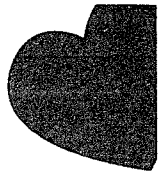




21 FEB 2011



Maine Heart News

Heart Support Australia – Castlemaine Branch
PO Box 121, Castlemaine, VIC 3450
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President Don Noble 54706159

Secretary: Evan Waters 54706016

email—castlemaine@heartnet.org.au

Next Meeting Monday 21st February 2011 at 12.00 PM

Where West End Hall ,View St Castlemaine

Transport

Those members requiring transport, please telephone either Rob McNabb on 54705580 or Don Noble 54706159 and they will endeavour to arrange for someone to pick you up.

Birthday Wishes

This month of January ,we have the following people with Birthdays to celebrate Vergie McShanag ,Val Noble and Dot Pollard and Margaret Porigneaux. Congratulations to you all enjoy your special day and may this year 2011 be a better one than last year.

Our Members in Hospital & At Home on the Sick List .

Please at this moment could you all take time to visit if possible those of our members who have been and still are in hospital , or the ones at home that are still on the sick list . I know they would appreciate a quick visit to cheer them up ,especially at this time of the year .So if you can please do .

Raffle

As this is the first formal meeting for the year there will be a Raffle for this month so if all members can bring the usual grocery item to put towards the prizes this will be appreciated by all .Remember we have two draws and for two dollars you get 3 tickets Thankyou this will help in the finances and will be used at some stage through the year to subsidize a trip or an outing of some sort .

Guest Speaker

The speaker for this month is someone you all know . Alex Allen has agreed to come and talk on his days at Woomera Rocket facility in South Australia . Alex was one of the first personnel to be stationed there ,when it was instigated all those years ago . He has seen things we didn't know about in those days and now will

Maine Heart News

enlighten you into some of the things that went on . He has given this talk to other groups in the past and has had some very good reports from those who have heard on this subject. So come along and listen to Alex and learn a little of Australia's history ,

A note from the Secretary/ Editor

I have had an email from the National Director saying he cannot now fulfil his promise to come to our meeting on April 18th as he has a Directors meeting in Canberra he has to attend ,I don't have a problem with that . What I do have a problem with is, I emailed back with the dates of all our meetings in the year to which I got an email back saying in essence dates cannot be arranged at this point of time ,also stating that we would have to pay expenses etc .This was stated in the first contact with him ,that we would feed and give him a bed etc at our place ,to which he declined as he said he had a brother in Bendigo.

Having gone to the trouble of searching this matter in the first place and then get a kick in the guts ,I now feel somewhat apprehensive as to asking anything of anyone to do with Directors or even Head Office as such . This gives me the impression that if you are on the Directors list you are there for an ego trip only . I always thought that people in office were there as a representative of the members ,and should be able to visit etc as requested, but seems not now days.

I know that some members were looking forward to this meeting and I feel for you all ,as you all know I will do what is best for our part of the organization, so I will continue to strive for the betterment of our meetings. I don't have an ego problem .I will give a talk in the April meeting of our trip to Singapore /Malaysia and Brunei .We are both looking forward to the Brunei part of this trip ,as it seems to be a country with a difference in richness of culture as well as wealth in monetary terms , Wealthy in a lot of other ways as well , from the rich oil fields , And run by the same family of Sultans for hundreds of years. The present one being one of the richest men in the world .

I would also like to thank all those who turned up to the BBQ at our place in January , Both Mary and I thought as many of you that it was one of the best we have ever had ,so again Thankyou Regards to you all Evan Waters

Presidents Report

This is just a small report as I have very busy with Flood Work for the CFA and as yet have not had the time to think about anything else .I hope that everyone enjoyed themselves at Evan's and Mary's Bar-b-que ,and Val and I look forward to seeing you all again at the coming meeting on 21-02-11 . I have arranged for the Campbells Creek Fire Brigade Captain to give a talk on Fire Safety in the home at the March meeting which I think will be very interesting to hear what he has to say as he is quite conscientious about his role in the CFA,That is all for now from your President ,

Don Noble

An Ancient Mariner

Born on a farm among the ship-building centers of Nova Scotia in 1844, Joshua Slocum longed to sail the tall ships that pervaded his childhood. He went to sea at age sixteen and was captain of a sailing ship when only twenty-five. But he was a man out of his time: The skipper who would become known as the world's best sailor lived in a world that had changed to steam.

