

# The CACHALOT

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHAMPTON MASTER MARINERS' CLUB

**No 35**

**March 2010**

## Post Captain's Log

Writing this, my last log, I can only agree with many of my predecessors when they told me my year as Captain would fly by. I have thoroughly enjoyed the privilege of representing the Cachalots, upholding many of the traditions while also being part of the team ensuring that we remain a current and viable organization in these ever changing times. We have a wide and diverse membership covering just about every aspect of the maritime world with an absolutely enormous knowledge base. We are fortunate to have some excellent Officers of the club backed up by our very competent administrator, Richard James. Their work ensures that the club runs smoothly. I would like to thank them all for the help they have given me during my year particularly on the occasions when, due to work commitments, I was unable to attend certain functions.

December is always a busy month for everyone so it was very pleasant for Carol and I to attend the Christmas Dinner in very relaxed surroundings and friendly atmosphere. As always the food was excellent and a very enjoyable evening was had by all. The reopening of the clubroom in the New Year was quite rightly delayed due to the adverse weather, this also impacted on the Past Captains meeting which was held the following week. The Past Captains confirm the Captaincy of the Master Mariners for the coming year and select the new Staff Captain. These decisions are then confirmed to the membership at the annual general meeting. This year the AGM was well attended and apart from the normal business discussed two resolutions were passed giving the officers of the club the mandate to move forward, as required, on the issue of the clubroom. This matter has been well documented in previous issues of *The Cachalot* and by good planning at this early stage the Southampton Master Mariners can look forward to a strong, sound and financially secure future.

*Continued on page 2*

Gerry was born in London in 1935. His father died as the result of an industrial accident in 1938, and the family moved to Surrey in 1939. In 1946 they emigrated to Canada, as his mother had two brothers there. He attended school in Winnipeg for eighteen months, but his mother didn't like the long cold winters and so they returned to Surrey in 1948, where he finished his formal education at Wallington County Grammar School.

After school he was employed by Union-Castle Line at their Head Office in Fenchurch Street until he was called up for National Service in the Royal Air Force in 1953. After basic training he enjoyed a cruise to Ceylon on the troopship "Empire Orwell" and spent the rest of his service on that idyllic island.



**Club Captain Gerry Cartwright**

On demobilisation, in 1955, he returned to Union-Castle Line Head Office. In 1959 he was temporarily transferred to work in the Johannesburg and Cape town offices. On his return to the London Office he decided that life at sea appeared to be more pleasant than commuting to London, and so at the ripe old age of 24 years he applied for a transfer to the sea staff. He made his first voyage, in a working capacity, on "Pendennis Castle" in December 1959, and thereafter sailed at various times on the Mail Service and the East African Service. On "Braemar Castle" in KGV dock, in September 1963, he signed on an attractive first trip Nursing Sister. On sailing day she was warned, by one of his ex colleagues from London Office, to have nothing to do with him. After a whirlwind romance Anne and Gerry were married on Burns' Night 1964, which makes it conveniently easy for him to remember anniversaries. So far he hasn't forgotten one.

When the Union-Castle Line passenger service ended in 1977 he joined Townsend Thoresen Ferries at Felixstowe, working mainly on the Europoort service, with occasional forays on the Zeebrugge and Cairnryan to Larne routes. Townsend Thoresen was taken over by P & O European Ferries in 1982, shortly before the collision between "European Gateway" and "Speedlink Vanguard" on December 19 that year. Fortunately for him he was rescued by the Harwich Pilot Vessel.

Ten years later he retired and an Irishman proposed him as a member of the Cachalots. A few years after that the same Irishman talked him into accepting the then new post of Functions Officer, and for the past ten years he has been responsible for producing the annual entertainments programme, ably assisted by the members of the entertainments committee. He feels that it is now time for fresh blood, with new ideas, and Peter Grant has agreed to take over the duties of Functions Officer. Gerry would like to take this opportunity to wish Peter well in his new post, and to thank the entertainments committee members for all their help over the years. He is sure that they will continue to support Peter in his new duties.

From the foregoing most of you will have realised that Gerry does not hold a Certificate of Competence as a Master Mariner, and is, therefore, not entitled to the courtesy title of Captain, unless qualified as "Club" Captain. He asks, therefore, that any communications should be addressed simply as G.F. Cartwright. He feels highly honoured to have been elected as Captain of the Club by the Past Captains and it is his intention to continue in their footsteps by endeavouring to raise and maintain the profile of the Cachalots in the Maritime and wider community.

*From page 1*

The Burns Night Supper was a sell out and without doubt one of the best evenings of the social calendar. The piper Chris Davidson was excellent and Alec Macpherson excelled not only in addressing the haggis but directing the Tam o'Shanter recital with the help of visual aids and audience participation. At this stage I have to be very diplomatic and say the Witches were very good and certainly knew how to cackle in unison. The food was superb and everyone I spoke to agreed that this was one of the best Burns Night suppers they had attended. This was also the last event for Gerry Cartwright in his role as Functions Officer, a post that he has held very successfully for the past ten years. It was a pleasure to thank and congratulate him on behalf of the membership for all his efforts over the years.

