

# The CACHALOT

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHAMPTON MASTER MARINERS' CLUB

No.11

March 2004

## POST CAPTAIN'S LOG

A long voyage (on paper) from the A.G.M. 2003 to the Sea Pie Supper 2004, but a voyage which I have found both enjoyable and enlightening, which has now come to an end. I sincerely thank the Club Officers, Past Captains and Harpooners for their help and assistance which has been freely given when asked for.

Christmas festivities have proceeded as usual. Carolyn and I thoroughly enjoyed the Christmas Dinner held at Kings Court, Chandlers Ford, when a total of 80 sat down to an excellent Christmas repast, followed by the singing of Christmas Carols to end the festive evening. Still with our Christmas hats on, Carolyn and I enjoyed a superb buffet supper at the Tudor Merchants Hall to which we were invited by Lt. Cdr. Draysey of the Southampton Royal Naval Officers' Association.

The arrival of Queen Mary 2 on Boxing Day created a great deal of media interest. Her Majesty the Queen came to Southampton on Thursday 8<sup>th</sup> January to name the vessel and a large contingent of Cachalots and their partners embarked on the Shieldhall to see the ship sail on her maiden voyage on the 12<sup>th</sup> January 2004. Unfortunately, as the Club was not invited to visit Queen Mary 2, although representations were made to Cunard, I am unable to give you a verbal snapshot of the new ship!

The Docklands New Year Service at the Missions to Seafarers was held at 9.30am on Friday 2<sup>nd</sup> January. A large number of Club Ties were very evident in the congregation and after the service over a cup of coffee. The Cachalots present returned to our own Club premises where we briefly entertained the Mayor of Southampton, Councillor Parvin Damani. She told us that it was her first visit to the B & ISS Centre and that she very much appreciated our invitation.

Saturday, 3<sup>rd</sup> January 2004 saw the meeting of the Past Captains to elect:

Captain Andrew Tinsley	-	Captain
Captain Simon Harwood	-	Staff Captain
Captain John Mileusnic	-	Sea Staff Captain
Re-elect		
Captain Lionel Hall	-	Boatsteerer
Captain Douglas Gates	-	Storekeeper

The Executive and Finance Committee met on 6<sup>th</sup> January and the next week saw a meeting of the Entertainments Committee on the Tuesday lunchtime and Thursday evening the General Committee, followed by the Annual General Meeting. In the third week of January, the Church Committee continued with their deliberations on the organisation of the Shipping Festival Service at Winchester Cathedral on Thursday 17<sup>th</sup> June 2004.

For the third year in succession, Club Members and their partners – 70 people in all – satisfactorily celebrated Burns Night, on this occasion at Kings Court. We had a super menu which obviously included haggis, neaps and tatties, roast beef, tipsy lady, accompanied by the usual selection of the traditional Toasts.

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**Captain Andrew Tinsley**

Your new Captain was born in London in 1940 and grew up in Yorkshire where he attended Bradford Grammar School prior to joining HMS Conway in 1954. He was apprenticed to P & O S N Company from 1956 until 1959, rejoined P & O as 4<sup>th</sup> Officer in 1960 serving in cargo and passenger vessels, and gained his Masters Certificate in 1967. During this time he was a council member of the MNAOA and The Nautical Institute and was elected a full member of the Chartered Institute of Transport.

In 1974 Andrew left P & O as Chief Officer and joined Maritime Fruit Carriers where he was promoted to Master on refrigerated cargo vessels. During the next 25 years he was in command of a variety of vessels in a wide range of companies including Whitco, Salen, Neptune Orient, Griffin, Coldwell, Wallems and Great White Fleet. He was elected a Younger Brethren of Trinity House in 1993. Leaving the sea in 1999 he worked as a consultant surveyor for Murray Fenton until 2002.

Whilst serving as second officer on the *Orcades* Andrew met Margaret and they were married in Australia in 1969, returning to the UK on the *Patonga*. Andrew has varied interests. He has been a Governor and Director of the Wessex Autistic Society for 25 years, is a Parish Councillor and was elected to the New Forest District Council in 2003.



Stowaway Mrs. Mary Fagan JP, the Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, once more graced the Sea Pie Supper with her presence, this time resplendent in the uniform of a Captain RN. Mrs. Fagan is one of just a very select few in the country to receive this Honorary appointment. She is pictured here with Distinguished Guests the Hon. Mrs. Frances Hoare, JP, the High Sheriff of Hampshire, and Councillor Parvin Damani MBE, Mayor of Southampton and Admiral of the Port. Also, from left to right, Capt. Lionel Hall, Capt. Geoffrey Lee and Capt. Andrew Tinsley.

