

The CACHALOT

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHAMPTON MASTER MARINERS' CLUB

No.10

December 2003

CAPTAIN'S LOG

We don't seem to have had an Autumn this year with the continuing good weather well into October, although the colours in the trees have been magnificent.

The first time Carolyn and I really noticed this was when we drove up to London with Lionel and Julie Hall, to attend the Annual Shipping Service in St. Pauls Cathedral. The service was well attended, even though there is a major refurbishment to the cathedral taking place.

This was also the first occasion that I wore the newly refurbished Captain's Insignia. Over the 75 years the badge had lost some of the decoration and the enamel required total renewal. All this work has been carried out and I can assure you all that the emblem is now looking "splendifourous", thanks to a very generous long standing "Cachalot" member. Thank you.

The week following St. Pauls saw us once again in London for the 185th Anniversary Service of the B.& I.S.S. followed by a very good buffet lunch.

At the beginning of November, the Harpooners Dinner was held in the Tudor Merchants Hall which is situated adjacent to Southampton City Walls. Unfortunately the acoustics of the Hall are not the best which curtailed the complete enjoyment of a few of the Members but everyone enjoyed an excellent meal.

I represented the Club at the Cenotaph in Southampton at the Annual Remembrance Day wreath-laying service on a very wet morning! Captain Ian Thomson also laid a wreath as usual at the Merchant Navy Remembrance Book in Winchester Cathedral on behalf of the Club.

Now that we have started the sale of the Sea Pie Supper tickets (450 plus were sold by lunchtime on the first day on sale), I realise that my year as Captain of the Club is drawing to a close at the Sea Pie Supper. However, the Christmas round of lunches, dinners, Dockland New Year Service (on 2nd January at the Mission to Seafarers), Past Captains meeting (3rd January), the A.G.M. at 1815 hrs on 15th January at the Club and Burns Night Supper (24th January) are all yet to come and your support of all the functions and meetings would be gratefully received.

As a final note, you will be pleased to learn, I hope, that we have been assured by the powers that be in the B.&I.S.S. that we will have occupancy of the club facilities for at least another 12 months from this date. However this does not mean that we should stop looking for alternative premises. All of us must be aware of the bulldozers waiting around the corner to level the site! Please let the Officers of the Club know if any of you have any thoughts in this matter.

And A. B. F.

I wish you all a very happy and joyful Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Geoffrey G. Lee

SEA-PIE SUPPER

Friday 6th February

Our Principal Guest and Speaker:

Mr. Julian Parker BSc FNI

Immediate Past Secretary of the Nautical Institute

There is still time to claim the last few tickets.

250 CLUB

All the winners over the past year:

December	D.R. Ellis (£100)
January	G. Cartwright
February	D. Gates
March	B. Peck
April	R. Perry
May	B. O'Connor
June	P.W. Whittle
July	P. Love
August	J.C. Moffat
September	R. Wood
October	G.H. Draysey
November	I.B. Thomson

A HISTORY OF THE STRICK LINE

In the Club-room you should now be able to find a clip-file/folder which contains a history of Strick Lines and some personal reminiscences and memories of the Persian Gulf by Captain Allen Brown. Reprinted here is the Introduction which is self explanatory.

Captain Allen Brown went to sea as an apprentice with the Strick Line in 1919, following his father who was a Chief Engineer in the company. With the exception of a couple of years during the 1920's when he served in the Blue Funnel Line as a fourth officer, he served all his time at sea with Strick Line, becoming master in 1936 at the age of 32. Apart from a brief period as Company Superintendent ashore in Basra, he served throughout World War II at sea without being sunk, though being noted for leaving ships just before they were sunk.

He came ashore as Cargo Superintendent in 1949, becoming Marine and Stores Superintendent in the late 1950's and finally Senior Marine Superintendent for his last year, retiring in 1969.

