed to do a rig move in the North Sea. Of course on board I was the lowest of the low, being the 'galley boy', and before we even cleared the river I was calling home down that big white telephone in the crew bathroom. I

never imagined that a tug could jump around at sea the way she did. First time seasickness is a strange feeling, the first few days you're afraid you're going to die, as it gets worse you're afraid you'll never die. Anyway my epic voyage didn't last long, only three days later we picked up a wire in the port prop and had to limp back home on one engine. So ended my first seagoing experience, but before I could pack my bag and run back home to mother we were transferred to the sister tug, 'Superman', and sent straight back to sea within a couple of hours. I fared a little better that time and we managed to stay away for four days before an engine breakdown brought us home again. Once more, before we regained our senses and headed off to the pub, the company immediately transferred us to another sister tug, 'Seaman', and sent us back out to sea again. This time we managed a month away and during that time I was given my first promotion – to ordinary seaman.

I was now a rough, tough, hardened seaman of six weeks experience, and on my first leave had plenty of salty sea yarns to tell lesser mortals like my old school mates who had all taken up boring shore jobs, like rocket science and brain surgery. I felt I was part of an exclusive club, no one I knew outside the job had experienced what I had and I knew they would never understand my new way of life.

So that's how it all started, I stayed six years with that company, working in all aspects of harbour, coastal and ocean towing and salvage, attaining the dizzy heights of 1st mate before moving on in 1974 to earn the Yankee Dollar, anchor handling for pipe lay barges in the North Sea and Gulf of Mexico with a US company, 'Nolty J Theriot Inc'. I stayed with them for almost nine years but although the pay was good, being all US flag tugs I could go no further than 1st mate. So I left Theriot in 1982 to take my first Master's job with Gray Mackenzie Marine Services EC, Bahrain, berthing tankers and gas carriers at Yanbu, Saudi Arabia, in Voith Schneider tractor tugs.

I've been around a bit since then, working for various Arab, Japanese and Singapore tug companies, doing everything from harbour and oil terminal work, pushing barges up the River Nile, supply vessels, ocean towing, salvage etc., before joining the 'Fairmount Summit' off Taiwan in December 2005. This time though it was a simple change of company, having for the previous two years been in the Semco tugs 'Salvanguard' and 'Salviscount', the first of this design of tug to be built.

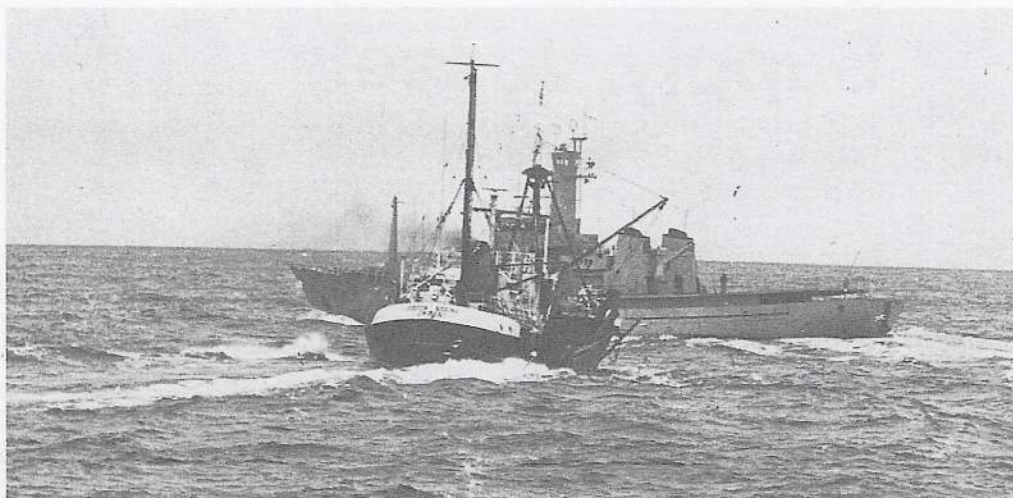
The job itself has changed immensely in those 41 years, the sheer size of the tugs and tows has increased more than we ever dreamed possible all those years ago. Crew pay, leave, working and recreation conditions have vastly improved, but for us older men some of the changes have not been so welcome. The modern navigation,