The annual Sea Pie Supper was held again at the Southampton Guildhall and Captain Tinsley and I greeted Distinguished Guests and Stowaways, before sitting down to our traditional Sea Pie. Galaxy provided us with an excellent musical accompaniment during the meal and also assisted the Honorary Shantyman for the usual splendid rendering of the Sea Shanties. Following the loyal toast, I opened proceedings from the stage by thanking the Club's Officers for their assistance during my year as Captain.

It was with great pleasure that I invited Tony Davies, who has been our Honorary Shantyman for the last 20 years, onto the stage to present him with an Illuminated Scroll on his appointment as an Honorary Life Member of the Cachalots. Prior to the commencement of the singing of the Sea Shanties, Tony Davies opened the Scroll and thanked everyone for the honour bestowed on him.

Finally, I presented Captain Andrew Tinsley with the Collar and Insignia of the Club and he presented me with my Past Captain's Collar.

I would finally like to say a "Big Thank You" to all those who have worked behind the scenes organising this propitious occasion, from the hire of the Guildhall down to the colour of the table napkins, to all those attending and especially my dining companions.

Andrew, I wish you the very best of luck in your year as Captain, and I wish the Club a continuing and successful future.

Thank you.

Geoffrey G. Lee  
Post Captain.

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## **BURNS' NIGHT 2004 WITH THE CACHALOTS**

It feels as though the Club has been celebrating this event since time began but in fact this was only our third shot at dining with the appropriate formalities in the manner prescribed

by Scottish custom. Owing to the uncertainty about our tenure of the Club Room at the BISS at the early date from which it was necessary to book the piper, it was decided to move our venue to the dining room at the King's Court Masonic Centre. This is located in Chandler's Ford and can cater for about a hundred diners. The building has a resident steward and bar staff while the caterer from the adjacent King's Court Restaurant provides the food and the waitresses.

Our move affected the meeting in two major aspects. There was no pressure on numbers so that over seventy of us were able to sit, be served and dine in comfort. Secondly, the room is larger and has a higher ceiling than we have previously experienced so that the piper was able to do his stuff with less risk of rupturing any eardrums.

We celebrated the Night on Saturday the 24<sup>th</sup>. January. Of course, the proper date is always the 25<sup>th</sup>. But who wants to start the week with a headache on Monday morning? The evening was ably chaired by our Captain, who had the good sense to keep his contributions firm but short, thus avoiding substituting a Lancastrian flavour for the authentic Scottish one. We were piped into the building by Joe Fagan who also did the honours for us last year. He was accompanied by his wife and we were able to enjoy their company throughout the evening as well as his masterful playing at the appropriate times.

The menu was entirely of Scottish name and flavour. The dinner commenced after the Selkirk Grace with Cock-a-Leekie Soup. Next came the ceremonial piece-de-resistance; piping in the Haggis. This required three people: the piper to lead the parade of the reeking 'pudden', the chef to carry the salver and Alistair Cant to perform the ritual slaughter of the Beastie. After the kilted procession around the room they stopped at Alistair's seat where he proceeded to recite the eulogy to the 'Chieftain of the Pudden Race' with great oratory, lip smacking and drooling, while at the same time, repeatedly stabbing and slashing at the poor, defenceless object. Finally, he led us in the toast to 'the Haggis'. It had been a bravura performance and he received a great ovation but some of Alistair's audience afterwards admitted that it had seemed like animal cruelty to then eat it.

The meal subsequently proceeded without further ceremony: 'Roastit' Beef was the main course. The portions were so large that it was a relief to arrive at the loyal toast, given by our Captain who then allowed us a Recovery Interval for belt slackening or puffing the weed in the bar.

The main recitation of the evening, 'The Immortal Memory (of Robert Burns)', was brilliantly undertaken by Ian Caldwell. It was very brave of him as he and his wife were guests and only knew their immediate hosts. He was a particularly appropriate choice for the job, not only because he is a native of Ayrshire, but also as he is an accomplished speaker and looks just right in his National Dress. He recited some of the Bard's poems, gave us a little of the flavour of his life but also provided us with some highly amusing yarns that had us in stitches. However, the surprise of the evening was his singing of a couple of Burns' songs - unaccompanied and in tune. That feat gained much appreciative applause. He ended with the usual toast.

Ian was followed by Lionel Hall who always manages to produce an entirely original, amusing and tongue-in-cheek toast to 'the Lassies'. The Captain's Lady, Carolyn Lee, showed great aplomb and got her share of laughs with her reply. The final toast of the evening was 'the Toon We Bide in' which was delightfully performed by Robbie who showed that although he's from the Isle of Mull and lives in the Fareham area he was not inhibited from extolling the virtues of Southampton even though we were in the Borough of Eastleigh at the time!