Following his retirement, several people, both old colleagues and family, suggested he should write a history of the Strick Line as this had not been done and with 50 years of service behind him he knew as much as anyone else about it. He did this, drawing on both his memories and access to the Company records. He was not a great writer and his efforts which consisted of a series of narratives, some personal, could not be published as they stood, though there was consideration in the Company that they could be used as the basis for a commissioned work. However,

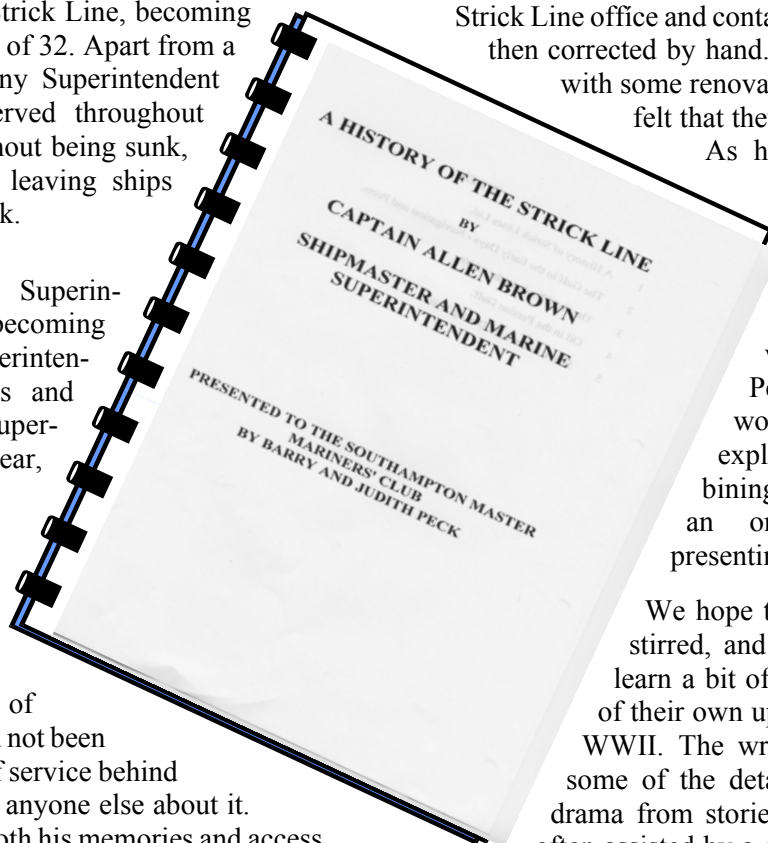
this idea died when the Strick Line was absorbed into the P&O General Cargo Division in 1972.

Captain Brown died in 1989, and a copy of his history was found with his effects. It had been typed up in the Strick Line office and contained some errors that he had then corrected by hand. The pages were fading but with some renovating were legible, and it was felt that they should not be lost forever.

As he had for a while been a member of the Southampton Master Mariners' Club and there are still members with memories of the later years he has written about, and also the Persian Gulf, it was thought worthwhile writing this explanatory introduction combining the various narratives into an organised document, and presenting it to the Club.

We hope that some memories will be stirred, and perhaps some readers will learn a bit of background to experiences of their own up the Persian Gulf or during WWII. The written word inevitably loses some of the detail, humour and occasional drama from stories that we heard first hand, often assisted by a glass of whiskey, and which we still remember as part of the fond memories of a much loved father and father-in-law.

Barry and Judith Peck



"Heroes"

by David Partridge (R531727)

*Don't speak to me of heroes until you've heard the tale,
Of Britain's merchant seamen who sailed through storm and gale
To keep those lifelines open in our nation's hour of need,
When a tyrant cast a shadow across our island breed.
Captains, greasers, cabin boys, mates and engineers,
Heard the call to duty and cast aside their fears.*

*They stoked those hungry boilers and stood behind the wheel,
While cooks and stewards manned the guns on coffins made of steel.
They moved in icy convoys from Scapa to Murmansk,
And crossed the western ocean, never seeking thanks.
They sailed the South Atlantic where raiders lay in wait,
And kept the food lines open to Malta and the Cape.*