communications and tracking systems that we have now have certainly made our lives safer and have enabled us to keep in touch with our families at the touch of a button, but the downside of this is that we can also be contacted at a moments notice and now seem to be running on board offices rather than being practical seamen and left to get on with the job of towing as we were in the past. However, times move on, we cannot "un-invent the wheel" and live in the past. For those of my generation still in the job retirement is coming rapidly nearer and it will soon be time to let the younger men take over. My only wish is that my successors share the same feeling of pride that I have always had whenever I have successfully completed a tow, whether it was an old ship going for scrap or a newly built multi million dollar FPSO that I towed half way around the world.

Just one final thought, in 40 years time will today's seasick galley boys be looking back with nostalgia at "those little tugs I used to sail in with Hanzevast all those years ago"?

Cod War Ends



At 2200 hours on 1st June, 1976, the defence tugs LLOYDSMAN, STATESMAN and EUROMAN were given orders - "Return to base". This concluded a total period of approximately seven months on charter to the Department of Trade, during which time the tugs were patrolling Icelandic waters under the control of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

United Towing congratulate the Masters, Officers and Men who have served aboard the defence tugs during this long and arduous task - often carried out in severe weather conditions.

Their efforts in protecting the trawlers from attack by Icelandic gunboats is greatly appreciated by all concerned and we say "Thank you" for a job well done.

Euroman

We reproduce below a congratulatory telex received by Euroman from H.M.S. Galatea during our Icelandic operations.

Well done Euroman!

MESSAGE READS

VERY MANY THANKS FOR YOUR STALWART AND SPIRITED SUPPORT WHILST I HAVE BEEN C.T.G. CULMINATING IN YOUR MAGNIFICENT ACHIEVEMENT THIS MORNING IN SEVERING ODIN'S CUTTER AND WIRE. THE EFFECT ON MORALE WAS INSTANTANEOUS. THE TRAWLERS AND FRIGATES HAVE PLENTY TO BE GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR OVER THE DIFFICULT PERIOD OF LAST WEEK.

FOR THOSE GOING ON LEAVE YOU HAVE EARNED IT AND TO THOSE RETURNING NEXT WEEK WE LOOK FORWARD TO HAVING YOU BACK ON THE WARPS.



Able Seaman Walt Levesley and Able Seaman Pete Wigglesworth aboard the S T Prizeman 1945

MR. WALTER LEVESLEY D.O.B. 09 07 1926

JUNE 1943 — 1944

On the night of June 23rd 1943 the air raid sirens sounded in Hull, I was 16 yrs old and living at 5 Carden Avenue, Sutton Trust, Hull, we went into the garden, I was talking to my friend next door, his mother was already in the shelter and she shouted for him to join her, I went into our shelter and stood in between my mother and father, {Doris & Fred}. My two sisters, Joan and Freda, were laid on the bunks my Dad was looking out of the door up into the sky and saying I can see the planes. With that there was a terrific explosion the noise was like going through a tunnel on a train, I felt as though I was floating through the air. I heard my Mam screaming and that was it everything went quiet and I couldn't move, I didn't even know if I was upside down.

It seemed liked forever before I heard the sound of digging. I couldn't shout. After a long time I heard voices and I felt someone pulling my hair and saying "here's somebody" they dug me out and I was taken to the East Park first aid post. The people there cleaned all the mud from me and my Aunt Clara came to collect me. My Mother and Father had both been killed, my sisters were seriously injured, and my friend Jimmy Owen from next door had been killed along with his sister Mary and their mother Mrs Owen.