Straining against the tide of new technology, Slocum eked out an increasingly meager living from his sail-driven ships. Always accompanied by Virginia, his Australian wife, he hauled cargo and fish, and tried to keep his rowdy crews in line. Virginia bore seven children and schooled them in all the basics, including music, for which a piano had been bolted to the deck. But the hard life at sea proved more than she could bear: She died in 1884, at thirty-four. After her death, one of their sons recalled much later, "Father never recovered. He was like a ship with a broken rudder."

The changing world of sea transport only made matters worse for Joshua Slocum, as steam-driven competitors reduced the work of sailing vessels to odd jobs. In 1892, on the beach and shipless, Slocum had a critical windfall. A retired whaling captain offered to give him an ancient oysterman, which Slocum happily accepted and began to refurbish. After thirteen months' hard labor on this new vessel, the *Spray*, as he proudly wrote of her, "sat on the water like a swan."

While renovating the *Spray*.

Slocum hit upon a revitalizing goal: He would sail around the world, as he had done five times before. But this time the fifty-one-year-old sailor would do it alone. Bald-crowned and bearded, Slocum set sail from Boston Harbor on April 24, 1895, carrying only \$1.50 in his pocket. He would pay for his voyage by giving lectures along the way.

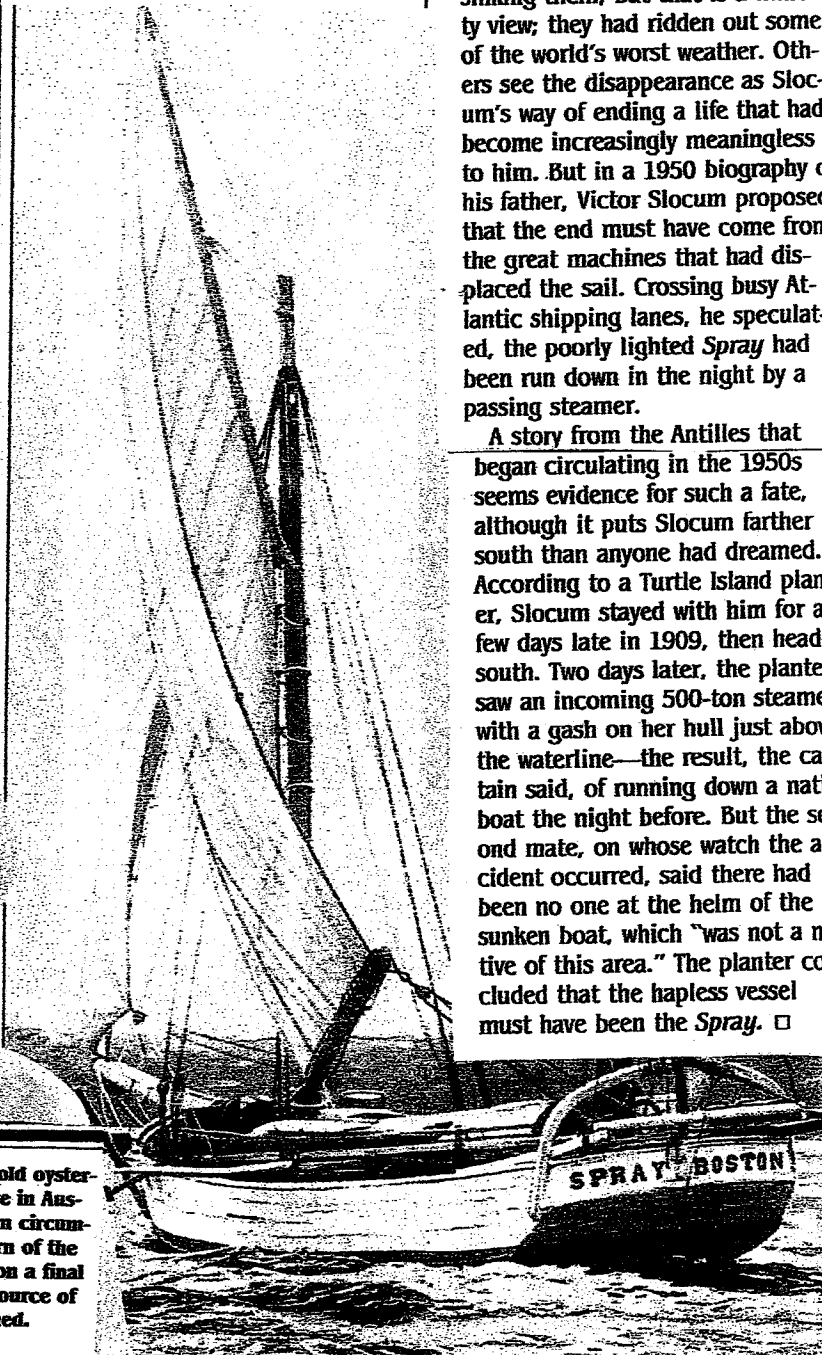
More than three years and 46,000 miles of ocean after his departure, Slocum returned home, the first man to circumnavigate the globe on a solo voyage. Upon converting his experience into the book *Sailing Alone around the World*, Slocum earned global renown and became the honored guest of President Theodore Roosevelt and wealthy yachtsmen.

