

# ***The CACHALOT***

**THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHAMPTON MASTER MARINERS' CLUB**

**No.12**

**June 2004**

## **CAPTAIN'S LOG**

As I prepare this log for publication the uppermost thought in my mind is the sad loss of our Post Captain and my brother-in-law, Geoffrey Lee, who went aloft on 21st April. Following a family cremation, a Service of Thanksgiving for his life was held in Beaulieu Abbey on 4<sup>th</sup> May. A large number of Club Members and their wives were among over 120 who attended this very moving Service, which included Family and Seafaring Tributes and a Reading by our Boatsteerer. Geoffrey had an excellent year as Club Captain and he will be sadly missed and remembered with admiration and affection by us all. We do hope that Carolyn will continue to join us for Club events.

My official installation as Club Captain and Captain Simon Harwood's installation as my Staff Captain was on 6<sup>th</sup> February at The Sea Pie Supper at The Guildhall. The following day I was pleased to join over 20 Members, family and friends for lunch at the Club.

The first social event of my year was a Curry Lunch on 6<sup>th</sup> March which proved as popular as ever with our 60 attendees, despite an element of "self-service". This was followed by a most convivial Skittles evening and excellent "home cooked meal" on 2<sup>nd</sup> April at the Old Green Bowling Club.

The Boatsteerer and I, together with Julie and Margaret, attended the Commodores Cocktail Party at the RAF Yacht Club at Hamble on 3<sup>rd</sup> April. We were made most welcome and are looking forward to attending our D-Day Dinner at the Club on 5<sup>th</sup> June.

On 7<sup>th</sup> April I represented the Club at a Court Luncheon on board HQS Wellington as a guest of Captain Simon Culshaw, Master of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners. This was a most enjoyable day and I was pleased to meet up with several old Shipmates.

CHIRP (Confidential Hazardous Incident Reporting Programme) was the subject of a Technical Seminar held at the Club on 15<sup>th</sup> April, with Captain Mike Powell's presentation giving a fascinating insight into the origin and reporting of Marine Accidents. However, the sparse attendance was somewhat disappointing.

At the Club on 17<sup>th</sup> April, Robin and Jenny Hibberd gave a talk on grape growing and wine making in France, with the appreciative audience enjoying the opportunity to sample their wares and also enjoy a cold buffet. The following day Margaret and I attended the Annual Cocktail Party at The Royal Naval Club and Royal Albert Yacht Club and were royally entertained by the Chairman, Gerard Noel and the Commodore, Miles Linington. This Club is in Pembroke Road in Old Portsmouth and we were privileged be given a guided tour of the Club, its artefacts and



**Captain G.G.Lee**

**Went aloft 21st April 2004**

trophies, by their Historian.

At the D-Day Concert at Tidworth Garrison Theatre on 27<sup>th</sup> April, the Band of The Prince of Wales Regiment gave an excellent performance which was enjoyed by all. Other invitations during this period were the Royal Naval Association Dinner at The Tudor Merchants Hall and lunch on board the German Training Ship, Gorch Foch which, in my absence, were attended and enjoyed by my willing deputies

As you are no doubt aware, demolition of the Custom House Building adjacent to the B.I.S.S. has commenced, so tenure of our existing premises is coming to an end. No definite decision has been made regarding our new venue and I would be most grateful if you would inform the Officers of the Club of any ideas you may have regarding this. I look forward to sharing a successful year with you.

Captain Andrew Tinsley



## Continental Weekend



Once again, Mike Smallbone was the leader of a party of enthusiastic travellers on a venture to foreign parts. Unfortunately, our numbers were somewhat depleted this year with yet another being forced to drop out at the last minute - Angela Alford suffered a severe shoulder problem. In the event twenty one of us joined the bus at our new rendezvous and car park outside the QE/M 2 Terminal at 38 Berth in the Eastern Docks. This facility was made available to us by ABP through the kind offices of Ron Hancock, their Pilotage Administration Manager after some earlier smooth persuasion/arm twisting by the Boatsteerer. Parking was within the cover of the security CCTV cameras which are manned 24/7 by the Vessel Traffic Services personnel in the Dockhead control tower. Before we set out a minute's silence was observed to mourn the passing, earlier in the week, of our Post Captain, Geoffrey Lee. This was the first opportunity most of us had to show our respect to our sadly departed friend and recent leader.