*Tracked by silent U-boats which hunted from below,
Shelled by mighty cannons and fighters flying low.
They clung to burning lifeboats where the sea had turned to flame,
And watched their shipmates disappear to everlasting fame.
I speak not of a handful but forty thousand plus,
Some whose names we'll never know in whom we placed our trust.*

A SHIPS MASTER ASHORE AT ADEN

This glimpse of Aden port gossip in the 13th Century is an extract from "Tarikh al-Mustabir" by Ibn al-Mujawir who, although not a native of Aden, kept a journal and wrote down what he saw and heard in the places he visited. Although some of his tales may be somewhat dubious, he is however quoted by El Khuzrafi, the historian of Yemen, as an authority for the period at which he wrote. Some of his observations might, it is felt, fail to pass censorship by the Editor of "The Cachalot".

It was related to me by Abdulla bin Mohammed bin Yehia that a ship from the west once anchored at Aden at night, and the Captain having landed was walking around Aden, when he came to a lofty house in which were lighted candles and perfumes burning, so he knocked at the door and a slave descended and opened to him saying, "do you require aught?"

The Captain replied, "Yes"; so the slave asked permission for him, and the Master of the house said, "let him come", so he ascended, and they saluted each other being unacquainted, and they began to converse, and the Captain said, "I have arrived this night from the west, and I desire of the Master's kindness that he will conceal for me some valuables."

He said, "Why?"

The Captain replied, "I am in fear of the Dai."

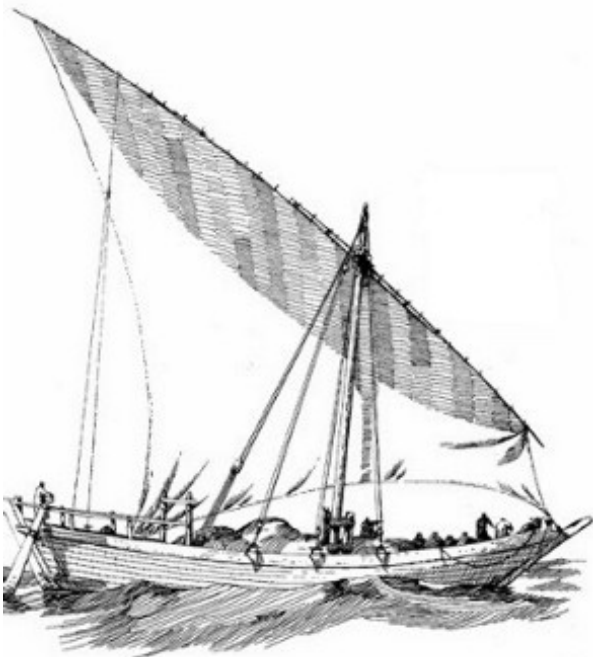
Then the Master of the house said, "I consent; have no fear of oppressors, transport all you have to a certain house."

So the Captain descended, and the merchants began to land their property from the ship in boxes and transport them to the house, until they had lightened the ship of two-thirds of the cargo. When the morning came the Captain found his host of the night before to be the Dai himself, and he said to himself, "I sought shelter from the rain and sat down below the spout"; and he was troubled in mind, and his face became clouded.

Then the Dai sent for him and said to him, "I am your friend of last night, and I am the Dai, the Governor of Aden at this time; be comforted and set your mind at ease; the customs duties on your ship are a present from me to thee with the house in which you have alighted, and these 1000 dinars are for your expenses while you remain in our city. God forbid I should take anything from you either in the way of present or of trade."

The Captain then said, "Wherefore is all this done to me?"

The Dai said, "on account of your entering upon me in my house at midnight."



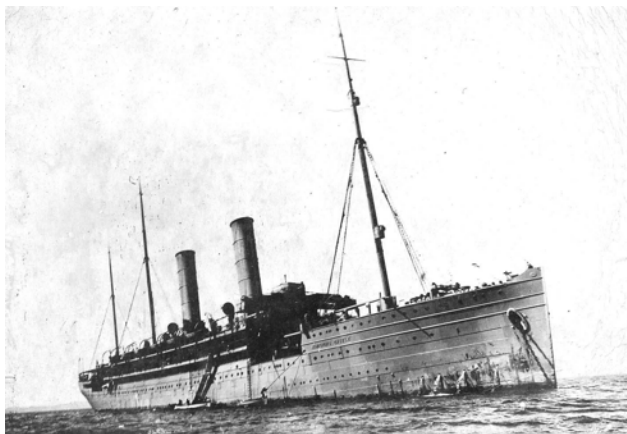
We are indebted, once more, to Hamish Roberts for this "tall" tale of Arab hospitality some eight centuries ago.

