

# The CACHALOT

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHAMPTON MASTER MARINERS' CLUB

No.8

June 2003

## CAPTAIN'S LOG

The 16<sup>th</sup> January was the date of my installation as Captain of the Club at the A.G.M. and the installation of Captain A.R. Tinsley as my Staff Captain. In this the 75<sup>th</sup> year of the Club, it is a very great honour to follow in the footsteps of my peers.

Burns Night was my first official function as Captain and Carolyn, my wife, was rather miffed to find out that she had to "sing for her supper" as well! The evening was well supported and enjoyed by one and all.

Committee Meetings seem to be in abundance in the very successful running of the Club and before January was out, the Church Committee was in full flow to start organising the Shipping Festival Service at Winchester Cathedral on the 19<sup>th</sup> June.

The Sea Pie Supper on the 7<sup>th</sup> February, when I was publicly installed as Captain, was, as usual, an over-subscribed event enjoyed by all.

An invitation to luncheon on board H.M.S. Southampton from Commander C.B. Hodkinson made for a most enjoyable interlude. The ship was just coming out of a "mini" refit but both welcome and repast were excellent.

The A.G.M. of the Cricket Section of the Club was a very enlightening evening. It was pleasant to meet those members agile enough to represent the Club on the various venues around the area.

I had the honour to respond to the Toast of the Guests on the 38<sup>th</sup> Annual Dinner of the Southampton Royal Naval Officers' Association held at the Tudor Merchants Hall – an excellent meal in historic surroundings.

Tuesday 1<sup>st</sup> April saw the opening of the Merchant Navy Welfare Board's new office in Southampton when the Boatsteerer and I represented the Club. The following day saw me enjoying a very pleasant Court Luncheon in London on board H.Q.S. Wellington as a guest of the Master of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners, Captain A Rawcliffe, MRIN.

On the Friday evening, we had a Club Supper at George's Restaurant and the week was completed with a visit to the Royal Air Force Yacht Club for the Commodore's Cocktail Party – a beautiful day in lovely surroundings.

We continue to have very successful events at the Club including Curry Lunches, Skittles evenings, a Quiz with a fish and chip supper (honours to the Past Captain and his Team) and a very entertaining lunch with the Ladies of the Watch Ashore.

Having had a reasonable spell of weather earlier this year, let us hope that the forthcoming Shipping Festival Service is blessed with good weather and a good attendance.

Geoffrey G. Lee  
Club Captain

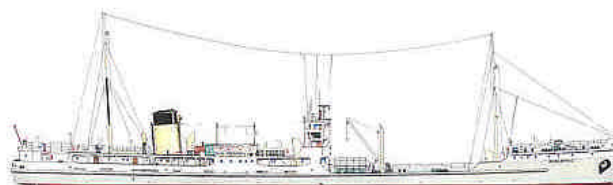


### THE SHIPPING FESTIVAL

This 62nd Shipping Festival Service, organised annually by the Club, is to take place, by courtesy of the Dean and Chapter, on Thursday 19th June.

The Preacher this year will be The Rev. Tom Heffer, Ministry Secretary, Missions to Seafarers.

Members and their guests are reminded that they should be seated by 1845



### S.S. Shieldhall

Round the Island Cruise, Sunday 7th September, 2003

25 places have been reserved on the above cruise leaving 49 berth, Southampton, at 1000 and returning 1900.

A similar number have been booked by The Mariners of Wight so we have the chance of sharing the day with old acquaintances.

Cost per head for the trip, to include lunch, is £25.20 and a £5 deposit is required at time of booking, cheques made payable to "The Cachalots".



## YOUR CLUB NEEDS YOU

Simon Daniels is now writing the Club's new book, in the 75th anniversary year of the Master Mariners' Club.

In response to many comments on the last book, this one will involve a celebration of Southampton's maritime heritage as well as a record of Master Mariner members of their careers at sea.

Simon, therefore, invites all members to make a contribution, with their reminiscences and anecdotes, in witness of the Port of Southampton, as well as reminiscences of the careers of those who served as FG Masters.

Cachalots may wish to draw on all those support services in the port without which the ships would not have been supplied or loaded; while the evolution of cargo operations in the Port is an important subject.

Master Mariners will have priceless recollections of their careers, with many stories that may be unrelated to Southampton - their Companies may never have used the Port - but nevertheless portray life deep-sea.