The Sea Pie Supper is the culmination of my year with the installation of the New Club Captain Gerry Cartwright. The weather was kind to us with no snow but there was a slight delay in starting the proceedings due to the road works and diversions outside the Guildhall which literally had some of our guests, unfamiliar with the road network, going round in circles. The evening was extra special as our principal guest, Mr Robert Woods CBE, was installed by our new Club Captain as a Stowaway. This was particularly significant as our very first Stowaway in 1928, the Right Reverend F.T.Woods, D.D., Lord Bishop of Winchester, was Robert Woods great-uncle. His response was very enjoyable and interesting and the call for 'more' from the audience unprecedented. The successful evening was the result of much planning by many people, co-ordinated by our Boatsteerer George Angas.

My last act as Captain of the Cachalots was to attend the Court Luncheon of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners by kind invitation of the Master, Captain M.Parrott FRIN FCILT FNI. In the surroundings of HQS Wellington on the Thames, the luncheon and ceremonial proceedings were impressive and for me it was a personal pleasure to be able to represent the Cachalots at this event.

I would like to thank everyone who has helped me during my year as Captain. It has been my honour and pleasure to have represented this fine and honourable club.

J N Mileusnic.  
Post Captain



**ROBERT WOODS CBE**  
**Stowaway Member, the Cachalots**

Robert Barclay Woods was educated at Cambridge University where he graduated with a degree in Economics and History. He joined P&O General Cargo Division in 1971, then transferred to Overseas Containers Ltd in 1980, heading their Gulf headquarters in Dubai. Returning to the UK in 1984, Robert was appointed General Manager of Far East Trade.

In 1989 he was appointed Joint Managing Director and a year later became sole Managing Director of P&O Containers Ltd. On its merger with Nedlloyd Lines BV, Robert was appointed Managing Director of P&O Nedlloyd Ltd and subsequently Group Managing Director of P&O. He was then appointed Executive Chairman of P&O Ports Ltd and Non-Executive Director of John Swire and Sons Ltd. In 2002 Robert was appointed President of the Chamber of Shipping, and in 2004 became Chief Executive P&O Steam Navigation Company, retaining direct executive responsibility for P&O Ports. In 2005 he was appointed Council member of the Sea Cadets.

Following the takeover of P&O by DP World in March 2006, Robert remained co-Chief Executive until September 2006 when he retired from his executive role.

He remains the Chairman of P&O ferries, Southampton Container Terminal and Tilbury Container Services and is a special adviser to DP World's parent company, P&F World FZE. He is also a non-executive director on the boards of John Swire & Sons and Cathay Pacific Airways. He is Chairman of the Royalist Replacement Campaign and in 2007 he was appointed Chairman of Mission to Seafarers. In that year he became Chairman of Maritime London and was also awarded the Honorary degree of Doctor of the Anglia Ruskin University, Cambridge.

He is an Honorary Captain in the Royal Naval Reserve and was appointed CBE in 2003.

*Rule 15 (b) Stowaway members - Persons whose national status or service to the Country is, in the opinion of the General Committee, such as to render it desirable that they should be made honorary members.*

*There are now eight Stowaways, three of whom were at the Sea Pie Supper*





### Honoured Guests and others at Sea Pie 10

From left: Cdre Bill Walworth OBE (RFA), Prof Van Gore (VC Soton Solent University), Sir Jeremy De Halpert KCVO CB (Deputy Master, Trinity House), Capt Christopher Fagan DL, Robert Woods CBE (New Stowaway), Toastmaster, Dame Mary Fagan DCVO JP Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire (Stowaway), Admiral of the Fleet Sir Julian Oswald GCB (Stowaway), Dr Clare Bartlett (High Sheriff of Hampshire), Cdre Rob Thompson ADC RN (Naval Base Commander Portsmouth), Capt John Mileusnic.

*In the last few minutes before the Toastmaster calls for the assembly to Stand and Receive the Distinguished Guests, I have, over the past few years, tried to snatch a photo of those distinguished guests, particularly the Stowaways, with the Captain and Captain elect. In keeping with our unique Sea Pie mixture of formality, informality and fun, and in an effort to make our guests feel comfortable and relaxed, we do not wish to let the camera intrude too much into the event. The downside of that policy is that there is very little of a photographic record of previous occasions. In the melée of the VIP bar I try and assemble the top, top-table guests, in no particular order, and hope that I can squeeze them all in. The problem with such a distinguished guest list is, who to include and who to leave out? This year I failed on both counts. After taking three shots, each with and without flash, I realised that the Captain elect was still at my side instead of at the end of the line. "You couldn't have got me in, anyway" was his opinion. I had carefully set up my pocket camera on a small tripod on a bar-top with enough scope to include seven or eight. In the event there were eleven before me, including a man in a red tunic who was supposed to be in the main hall whipping the assembled throng into some sort of order. I had to move the camera back some and it wasn't until the next day when I looked at the results that I realised that I had inadvertently let the bar-top intrude into the picture and cut off some feet. I don't think I will ever make it as a Court photographer. I had also left out others who obviously I shouldn't have. So my apologies to:*