So it was that we set out before nine o'clock of a sunny Friday morning up the M3 in a dinky little 29 seater bus, heading for Dover. It even had a WC in the back but actually two watering/dewatering stops were made anyway at motorway service areas en route. We arrived at Dover in good time to catch our scheduled 1300 hours P&O Ferry, 'Pride of Canterbury'.

The smooth and sunny crossing took less than ninety minutes and we were soon on the road again at Calais; but not for long. There was a booze stop in an industrial estate on the outskirts of Calais at one of those supermarkets aimed at the British market and which remain open 24 hours a day. After we had all dragged our trolleys out for the contents to be stowed in the coach's vast underbelly, passage was resumed towards the Belgian border.

We reached our hotel on the outskirts of Ghent in time for relaxation before dinner. We had been booked into the Holiday Inn Expo, a large modern four star hotel with all facilities. Its situation was slightly odd as it was next door to a large exhibition hall and convention centre with many acres of empty car parks. It was too far to stroll into Ghent before dinner but some of us went for a swim in the hotel pool. It was not very big but nicely appointed and just the right temperature. Friday night dinner in the hotel was included in the tariff for the weekend. This turned out to be a buffet in an annexe to the main dining area as there was a large corporate dinner going on in the main dining room. However, the meal was quite sumptuous and we all felt well satisfied. The design of the building was in the form of a hollow square with half the bedrooms having windows looking outwards and the other half facing into a large atrium housing the restaurant and bar. There even some small trees growing in the atrium.

On Saturday, after a leisurely breakfast in the hotel, we took the coach to Brugge/Bruges. Here we were ably led by Mike Smallbone on a walking tour to view the ancient buildings of the city. There were plenty of other tourists about but not all of them were on foot as the old canals were carrying plenty of passenger motor boats while the lanes and streets were busy with ponies and traps. The ponies and their rigs were most elegantly set out and some of the ponies had been taught to high step. Their hooves made quite a merry clatter around the streets. We ambled through street markets, mainly of antiques, and then into the town hall square with many old buildings, beautifully gilded. Mike showed us a particularly fine old church in the centre of town which contained much fine statuary which was well worth the visit. However the highlight of our tour was a visit to a little cafe which served hot chocolate drinks and fancy biscuits followed by a tour of the chocolate factory demonstration across the road which was apparently part of the same business. The demo was very well presented. We could then understand why Belgian chocolates are so famous and highly regarded. Incidentally, they buy all their basic chocolate bean material through the London chocolate market. Of course, a number of us felt impelled to make purchases afterwards.

On Saturday afternoon we were driven to Ghent city centre for individual wandering. Ghent is much bigger than Bruges and more commercial but it still has its share of medieval buildings, particularly around the cathedral. The weather was sunny and quite mild so some of us bought lunches sitting at pavement cafes which was what many of the locals seemed to be doing.

We rendezvoused at the coach in time to return to the hotel where one could order dinner. However, one group elected to return to Ghent city centre for dinner in one of the small restaurants by the cathedral and town hall. Whichever choice was made everyone seemed to enjoy their evening meal and were happy to settle down after a most varied and busy day.

On Sunday morning we checked out from the hotel and were driven north towards the Dutch border. Here we had the unsettling experience of having to pass a road accident site. All the emergency services were there while a car was lying upside down and smashed

at the side of the road and paramedics were working on the victims. It looked as if the response had been very quick and efficient because it was obvious from the smell of smoke etc. that the accident had not long happened. We were not long delayed at the scene and proceeded to the picturesque little Dutch town of Sluis. There were, of course, no border formalities. The main difference was in the flags since the language and architecture are the same each side of the border. We were taken to a small business which specialises in wooden clog making and has an expert to demonstrate the old method of carving them. It also contained a shop selling local delicacies such as Dutch waxed cheeses, but its main selling line was in cigarettes. Apparently, they are cheaper in Holland than anywhere else in Western Europe. They even had a British salesman to cope with all the purchasers crossing from this country. Lunch was to individual choice but some of us ate on the terrace of a windmill restaurant in the centre of town.

After lunch it was back on the road for the trip back to Calais and the 'Pride of Canterbury' again followed by a smooth run back to Southampton. Everyone seemed well pleased with their weekend and we suitably applauded our leader. He in turn seemed anxious to serve us again in the future and was passing out brochures for us to dream of future trips.

Ian Stirling

??????