Other Cachalots will have pursued important careers in related industries, such as those having an impact on the environment. Many, for instance, will recall Ron Freaker's service "whale-marking" in the Antarctic - sadly Ron has gone aloft, but members' accounts will be vital in building up a picture, from tanker-masters to pollution consultants, that portrays Ocean Life.

With the toll of Anno Domini, we are rapidly losing vital stories about watersheds in the Port's history, especially the business of the Cunard *Queens*, Royal Mail, Union Castle, Canadian Pacific etc are very sorely needed.

Please do not be concerned with how little or how much to contribute - Simon will be grateful for all contributions, although he does ask, if possible, that they be typed or printed. And while he will be grateful for all your efforts, the final decision on the content for the book must, of course, be his!

So please send your contributions to Simon, before the 31st July, at

COW PENN COTTAGE, FRITHAM, LYNDHURST,  
SO43 7HH  
or e-mail him at [Dispute.Solutions@btinternet.com](mailto:Dispute.Solutions@btinternet.com)

For further information, call Simon on 023 8081 1722.

## AND SO DOES THE SOUTHAMPTON SEA CADET UNIT

Assistance is required in the management of the Southampton Sea Cadet Unit; can you help?

Mature men and women who feel they can offer help and advice in the running and management of an independent youth organisation for boys and girls 12 - 18 yrs with a junior branch for 10 yr olds, are urgently required.

The Sea Cadet Corps is a uniformed youth organisation whose aim is to offer boys and girls a sense of personal and civic pride together with a sense of values. A registered charity locally and nationally, it is not a pre-service cadet organisation nor a para-military one.

Sea Cadet Units are supported by the Royal Navy but rely heavily on raising funds from the general public and are affiliated to the National Council for Voluntary Youth Services.

The Management Committee meet once a month to discuss the requirements of and the happenings in the unit.

Southampton is in the top 25% of all Sea Cadet Units and is active in attending all local civic ceremonies.

If you feel you can assist in any way please contact:

Lieutenant Commander Ray Hunt RD.RNR  
9 Braeside Road  
Bitterne  
Southampton. SO19 7AY  
023 8044 7349



March B.Peck

April R.Perry

May B.O'Connor



### THE B.& I.S.S. and US

Our tenure at the B&ISS is becoming less secure by the week. The latest development is that permissions have been applied for to demolish the Customs house, the B&ISS office block and the B&ISS building which houses our Club-room. The time-scales of any such re-development remain unknown but we must be prepared for the worst. Club functions will continue to be held at the B&ISS whenever possible, the first likely to be affected is the curry lunch on 20th Sept. Our admin. should be able to continue from the portakabin whilst alternative accommodation is sought. Meanwhile, members should keep in touch.



## **STORM**

by  
**Eric Plowman**

Wang Chang sat with his friends Ho Chi and Mi Lee round the lacquer table drinking tea.

The night was like a soft blanket covering them, they were unable to shake off the oppressive heat, outside the street sang like a chorus of discordant birds.

Mi Lee spoke softly "The typhoon warnings are hanging from the weather tower in Kowloon ", her voice lilted as she glanced at Ho Chi, her face fragile like a porcelain swan.

"The fishermen say it will pass over Hong Kong," Wang Chang muttered, "It will be the third this year, the storms are so predictable, it is bad for business, there will be no fish for days"

The three friends talked about the weather and people of the fish market where Wang Chang had his stall.

Mi Lee read a poem about the sea. She felt safe and protected by her two companions.

When she had finished she addressed Wang Chang, she loved him like a father and politely recognised the older man's wisdom.

"Why is it", she mused, "that the poets and storytellers write so often about storms, it is not very original is it." Wang Chang smiled gently.

" They write about conflict." Wang Chang paused, "Without the storm there is no discord. Life is a prolonged storm full of conflict made bearable only by periods of calm."

Ho Chi was a maker of camphorwood chests, a craftsman and did not understand Wang Chang's reasoning. He spoke for the first time, "Tell us a story about a typhoon, Wang Chang".

Mi Lee smiled at Ho Chi, she felt elated, "Yes tell us a story about a storm "

The older man looked at his young friends and pondered on what to tell them.

The wind increased and whined, the wooden slats of the shutters rattled.

"Yes, it is time, it is time you knew what transpired when you were a child Mi Lee."

The atmosphere of the approaching typhoon had brought back the memory of Mi Lee's father, Sun Lee. "It was early in July, you were only two years old, you lived with your family on your father's fishing junk."