Hamish can rest assured that all such contributions will be most gratefully received and subjected to the minimum of censorship, consequent only on the strictures of space and the deciphering of certain handwriting.

The illustration, left, is of a possible reconstruction of an early ocean-going dhow.

The main characteristics were sewn double ended construction, steering oars at the stern and a lateen rigged sail. The Captain in our tale was from the west, or at least his ship was, and I must confess to total ignorance of what sort of craft he might have commanded. 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

8th Oct.1914 Fog still dense. We turned about during the night, and are now making for Walfish Bay again. At the same time wireless signals were received from a ship, supposed to be the *Durham Castle*, escorted by a Portuguese war ship. Would not give position and finally the messages became disjointed and ceased. Cruised about as the affair seemed strange. Fog still very dense. (*Years after I met some of the crew of the “Durham” and they recollected the incident, and they thought we were a German gun boat; they had on*

board Portuguese troops bound for East Africa, but at that time Portugal was not at war with Germany.) Arrived at Walfish at 8 p.m. Fog very dense.

9th Oct. All seems very quiet shorewards today. At about 6 p.m. four native spies came off to report; one had come down from Windhoek, about 300 miles inland. He said that the Germans had been badly defeated at Harrisburg and several of their officers killed, also they were retreating this way, and had crossed into British territory, which extends about 25 miles from here. Piped to “action stations” and remained by the guns all night.

10th Oct. No signs of the enemy. Native reports are that the Germans are in the vicinity. Started a series of sports on board for the ship’s hands, including a fishing competition; the baker is likely to win this, as he tells a good yarn. During the night piped out to “action stations” several times.

11th Oct. Church parade. Day very quiet.

12th Oct. Situation the same. Three weeks without news of any kind from Europe. Captain appears to be irritated at inactivity. Went outside for target practise. Wireless still jammed by the Germans at Windhoek.

14th Oct. News posted that we shall remain here until relieved. Are sending a repair party ashore tomorrow to fix up the tug *Eveline*, damaged by the Germans when the *Armada* was here. Just after midnight several messages came through. We got up anchor and proceeded to sea at 1 a.m.

15th Oct. Bound for Simons Town. Heavy sea running. At 10.30 this evening had orders to call at Cape Town to land Magistrate and people we have on board. At 11.15 received orders to return to Walfish Bay again.

16th Oct. Arrived at Walfish. This is the second attempt we have made to the Cape and the second time turned back. Some of the officers think that the Germans at Windhoek are sending out instructions, if they have got our code in some way. Received news that the *Armada* is coming here.

17th Oct. *Armada* due here tomorrow. She is to take the refugees to Cape Town, and we are to stay here.

18th Oct. Received a message from *Armada* saying she had a mail for us. She arrived at 5.30 p.m. with our prize crew of the *Werner Vinnen* on board. These ratings are very welcome to us, as our strength is very much depleted. Transferred the refugees to the other ship, and she left almost immediately. Their Captain has been made a Rear-Admiral. During the night a man fell over-board but was rescued.

19th Oct. Day passed quietly. Learn that the *Armada* has been on fire in bunkers for some time.

20th Oct. Germans seen on horseback just beyond the town. We got in close and put several shells into them when they cleared off. Talk of bombarding Swakopmund tomorrow.

21st Oct. Steamed across to Swakop after breakfast and fired several broadsides to wake them up. Red Cross flags were flown from a number of buildings. At midday we landed a party of marines under a lieutenant under the white flag. They found the place deserted of inhabitants, several Germans made off on horseback, and would not return when hailed. A letter was left in the police office, which seemed to be the most official place of all, telling the German commander that it is the intention of Captain Crampton of H.M.S. *Kinfauns Castle* to destroy the town on Friday (23rd) unless they surrender. Most of the Red Crss flags are simply there to protect the stores etc. as the Huns know we do not fire on that flag. Returned to Walfish Bay this afternoon.