But Slocum's life soon began to drift again. An effort to live ◊

ashore as a Martha's Vineyard farmer with his second wife, Hettie, ended with his return to the *Spray*. Aboard the boat he loved, Slocum wandered along American rivers and coastlines, with winter forays into the warm Caribbean waters. Living on the *Spray* in the early years of this century, and, as he wrote Victor, his eldest son, "hustling for a dollar," Slocum imagined another dramatic voyage: a solo journey to the then-unknown source of the Amazon River. On November 14, 1909, the *Spray* glided out of Martha's Vineyard, southbound. No one knows whether Slocum was on his way to the Amazon or to another winter in the Cayman Islands: The *Spray* and her captain vanished soon after sailing from Martha's Vineyard. A few mariners believe Slocum and his vessel finally met a storm capable of sinking them, but that is a minority view; they had ridden out some of the world's worst weather. Others see the disappearance as Slocum's way of ending a life that had become increasingly meaningless to him. But in a 1950 biography of his father, Victor Slocum proposed that the end must have come from the great machines that had displaced the sail. Crossing busy Atlantic shipping lanes, he speculated, the poorly lighted *Spray* had been run down in the night by a passing steamer.

A story from the Antilles that began circulating in the 1950s seems evidence for such a fate, although it puts Slocum farther south than anyone had dreamed. According to a Turtle Island planter, Slocum stayed with him for a few days late in 1909, then headed south. Two days later, the planter saw an incoming 500-ton steamer with a gash on her hull just above the waterline—the result, the captain said, of running down a native boat the night before. But the second mate, on whose watch the accident occurred, said there had been no one at the helm of the sunken boat, which "was not a native of this area." The planter concluded that the hapless vessel must have been the *Spray*. ◻

Sailing alone on his beloved old oysterman, the *Spray*—shown above in Australian waters—Joshua Slocum circumnavigated the globe at the turn of the century. In 1909, he set out on a final voyage, possibly to find the source of the Amazon, and never returned.





Because It Is There

History credits New Zealander Sir Edmund Hillary and his Sherpa guide, Tenzing Norgay, as the first men to reach the summit of Mount Everest, 29,028 feet above sea level and the highest spot on the planet. Hillary and Tenzing set the official record in 1953, to universal acclaim. But some people believe that an Englishman had walked to the top of the world twenty-nine years earlier.

In late April 1924, a British schoolmaster named George Leigh Mallory began his second attempt to scale Everest. The thirty-seven-year-old Mallory had reconnoitered the Himalayan peak in 1921 and attempted an ascent in 1922, clad in the tweeds and hobnail boots that were the mountaineering gear of the day. But Chomolungma—the Goddess-Mother of the World, as Tibetans call the great mountain—had forced his party back

with gale and avalanche. When asked why he tried Everest, Mallory is said to have made the immortal reply: "Because it is there."