"He understood the moods of sea, he knew where the

fish would be during all seasons of the year and the other fisherman followed his junk to the best fishing grounds" Mi Lee listened to every word, she knew nothing of her early childhood.

"The crew had great respect for your father and called him the Wise One.

The fishing fleet would leave the harbour and sail out through Li Mun channel, past the great lighthouse on their port hand. Then out to sea where they would search instinctively for the shoals of fish.

The great liners bound for Hong Kong would steam close to the fishing fleet. At night the junks would stretch across the horizon like a sparkling necklace, each craft dipping and rolling in the swell, their deck lights twinkling, their crews heaving in the nets.

On that night in July the fleet was fishing off Lantao Island about fifty miles south of Hong Kong, the catch was plentiful and the fishermen happy.

The junk skippers were surprised when your father hauled in his nets, hoisted his sails and opening them like large fans set course for home. He had not filled his hold with fish but he read the signs, a copper coloured sky the evening before, an ominous calm and then a shift in the wind after midnight.

He felt the storm approaching and knew the fleet would have just enough time to sail back to Kowloon and the Typhoon Refuge. He headed North.

The fleet understood and soon followed him."

"Where was my mother?" asked Mi Lee.

"She was at the helm steering whilst your father trimmed the sails, and I suppose you were wrapped up in a blanket somewhere".

Wang Lee did not seem to mind the interruption to his story. He could feel the tension of the approaching storm surround his unpretentious home and the memories of the past flooded back into his mind. He continued.

"The fleet moved north like an uneven snake of light in the increasing swell, brown square sails reflecting in their oil lamps yellow glow.

One of the crew shouted, "look, Wise One, Nan Kee's boat is in trouble."

Your father turned and looked astern.

Heading for them was a large cargo vessel, it had scraped the side of Nan Kee's junk and brought down the sail.

Sung Lee took the ship's helm from his wife and altered course away from the oncoming steamer. The crew waved their lanterns wildly. The ship was very close, the junk moved sluggishly away but it was too late, there was a splintering sound, the steel hull smashed into the stern of the junk as the wash from the steamer threw the junk sideways out of its track.

Onward went the steamer oblivious of the havoc caused, the young officer on watch sipping his tea in the chart room, thinking about a night ashore and the bar girls at the Blue Dragon.

The fishing junk had suffered a fracture to her large rudder and the wooden housing at the stern was badly damaged but she was still seaworthy.

The sailors made temporary repairs to the rudder and patched up the stern cabin as best they could.

The fishing fleet moved steadily north, only your father's and Nan Kee's junks were damaged.

The two boats drifted close together, Nan Kee's craft was sinking.

Your father helped all the families and crew of the stricken craft on board.

There was nothing they could do to save the sinking craft.

A course was set for harbour, the main fleet were out of sight. They had lost precious time and the weather was deteriorating.

The damaged rudder made it difficult to steer in the following wind.

Sung Lee used all his skills as the Typhoon approached. He was unable to navigate as the wind and the sea drove the little ship towards the rocks off Lantao Island. The fishing junk which was his life smashed into the black rocks. The cries of the two families were heard only in heaven.

Your mother had wrapped you up in a blanket and tied oilskins around your wooden box cradle, you were washed overboard.

A sailor who had clung to some of the wreckage managed to hold on to your cradle in the breaking sea, you were the only survivors from Sung Lees boat."

Mi Lee looked into Wang's eyes and knew for the first time, it was he who had saved her.

"Now I understand why we have been such good friends, it was you who asked your sister to care for me and bring me up in the fishing village of Aberdeen"

Wang said nothing, there was nothing to say.

The howling wind outside shattered the silence, torrential rain beat down, everything movable in the street below was swept away by a flood of water.

There was a pitiful cry and something crashed against the outside wall of the house.

Wang peered through the barred shutters and into the lashing rain.

There below the window lay a crumpled body.

They rushed to the door and were nearly swept off their feet as they opened it.

Ho Chi dragged the body inside and they lay him on a canvas bed.

The door was barred and storm shutters locked in place. Mi Lee looked down on the uninvited visitor, he was bleeding and had a deep gash in his forehead, probably caused by some flying debris.

She looked closely at the face and thought she had seen him somewhere before.

Then she remembered it was in the Blue Dragon where she sometimes worked as a bar girl.

He wore a crumpled white uniform of a ships officer.

Perhaps he had left it a little late to return to his ship and had been caught in the typhoon, he smelt of drink.

They made him comfortable, she bathed his wound.