I was taken to Ilkley convalescence home for a while as I couldn't stop shaking. When I came home I couldn't stay with my Aunt, but a friend of mine said I could go with him to United Towing Company as they were looking for crew members and I could live aboard, so that's what I did.

I can't remember the exact date but we were asked if we would prefer to go to sea on the tug or we could stay at home on a smaller tug and just work on the Hull docks. I decided to go to sea; we knew something was going on when they put guns on the platforms on each side of the boat deck and two navel D.E.M.S. {defensively equipped merchant ships} gunners joined the crew. They were Bob Wallace a geordie and Vic Faerey a cockney.

We went to the shipping office in Postengate to sign on and were given a M.N. badge, so I was now in the Merchant Navy, aboard the S.T. Prizeman. Eventually we sailed down to the South coast and anchored in the Solent. It was full of ships of all kinds, troop ships, hospital ships, navel ships. After a period of relaxing we received orders to sail along the South coast somewhere in the Selsey Bill area, we tied up

along side a huge steel platform with a long leg at each corner, we had no idea what it was, but that was apparently what we were going to tow. We realized later it was part of the Mulberry harbour.

It was dark as we sailed and I couldn't see how many ships sailed with us until a fuel tanker blew up off our port bow. The flames rolled into the air and lit up the whole channel, I've never seen so many ships all steaming the same way. When we arrived at Normandy we lay at anchor and awaited further instructions. Smoke screens were laid around us but we could hear planes diving and explosions, as daylight came we could see dog fights over the cliffs and houses in the distance. The weather was getting worse and when the battleships, Rodney and Nelson, opened up firing inland the noise was terrific, the tugs were having problems getting the Mulberry sections into place. We were asked to go along side the depot ship for instructions, it was the liner Empress of Russia, unfortunately due to the swell we collided with the side of her and damaged our boat including the gun and the platform.

One or two days later we had to go back to Southampton for repairs, it was during this journey I saw my first Flying Bomb, it passed right over our heads, it sounded like a motor bike. After we docked, our skipper informed us we had been to Arramanches. When we were sea worthy again our orders were to stay in Southampton and do local work, like towing troop ships and hospital ships in and out of Southampton. We did get a trip out to the Needles along with the Dutch tug Swarzea, where two liberty ships had run aground.

After a month or so we were granted four days leave. We changed trains in London on the way but had to wait four hours for our connection. After four hours of flying bombs, I was glad to get out of there. Eventually we sailed back to Hull and I transferred to the Hull tug Irishman. I think the Prizeman had seen better days and was ready for the scrap heap. One of the first jobs we did on the Irishman was to tow a broken down cargo ship, the Oaksworth, up to Blythe. We got a message there was a U. Boat trailing us and three Naval Corvetta came out and dropped depth charges, we reached the destination with no trouble.

The next job I can remember was towing a submarine, the Otway, up the Firth of Forth to Inverkiething to a ship yard where she was due to be broken up.

When the war finished I stayed with U.T.C. and went on the 'up river tugs' where I was knocked overboard with a tow rope in the Humber near Saltend and nearly drowned, but that's another story....

PRIZEMAN CREW

CAPTAIN JIM BARLEY

MATE JACK JORDAN

RADIO ? SPARKS

CHIEF ENGINEER ? FITZCLARK

SECOND ENGINEER WALLY GIBSON

ABLE SEAMAN WALT LEVESLEY

ABLE SEAMAN PETE WIGGLESWORTH

FIREMAN KEN PINKNEY

FIREMAN ? ?

COOK ARCHIE WHITEHURST

GUNNER BOB WALLACE

GUNNER VIC FAIRBY

David Paterson R.O.

My name is David Paterson...I joined United Towing Company in 1967 as the Radio Officer of the tug Serviceman, The captain was Pete Pedersen he told me that during WW2 he and his friend rowed a lifeboat across the North Sea to Hull from Denmark , He sailed on Maersk Line and became a tug captain in Hull he was a great chap. I was also on the Tug Yorkshireman doing rig moves and anchor snatching and towing work barges.