The customary 'Auld Lang Syne' was performed (under Alistair's instruction) by the assembled company to complete the evening on a high and happy note.

We should all feel most grateful to John Smart & Jim Barriball for ensuring that the venue was arranged in a suitable manner; Gerry Cartwright for his organisation and hard work and to Terry Clark for his production of the beautiful menus and place

## Queen Mary 2



There was a great deal of interest and excitement generated in the port over the Christmas period by the arrival of the *Queen Mary 2*. That excitement even managed to infect some of our members, usually a more phlegmatic lot when it comes to arrivals and sailings, to such an extent that they were prepared to get up on the morning of Boxing Day to join the s.s.*Shieldhall* for an early morning sailing. Yes, 10:00 is early on Boxing Day!

They joined a hundred or so other souls who were prepared to brave the wind and the rain and steam down Southampton Water in order to meet the inward bound *QM2* as she rounded Calshot. It was hardly a day for flying bunting but *Shieldhall* managed to raise and display a signal reading W-E-L-C-O-M-E. She was also sporting a very large blue ensign at the fore. As an ex RNR officer, Lt. Cdr. Peter Tambling zealously maintains his right to fly the Blue Ensign. This particular ensign has a distinguished history in that it was the battle ensign flown by the *Canberra* when she participated in the Falklands conflict. When she was decommissioned, P&O donated the flag, along with many others, to the *Shieldhall*.

With the wind gusting up to over 40 knots, there was some doubt as to whether the *QM2* would stick to her programme of proceeding past Mayflower Park, swinging off the dry-dock, back past the park and finally swinging again off the Ocean Terminal before backing up to berth at 39 berth. But Captain Ron Warwick and Pilot Ray Smart, a Cachalot, are made of sterner stuff and were confident enough to proceed as planned and made the two 180° pirouettes in grand style, showing off her manoeuvrability without the need to use the two attendant tugs. The *Shieldhall* had dropped alongside her berth at 48 and everyone on board had a grand-stand view as the new liner made the second of her turns, to a musical accompaniment of *Land of Hope and Glory* and *Rule Britannia*, before finally berthing. The major problem for those on board was the constant need to wipe the rain from camera lenses. Despite the weather, spirits were not dampened and everyone on board was glad that they had made the effort to be present at another defining moment in the history of the port.



*Shieldhall* was again afloat, with her maximum load of 150 passengers and your editor having the conduct of the vessel, when it was time for the *QM2* to sail on her maiden voyage on the 12th January. And, again, there were a number of Cachalots among them, accompanied by their wives, families and friends. This time the threatened bad weather hadn't materialised, but the vessel had already been swung head out in response to the dire forecasts. So the plan this time was to leave the berth at 1730 and back up to just off Mayflower Park where huge crowds and a firework display were to see her off. 1730 came and went without any signs of movement, so did 1800. Various craft among the small fleet that was there drifting about began to ask



the VTS for information but they were giving nothing away, or didn't know themselves. Passengers on board the *Shieldhall* began to get messages on their mobiles from those watching the television at home saying that it was all down to baggage delays. That's probably a lot of baggage, thought I. Anyway, at 1830 she came off the berth and backed up the Royal Pier for a spectacular firework display. When this was over she started making way with a speed that caught a lot of us more sedate craft on the hop. It all got to be a bit of a melee but luckily there were no mishaps. We managed to follow her down as far as Fawley and watched as she sailed past Cowes before we turned back towards our berth. Another successful trip for the *Shieldhall*, with all on board happy to have been close witness to yet another slice of maritime history.

# The Cruise of H.M. Armed Merchantman "KINFAUNS CASTLE"

The Kinfauns Castle left Simons Town on Friday, Nov. 6<sup>th</sup> 1914, bound for German East Africa.

From 4th Aug. 1914 to 20th Aug. 1915

Continuing the account by **Mr. LEONARD ROGERS**, 1888-1937

Nov. 7<sup>th</sup> Very heavy weather. Big seas and gale of wind. Had to slow down and lash everything on deck. Hydroplane slightly damaged. Heavy weather all night.

Nov. 8<sup>th</sup> Wind has moderated but a big sea running. Shall reach Durban tomorrow.