22nd Oct. Received news that we shall be relieved on 1st Nov. and to proceed to Cape Town. During the night intercepted wireless signals from Windhoek; the Germans are asking assistance of all German ships, as one of the British cruisers (us) is lying at Walfish Bay, and her captain has threatened to blow up the open and undefended town of Swakopmund, which is contrary to the law of nations. We are now keeping masthead look-outs, and extra alertness in every way, as should enemy ships appear, we are in an enclosed anchorage, and could not get out. We go to Swakopmund tomorrow.

23rd Oct. Weighed anchor at 5 a.m. and steamed across to Swakop. Left again in half an hour and returned to Walfish. (*Some long time afterwards, when the South African troops occupied Swakop, they came across an ingenious device, similar to a torpedo, to be discharged from the shore. Probably Capt.Crampton was aware of this, and whenever we went to Swakop, never stayed in any given spot for long.*) A boat came off from shore containing several niggers bringing the reply to the Captains letter left in Swakop. Hear that we killed 4 Germans

and wounded several on Tuesday. We are landing a party tomorrow to destroy stores.

24th Oct. After breakfast we steamed across to Swakop in cold and foggy weather. Several flags flying but

no sign of life. Landing party belayed. Fired 30 or 40 shells and a lot of lyddite into the place, the pier began to totter but did not collapse. Steamed away at 11 a.m., the place having every appearance of being on fire. On our arrival at Walfish dense clouds of smoke could be seen across at Swakop, which died down at sunset, as a heavy storm came on, with terrific rain, thunder and lightning. Stood to guns all night.

25th Oct. News of trouble on the Portuguese border, the Germans coming into conflict with Portuguese troops. Several Germans killed, but Portuguese casualties not known, as our information is from native spies. Went across to Swakop this afternoon, not much sign of life, except a train which speedily made off to the interior.

27th Oct. Went across to Swakop this morning but too foggy to see much. Returned at 11 a.m. Hear that the battleship *Albion* is going to relieve us.

28th Oct. The *Albion* due here on Saturday. We are making bread for her, as she is in a very bad way as regards food.

30th Oct. Went to Swakop this morning. Landed a party, who returned and reported no sign of life. We fired several broadsides into the congested part of the town, and then landed a strong party, who set fire to certain German stores. H.M.S. *Armada*le Castle arrived in Walfish on our return, Rear-Admiral Gillett in command. Received orders to sail tomorrow and to take in tow a prize barque at Luderitzbucht. The *Armada*le is to accompany us.

31st Oct. H.M.S. *Albion* arrived. We gave her a considerable quantity of stores as she was in a bad way, practically taken off the scrap heap at the outbreak of war, she was hastily commissioned, and sent to sea with a composite crew a week before us. She carries four 12 inch and ten 6 inch guns. We sailed for Luderitzbucht at 2 p.m. the *Armada*le steaming about 5 cables ahead.

1st Nov. Arrived at 9.30 a.m. Luderitzbucht was taken early in the war, and has since been used as a base. It has a very fine harbour. Prize crew put on board, and preparations made for departure. Then, for some reason, we are not going to take the tow, the *Armada*le relieving us. Recalled prize crew and proceed to sea, making all speed for Cape Town. Held up a ship in the middle watch, but she proved to be a Government transport, lately one of the prize ships brought into Cape Town.

2nd Nov. This morning the 2nd Engineer fell down the hold, which was a reserve bunker, but not seriously hurt.

3rd Nov. Arrive at Cape Town, coaling and storing ship.

4th Nov. Preparing for sea. Hear now that we are probably bound for the East Coast

5th Nov. Sailed for Simons Town, arriving at 7.20 p.m. Passed the *Armada*le Castle just outside. H.M.S.

Hyacinth here, we are taking in more stores and ammunition.