- Q. What was the attraction at the Club-room on the evening of Sat. 22 May?  
A. Quiz night.
- Q. How many attended?  
A. 36.
- Q. What else did they enjoy?  
A. Fish and Chip supper.
- Q. How many teams were there?  
A. 7 teams consisting of from 4 to 6.
- Q. Who was the Quiz Master?  
A. Kit Neilson, as per last year.
- Q. How many questions did he set?  
A. 10 rounds of 10.
- Q. What were the subjects?  
A. General knowledge, Music, London, Arts, America, Nautical, umm....I forget the rest.

- Q. Were the questions hard?  
A. Only if you didn't know the answers.
- Q. Who won?  
A. A team called the *Fairies*.
- Q. Were they?  
A. No. They were actually a 2 man, 2 woman team representing the cricket section. They really wanted to be called *Ferries* but it got mixed up by the time it got to the scoreboard
- Q. What sort of organisation do you call that?  
A. Relaxed.
- Q. What did they win?  
A. A box of chocolate sweeties.
- Q. Did they enjoy them?  
A. By the time the rest of us had tried one or two each there weren't a lot left.
- Q. You really live life to the full at the SMMC don't you?  
A. That's a bit rhetorical for a quiz but, yes, we know how to have a good time.

## BLUE FUNNEL REUNION

Shown below is a small group of Mariners who met in the Club-room in April. They had all served their time with Alfred Holt & Co. and the purpose of the meeting was to introduce them to Paul Wood (ex NZSCo.) who is building a website: <http://www.rakaia.co.uk> covering M.N. Cadet Training Ships post WW2. Paul was just starting on the Blue Funnel ships *Calchas* and *Diomed* and was seeking first hand information or anecdotes. Ian Thomson hoped there might be enough interest from local ex AH men to arrange quarterly



Left to right: Paul Leece (*Diomed*), Ian Thomson, (*Calchas & Diomed*), Tom Effeny, Peter Jackson, Bob Bristow, Dave Eves (*Diomed*).

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

*The Kinfauns Castle returns to the Rufidgi river where the Konigsberg is blockaded in by HMS Chatham and Fox.*

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

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

Dec. 3. Arrived at Niororo Island at daybreak. First job was to try the sea plane. A little defect was observed and was speedily put in order. Captain Crampton and

Flight Lieutenant Cutler went up after breakfast, and made a good flight over the river of 1½ hrs. duration. H.M.S. Fox and Chatham arrived at 3 p.m. Tug Helmuth went up the river a few days ago, and had a very hot time, and was very lucky to get out, she looks more like a pepper box than ever now. The Fox has also had a disaster, she landed a party at Dar-es-Salaam and lost 2 killed, 20 wounded, and 10 missing. H.M.S. Fox has gone to the mouth of the Rufidgi.

Dec.4. Another good flight made to-day, this time with the commander of the Chatham. They took a rough chart of the river, which hitherto, we did not have, also the moral effect on the Germans is considerable, this being the first time in history that a flying machine has flown in East Africa, and consequently, most of the natural defences become useless. Some big evolution is expected shortly, the captains of the ships having frequent conferences. Chatham gone to the river mouth. We have the tugs Helmuth and Adjutant alongside, the Helmuth showing signs of hot times. Have heard some vivid accounts of the disaster at Tanga, a little way up the coast. The British force was about 15,000 Indian troops stiffened with the Loyal North Lancashire Regt. The Indian convoy was brought right across to Tanga, and the Germans were called upon to surrender, or the troops would be landed within 24 hours. The Germans did nothing of the sort but simply prepared. Most of the houses had machine guns placed in them, and the approaches to the town, which were not many, had thread stretched across, which connected to flags at the tops of the trees, so that anyone touching the threads would move the flags, the necessary ranges being known beforehand, one can guess with what results to the attacking party. The landing was made at night, and the troops approached the town in the form of a semicircle, the Indian troops on the flanks, and the white troops in the centre, bulging out. Under a murderous fire, the Indians, fresh from their homes, and after a bad passage across, gave way, and fell back; the Loyal North Lancs. then were in danger of losing their gains, for at this time they had almost taken the town, and of being cut off, so the troops were taken off after losing a great number of men and stores. No attempt was made again to land troops on the mainland, until a strong force had worked up from Rhodesia, under Col. Northey, ( later Sir E.Northey, Governor of East Africa ). On Nov. 22. an agreement was reached whereby the British would not damage the town of Dar-es-Salaam, if the Germans would allow us to take away the vital parts of the ships' engines then lying in that harbour for safety. H.M.S. Goliath and Fox were the ships engaged, and they sent the tug Helmuth and a steam pinnace round the spit, and up the river for the purpose of effecting this, both under the white flag. These two boats went up about seven miles, and the Helmuth left about a dozen men there and came on down, thinking the pinnace would bring them down, when the job was done. In the mean-time, the Fox had sent a boat's crew in under the white flag, but the Germans fired on her, killing one man. The Helmuth ran the gauntlet around the spit, and then the ships shelled the town, but there was still the Fox's pinnace up stream, and the dozen men belonging to the Helmuth. The pinnace heard the firing, and steamed down stream, she thinking that the Helmuth had all her men on board, she came down with a lighter lashed along each side, and got out with-losing any of her own men, but the dozen men were lost, and taken prisoners by the Germans. The shelling continued, the Goliath's 12" guns doing very good work.