Capt. R. Coates FNI (President, Nautical Institute), Rev'd Andrew Hockett (Hon Chaplain, SMMC), Ms Sally Lynskey (CEO Business Southampton), Prof G. Mizon (The Mayor's Consort, the Mayor having a prior engagement), Mr. Doug Morrison (Southampton Port Director), Capt Malcolm Parrott (Master, The Hon. Co. of Master Mariners), Cdr Alan Seddon RD\*\* (Southampton RNOA) and, of course, new Club Captain Gerry Cartwright.

*Once we were all seated I could relax a bit and with a surfeit of champagne and wine on Past Captain Les Morris's table I may have over-relaxed somewhat. But, thus stoked up, it was one of the best Sea Pies that I can remember. The Captains' speeches came across very well and although Staff Captain Ivor Salter could not be there, due to a family bereavement, the Club Captain proposed the Toast to Our Guests instead. He then installed Robert Woods CBE as a Stowaway, presenting him with a framed certificate and a silver Cachalot pin. Our new Stowaway's response was the highlight of the evening. With consummate ease and authority he summed up, in a most delightful and refreshingly politically incorrect way, all that was topical and pertinent to the present state of the shipping industry. He then threw in a couple of very rude jokes as well. It was certainly a crowd pleaser and had them crying out for more. Now that was definitely a first for this observer.*

*The rest of the evening went well, the music from the City of Southampton (Albion) Band being particularly well received and the congregation was in fine voice for the shanties. We had introduced a new one this year but the jury is still out on that one. We like to think that the reluctance of our members and guests to leave after the call of "Who Goes Home" is an indication of their enjoyment of the evening. It is just a pity that the Guildhall no longer lives up to our expectations. That the road and forecourt was all dug up for repairs is probably not their fault but the state of the foyer and main hall is deplorable. They no longer even make the effort to supply draught beer but did decant cans of beer and lager into jugs for us. No doubt alco-pops drunk straight from the bottle is the norm nowadays.*

Terry Clark

## **BOATSTEERERS LOCKER**

### ***The Club & Clubroom, last year and this***

Another year is well and truly under way and what we can say without doubt is that this year and next will be pivotal years for the future of the Club.

We (The Captain, Officers, Harpooners and fellow Cachalots alike) are often being approached by non members with comments to the effect that: “We are sorry to hear that you are having such a difficult time and we do hope you can come through this”. I have lost count of the number of times that I have responded by emphasising that the Cachalots are more active now than they have been for many years, both socially and professionally and that we are not in financial difficulties. I go on to say, that if we remain in the club room then we will continue to spend more than we earn, which considering that less than 10% of the membership regularly use the clubroom, is no longer a sustainable option.

This situation is not new and we have, within the committee structure as well as in the pages of The Cachalot debated the situation at considerable length during 2009. You have responded to questionnaires, the information from which has been collated and analysed. The culmination of this communications and decision making process was, the majority approval at the AGM on Thursday January 22nd 2010 to give notice in November 2010 to the Missions to Seafarers, our landlords that we intend to exercise our option to withdraw from the tenancy agreement in May 2011. It was also agreed at the AGM that the Officers and Harpooners should continue to identify suitable office premises and a social facility from which we can continue to manage the Cachalots and provide a venue for Club social meetings respectively.

This brings me to the ‘pivotal’ reference in my opening statement. Yes, these decisions mean that the Cachalots will operate in a different way than heretofore. Without a Clubroom, those of you that have so loyally supported the Cachalots, not only with your subscriptions but also by your wish to use the Clubroom and be active Harpooners, will no longer have your own social facility. However this can and will be replaced with a suitable facility which we can hire for an agreed lunchtime and evening calendar of events. It is this activity in particular that will occupy us all this year. We will also have to renegotiate a lease for the same office with the Missions to Seafarers, through the Southampton Seafarers Centre. If this cannot be negotiated then we will seek a suitable office elsewhere. In this way we will be able to balance our books and maintain our social and professional activities well into the 21st century.

### ***Business Southampton***

The Maritime Integration project is now under way and we have set up a seminar at the National Oceanography Centre on Thursday 5th March to launch the data base and supply chain map as explained in previous issues. We are also going to launch the concept of Solent Maritime – A single powerful voice for the Solent’s maritime industry. This is already oversubscribed so there is at least some interest in finding out what it is all about. Watch this space.

### ***Finally***

Before finishing I would like to welcome Gerry Cartwright and Ivor Salter as our Captain and Staff Captain respectively and assure them of our support for what will hopefully be an interesting and enjoyable for them.