Nov. 9 Weather glorious; we are in for a very hot time if we go up much further. Arrived at Durban at 8 p.m. after dark, and laid outside. This was to keep the nature of the business in hand as secret as possible. Tug came out, and brought out about 50 bombs and a new plane for the machine. Sailed again at 9 p.m. contrary to the general idea of staying a day or two. We hear that it is the German cruiser *Konigsberg* that we are after.

Nov. 10 Big following sea running. Received news that the *Konigsberg* is located about 20 miles up the Rufidgi River, about 100 miles south of Zanzibar. The light cruiser *Chatham* is off the mouth of the river so that she cannot get out. The *Chatham* has been up to within 9 miles of the *Konigsberg*, but would not venture further because she had no charts of the river, and there are several nasty bends.

Nov. 11 A big sea still running, and the weather getting very hot. The aeroplane is being fixed up in the meantime.

Nov. 12 Sea moderating somewhat, but getting infernally hot.

Nov. 13 Shall arrive at Rufidgi River on Sunday, if all goes well.

Nov. 14 Eased down; waterplane ready for launching. No further news from Rufidgi.

Nov. 15 Arrived at Rufidgi River at 7 a.m. H.M.S. *Chatham* and *Fox* there. The *Fox* is senior ship on these operations. Just recently the *Chatham* sent a cutter's crew to capture and sink across the mouth of the river a German collier. They succeeded in their object, but lost 2 men killed and 9 wounded. We are laying a little way off the land, and have launched the water plane, but she would not rise from the surface. (This plane was the Curtiss flying boat, at that time about the best, but in the rare atmosphere of these latitudes great difficulty was experienced in getting the machines to rise, the same trouble was experienced throughout the campaign.) The flying man is working on his machine today. Left for the mouth of the river this sundown, and took up position at the south channel, the *Chatham* taking the northern; these are the only two ways out. H.M.S. *Fox* has gone to Mombasa. Working on the waterplane all night. The Germans have entrenched themselves in on both banks of the river. The heat is practically unbearable, as we are almost on the Equator.

Nov. 16 H.M.S. *Chatham* sent a motor boat over to us, to act as tender to the sea plane, and we sent fresh meat and ice to her, which must have been a Godsend, as the heat is intense. (We lie up as close to the land as we can, hard up against the forest, so that some nights in the deathly stillness we could hear the crashing of some beast through the bush. No lights were allowed under any circumstances, as the showing of a light meant that we had to move ship, or run the risk of being located. It was not long before the Germans took off the 4" guns from the *Konigsberg*, and very ingeniously moved them about all parts of the country, using the native labour unmercifully. We steamed back to the island we were at yesterday; this was one of the numerous islands dotted about the tropical coast, and served us a useful base for future operations. Its native name was Niororo Island, but we renamed it Kinfauns Island, and used to get a little swimming when the chance offered.) On our way over this morning, we sighted a native dhow, making for the river mouth; gave chase in the motor boat, and secured her. The *Chatham* steamed across, and took the dhow from us. When she was searched, several German papers were discovered. Later the waterplane made a successful flight. Landed a party on the island this evening.

Nov. 17 Waterplane attempted to take up two passengers, but bumped on a sand bank and opened up her bottom lining. Got the plane back on board for repairs. *Chatham* still at the northern channel.

Nov. 18 Still working on the waterplane. The heat is terrific. It is intended to have a go at the *Konigsberg* if we can locate her with the waterplane, which should be ready tomorrow.

Nov. 19 Waterplane went up this morning about 7 o'clock, and soon got away. We weighed anchor and steamed over to the *Chatham*, both ships then cruised around the mouth of the river. Stopped a dhow, and found letters, and food for the Germans from Dar-es-Salaem. Took the crew prisoners, and sunk the dhow. Picked up the waterplane to the northward, off a large island. The aviator had waded ashore, as he was forced to descend, owing to shortage of petrol. The plane was then picked up and we steamed back to the island. The *Chatham* was with us, but she returned later to the mouth of the river.

Nov. 20 Heat terrific. Waterplane being fixed up once again, but too much rain for a flight. H.M.S. *Chatham* left this morning for Zanzibar.

Nov. 21 Proceeded to the mouth of river, but the waterplane would not rise, owing to the choppy sea. Returned to Niororo Is. and left the *Fox* with two captured German tugs, which had been armed, to take charge. The tugs were manned by *Pegasus* men, and were ocean going tugs named *Adjutant* and *Helmuth*.