I joined the Tug Englishman in August 1967 mainly working in the North Sea on rig moves etc, Then in October 1967 we were told that we had a job towing a Brown and Root barge to Bahrain, at the time the Suez canal was closed so it was the long haul via the cape. From Rotterdam .we called in at Dakar Senegal for bunkers etc the next stop was Capetown between Xmas and New year we enjoyed the break too. We set off for our next port of Mombasa it was slow going due to the Cape Agullas currents and we got into a cyclone off Madigascar...hurricane force winds and mountainous seas, The barge was damaged and we had to make for Lorenzo Marques in Mozambique so the American Bureau surveyors could get it repaired we were there for two weeks we then carried to Mombasa to re-fuel ...we arrived in Bahrain in mid march. We thought we were returning to Hull it was a bit of a shock to find our next job was to tow an old cargo ship called the Cerberus to Shanghai ...we called in to Singapore for bunkers etc ...we arrived at Hong Kong and a tug from Shanghai took it off us...we went into dry dock for re painting etc ...on completion the towing master Alf Varley said we were off to Vietnam in the morning to tow an Australian armoured dredger called the Western Eagle to Hue ...After a messdeck discussion we asked for a war zone bonus but Varley would have none of this but a £100 bonus was finally agreed, on the way we were challenged by the shore batteries and as we approached the coast of Vietnam American gunship helicopters lit us up at night and asked who we were and where bound for and were told to proceed ...the dredger was delivered to the river du Hue and a quick getaway back to Singapore ...our next job was to pull a small shell oil tanker off a sand bank near Pallanbang in Sumatrathis done we returned to Durban went on station...the next job was to tow an old Greek cargo ship to Rotterdam ...it had lost its rudder and was hell to tow ...we refuelled in Dakar...we arrived back in Hull in late november.



Englishman towing Cerberus



Salvageman

Call Sign: Salvageman GXYH


Delivered in 1980, the Salvageman is Britain's most powerful tug. The use of four engines to drive twin controllable pitch propellers gives great flexibility. For free running or light towing, two engines are sufficient, but all four engines are used when real muscle is called for. A powerful bowthruster gives this tug great manoeuvrability.

The Salvageman has a fixed fire-fighting installation with powerful monitors, and has a salvage store containing the portable generators, pumps, compressors and other equipment necessary to render salvage assistance to other vessels.

Sophisticated satellite navigation and satellite communications equipment, together with her large bunker capacity, enables her to work on a world-wide basis.

Particular attention has been given to the design of the afterdeck together with the installation of an Ulstein "Sharks Jaw", to allow her to take on board the largest rig anchors from deep water locations. These are handled over her stern roller, enabling the Salvageman to undertake every stage of a rig move.

Main Particulars

Built: 1980
Length: 226.6ft = 69.06m
Beam: 46.7ft = 14.23m
Draft (summer): 18.4ft = 5.60m
Gross tonnage: 1597.65
Class: Lloyds  100 A1 Tug Ice Class 3 LMC UMS

Machinery

Main engines: 4 x Ruston 12RK 3A each 2820 BHP
Auxiliaries: 2 x shaft generators each 550 KW
 1 x Caterpillar 550 KW
 1 x Caterpillar 250 KW