He was delirious, his mind wandering, his voice slurred, "The junks were everywhere, did we hit one? There was some wreckage on the bow when we docked"

Mi Lee bathed his head and tried to give him some tea.

"They said two fishing boats went down in the typhoon."

He rambled on. "The bloody wind, the bloody wind."

Mi Lee closed her eyes.

She felt somehow this man had destroyed her father and mother so long ago.

She said nothing as she held the bowl of tea to his lips.

She did not know he had been drinking tea sixteen years ago.

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## **75th ANNIVERSARY DINNER**

The function at the R.S.Y.C. on 28th June is now fully subscribed. Guest of Honour is to be Stowaway, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Julian Oswald G.C.B.

1930 for 2000

Black Tie

Carriages 2330

## **SUPPERS, SKITTLES & QUIZ**

Recent social events, namely the Club Supper at Georges, the skittles evening at the Old Bowling Club and the fish & chip quiz night were all adequately supported by a nucleus of regular members. At Georges, T.Clark gave a most tremendously interesting talk on the history of "George" and his restaurant. (*Those wishing for a less biased account of such events might be encouraged to put finger to key-board, ..hint...hint...Ed*). The skittles evening was probably the most exercise some had had since last year's hurdles event, while the quiz exercised other little used parts of the assembled bodies. It was certainly the quietest of evenings, as each of the six teams huddled and whispered in an attempt to prevent the others from overhearing their answers. The "Shieldhall" team steamed home lengths ahead of the nearest opposition, thanks mainly to the encyclopedic memory of the Post Captain. He should definitely be a candidate for "Who wants to be a Millionaire."

## **AUTUMN BALL**

This year we shall be returning to the Brook House Masonic Hall at Botley for our Dinner Dance on **Friday 3rd October**. Members of your entertainments committee were impressed with the standard of refurbishment there when they inspected it. Catering at the hall is provided by a local hotelier and the menu will be:

Half a Melon filled with Prawns Marie Rose

--00--

Fillet of Pork with a Ginger & Orange Sauce

Saute Potatoes in Paprika & Onions

Seasonal Vegetables

--00--

Tiramisu

--00--

Cheese & Biscuits

--00--

Coffee & Mints

Music will be by "Harmony House", a Trio that will be new to us, but who play there regularly and come recommended.

It is intended that we have a non-alcoholic fruit drink on arrival (it can be adulterated to taste!) and the house wine starts at just £5.60 a bottle.

**ALL THIS FOR JUST £25 PER TICKET.**

(And no numbers restrictions, so you can bring along guests). Watch for the list on the notice-board or contact the office as usual.

## Where have the Southampton cablesips gone?

During the 1970s, 80s and early 90s cablesips became a very familiar sight in Southampton. Apart from the many visitors to the old STC factory on 109 berth, the General Post Office centralised its marine operations at the new 203 berth in 1974, and the red hulled ships became a regular feature. Over the following two decades the controlling company became BTI Marine Services in 1981, and this in turn became the subsidiary company BT (Marine) Ltd in 1987. The final change occurred in 1994 when BT sold the organisation to Cable & Wireless Marine Ltd.



CS ALERT

Then in 1995 ABP wanted the berth for container and ro-ro operations. As there remained a substantial period to the lease, C&WM negotiated very favourable release terms which enabled them to move the entire operation to Portland. With the STC factory being closed in the same period Southampton lost a type of vessel that had become a part of the scenery.



CS SOVEREIGN in the Solent

Until the sale in 1994 there were five Southampton based ships. The oldest, the CS Alert, dated from 1960 and was a laying and deep water repair vessel. From 1975 and 1976 respectively were the CS Monarch and CS Iris, two sister repair vessels, whilst the newest BT owned cablesip was the CS Sovereign built in 1991 primarily for Atlantic repair work but with good laying capability. Finally, there was the CS Nexus, a time chartered ex-drillship converted for cable laying and owned by James Fisher & Sons.

In the main their cable work kept them fully occupied, with the notable exception of the seven months during 1982 that CS Iris spent in the South Atlantic with the Falklands fleet.

From 1991 CS Alert and CS Iris were working out in the Far East, and CS Nexus worked worldwide. Once C&WM took over, other cablesips occasionally appeared at 203 berth, but the two regulars remained CS Sovereign on Atlantic and CS Monarch on North Sea maintenance contracts.

It should be noted that for these five ships the "CS" was not a pre-fix but actually part of the name, a practice dating from 1969 when the GPO was formed and its cablesips became commercial vessels and not "HMTS", which produced a naming conflict with other vessels on the register.