(H.M.S. *Pegasus* had been sunk in September by the *Konigsberg*. She was at anchor at Zanzibar at the time with fires drawn. 40 lives were lost..Ed)

Nov. 22 Steamed to mouth of the river. Waterplane made a good flight, and located the *Konigsberg*. Received a slight damage in planing down. Both tugs came alongside for water, these two tugs have already seen a lot of fighting, the *Helmuth's* funnel being punctured like a pepper box. Men from H.M.S. *Fox* sent here to help repair the waterplane. Returned to lay behind the island, out of sight of land, although it is useless to try and keep anything hidden from the Germans as they seem to know all our movements, smoke signals being observed as soon as we get a move on. Landed a party on one of the neighbouring islands, but found nothing.



Nov. 23 Left at 4 a.m. for Durban to take in coal and new gear for the waterplane, as the aviator has found that several parts are required to be successful. Instructions have been issued to the ship's company that on no account are they to say a word as to where they have been, or what doing, as German spies are much in evidence in this country. They are advised to set about a lot of cock-and-bull yarns.

Nov. 24 Hear that the Cape squadron has been much strengthened, also that we shall be in Durban only a day.

Nov. 25 Making good progress, but have sighted no ships.

Nov. 26 Shall arrive at Durban tomorrow morning.

Nov. 27 Arrived at Durban 9 a.m. Commenced to coal. Took in new boat for waterplane, and provisions for one month. The Portuguese are now going to actively assist in the campaign, and are massing troops on the borders. (As after events proved, it would have been far better if the Portuguese had been with the Germans, as they were constantly losing their stores and ammunition to the German patrols. They proved very indifferent fighters, and were always a source of worry and anxiety to their British allies.)

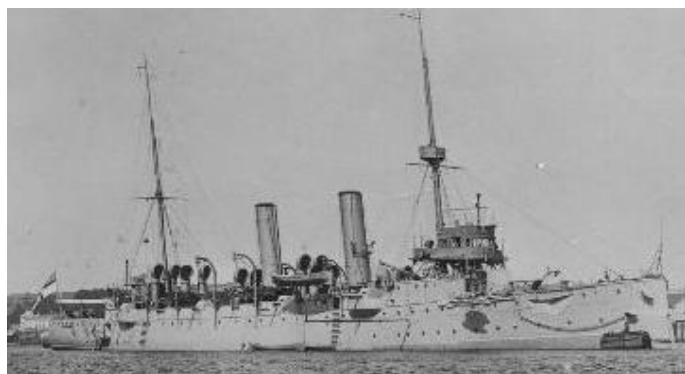
Nov. 28 Sailed from Durban at 11 a.m. Proceeding up coast. Have shipped 150 bombs, and will probably assist on land.

Nov. 29 Church parade. Received news of a great Russian victory.

Nov. 30 Weather getting very hot, but strong head breeze very acceptable.

Dec. 1 Sea plane nearly ready, and hoping to have better luck this time. Arriving at the Rufidgi River to-morrow, after dark.

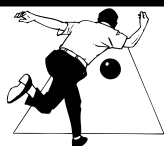
Dec. 2 Cruising about, and shall arrive at the river a day later than at first thought. Weather intensely hot.



H.M.S. Fox

*to be continued*

### Coming Soon



#### **SKITTLES EVENING**



**Southampton Old Bowling Club**  
**Friday, 2 April at 1900**  
**Scampi & Chips followed by Apple Pie**  
**Cost: £9.75 per person**

### SMMC Technical Seminar

Thursday, April 15th, 2004

#### **CHIRP**

The Confidential Hazardous Incident Reporting Prog. is an independant reporting programme for people employed or having an active interest in the maritime industry. Its primary purpose is to represent safety related issues to the relevant organisation(s) without revealing the identity of the reporter.

CHIRP has its origins in the civil aviation industry and has been in existence there since 1982. It has been introduced as a new safety element to the maritime sector as an innovative way of promoting the improvement of its safety culture.

The speaker is to be Captain Michael Powell, FNI, who, following a diverse sea-going career which culminated with the command of a crude oil/products carrier of 40,000DWT at the age of 28, gained experience ashore as a marine surveyor and also held management positions in the Safety and casualty investigation fields. He qualified as a solicitor in 2002 before becoming Director (Maritime) of CHIRP.

1930 in the Club-room

### **WINE TASTING & COLD BUFFET**

**In the Club-Room**

**Saturday, 17 April, 1130 for 1200**

Robin and Jenny Hibberd are wine producers from the Languadoc region and this talk will cover different aspects of viniculture from the previous one in '02. The actual wine-tasting is free but the wines will be available to buy.

**Cost: £9.50 per person.**



### **FISH & CHIP SUPPER and QUIZ**

**Saturday 22nd May**

**In the Club-room**

**1900 for 1945**

### D-Day 60th Anniversary Dinner

**Saturday 5th June 2004**

**Royal Air Force Yacht Club**

The Club will be holding a celebratory black-tie dinner at the RAF Y.C. at Hamble to commemorate the 60th Anniversary of the D-Day landings.