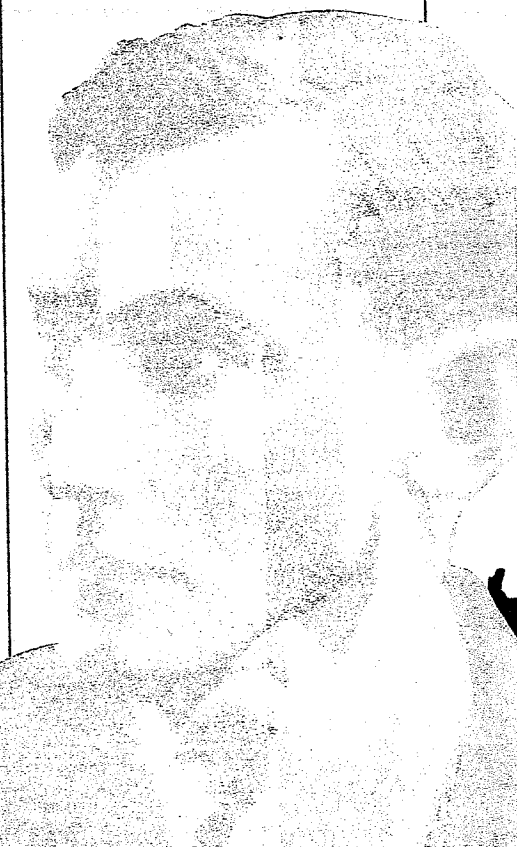
Initially at least, his second assault proceeded smoothly. A series of seven camps were set up along the stone flank of the massif, and by the end of May, the climbers were ensconced in Camp IV, nearly 20,000 feet above sea level. On the morning of June 6, Mallory began a final two-day effort to reach the summit. With him were young Andrew Irvine as his partner and eight porters. Mallory selected Irvine, an inexperienced mountaineer, for his knowledge of the unwieldy apparatus that they used for breathing oxygen—dubbed "English air"—to augment the thin high-altitude atmosphere.

On June 8, having sent back their porters, Mallory and Irvine toiled on alone. An expedition

member recalls peering that day through a telescope at two "black spots" inching upward toward the crest. They appeared to be on the final cliff face, the so-called Second Step, less than a thousand feet below the summit. But, as the colleague watched, the two men vanished in a snow squall.

Although neither man was ever found, no one doubts that Mallory and Irvine died upon the mountain. But some researchers think ◊

With climbing partner Andrew Irvine, George Mallory (right) disappeared near the top of then-unconquered Mount Everest in June 1924.



that Mallory very likely attained the prize before perishing in the cold.

Tom Holzel, a New England businessman and author, has made one attempt to retrace the steps of the ill-fated pair. He believes that Mallory pushed on ahead, sending the slower Irvine back toward camp and relative safety. Mallory would have kept Irvine's oxygen tank: Coupled with his own, it gave him a three-hour supply, just enough to reach the crest. He then worked his way along the final ledge, a narrow path flanked by 10,000-foot drops, aware that every labored

upward step reduced his chances of returning alive. Holzel argues that Mallory made it before the blizzard killed him.

Irvine, meanwhile, must have lost his footing in fresh snow and fallen to his death on a terrace a thousand feet below. In 1979, a Chinese named Wang Hung Pao revealed to a party of fellow climbers that he had found the body of "an English" on that snow terrace during a 1974 climb. But the day after his curiously delayed disclosure, before his story could be corroborated, Wang himself perished

in a crevasse and took the details of his find with him.

Holzel argues that Wang had found the body of Andrew Irvine. Subsequent crews have attempted to find the two climbers' remains and their equipment, especially their vest-pocket cameras. Preserved in the Himalayan ice, the film could be specially processed to bring out its sixty-six-year-old images. These could then be analyzed to see if any had been taken on the summit—and answer the nagging question of who was really first to conquer Everest. □