Dec. 5. Attempted to send up sea plane but she would not rise. H.M.S. Chatham and Helmuth alongside all day. Adjutant left for river mouth. Chatham leaving tomorrow for Mombasa, taking our mails.

Dec. 6. Sea plane would not rise from the surface of the water, in spite of repeated efforts. No doubt a type of machine with bigger wing space is required. Notice posted to the effect that we are now in sole charge of the operations here. Apparently the "Konigsberg" can only get over the shifting bar at certain times, that is about 1½ hrs. each side of high water. High water times for the month have been posted up, and we are to patrol the two channels particularly at these times. Left for river mouth at 4 p.m., tugs Helmuth and Adjutant with us. There are strong rumours of an Arab rising at Zanzibar, and intended for today. H.M.S. Chatham probably gone across there. Received news that De Wet has been captured in South Africa. The weather is very hot, especially when shut down for the night.

Dec. 7. A fairly successful flight was made from the island this morning, and we followed the plane right into the river mouth, where she descended, and we took it on board. Are staying here for the night, but at sundown the ship's position was changed, so as to counteract any ranges that the enemy may have got. Have reason to think that we are acting as a decoy to the Konigsberg, as there is one of our big ships just out of sight of land. Weather much hotter, becoming almost unbearable at night. The two tugs are keeping patrol with us, but are closer in, as their shallow draught allows this, and the signal is two rockets for the Konigsberg and one for any other craft that might appear. At about 10 p.m. one rocket was sent up, and we ran to 'action stations'. The "Adjutant" came out to us, and reported that she had seen two enemy craft, pinnaces, come to the mouth of the river probably scouting. The "Adjutant" returned to her position, and with orders to fire on any craft seen. We again shifted position but the remainder of the night passed quietly.

Dec. 8. Weighed anchor early and steamed for the



**H.M.S. Chatham**

lee of an island to the north of the river mouth, in order to try the sea-plane, but the flight was not successful. Tried again after lunch, but the plane only flew a short distance. Both tugs have gone to the river mouth this evening. Some talk of a landing party tomorrow on the island we have just left. Hear that the "Chatham" and "Goliath" are under repairs, and unable to put to sea.

Dec. 9. Landed a party of marines this morning to search the island we were at yesterday. The "Adjutant" took them, and several traces of German occupation were found, signalling flags etc. which were set on fire. Evidently these islands are visited at times by the Germans for purposes of observation on the ships, as they are in easy reach of the mainland. The "Adjutant's" crew are men belonging to the "Goliath", and they are to return to their ship tomorrow, and we are to man the two tugs. To night there was a series of signals from the river mouth, once three red flashes, but no sign of anything coming out. Both tugs patrolling close in.