It is hoped that we will be able to invite a suitable speaker

Arrangements and costs are as yet to be finalised but members should watch the notice board or contact the office.

Places are likely to be restricted to Members and spouses.

Hamish Roberts recalls some of his impressions as a first tripper on the *City of Windsor* in 1945, when he was

## **Bound for Philadelphia in the Morning**

Following the disembarkation of the Trinity House Pilot off Dungeness, sea conditions in the channel worsened. I was ordered to report to the Second Officer, Mr Graham, with whom I would remain on watch until given further instructions, and to whom it must have been obvious that I was feeling far from well. Nevertheless 'Murdo', with the arrival on the bridge of his lunch break relief, took a fiendish delight in proclaiming to me his intention to go down to the saloon and "wade through the menu", an announcement that precipitated my first experience of mal-de-mer.

Some days afterwards, having recovered and become accustomed to the fairly heavy Atlantic swell, I experienced my first serious shipboard accident. The Indian deck crew were, as the scrap deck log book used to record, 'variously employed' about the ship. The First Tindal, or bosuns mate, together with his son, one of the kalassies, or sailors, was working in No.2 hold, sweeping and generally squaring-up the tween deck. Regrettably, not all the wooden hatchboards covering the deep void into the lower hold were in place and, as a result of an exceptionally heavy roll caused by the swell, the younger man lost his balance, and fell a considerable distance to the ceiling, or bottom of the lower hold, sustaining fatal injuries. He was only 18 years old. The next day, in grey, stormy Atlantic weather, the young man was buried at sea. For his father, who had to remain in the ship for some months, it was a tragedy.

"Board of Trade Sports", the description applied to the statutory requirement to carry out lifeboat and fire drills, were also experienced for the first time. These commenced on Saturday afternoon at the inconvenient time of 4 p.m. which, for those off watch, meant getting out of bed or off the settee, donning a life jacket, and proceeding to one's appointed lifeboat either on the boat deck, or lower bridge. The lifeboats were wooden, clinker built types, suspended from radial davits by three-fold manilla rope purchases.

Boat drill was followed by fire drill, signalled by the prolonged ringing of the ship's bell on the fore-castle head, followed by individual strokes which indicated the position of the fire. For example, fire at No.2 hold, 2 strokes of the bell. Having interpreted this alarm signal, all hands galloped away from the lifeboats, and reassembled at the scene of the imaginary conflagration in the guise of enthusiastic firefighters. In fact, however, the majority seemed to be spare dicks, who loafed about until the arrival of an individual completely disguised by a smoke helmet, and attached to a lifeline, extracted from the Siebe Gorman box. This apparition was supported by the hose party, whose leader held the hose nozzle pointing over the ship's side until a trickle of water appeared. At this disappointment a messenger would be despatched to alert 'Nichy Hai's'\* man in the engine room that 'force' on deck was urgently required and, in due course and to general applause, a respectable plume of water would appear, thus signalling the end of the games for another week, weather permitting. This Dad's Army set up could not be compared with the very realistic fire-fighting courses compulsorily attended by present day seafarers.

A further diversion which, I discovered, fitted into the same category of nuisance value to afternoon sleepers as B.O.T. sports, was the obligatory congregation of all hands on deck in order to exchange fraternal greetings with the crew of any of the company's vessels we chanced to encounter on the high seas. The game was initiated by the Radio Officer who came across the "City of Somewhere" on the air. In great secrecy, her position was obtained and communicated to the Captain. These details gave him something to think about, and he would commandeer the chartroom, do some plotting and simple mathematics before announcing gravely "We should be passing the 'Somewhere' at about 3 o'clock." This exciting news spread through the ship like wildfire. Some company bumf would be consulted in order to discover who might be on board the other vessel, who was in command, which ship was the senior, and so on. At the trysting time, Europeans and Indians alike entered into the spirit of the occasion, standing on deck, or on the hatch covers and waving heartily to the faceless mariners sailing in the opposite direction. Most of the 'Company's men' seemed to find it exciting, but there were some to whom it was like an obligatory visit to Lenin's tomb.