CS NEXUS off Ryde

So where have the ships gone? A combination of age and industry downturn has taken its toll. First to go was the CS Alert, which had worked herself to death and was scrapped out east in 1995. Her Captain for the last voyage, Peter Bennett, has recently joined the Club. Three others lasted until very recently and have become victims of both age and the current lack of work in the submarine cable industry.

CS Monarch went to a Spanish scrap yard in December 2002 and CS Iris to an Indian one in February 2003, whilst CS Nexus was recently handed back to her owners as surplus to requirements. This leaves CS Sovereign as the only survivor. She remains based in Portland on Atlantic repair work. Unfortunately Global Marine Systems Ltd, the renamed C&WM, have lost the Atlantic maintenance contract from the end of 2003, and so her future is also uncertain, although as still a modern vessel it is hoped further employment will be found.

### Barry Peck



CS IRIS, left, and CS MONARCH, right, at 203 berth, Southampton



## **PASSING THE PORT**



*Further insights from Hamish Roberts into some of the strange rituals that take place at formal dinners. This time he tells us how they do it in the legal profession.*

At Gray's Inn, during dinner, all members of Hall form messes of four and every member wears a gown over dark and seemly clothing, which in gentlemen includes a tie. Female members wear clothing that does not appear incongruous when worn with a gown.

The Senior in each mess ensures that there are written on the mess's menu, the names of the members of the mess and of the adjoining messes. Following the Grace before dinner each member of the mess in order of seniority toasts the other members of his own mess, naming them thus, e.g. Mr. Smith, Mrs. Brown, Miss Jones, without further words and then drinking to them collectively. Thereafter each mess in like manner toasts the adjoining junior mess, the members raising their glasses simultaneously and saying together "Members of the Lower Mess" followed by their four names but without any further words and drinking to them collectively. The lower mess then in like manner returns the toast of that mess, calling them "Members of the Upper Mess". Toasting takes place at the start of the dinner and is completed in good time before the main course dishes are removed.

When barristers toast other barristers the names are said without prefix but in all other toasts the names are prefixed by Mr., Mrs., Miss, Ms or title. Military rank is not observed.

On Call Night, after the Benchers have withdrawn at the end of dinner, the Senior-in-Hall proposes the health of "The Queen" which is drunk standing. He then likewise proposes the health of other senior members of the Royal Family. Afterwards the Senior-in-Hall proposes the health of the members just called to the Bar and to this toast some or all of the newly called barristers reply.

On Grand Day, before dinner, the Society's guests sit down upon the benches, each guest accompanied by a Bencher, facing each other in Hall on either side of a gangway between tables. There they drink in turn from a loving cup and eat a small cube of spiced bread with a ginger flavour. This proceeding is known as *HIPPOCRAS*, and is sometimes referred to as the Ceremony of Hippocras, but there seems to be some doubt as to its origin and meaning. The formality of what takes place and the apparent Greek derivation of the word suggests that it is a custom of considerable antiquity, one that has been adopted and maintained by Gray's Inn.

However, there are passages in the literature of the Middle Ages referring to Hippocras. From Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales", in the Merchant's Tale, we learn "He drinketh Ypocras etc." In a manuscript in the Bodleian Library we find that among the expenses of a feast held in Middle Temple Hall in 15777 to mark the admission of new members to the Order of Sergeants at Law was an item for "The Butler's bill for Ypocrast" and its ingredients. Early in the next century Heywood's play "The Court and Times of James I" declared "The King and Queen were both present and tasted wafers and hippocras as at ordinary weddings".

The connection of hippocras with Hippocrates, the Greek Physician, is tenuous. The word derived from the Latin medical term "Wine of Hippocrates", is so called because it was wine which had been passed through a

device known as "Hippocrates' Sleeve" which was a conical fabric bag used to filter liquids, and doubtless invented by Hippocrates to purify his potions.

The ingredients of the Gray's Inn Hippocras remain a secret, but are thought to bear a marked similarity to those used in the 15777 Sergeants' feast in Middle Temple Hall. In addition to wine, these included cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg, cardamon, cloves sugar, rose water and sweet water.

The ceremony of Hippocras as it takes place in Hall is unique to Gray's Inn among the Inns of Court and perhaps today has no counterpart elsewhere.