6th Nov. *Hyacinth* left this morning. We have taken an hydroplane on board and the owner is coming with us. He is to have a temporary commission, as a flying sub-lieutenant. We are now sure that our destination is German East Africa. Sailed today up coast.

To be continued.

BURNS' NIGHT SUPPER

**Saturday 24th January
King's Court, Chandler's Ford**

It will be a change of venue for the Burns' Supper in January and not so much a change of cast but a change of roles. Alistair Cant will address the haggis and Robbie will do the "Toon we bide in". A traditional menu, the return of Pipe



**Coach trip to visit
France, Belgium
&
Holland
23 -25 April 2004**

Following the two previous forays into Europe, first to Brittany and then to Paris, it has been decided to venture a bit further to the east this time. We would be based at the Holiday Inn Expo in Ghent.

Day 1. Travelling via Dover to Calais with P&O, a short stop could be made en-route to the hotel at a beer/wine warehouse, with an evening meal at the hotel.

Day 2. After a full buffet breakfast spend the morning in the university city of Ghent. After lunch visit the medieval city of Bruges where a visit to a small family-owner chocolate factory can be arranged. Late afternoon/early evening continue to Ostend for free time and a meal before returning late to our hotel.

Day 3. After breakfast a visit to Sluis, a small Dutch town complete with dykes, windmill, clog makers and a superb cheese shop. Return to Calais along part of the coast, stopping for lunch at one of the seaside towns, finally sailing from Calais around 1700 hours, arriving back home around 2100 hours.

The cost of this little jaunt with 2 nights bed and breakfast plus dinner on the first night, all coach travel plus ferry will be £120 per person sharing a twin/double room. A single supplement will be applicable.



A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to Africa

In the summer of '66 while serving as the Navigator in *U.C.M.S.S. Kenya Castle* I managed to lose a continent. We were outward bound between Aden and Mombasa and due to berth at 0700 next morning. I had the 4-8 watch and had a good evening star position. I was confident and reported to the Master, Captain Freer, that we were on time and on track!

In the morning at 0415 I switched on the radar more in hope than expectation, as the coast north of Mombasa is mainly low lying. As dawn approached, and still with no echo on the radar, I took a "snap" star sight through a gap in the cloud cover and got a ridiculous (?) intercept of over 70 miles and decided that there must be an error in my working. Time passed, I called the Master to inform him that I had lost Africa – he was not amused. 0800 came and went, as did the next two hours, and then an echo on the radar, just where it should have been five hours before. We eventually berthed in Mombasa at lunch time.

I was not terribly popular with our passengers or with the post office as there was only one train a day to Nairobi and that was long gone.

The moral for navigators is trust your sights (this was before G.P.S.) and remember it is an art rather than an exact science.

No doubt others can cap this!

N.B. I was a watchkeeper in the Indian Ocean and round Africa from '54-'66 and never experienced a current that strong except the Aghulas off Natal.

Captain G.H. Draysey. R.D.



And Another Funny Thing Happened Approaching 49 Berth

Different ship, different time and place; in fact the s.s. *Shieldhall* returning back from her Round the Island Trip on Sunday 7th September this year. Everything had gone well for the day, we had gone clockwise round in order to take advantage of the tides and had avoided the squalls and showers that were about. Capt. Ian Stirling and myself took turns at the con and it was my watch as we returned to the berth in good time for the passengers to make their connections. There was a crowd of Cachalots on board, as well as a few from The Merchant Mariners of Wight, so, a critical audience then. She is pretty slow to respond at minimum speed and as we got to the interesting bit I thought, "Oh God, where's she going now?". The helmsman then reported that the wheel was jammed hard-a starboard! I managed to stop her, pretty coolly I thought, and we had ended up parallel to the berth but 100ft off. While the after crowd struggled to get the emergency steering gear working I mused over my possible options, "hard-a -this, hard-a-that, full-a-this, full-a-that?", and while musing I noticed that the bow was creeping slowly towards the quay. So even when they reported that the emergency steering gear was all connected up to the "Norwegian steam" I did nothing. And eventually we drifted close enough to get a heaving line out, lines were passed and we heaved her alongside. By this time we were a tad later than anticipated and I was reminded of this a month or so later when I met up with one of my ex-colleagues at lunch with The Mariners of Wight. "Last time I saw you," he complained, "you were making an awful cock of berthing the *Shieldhall* and I missed my Red Jet back to the Island." He, of all people, should remember the Pilots' adage that

"Any berthing achieved without causing damage to the ship or the quay is considered to be a successful one."