A big thank you to all those of you whom I have the pleasure to work with, and you know who you are, for your continuing support, assistance and cheerful tolerance of my many shortcomings, especially Richard James and Elizabeth Robson. I would also like to welcome those of you who have agreed to become or continue to be Harpooners for 2010 and I include a list of our Captain, Officers and Harpooners for 2010 that was agreed and approved at the AGM.

George Angas  
Boatsteerer.  
(February 2010)

## CURRY LUNCHES

At the

### Gurkha Kitchen



Enjoy the enticing flavours of Nepalese Cuisine

Still time to book for **Saturday 6th March**, if you're quick

Also on **Saturday 22nd May**

1200 for 1230

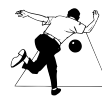
£11.50 per head

## SKITTLES EVENING

at the

### SOUTHAMPTON (OLD) GREEN BOWLING CLUB

(The world's oldest bowling green, Lower Canal Walk,  
Southampton.)



ON

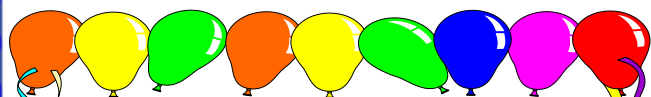


**FRIDAY, 26 March at 1900**

**MENU:**

**Chicken Breast in a Mushroom Sauce  
Vegetable Rice  
Home-made Fruit Trifle**

This is a very serious and challenging event at which the more energetic? Club Members get into training for our 2010 Skittles Championship at the Southampton (Old) Green Bowling Club. There will, of course, be the customary large, handsome, and valuable prizes for the highest scoring lady and gentleman plus an appropriate wooden spoon type prize for the lowest score of all. We would like about 30 participants, but spectators are welcome to come along and ridicule the competitors if they dare. The remarkably cheap price for this fun evening is only **£13.00** including the meal. Cheques should be made payable to "The Cachalots" and handed either to the Storekeeper, Functions Officer, Richard or the Boatsteerer as soon as possible, and certainly no later than **Wednesday, 10 March, 2010**, so that we may advise numbers to the caterer in good time.



## SPRING DINNER DANCE

**Saturday 15th May**

**Warsash Maritime Centre**

*Music by*

***Threes Company***

Black Tie,  
1915 for 2000.

Priced at around **£35** per person.

During the evening there will be a raffle held in aid of  
the Wessex Cancer Trust.

Any donations towards this raffle will be gratefully  
received.

Further details from the office and on our website  
<http://www.cachalots.org.uk>



A  
Club Supper  
will be held in the Club Room  
On Friday 17 September

The Guest Speaker will be  
Mr Trevor Sapey

from the Mary Rose Trust

He will give a presentation on

The History and Sinking of  
The Mary Rose

*Further details later but numbers  
Will be strictly limited to 36 on a  
first come basis.*

*Continuing Chapter 14 of "The Unforgiving Minute", the personal memoirs of Stowaway Member  
Rear Admiral Sir Morgan Morgan-Giles.*

In the Royal Air Force air-crew were "rested" automatically after a certain number of operations - I think it was 30 ops in Bomber Command. But the crews in Coastal Forces were required to serve two years continuously at least. All the departments in Coastal Forces craft - gun crews, torpedomen, engine room staff, telegraphists, took the greatest pride in their individual tasks. The complements of these ships were very small - perhaps only three officers and about 30 ratings. Every man had an important and vital job to do, they all depended on one another, and no doubt this was the underlying reason for their wonderfully high morale. They were proud of themselves and they were proud of their boats. The spirit of Coastal Forces was quite outstanding.

Most of the crews were very young and even now, more than 50 years afterwards, there is a Coastal Forces Veterans Association with a very large membership. The current 1998 Chairman is Peter Bickmore. He was a wartime Petty Officer working from Vis. Coastal Forces reunions still take place - where many weird and wonderful stories are to be heard.

Coastal Forces operations are only one aspect of the total strategy of naval warfare. Usually Coastal Forces are best operating on their own and away from other friendly forces. Obviously there are difficulties of identification from the bridge of a small ship. So it is best to allocate each group a particular separate area, with orders to "fire at sight". The speed at which events take place calls for operating in small units so as to minimise the risk of confusion. It was only towards the end of the war that individual boats would have TBS voice communication by radio with one another.

Occasionally in the winter months the extraordinary wind known as the "Bora" would occur without warning. This was caused by the cold air on the tops of the mountains inland suddenly spilling over in one spot on the coastline. When this occurs, extraordinarily violent winds whip the sea into an absolute maelstrom. This may be quite local: A little further up or down the coast conditions may be normal. Boras may last several days and movement by small craft is almost impossible. (Later in life in Trieste I saw chains rigged on the edge of pavements to prevent ladies in crinolines in the old days being blown under the trams. Ships in Trieste harbour would secure to the bollards with their anchor chains rather than with hawsers.)