On Grand Day during dinner loving cups are handed down each table in order of seniority. While each member stands and drinks, the members senior and junior to him also stand. Every member before drinking declares his toast "To the pious, glorious and immortal memory of good Queen Bess ". This custom was instituted by Francis Bacon in about 1603 as a loyal toast. It is not the custom for the last member to drain the loving cup.

On Grand Day the loyal toasts are given as on Call Night. The Senior-in-Hall then proposes the toast of "Domus" which is drunk by all. Permission to smoke may then be asked. Thereafter the Senior-in-Hall proposes the health of the students which is drunk by the barristers. The senior student then proposes the health of the Bar which is drunk by the students.

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*There would seem to be a certain affinity between some mariners and the legal profession. Apart from Hamish, our Captain revealed last month that he had "toyed with the Legal Profession" before retirement and now Past Captain David Carr is a Consultant for Steele Rose & Co., Will Writers. I hope for his sake that will writing doesn't come as complicated as the snippet below, also contributed by Hamish.*

### **AS CLEAR AS MUD, M' LUD**

This extract from a Court of Appeal decision will be interpreted at a glance, and distinguished from run of the mill cocoa beans and bills of lading legislation, by successful candidates in the Shipmaster's business examination:-

"The Crime (Sentences) Act 1997, Schedule 4, paragraph 5(1)(b), as enacted would have amended the Criminal Justice Act 1967, s.56(2) so as to refer to Section 17(3) of the Crime (Sentences) Act 1997. This section would have replaced the Criminal Justice Act 1991, s.40(3) if Chapter 1 of Part 2 of the Crime (Sentences) Act 1997 had been brought into force. The whole of the Chapter (with the exception of Section 9) was repealed by the Crime and Disorder Act 1998, Schedule 10, with effect from September 30 1998.

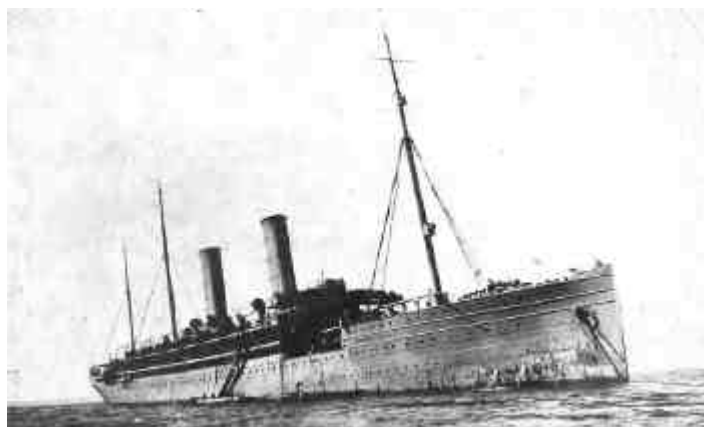
The Crime (Sentences) Act 1997 (Commencement No 2 and Transitional Provisions) order 1997 brought into force the amendment of the Criminal Justice Act 1967, s 56(2) made by Schedule 4, paragraph 5(1)(b) to the Act and then purported by paragraph 5(3)(b) to amend section 56(2) of the 1967 Act (as so amended) so that the reference to the Crime (Sentences) Act 1997, s.17(3) was replaced by a reference to the Criminal Justice Act 1991, s.40(3). The effect of this amendment would be that the Criminal Justices Act 1967, s.56(2) referred to the Criminal Justice Act 1991, s.40(3) instead of the Criminal Justices Act 1967, s.62(6)."

In this case the Court held that the Secretary of State had made an invalid commencement order, with the result that a sentence of the Crown Court had been imposed without jurisdiction.

*That's just what I thought....Ed*

## The Cruise of H.M. Armed Merchantman “KINFAUNS CASTLE”

From 4th Aug.1914 to 20th Aug.1915  
Continuing the account by **Mr. LEONARD  
ROGERS,1888-1937**



12th Sept. Orders on board, but not yet disclosed. Simons Town under strict Naval discipline. Still coaling.

14th Sept. Still coaling, the natives being somewhat slow. H.M.S. Astrea left and we have hoisted the Admiral's flag, being now the senior ship in port.

15th Sept. Finished coaling at last. During the afternoon it was discovered that a nigger had been buried in the fore-hold. He is now being dug out, a big task.

Rumoured that we are to go over to South America to intercept a German specie ship. (*This afterwards proved to be the armed ship “Cap Trafalgar” which in a signal combat was attacked and sunk by the British armed ship “Carmania”, generally accepted as the finest action fought during the war.*) No news of our first prize crew.