But perhaps I am giving away professional secrets here. Terry Clark

Every picture tells a story

WATCHING the BBC'S *Life Of Mammals* reminded me of this photograph, which I called *Brotherly Love*. When serving as a cadet aboard



Brotherly Love: Peter Tambling, 20, with Gilbert

the Union-Castle vessel *Kenilworth Castle* in July 1956, I was given the task of looking after Gilbert on passage from Mombasa to London via Alexandria. This friendly baboon was 12 months old and belonged to Armand and Michaela Denis, who had an animal farm in Kenya. We loaded a large consignment of animals on deck, including white rhinos, lion cubs, giraffes, cheetahs and monkeys.

Cadets were not supposed to grow beards and I remember the Union-Castle manager, when looking at my beard, saying that he thought we were there to load wild animals, and hadn't realized there was one aboard already! I was 20 and enjoying life in the Merchant Navy. Gilbert was attached to a chain at all times for his own safety and loved to play. Sometimes his energetic movements caused problems. While at anchor in Alexandria, I placed him on the poop over the entrance to the seamen's accommodation. When the stevedores stopped work, investigations revealed that my friend was guarding the entrance so strongly that the Egyptians were prevented from entering to sell their renowned blue books to our crew. I was told to take him up to the deck and away from confrontation, so he was placed on top of our accommodation. It did not take Gilbert long to find his way into my cabin via the porthole. After extricating him, he sat on the arm of my chair, where another cadet used my camera. Baboons are great characters and easily handled once they know who is the boss, as a firm hold of the skin at the back of their neck soon calms them down.

Peter C. Tambling, Weymouth, Dorset.

Rope Ends

Cachalots Honoured

M. Spike reports that two well known Cachalots have each been awarded the Queens Golden Jubilee Medal for loyal service to their chosen Charities.

Gerry Draysey served with the RNLI on the fund raising committee of the Hythe & Calshot branch for some 10 years and also as a Volunteer Sea Safety Advisor in the RNLI SEA-CHECK scheme since 1999. This was backed up by his 21 years as a RNR officer.

Lionel Hall was likewise a RNR officer and has also served for 20 years as (Boatsteerer?) Operations Chairman of Solent Sea Rescue Organisation. They have 9 rescue companies in the Solent and I.O.W. Lookout for their lifeboats.

Our heartiest congratulations to them both.

Ball bounces back

The Autumn Ball was considered to be a great success by those that attended. The venue was much improved, the food and catering were excellent and the music could be enjoyed and conversations continued at the same time. And the price of the drinks was much less than we have had to pay elsewhere. The positive feed-back was such that your entertainments committee has re-booked for next year. So that's:

Autumn Dinner Dance

Saturday 2nd October 2004

Brook House Masonic Centre Botley

Music by The Harmony House Trio

An Invite to Wight a Delight

Just five Cachalots were able to accept the invitation from The Merchant Mariners of Wight to join them for a luncheon at the New Holmwood Hotel at Cowes on the 24th October.

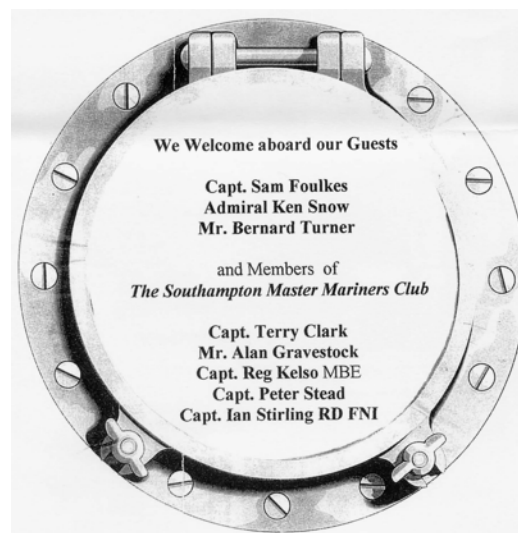
Three other guests brought the number present up to about forty, which number reflects the growing popularity of this event and the success of this young Association.