It would be far too long a job to describe individually the very large number of actions in which Coastal Forces were engaged during our year in Vis. As we were a forward base, and diaries were not allowed to be kept in wartime, no comprehensive records could be kept. Individual ships' logs can sometimes be obtained from the Public Record Office in Kew. But to search for these is a very laborious business and records are by no means complete - especially for small craft. For this reason a disproportionate number of tales about the war only mention actions between big ships.

It would be invidious to mention more than a very few of the CO's of flotillas and of individual boats. Scores of different Coastal Forces craft operated from Vis during 1944 - and of course many of them over and over again.

Just as an example of the type of actions in which our Coastal Forces were engaged, the following extract is taken from a book called "Western Mediterranean 1942-47" written by Captain Taprell Dorling, pen-name "Taffrail" and published in 1947.....

*"August, September and October 1944 saw great naval activity in the Adriatic and among the Dalmatian islands.*

*"Flotillas under the command of men like Lt Cdr T J Bligh, J D Lancaster, Barlow, Hyslop, all of RNVR with T G Fuller, Burke, Ladner and Maitland of the Royal Canadian RNVR, savaged the German convoys. Nowhere were the enemy vessels safe from attack.... Here are accounts of one or two of the actions:*

*"On the evening of the 7th August Bligh, in MGB662 with MTB667 (C J Jeram) 670 (E Hewitt) were patrolling off an island to the north of Zadar (Zara). Dark and moonless the weather was fine with only a slight breeze and a visibility of about 1½ miles.*

*"Soon after 10 p.m. a dark shape was sighted through binoculars and a little later a single ship resolved itself into a convoy of three vessels, two of which were F-lighters. Bligh decided he would first make a gun attack and then sink any disabled ship with torpedoes. So Bligh moved out to engage, opening fire at a range of about 350 yards. The nearest F-lighter promptly opened up a heavy return fire on 662, scoring immediate hits. One of the MGBs' engines was put out of action and another damaged, while other shells caused 10 casualties and started a fire. But 662's gunners did not falter; with those of MTB667 they continued to pour a concentrated and accurate rain of shells into the enemy. The F-lighter, with all her guns silenced, presently burst into flames.*



*"Events followed each other with almost lightning rapidity. The second F-lighter was trying to escape so MTB670 was ordered to attack with torpedoes while 667 was told to be ready to take the damaged 662 in tow. The situation was serious. Enemy batteries ashore had opened fire with sufficient accuracy to be incommoding.*

*"At 10.26 MTB670 hit her target with a torpedo and the F-lighter blew up in the usual heartening upheaval of spray and smoke mingled with fire. On No 662 meanwhile all the fires had been put out, holes plugged with rags and the casualties attended to. One man had been killed and the nine wounded were treated by Captain B Keefe of the Royal Army Medical Corps, who was on board as a passenger "in case he could be useful".*

*"Though 662's engine room was filled with fumes, she could still hobble so after telling his other two boats to finish off the burning F-lighter and to collect survivors, Bligh withdrew. 17 Germans were rescued from the water and the, blazing F-lighter subjected to close range gunfire until she rolled over and sank.*

*"These two F-lighters were heavily armed and apart from many German military passengers, carried motor transport, a wireless van, mail for the enemy garrisons and a considerable quantity of oil.*

*"Then on the 17th and 18th August three MTBs under Lt Cdr J D Lancaster RNVR attacked an enemy merchant vessel of about 5000 tons, deeply laden. MTB295 fired her torpedoes and there was a considerable explosion abaft the merchant ship's funnel. A minute or so later there were more explosions as 371 's torpedoes went home. The unhappy ship sank stern first."*

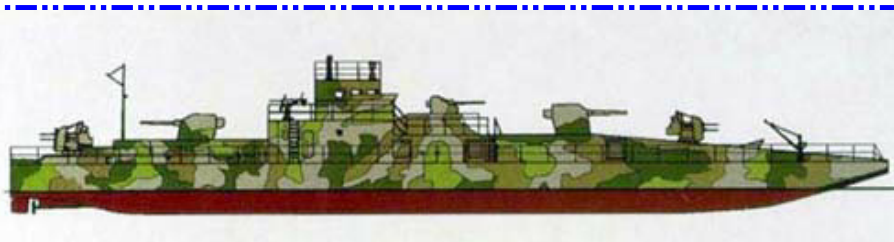
The classic engagement of this period was that fought by Tim Bligh on the night of 11th October 1944. Bligh's four boats lay concealed under the dark shadow of the coast of Vir Island; soon an enemy convoy was sighted and the most intense action commenced. It seems that two German convoys were in the same spot, one north-bound and one south-bound. Our boats engaged numerous targets at extraordinarily short ranges. The details as described in Taffrail's book, pages 344 and 345, are really worth reading. From first to last the series of actions covered five hours, the actual firing covered three periods of about 20, then 5, then 40 minutes. For the Germans it was a holocaust. At the most conservative estimate the enemy lost six F-lighters sunk and one probably sunk, four store carriers sunk, one E-boat definitely and another probably sunk. In spite of the heavy return fire from the F-lighters which were observed to mount 88mm and quadruple twin and single 20mm guns, our losses amounted to no more than one man killed and three wounded.