Dec. 10. Tugs reported this morning constant signalling all night. H.H.S. "Goliath" arrived this morning off the river mouth, and "Adjutant" went alongside to transfer her crew, our men having manned her in the meantime. "Helmuth" gone to the rivers mouth for patrol. Received news of British victory off the Falkland Islands. Sent up the sea plane this midday, when she rose satisfactory, and proceeded up the river, she was going in good style when she was observed to suddenly fall like a stricken bird, and then went out of sight. Sent the motor boat to scout with a leading seaman, A.B., engineer, signalman and midshipman onboard, she joined up with the "Helmuth" and both proceeded up river, coming under heavyfire almost immediately. "Helmuth" could be seen, but the motor boat disappeared from sight, We edged in as close as possible, and opened fire with lyddite and shrapnel, firing over the banks of the river into the entrenchments. Sent a wireless for the Fox and she appeared at 5 p.m. Almost immediately the Helmuth was sighted coming out with a boat in tow. The big tug was sent to her assistance, and they eventually came alongside with the sea plane being towed by the Helmuth. The airman, Lieu. Cutler, was missing, he having been shot down, and taken prisoner. His machine landed on to soft mud, and he tied a handkerchief to the plane and managed to scramble ashore into the German's hands. It was not long before the motor boat and tug came on the scene, and were subjected to heavy fire, but the tug's 3-pounder silenced two of the enemy guns, and allowed the motor boat to get to within close distance of the sea plane. Signalman Laker then volunteered to reach the plane and make her fast to the motor boat for towing, as the Germans were after her as well. He waded and swam to the plane, taking a rope with him, and reached the spot, but came under so heavy a fire that he had to get under the wings of the plane, and became partially unconscious but managed to get the plane made fast, and hang on. The motor boat then got away and returned to the ship. When we hoisted the plane aboard, there were 64 bullet holes in it, showing what heavy fire she had been subjected to, and the tank had been ripped open by a 1-in. shell. The most wonderfull thing about it was that there were no casualties, except for the loss of the airman. In the motor boat, the leading seaman had the rifle shot out of his hand, and the engineer had a bullet through his cap, and the gunwale of the boat was splintered again and again. Both tugs proceeded to river entrance this evening, and we took up our usual position at the mouth to cover them.



Leonard does not give us much detail regarding the seaplane, which, in the diaries, he initially calls "an hydroplane" (Nov.6th), an "aeroplane" (Nov.10th) and then a "waterplane" (Nov.14th). He first refers to it as a seaplane on Dec 1st but reverts to waterplane after that. In his 1923 version he calls it a seaplane throughout and tells us it was a Curtiss. He also names the airman as Lieutenant Cutler, which, as storekeeper and barmen, he might not have known at the time, and says that he was taken prisoner, another fact that they didn't know at first. I thought I would try to find out what happened to the daring Lieut. Cutler but the only reference I could find was one paragraph on the History of the SAAF website:

*At the outbreak of the war, Mr.DH Cutler owned a Curtiss seaplane and had the unique distinction of being the world's only one man Coastal Command. He and his aircraft were commandeered by the British Admiralty to reconnoiter the South African Coastline. The aircraft was transported by man-of-war to East Africa where he spotted the German Cruiser "Koenigberg". As a result it was sunk and the Defence authorities became conspicuous (sic) of the potential striking power an active Aviation Corps would have in South West Africa.*

Glenn Curtiss was one of the pioneer aircraft manufacturers in the U.S. and is often considered the father of naval aviation. He had been building and flying aircraft, including seaplanes, since 1908. The model concerned here was probably a two-man single engine "pusher" as shown above. I find it fascinating that when the aircraft was damaged at sea on Nov. 7th there was a new "plane for the machine" waiting for them in Durban on the 9th. Curtiss became the world's largest aviation company, employing as many as 21,000 and producing 10,000 aircraft during WW1, more than 100 in a single week. More info on [www.curtisswright.com](http://www.curtisswright.com)

## Letters

Captain David Carr suggests that we have a "Letters to the Editor" section and has thoughtfully supplied the first.

Sir

May I respectfully point out that the latest edition of 'The Cachalot' was incorrect when it was stated that Mrs Mary Fagan, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, was an Honorary Captain RN. In fact Mrs Fagan is an Honorary Captain Royal Naval Reserve. Other Honorary Captains RNR are Lord Stirling of Plaistow and Mr G Woods, formerly of P & O Containers. Prince Michael of Kent is Honorary Commodore RNR.

Yours

Capt David Carr RNR



## D-Day Anniversary Celebrations

With the 60th anniversary celebrations now upon us it seems but just a short time ago that I was involved in the previous, 50th, celebrations at Spithead. On the 5th June 1994, as one of the duty Southampton Pilots I was "laid-on" to board the *Jeremiah O'Brian*, at anchor off Gilkicker Point, and conduct her to sea once H.M. the Queen had reviewed the assembled fleet in the *R.Y. Britannia*. We Pilots involved were all sent to our allotted ships well in advance of the review so that we could get under way as soon as it was complete.