The guest speaker, Capt. Geoffrey EADES CBE FNI RN, gave a presentation of some of the details of the *SEA EMPRESS* grounding at Milford Haven, where he has been involved with the subsequent Inquiry.

Sobering stuff for an ex-Pilot after an excellent lunch, but I was not alone, there being six other ex-Southampton Pilots present.

Our thanks to Chairman Tony McGinnity and the rest of the M.M. of W. for their splendid hospitality.

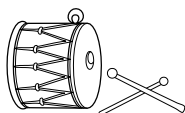
Terry Clark



Harpooners For 2004

If any member wishes to be considered to serve as a Harpooner, would he, or she, please give their name to the Boatsteerer by Friday, 2nd January. In the event that there are more than 6 applicants an election will be held.

Tidworth Concert



The theme for the concert at Tidworth this spring is the commemoration of the 60th anniversary of D Day.

The date for this popular event is Tuesday 27th April and the cost, yet to be confirmed, including the coach and gratuity, supper and a glass of wine, is likely to be around £18.50. Watch the notice board, or names to the office.

NEW CACHALOTS

We welcome the following new members to the Club:

C. Coote
N. Fletcher
M.W. Jaggers

Enclosed with this edition you should find a copy of the programme for next year, complete with a cut off strip for return with your subscriptions and "250" Club contributions.

*Judith has asked me to remind members that they should enclose a S.A.E. with any correspondence requiring a reply; wine lists, Sea-Pie Supper tickets etc. Postage is a big expense; for instance it costs more to post your copies of **The CACHALOT** than it does to print them.*

In this tenth edition of your newsletter you will see that I have experimented somewhat with the bells and whistles of the desk top publishing program that I use. I include the clip-art and other graphics because photographs are difficult to reproduce to the required standard under the constraints of our budget. The danger is that it may become a hodge-podge of effects with more style than substance. Hopefully, with experience, our own particular style will develop. Meanwhile I shall be happy to receive any ideas, comments or constructive criticisms that you may have, and also more of that "substance" so we won't have to rely on just the style.

I shall be away at the end of February so any contributions for the next edition should be in by
Friday 13th February.
Ed.

**Merry
Christmas**

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 newsletter will all be received with pleasure. We are even prepared to receive complaints if they are constructive.

The Club's address is:

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2/3 Orchard Place,
SOUTHAMPTON, SO14 3BR

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Dates for your Diary

- Fri DEC 19 Club closes for Christmas.
- Fri JAN 02 Dockland New Year Service-
Flying Angel 0930
Club re-opens.
- Thu JAN 15 ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 1815
- Sat JAN 24 Burns Night Supper. Kings Court
Masonic Hall, Chandlers Ford.
- Fri FEB 06 SEA PIE SUPPER, Guildhall
- Sat FEB 07 Club open 1200-1400 for
post Sea Pie Supper meeting
- Sat MAR 06 Curry Lunch, Club room
- Fri APR 02 Skittles evening, Southampton
(Old) Green Bowling Club.
- Tue APR 27 Tidworth Musical evening.
- SAT MAY ? Fish & Chip Supper and Quiz
- Thu JUN 17 Shipping Festival Service
Winchester Cathedral, 1845
- Sat JUL 03 Curry Lunch, Club room.
- Fri AUG 06 Cowes Week Fireworks cruise
s.s."Shiedhall"
- Sat SEP 04 Curry Lunch, Club room.
- Sat OCT 02 Autumn Dinner Dance
Brook House Masonic Centre.
- Wed DEC 01 Christmas Lunch.
- Sat DEC 11 Christmas Dinner.