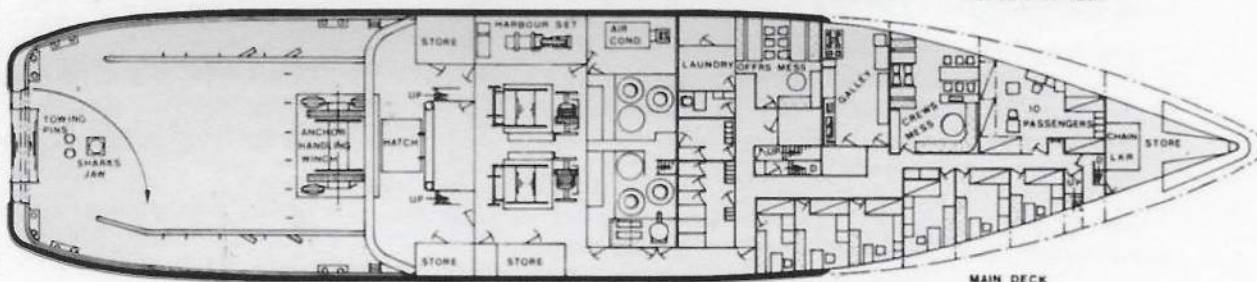
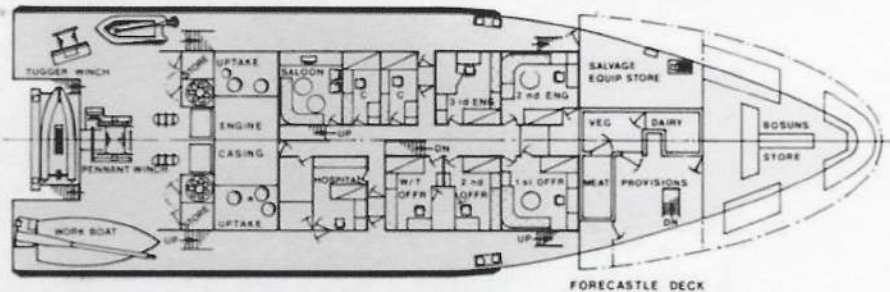
Total BHP: 11280
Bow thruster: Kamewa 6.5 tons thrust
Bollard pull: 170 tons continuous
Speed (max.): 17.5 knots
Fuel capacity: 1350 tonnes
Fresh water capacity: 108 tonnes

Towing Equipment

Main towing winches: 2 x Donkin Tractor Winches 200 tons static pull
Pennant winch: Donkins static pull 70 tons
Main tow wires: 1 x 1200m (3900ft) of 70mm and 1 x 1200m (3900ft) of 64mm
Spare tow wires: 1 x 1200m (3900ft) of 70mm carried on powered reel

Anchor Handling

Anchor handling winch: Donkins Hydraulic static pull 200 tons
Tugger winch: Donkins Hydraulic static pull 15 tons
Shark jaw: Ulstein
Deck area: 13.25 x 11.0m wood sheathed
Stern gate width: 6m
Stern roller size: 4m wide x 1.5m diameter



Salvage Equipment

A range of diesel pumps and electric submersible pumps is carried to provide a total of 880 tons per hour pumping capacity, together with portable generators and compressors.
 1 Work Boat
 1 Rigid inflatable Rescue/Workboat 6.00m length powered by 40HP Outboard.

Deck Cranes

1 x 4 tons
 2 x 1 ton

Fire Fighting Equipment

2 Fire Monitors
 Fixed fire pumps total capacity 450 tons per hour

Navigation Equipment

2 Radars
 Satellite Navigation System
 Decca Navigator
 Automatic Radio Direction Finder
 Echo Sounder, Gyro Compass
 Automatic Pilot, Log

Communication Equipment

Satellite Communication System (Navidyne); Telex and Telephone
 H.F. and V.H.F. Radios
 Portable V.H.F. Radios
 Facsimile Weather Chart Recorder
 Coastcall

Accommodation

9 x 1 Berth Officer's Cabins
 2 x 1 Berth Crew Cabins
 4 x 2 Berth Crew Cabins
 1 x 10 Man Supernumerary Cabin
 1 Berth Hospital

U.T.S.S.-Rotterdam-Maassluis-trip-May 2015



Holland's Glory....."Elbe.....Maassluis.....30th May 2015



The immaculate engine room of the "Elbe" showing her two 6 cylinder M.A.N. engines