16th Sept. Hear that the prize crew are on the cruiser H.M.S. Hyacinth, having successfully sailed the “Werner Vinnen” into Sierra Leone.

18th Sept. Evolutions and gun practise continually. Getting up steam for eight bells this evening.

19th Sept. Sailed at 1130 for Walfish Bay. Making full speed but ship rolling heavily.

20th Sept. Ship still rolling very havily. During church parade a lighter was sighted, battened down and adrift, and as she appeared to be a menace to shipping it was decided to sink her. 16 shells were fired, it was a difficult target and we left it in a sinking condition.

21st Sept. Received news that H.M.S. Pegasus had been sunk at Zanzibar with the loss of 40 lives. (*She was sunk whilst at anchor and fires drawn. Apparently the German cruiser “Konigsberg” had engaged her and sunk her, with the intention of then shelling the town, but one of the Union Castle ships, the “Gascon” then came on the scene and being painted grey was mistaken for another British cruiser, whereupon the “Konigsberg” made for the Rufidgi River, which she entered, and remained interned until about 1916, when British monitors destroyed her. The loss of the Pegasus will always be remembered by British seamen because of the fact that the flag was held up by marines, although several were killed in keeping the flag flying, and also because she tried to fight, although they could not bring their guns to bear owing to the fact of their being no steam to manoeuvre the ship. This is a notable example of sheer negligence in drawing fires in an open anchorage, and in a port renowned for it's spies, mostly Arab, in the German pay.*) Arrived at Walfish Bay and relieved the “Armada Castle”. She has bombarded Swakopmund across the bay and destroyed the wireless station. She has landed a party here, as the Germans are within two miles of the town. “Armada Castle” sailed and we have put a kedge anchor out in order to bring the ship broadside on to the town. Men sleeping by he guns tonight and sea-watches are being kept.

22nd Sept. Very cold and misty. We took one of the whalers here today as an auxiliary and put a small crowd on board, under the charge of a lieutenant and two middy's. They are to go out tonight and scout around the entrance. They are also taking out two decoys consisting of two barrels lashed together, weighted with fire-bars and having two uprights to which lamps will be fastened. The scout will take them out and leave them to delude any German ships into the idea that they are ship's lights and so betray themselves. We have also had the lighthouse beacon extinguished to further the scheme. Hear that troops are being sent here.

23rd Sept. Walfish is a British settlement and is only 20 miles from the German town of Swakopmund, consequently the position here is rather peculiar. The Germans and the British, being so few in number, are naturally well acquainted, and although war exists, more or less, the people are still friends so far. The Crown is represented by the Magistrate, the sole power, and one sergeant and two two troopers of the S.A.M.P. The Magistrate came off this morning and reported firing very close. We are to land marines tonight, who are to entrench alongside the pier. Whaler sent out on patrol.

24th Sept. The Germans have entered the town, but have taken no prisoners and have cleared out again. Our patrol boat came alongside and had British residents on board. Have sent a strong party of marines and seamen away, and taken back the residents. Patrol returned and reported that the Germans last night laid mines to blow up the pier, left them, but the natives put the fuses out after the Germans' departure. Also that the Magistrate and sergeant of police had been taken prisoner. We weighed anchor and went across the bay to Swakopmund. Arrived at noon and fired 4 rounds for the German authorities to come off. A boat put out, flying the white flag, she came alongside with the German authorities of the town. Captain Crampton immediately demanded the return of the prisoners, to be back before 2 p.m., and for for going into British territory, he would blow up the pier as punishment. This pier was a particularly fine one, having cost nearly £250,000 to erect. The boat returned to the town and the evacuation began, wagons in large numbers making off across the desert for the capital, Windhoek.

Punctually as four bells rang out, so the starboard battery came into action. Slowly the ship steamed up and down, bringing both batteries to bear, lyddite and common shell was used, and nearly 100 shells were fired. Numerous Red Cross flags were flown and respected, (afterwards we found that these were used as a screen). The pier tottered but did not fall, and several houses were demolished. Returned to Walfish Bay and the patrol boat came alongside; she reported that she had on board two troopers of the S.A.M.P., and that she had taken off all the British residents and transferred them to the hulk lying in the bay. The two troopers had buried themselves in the sand with their rifles, as the Germans had taken charge of the town, and so escaped being made prisoners. As soon as our firing was heard across the bay, the Germans cleared out, and they are now just away back of the sand hills. We are going to blow up Swakopmund as a lesson.

