



(Photo: D. V. Sullivan, *Winchester Castle*)

The *Winchester Castle* made an unexpected stop on 14th September while in mid-ocean, when a stowaway, Mr. Norman Van-Rooyen, 26, was transferred by lifeboat from the homeward bound *Pretoria Castle* to the *Winchester Castle* outward bound to Cape Town.

Mr. Van-Rooyen gave himself up to the Captain of the *Pretoria Castle* when the ship was five hours out from Cape Town. He declared the reason for stowing away was because he was tired of waiting for a ship to return him to England, where he has a wife and child waiting for him in London, where he has lived for five years.

Mr. Van-Rooyen, formerly of Durban, arrived in Cape Town two months ago as a crew member of the steam trawler *Disa*, a new ship which came from Hull, England, for Irvin and Johnstone Company of Cape Town.

The photograph shows Mr. Van-Rooyen being transferred from the lifeboat of the *Pretoria Castle* to the *Winchester Castle* while at sea.

#### A Regrettable Accident

We were sorry to learn of an unfortunate accident which occurred to Mr. M. C. Herridge, Chief Engineer of the *King Arthur*, as a result of which he lost the tip of his right index finger.

Mr. Herridge is an accomplished artist and we offer him our sincere sympathies and hope that this will not seriously interfere with his hobby.

#### THE CHIEFY STEWARD SAHIB

(Any resemblance to any Chief Steward is purely coincidental)

Tells us chicken's in the cass'role,  
Thinks that he can kid us on,  
Doesn't know that we are "fly" men  
And we know it's pure mutton.

Gives us breakfast in the morning,  
Gives us slops at noon and tea,  
Now we know we are on ration  
So we have a jam butte.

Works all night to fix his books up—  
After sleeping all the day—  
Then he moans because we ask him  
To work out our measly pay.

When the time comes round to pay off  
And we know it's our last day,  
Looking back upon his feeding  
"Wasn't bad", we always say.

"Back next trip?" he then will ask us;  
There again, we might as well,  
After all if he don't feed us  
He will land up in a cell.

New trip starts but so does Chiefy  
With his mutton dressed as lamb,  
So the tale it starts all over—  
Living on our bread and jam.

A. A. GARROCH, Ex. Third Engineer, *Umstall*.

#### Pick-a-Box Show

In their endeavour to provide some new style of entertainment, the Purser's staff of some vessels occasionally run a Pick-a-Box Quiz. On the *Stirling Castle* this is a more-or-less regular feature, mainly in the tourist class. However, a slightly shortened version was recently held in the first class when the ship was carrying only half its capacity of

passengers and it met with great success.

Five contestants, in turn, answer questions and pick a box, which may contain a table lighter or a used bus ticket. Run similarly to a radio programme, with the Assistant Purser as compère and quiz master and the usual commercial plugs, Pick-a-Box offers something different for the passengers.

The "Three Peas-in-a-Pod" at the end of a Commercial ditty about the Union-Castle Line. Left to right: Laurie Peters (Assistant Purser), Sae Pienaar (Purser's Clerk), Mike Poploe (Purser's Clerk)

(Photo: S. Loveland)