As Bligh wrote "This decisive victory was made possible by low visibility, land background, uncertainty of identification on the part of the enemy, absurdly close ranges, excellent gunnery and admirable coolness on the part of the three following commanding officers". However he did not add that there was another factor which made possible this success - his own brilliant and inspiring leadership and determination.

*To be continued*



*(Left) Lt. Cdr. T.J. Bligh, D.S.O., D.S.C.,  
C.O. MGB 662 (and S.O. 57 Flotilla)*



*The F-lighters referred to above were 170ft landing craft, heavily armed and armoured and capable of about 10 knots. Because of their shallow draft ( 3 - 5 ft ) they were difficult to torpedo Allied MTBs were not effective against these craft until the arrival of the British MkVIII torpedoes in 1944. These were fitted with effective magnetic exploders that detonated the warheads as they passed underneath the F-lighters.*

## Shark-fishing in East Africa

M.V. "LLANGIBBY CASTLE" in the early 1950s was an intermediate liner employed on Union-Castle Line's Round Africa Service. Her deck store-keeper was a petty officer by the name of Charlie Basden. He was a shark-fishing enthusiast with many years experience, and was known to all as "Sharkey" Basden. He was particularly successful in catching sharks in Kilindini Harbour, Mombasa. Kilindini is a deep-water harbour and in those days it was often said that every vessel entering harbour was followed by a shark.



Sharkey's fishing tackle consisted of two old plaited loglines on to which a wire trace and large hook was attached. The line was kept on a drum with inboard end securely attached. The drum, on an axle, was suspended from the forecandle head awning wire. The hook was baited with waste meat acquired from the ship's butcher. Alongside the quay at Mombasa the baited line was kept permanently in the water on the outboard side, the hook a fathom or two below the surface. The line was kept away from the ship's side using a piece of 1" x 1" fruit dunnage. The fruit dunnage was readily visible from the fore deck and bridge, everybody keeping an eye out hoping to see a shark strike. Disturbance of the fruit dunnage soon brought Sharkey out of his cabin or storeroom, close by. The writer understood, it may or may not have been true, that lying in his bunk at night (no air-conditioning in those days!) Sharkey had a piece of thread attached to his big toe, leading out through his porthole up to the fruit dunnage.



*Dangerous Goods being hoisted ashore at No.1 hatch.*

A shark, on taking the baited hook, would head out across Kilindini, the line zigzagging through the water. Unlike ordinary fishing line, the zigzagging logline couldn't be broken, even by the largest of sharks. Sharkey was never in a hurry to pull in his catch, preferring to let it thrash up and down the harbour until it was tired out. He could then pull it to the ship's side quite easily by hand. Once alongside he placed a noose (wire spliced at both ends) around the logline at deck level, which he attached to a heaving line. This was lowered to the water and waggled about until the noose was safely positioned over the shark's head. He would then manoeuvre the shark round the bow to the quayside, endeavouring to keep the shark alive in the water. A phone call to a local



*Sharkey Basden, this time with a large grouper caught at Beira.*

trader soon brought a lorry to the quayside. After negotiating a price, cargo work at No.1 Hatch would be cease while the shore crane or ship's derricks hoisted the still-live shark on to the lorry. During the few days spent in Mombasa Sharkey's profit from shark-fishing could sometimes equal or better his seaman's wages.

The writer recalls an enterprising galley boy, inspired by Sharkey's successes, managing to catch a large shark at Kilindini. He caught it in the dark after dinner through a porthole in the main galley. The porthole was about 6 feet above the galley deck, so he had difficulty seeing what was happening in the water. The writer cannot remember the outcome, but feels sure the shark must have got away, but the incident certainly entertained many passengers and crew watching from the decks above.



## A TANKER TALE.

Having obtained my Second Class Steam Certificate of Competency, and having accumulated sufficient further steam watchkeeping time to sit the exam for a First Class certificate I desired to obtain Motor (diesel) watchkeeping time with a view to sitting the Combined Steamship and Motorship examination; to this end I requested the Caltex head office in London to agree to a transfer. So, on 15 February 1956 I signed off the steam turbine powered SS Caltex Manchester in Sydney, Australia and signed on the Doxford built and engined MV Caltex Calcutta the next day. (The actual signing off/on was at the Caltex refinery at Kurnell, Botany Bay.)

Caltex Calcutta was at that time, based at Kurnell and for the next six months we operated on the Australian coast delivering refined products, mainly petroleum fuel, to Sydney, Newcastle, Brisbane and Townsville with the occasional trip over to New Zealand with lubricating oil.

Within sight of the loading/discharging jetty at Kurnell is an engraved stone built obelisk marking the point where Captain Cook first landed, thus discovering Australia and claiming it for the British throne.

Each year, on the anniversary of the landing, it is customary for the Governor of New South Wales to enter Botany Bay aboard a RAN vessel from which he is carried by a launch to the beach beside the obelisk where a small ceremony takes place.