25th Sept. During last night the telegraph wires were cut, so an engineer and party were sent on shore to repair. Covered the place with guns whilst they were ashore, but they could not repair. The German wireless station at Windhoek, one of the most

powerful in the world is now jamming our attempts to get any communication with Simons Town.

26th Sept. No British on shore. Native spies have brought news that the Germans intend to blow up the pier. One of the troopers scouting around today was shot at but not hit. Our marine party brought off from shore 10 natives caught looting. They have been put in irons, and will probably be shot. Have heard that the sergeant of police captured the other day is over at Swakopmund.

27th Sept. All quiet ashore. The natives tried for looting, and sentenced to be flogged. This was duly carried out by the master-at-arms and party, and then released. Most of them took it as a joke, so they must be flogged unmercifully by the Germans. Whaler provisioned and sent out on a 24 hours patrol. Germans reported just outside the town. Received news of the fighting down coast at Luderitz. Sir G.Farrar's secretary was killed in this action, and his brother, a parson, also killed whilst attending him. These two had a very fine record with the South African troops, and were considered very fine types of British gentlemen, and their loss was very keenly felt. (Not long afterwards, Sir G.Farrar himself was killed in a railway accident at the same place).

29th Sept. Scout came on board and reported the Germans quite close behind the sand hills. The flag ship "Hyacinth" is due here, but later we hear she is to proceed to Simons Town.

30th Sept. Our patrol boat came alongside with the British residents, who have been sleeping on the hulk and going ashore during daylight. It is intended to send them to Cape Town, but in the meantime they are to remain with us, as the Germans are hovering near.

1st Oct. At 9 a.m. an auxiliary vessel resembling one of the small German cruisers was sighted out to sea. She showed up very much like the German gunboat "Eber," whose whereabouts were a mystery, and even now (in 1923) I have never heard the account of her fate. We ran to action stations and put out to sea to meet her, as Walfish Bay would be a death trap to be caught in. She proved to be, however, a converted yacht, one of Lord Brassey's exploring boats now used as a sealer. She had a mail on board for us. Native spies have brought off news of looting on shore. Are landing marines for the night.

2nd Oct. Marines returned to ship this morning. They were entrenched but the night passed quietly. We are here solely to keep the flag flying. Germans make no attempt to enter the town. Landed the marines again.

3rd-6th Oct. Daily evolutions. All quiet on shore. Believe that we are leaving here shortly.

7th Oct. Brought off from shore all Government stores and residents own effects. The town now evacuated. Weighed anchor and sailed for Cape Town. Dense fog all night but maintaining full speed. *To be continued.*

### **GONE ALOFT**

The following members have gone aloft:

Mr. W.A. Dawkins  
Mr. W.J. Eastmond

Don't forget; your Club is routinely open four days a week at lunch time. It serves sandwiches, snacks, salads or cooked meals. There is a cooked special each day and the price has recently only been £2.75. Don't forget that, when dining, a bottle of house wine can be bought for only £5 - a far cry from the usual hotel or restaurant prices. If you are in town at lunch time, Tuesday to Friday, Liz will be only too happy to serve you a drink and take your food orders. Suggestions for events, for improvements, offers of help, articles and anecdotes for inclusion in this pamphlet will all be received with pleasure. We are even prepared to receive complaints if they are constructive.

The Club's address is:

The Southampton Master Mariners' Club,  
The Southampton Seafarers' Centre,  
2/3 Orchard Place,  
SOUTHAMPTON, SO14 3BR  
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Editor: [t.e.clark@which.net](mailto:t.e.clark@which.net)

### **Dates for your Diary**

- Thu JUN 19 Shipping Festival Service,  
Winchester Cathedral
- Sat JUN 28 75th Anniversary Dinner, RSYC
- Sun SEP 7 S.S. Shieldhall, Round Island Cruise
- Sat SEP 20 Curry Lunch
- Fri OCT 3 Autumn Dinner Dance, Botley.
- Tue OCT 28 Tidworth - Last Night of the Proms
- Fri NOV 14 Harpooners' Dinner
- Wed DEC 3 Christmas Lunch
- Fri DEC 12 Christmas Dinner

### **NEW CACHALOTS**

We welcome the following new members to the Club:

Capt. R.T. Best  
Capt. C. Dowty  
Capt. T.D. Faithfull  
Mr. P.W. Fost  
Capt. P. Messinger  
Capt. P. Morgan  
Capt. R. Pretty  
Julia Whorwood R.N.R.