The *Jeremiah O'Brian* turned out to be a preserved American Liberty ship that had actually taken part in the operation to supply the Normandy beaches and she was manned by many war veterans, average age about 75 I would guess. Other vessels in the fleet that I recall were the *QE2*, *Canberra*, *Vistafjord*, one of the RFA supply vessels, and two U.S. Aircraft carriers, as well as various navy ships.



**"Jeremiah O'Brian" anchored at Spithead**

When I boarded I met a North Sea Pilot who was there to take the vessel across the Channel to the Normandy beaches and he told me with a conspiratorial air that there would be VIPs boarding. I repaired to the bridge where I was met and interrogated by an American Secret Service agent who, I swear, spoke out of the side of his mouth, "Who are you?" I told him I was the Pilot. "What's a Pilot do?" I explained that I would be conducting the vessel out of the port to the Nab. It appeared that there were several other agents strategically positioned around the ship and that the VIPs expected were President Clinton and his wife. "Well, Mr. Pilot," drawled the American, "I suggest you stay in the wheelhouse and don't keep

popping your head over the bridge wing. My guys might get noivous!" With the vision of a dozen Rambos ready to take a pot-shot at any suspicious target I began to feel a bit "noivous" myself so I decided to heed his advice.

There was a definite air of excitement on the ship regarding the impending visit. The young ensign who would have the privilege of greeting the Clintons at the top of the accommodation ladder was nearly beside himself, saying how proud his folks back home would be. Although President Clinton may not have been generally well considered among U.S. service personnel, he was still their Chief and afforded all the respect that that demanded.

*Bustler*, one of the Navy tugs, arrived to push our stern up into the wind and therefore make a lee at the gangway and shortly afterwards the Presidential launch approached, surrounded by a phalanx of M.O.D. small craft containing police and divers. When the Presidential party was safely onboard the President and his wife went to the starboard foredeck below me where the veteran crew were lined up and waiting. Each man was spoken to, each hand was shaken, every encounter faithfully recorded on film and on tape by the White House press crew which nearly outnumbered the ship's crew. I marveled at scale of the organisation that had gone into this one small happening, a scene which must be repeated in various forms hundreds of times per year for every President.

Soon, the Clintons were on their way again, to join the U.S.S. Kennedy from where they would watch the review. Now it was time for the British to make a show. There was a fly past of WW2 aircraft, including a Swordfish, a Lancaster, Spitfires and Hurricanes. When the *Britannia* appeared out of Portsmouth she was flanked by hundreds of small craft, many struggling to keep up as she swept past the assembled fleet. The water around her was churned white by the wakes and washes of her escorting flotilla. It was a most impressive sight and those next to me on the bridge of the *Jeremiah O'Brian* were duly over-awed. "Hell, I never saw anything like this!" from the normally laconic, seen-it-all, Secret Service man. It seems a pity that our Political masters took no heed of the effect that the Royal Yacht had on those peoples of the world who saw her when they decided that she be withdrawn.



**R.Y. Britannia passing Browdown**

Once the Royal Yacht had completed the circuit it was time to get underway and follow the big ships out to the Nab. With loads of sea-room to the South of us I decided to come round to port (we were heading West) and I had one of those heart stopping moments which seemed like hours when she seemed to take forever to swing. In true pilot mode I kept strict control over every muscle in my body until the Sturbridge buoy finally came out on the starboard bow. Disembarking out at the Nab I was very pleased to have had my one and only chance to pilot a Liberty ship.

Terry Clark

## Rope Ends

### HAVE YOU GOT TIME TO SPARE FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN?

The Southampton Unit of the SEA CADET CORPS seeks volunteers - male or female - to serve on The Unit Management Committee. Meetings are monthly. Anyone willing to devote a little of their time and energy to the "next generation" is asked to speak to Captain Reg Kelso 02380 402001.

### Autumn Dinner Dance

Don't forget the Dinner Dance to be held on Saturday 2nd October at the Brook House Masonic Centre at Botley. The more astute of you will have noticed the change from "Autumn Ball" to "Dinner Dance" and the difference will not be lost on the Ladies. For the Gentlemen it is still a black-tie job so not much change there then. In line with the times the occasion has become less formal and last year's event was judged to be a success by those who attended, with excellent food, sensible bar prices and an easy listening band that *you* could choose to listen to or not, and still hold a conversation across the table. Further details, and the menu, in the next edition of ***The Cachalot***, and of course on the notice-board as soon as they are determined.

Price is expected to be around £25 per ticket.