In 1956 on the anniversary date, Caltex Calcutta was on the berth loading petrol in No.7 cargo tanks, port centre and starboard. In those days there was no cargo loading control room and the tanks were observed to be full via observation or taking an ullage through the 6" diameter ullage hatches built into the cargo tank hatches themselves.

With the main engine shut down the engineer officers were all on daywork and had been carrying out routine overhauls on various pieces of machinery and had come out of the engineroom for morning coffee and to watch the Governor's landing. The 3rd officer was the loading officer this morning.

Our Captain had asked that our ship be dressed overall at the time the navy launch reached the beach and to this end our Indian crew sailors were manning the halliards at the foremast, the mainmast and the bridge and at the appropriate moment the Chief Officer blew his whistle and the flags were hauled up most efficiently. We knew how to do things on that ship!

Unfortunately at virtually the same moment all three cargo tanks overflowed and 6" diameter petrol spouts shot up from the ullage hatches and all hell was let loose. All the refinery and jetty hooters sounded, everything was shut down as the petrol flowed over the gunwales and into the bay shimmering across the water towards Caltex Manchester which was at anchor awaiting us clearing the berth. Being a steamship she was immediately ordered to up anchor and go out of the Bay.

We engineers rushed into the after house closing the WT doors, down into the engineroom where we shut down our auxiliary boiler and started up the fire pump for "water on deck".

Later, when everything had calmed down and presumably the spilled petrol had evaporated things returned to normal; the 3rd Officer left the ship never to return (which was a pity as he was a good chap). We blamed Captain Cook.

David Aris.



**Caltex Calcutta in 1952**

*Picture from a gallery displaying tankers of a bygone era provided by Jörgen Lönn from Stockholm and courtesy of the*

*Merchant Navy Nostalgia website.*

[iancoombe.tripod.com](http://iancoombe.tripod.com)

## THE BATTLE OF SC 94

By

Commander R G Sheffield OBE VRD\* RNR

6<sup>th</sup> August 1942 The following morning visibility was poor and there were patches of fog about. Admiralty cheered us up by informing us that there were now possibly three U-boats in our area, and since there is nothing like patches of fog for catching a shadowing U-boat or two, *ASSINIBOINE* was despatched to search 10 miles astern of the convoy to see what she could stir up. The best speed of a corvette in those days, with all the stokers pedalling, was about 16 knots, but *ASSINIBOINE* could clock up 28 without even trying, which was why she was detailed. Down went her stern, up came her bows, a puff of smoke, and she was off!

Later in the war the escort force (called the "close escort force") always stayed close to the convoy, passing an attacking U-boat from one escort to the next, each giving it a thump with a pattern of depth charges on the way down the line, whilst the hunter-killer groups did the chasing. But at this time, if the enemy was known to be about we went looking for him, which often left the convoy with little protection, not that this one got much even when we were all there.



*This evocative painting of a Flower class corvette on escort duty is reproduced here with the kind permission of the artist, Ted Walker.*  
[www.edwalkermarine.com](http://www.edwalkermarine.com)

Things began to hot up. At 1227 *ASSINIBOINE* reported one, possibly two, radar contacts classified as "submarine" 15 miles astern of the Commodore's ship, so *DIANTHUS* was ordered to join her for the hunt. The remainder of the escort force re-disposed itself around the convoy with *PRIMROSE* and *CHILLIWACK* in the van. At 14 00, both sighted U-boats on the surface at 7 miles and opened fire, with 4-inch guns, increasing to full speed to give chase, while the convoy made an emergency turn to starboard. No one likes to be thumped with a 4-inch shell, so the U-boats dived and in the fullness of time both diving positions were treated to a full pattern of depth charges apiece and the hunt was set up, but to no avail other than to drive off the attackers and get the convoy past a dangerous piece of ocean. With submarines you had to get them down and keep them down where their speed was too slow for them to catch the convoy; of course, we preferred to sink them.

This kind of jaunt takes time. While we were going 7 miles out to our submarine's diving position, the convoy was steaming away from it at 7 knots, plus a bit of bonus on the speed occasioned by the noise. It was going to be several hours before we rejoined, provided we knew where the convoy was; radio silence was never broken unless it was absolutely vital or it no longer mattered, either because the enemy v/as already in contact or because we were too far away for a fix made in Germany to give away the position of the convoy. On the way back, at 1710, another U-boat popped up between *PRIMROSE* and the convoy at a range of about 4 miles. The convoy, or 'rather, its smoke, could be seen upon the horizon and the Germans were clearly deeply interested in this so we were able to give them a surprise. The gunlayer had plenty of time to take aim and he was a dedicated and earnest lad; his first shell must have parted the German captain's hair and the second landed where the U-boat had dived, to be followed in the fullness of time by a couple of depth charges for good measure, set deep since no contact was found.