As we approached the American coast. I was told to rejoin the Second Officer's watch, from 1200 to 1600 hours and again from midnight to 0100. "Keep your eyes skinned" ordered Murdo Graham, "We expect to pick up Cape May light during the watch". This was exciting news, my first sight of foreign soil. Some time later, the quiet of the night was

shattered by an almost blood-curdling shriek in a distinctive Highland accent which I interpreted to mean "I've seen the light". Its source was Murdo, who, realising that I lurked in the corner of the wheelhouse, said, "Angus", not my name, but in the agony of the moment as near as dammit, - "Go down and tell the Captain I've seen the light". I knocked timidly on the Captain's door, and waited to hear a couple of grunts before commencing my speech. "Good morning sir. the second mate says he's seen the light". From within the blankets a welsh voice asked "Has he got religion?"

Feeling that my efforts to communicate this vital information were not being fully appreciated I ignored this question and started afresh. "The second mate has picked up Cape May light, sir". "Bloody good job" said the Welsh voice "He's been steaming towards it for the past two weeks". At this juncture I muttered something like "Yes sir", and decided the best thing I could do was return to the wheelhouse and try to make myself scarce, keeping my eyes 'skinned' for whatever else might happen before 4 o'clock, and looking forward with as much intent as Christopher Columbus might have done to discovering what America looked like in daylight.

Elderly seafarers speak or write of ships in a strange way, getting excited when describing a ship, the on board accommodation, their shipmates, and adventures experienced at sea or ashore; memories not necessarily important in themselves, but just for the fact that they stuck. It is said the memory grows sharper with age. Perhaps however, in the relatively carefree days of youth, many memories are first forged as a result of contrast, which before the days of mass tourism was a vital part of travel experience.

I was now almost constantly made aware of the contrasts between my erstwhile lifestyle and that which I had recently embraced as something akin to a 1945 type package tourist. Once the ship was alongside at Philadelphia, I eagerly awaited an opportunity to go ashore and experience some of the contrasts between that port and London.

Never, for example, had I heard advertising on BBC radio, but in Philadelphia, adverts came on every few seconds over what seemed to be countless rival stations, and I soon learned to remember that:-

"If it's kissing that you're missing,

We can give you good advice.

Buy a tube of Colgate's toothpaste.

Cleans your teeth, and keeps breath nice"

A similar pain in the neck was:-

"Ooh, ooh, good

Ooh, ooh, good,

Campbell's Noodle - Poodle soup.

Is ooh, ooh good.

Prospective investors were constantly reminded that :-

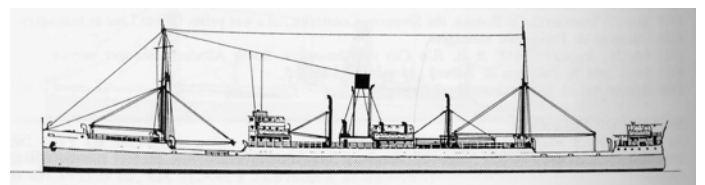
"Frugal MacDougall banks with First National."

This prosperous, canny Scot could also be seen on buses and hoardings, complete with hairy knees, Tam O'Shanter bonnet and Harry Lauder stick, repeating his advice.

Dock workers in London, although never short of something to say, seemed, however, after six years of war, to present a picture of a rather pinched and miserable species, clad in drab ex army greatcoats, cloth caps and mufflers, in direct contrast to the huge, smiling blackmen on the Philadelphia waterfront, wearing good quality bright clothing, donkey jackets, an assortment of eye catching headgear, and carrying well filled lunch boxes.

For the pound sterling the rate of exchange was favourable, one pound being worth U.S. \$4.1, making the proverbial dollar worth almost exactly five bob. (25 Pence).

\* The ancient, cantankerous Scot who was Chief of five engineers and a large Indian engine room crowd, boasted that he "always spoke to the natives in their own language". Any query concerning the whereabouts of any of his minions drew the standard response, "nichy hai," or "down below", hence his nick-name "Nichy Hai," or "Nichy". The species is probably now extinct, sadly.



**S.S. City of Windsor**

Built in 1923 as the *Knaresboro'* for Ellerman & Bucknall.

# Rope Ends

## Captain's Collar

The badge of office that our Captain wears on all of his official functions has recently been excellently refurbished per kind favour of a fellow Cachalot.

Unfortunately, the origins of this splendid artefact do not seem to have been recorded.



## The Master Mariners of Southampton

By  
Simon Daniels

This new book celebrates the 75th anniversary of the founding of Southampton Master Mariners' Club, charting the fortunes of the Port's seafarers, since those Founding Fathers served under sail, to the life of the Master Mariner today.

With the able assistance of personal reminiscences from some of the Club's most distinguished members, past and present, *The Master Mariners of Southampton* is as much a lively record of life at sea over four generations, as it is a celebration of the Port's prestigious maritime community.