### NEW CACHALOTS

We welcome the following  
new members to the Club:

J.R. Everett  
R.J.Hardie  
P. Moth

### Curry Lunches

Mild  
Medium  
or  
Hot

In the Club-room  
1200 for 1245  
Saturdays  
July 3rd & September

\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$
\$	<b>250 Club</b>					\$
\$	March	N.T. Alford	\$			
\$	April	B.E. Peck	\$			
\$	May	J.H.G.Driver	\$			
\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$

SOUTHAMPTON MASTER MARINERS' CLUB

### THE SHIPPING FESTIVAL

### WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

THURSDAY 17th JUNE 2004 AT 7.00 p.m.  
CONGREGATION TO BE SEATED BY 6.45 p.m.

#### PREACHER

Archdeacon the Venerable B.H. Hammett QHCMA  
Chaplain of the Fleet

COLOUR PARTY FROM H.M.S. KING ALFRED, ROYAL FLEET AUXILLIARY and 17 PORT AND MARITIME REGIMENT, ROYAL LOGISTIC CORPS. STANDARD BEARERS OF THE ROYAL NAVAL ASSOCIATION, THE ASSOCIATION OF WRNS, THE ROYAL MARINES ASSOCIATION and THE MERCHANT NAVY ASSOCIATION.

FLAG PARTY FROM THE SOUTHAMPTON, ROMSEY and WINCHESTER UNITS OF THE CADET CORPS.

#### HAMPSHIRE COUNTY YOUTH BAND

THE BAND WILL PLAY IN THE CATHEDRAL DURING THE SERVICE AND AFTERWARDS IN THE DEANERY GARDENS, (weather permitting) WHERE WINE WILL BE SERVED.

THE PROCEEDS FROM THE SERVICE WILL BE DONATED TO

THE MISSION TO SEAFARERS  
and  
WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL

**ALL WELCOME**

## **The Master Mariners of Southampton**

With the publication of "**The Master Mariners of Southampton**", Simon Daniels, Cachalot, author and man of law, is to be congratulated on the last of a trilogy for and about the unique, eponymous seafarers' club. A sequel to "We Sail the Ocean Blue" and "In the Wake of the Cachalots", the book commemorates the Club's 75<sup>th</sup> birthday in 2003.

Following a forward contributed by Mrs Mary Fagan, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire and a Stowaway Member of the Club, this well-bound paperback of 124 pages plus 24 pages of excellent and interesting colour plates, illustrates, by means of colourful and amusing personal anecdotes, many aspects of the rich variety of life, ranging from the hair-raising to the absurd, experienced by the maritime community both at sea and in the great port of Southampton.

Readers can discover what was taking place in Southampton Water as the Great Storm of 1987 raged ashore; or how to bring a giant container ship from the Nab Tower and berth her safely alongside between two other leviathans, a task which seems to call for something more than just the usual share of luck and nerves of steel. Two of the club's most unlikely "Jonahs" describe the peace-time horrors of stranding and collisions. In the Union Castle Line, apparently, passengers' fares included entertainment during the voyage which, in the "Good Hope Castle" in 1946, meant that in the Red Sea those passengers who were unable to sleep on deck could, as a diversion, observe a maritime version of the "Wild West Show", in which hyenas and leopards prowled the decks, pursued by a cadet with impeccable credentials armed with the aldis lamp on a long-lead, accompanied and encouraged by the bosun, a first class man but "one whose tendency to express himself loudly and profanely had necessitated his removal from the large passenger/mail ships". Except for those which decided to leap over the side, all the animals were finally corralled by our heroes. (Modern cruise lines to note).

The book encompasses a wide range of interests; nautical events, club history, personalities, humour, also information concerning other contemporary institutions all essential to the present well-being and continuing progress of Southampton and ships using the port. An interesting insight on life at sea today is provided by a serving shipmaster.

Reasonably priced at £6.50 for club members (£9.99 for non-members) this book represents excellent value and would also make an acceptable gift for anyone having an interest in ships, the sea or seafarers, but with only 178 shopping days to Christmas, get your cheque books out of the freezer now and set course for the Boatsteerer's office.

Hamish Roberts

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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## **Dates for your Diary**

- 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.
- Tue OCT 26 Last Night of the Proms, Tidworth.
- Sat DEC 04\* Christmas Dinner.  
Kings Court Masonic Centre.
- Sat DEC 11 Christmas Lunch.  
Kings Court Masonic Centre.

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

## **Gone Aloft**

**M.H. Charles  
G.G. Lee**