118 pages of text, 27 illustrations, most of which are in full colour. Foreword by Mrs Mary Fagan, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire and a Stowaway of the Club.

*The Master Mariners of Southampton* can be obtained direct from the Club, price per copy £6.50 (Club Members) or £9.99 (non-Members), by calling at the Club's office Tuesday to Friday 12.00 to 14.00, or by post from:

The Boatsteerer, Southampton Master Mariners' Club,  
2/3 Orchard Place, Southampton. SO14 3BR

Please print your name and address and enclose a cheque, made payable to 'The Cachalots', for the total sum, including postage and packing of £1.90 per copy.

Please note that Club Members will have to pay the full retail price if purchasing this book through a bookseller.

## Officers & Committees 2004.

<b>CAPTAIN:</b>	Capt. A.R. Tinsley
<b>STAFF CAPTAIN:</b>	Capt. S. Harwood
<b>SEA STAFF CAPTAIN:</b>	Capt. J. Mileusnic
<b>BOATSTEERER:</b>	Capt. L.W. Hall
<b>STOREKEEPER:</b>	Capt. D.F. Gates
<b>POST CAPTAIN:</b>	Capt. G.G. Lee
<b>FUNCTIONS OFFICER:</b>	G.F. Cartwright
<b>ARCHIVIST:</b>	Capt. H. Roberts
<b>HON. LEGAL ADVISOR:</b>	S. Daniels

## HARPOONERS:

G. Angas, R. Bristow, G. Cartwright, G. Draysey, R. Gage, A. Gravestock, R. Hellier, G. Lang, A. McDowall, R. Martin, I. Odd, R. Olden, B. Peck, F. Pedersen, J.R.K. Smart, J.C. Smith, J. Whorwood.

## Executive & Finance Committee:

G. Angas, G. Cartwright, A. Gravestock, R. Hellier, R. Olden, B. Peck, J.R.K. Smart, J. Whorwood.

## Entertainments Committee:

J.R.K. Smart, G. Cartwright, A. Gravestock, R. Bristow, J. Whorwood, F. Pedersen, T.E. Clark, I. Odd.

## Church Committee:

S. Harwood, J.C. Smith, P.J. Stead, R. Martin, G. H. Draysey. Co-opted: W. Weyndling.

**The 5 Officers of the Club and the Post Captain are members of all the above committees.**

**The General Committee** comprises of the 5 Officers of the Club, the Post Captain, Past Captains, and all Harpooners.

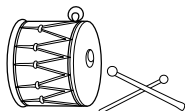
**Shantyman:** Mr. Tony Davis.

**Chaplains:** Revd. M. Williams, Revd. D. Potterton, Revd. W. McCrea.

**250 Club**

December (£100)	D.F. Gates
January	R. Hellier
February	D.E. Roberts

## 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, including the coach and gratuity, supper and a glass of wine, is now confirmed at £18.50.

List now up on the notice board.

### **NEW CACHALOTS**

We welcome the following new members to the Club:

**R. Bloom**

**G.H. Sloss**

**M. Plumridge**

**D.M. Turner**

**T.D. Sullivan**

### **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.

List now up in the Club-room

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:

The Southampton Master Mariners' Club,  
The Southampton Seafarers' Centre,  
2/3 Orchard Place,  
SOUTHAMPTON, SO14 3BR

Tel/Fax: 023 8022 6155

E.mail: [cachalots@smmclub.fsnet.co.uk](mailto:cachalots@smmclub.fsnet.co.uk)

Editor: [t.e.clark@which.net](mailto:t.e.clark@which.net)

### **Dates for your Diary**

Sat MAR 06 Curry Lunch, Club room

Fri APR 02 Skittles evening, Southampton  
(Old) Green Bowling Club.

Sat APR 17 Wine-tasting & Buffet Lunch  
Club room

Tue APR 27 Tidworth Musical evening.

Sat MAY 22 Fish & Chip Supper and Quiz

Sat JUN 05 60th Anniversary D-Day Dinner  
Royal Air Force Y.C. Hamble

Thu JUN 17 Shipping Festival Service  
Winchester Cathedral, 1845

Sat JUL 03 Curry Lunch, Club room.

Fri AUG 13\* Cowes Week Fireworks cruise  
s.s."Shiedhall"

Sat SEP 04 Curry Lunch, Club room.

Sat OCT 02 Autumn Dinner Dance  
Brook House Masonic Centre.

Sat DEC 04\* Christmas Dinner.  
Kings Court Masonic Centre.

TBA Christmas Lunch

**\* N.B. Revised dates.**

### **Gone Aloft**

**G. Wood**