As that particular U-boat could do the convoy no harm until it could surface and chase after it during the night, we did not linger, for it was essential to be back with the convoy to fend off a possible dusk attack by his churns, and for the usual evasive alteration of course after dark. So that I do not need to repeat it, evasive alterations were always made either side of the mean course after dark and before dawn, depending upon an estimate of where the enemy was most likely to be. The further north the convoy got, the less effective these evasive tactics became, because of the shortness of the nights and the slow speed of the convoy; in clear visibility some smoke was nearly always visible hours later because some of the ships were coal-burners and so shadowing U-boats could always spot the convoy by its smoke - in any event at 7 knots it would not get far in four to six hours of darkness. Remember also, we had no air cover to drive off shadowing submarines. Other emergency alterations of course were made when necessary to avoid known points of danger, i.e. away from sighted or reported U-boats, and towards torpedoes fired at the convoy to attempt to comb the tracks. With this convoy there was sometimes nowhere to turn, so we just plunged straight ahead, funnels belching smoke, every ship steaming at its best speed, like a herd of stampeding cattle. It often paid off.

While I am about it, I should explain we normally liked to work in three watches, but at the first sign of trouble we went into two-watches, working "the dogs". However, during any action or hunting the whole crew was closed up, often for hours at a stretch. Not only did we go without sleep, we also went without food except for "wads" and "brews", provided the cook could spare the time from his own looted, personalised weapons, which consisted of a stripped Lewis gun and a brace of Hotchkiss. Throw in "Action Stations" every time anything went off bang, stand-to at dawn and dusk, plus panic stations when something went wrong in the convoy - such as a ship breaking down or having busted steering gear - and you get some idea why sleep and food were conspicuous by their absence. That is all called a "state of readiness" in time of war!

Lastly, before turning to the business in hand, let's talk about stragglers. There was always some clot who lagged behind; sometimes he could not help it, but other times it was at the end of the watch when the stokers in a coal-burner were getting tired and leaving the next watch to stoke up the fire. Either way, if he was not chivvied back into place, he usually got the chop. A (strictly forbidden) dropped depth charge astern of any straggler would get him going like a speedboat. If any ship showed a light (and they did) and we could not get it put out by shouting at him, we shot it out. That always caused ructions and much abuse next morning.

To return to *ASSINIBOINE*. Several hours of searching in and out of patches of fog with *DIANTHUS* resulted in *U.210* being sighted on the surface at a range of 1,000 yards. Lovely! The Canadian opened fire with main armament, but the U-boat avoided that by crash-diving into a well placed pattern of depth charges, which blew it to the surface on an even keel somewhat the worse for wear. The German captain was tough; he attempted to make off on the surface hoping to be lost in the fog. *ASSINIBOINE* went in to ram and discovered at the same time she was so close that her 4.7-inch guns would not depress sufficiently to enable them to be used. The German evaded the second attempt at ramming and, getting inside *ASSINIBOINE*'s turning circle, opened a deadly and accurate fire with short range weapons, which caused a number of casualties, both dead and injured, hit her wheel-house, and exploded her upper deck petrol stowage which set the ship on fire. The ship's short range weapons prevented the German from manning his big guns, and *ASSINIBOINE* eventually managed to draw away and bring her main armament to bear. While the U-boat was making a belated attempt to submerge,, it was hit by a shell abaft the conning tower which killed the captain, then rammed smartly in the stern, and despatched to the bottom of the sea with depth charges. *DIANTHUS*, frantically roaring around in the fog trying to find the fight, finally turned up in time to pick up 38 German survivors who had lost all enthusiasm for the war. *ASSINIBOINE*, holed in the hull, black with burnt paint, and an upper deck looking like a pepper-pot, was ordered to return to harbour. *DIANTHUS* was ordered to rejoin the convoy at best speed, equipped with the problem of looking after 38 prisoners.



HMCS ASSINIBOINE

Visit [www.junobeach.org/e/2/can-eve-mob-gol-asb-e.htm](http://www.junobeach.org/e/2/can-eve-mob-gol-asb-e.htm) to read the COs report of this action.

With our only destroyer gone, we all felt strangely alone and the sea, glistening in the evening sunlight, suddenly looked dangerous.

The alarms for the day were not yet over; at 2114 *ORILLIA* sighted a submarine and was able to deliver a good pattern over the diving position, contact being maintained until 0015 on 7th August, when it faded. Escaped or sunk? -



who knows? Blood, guts, bodies or prisoners were usually the only acceptable acceptance of a sinking by depth charges; wreckage, debris, oil, etc. could be faked and often was.

7<sup>th</sup> August 1942 At 0130, just over one hour after *ORILLIA* had stopped her private fight, *CHILLIWACK*, ahead of the convoy to starboard with *PRIMROSE* ahead to port, detected a submarine by H/E (*Hydrophone Effect. To hear underwater noise, e.g. U-boat engines or other noises, viz squeaky rudder, whales, etc.*) at the same time as *PRIMROSE* picked up a good radar contact at 3,000 yards. Both ships fired starshell and a very surprised U-boat was observed on the surface. All hell let loose! Some trigger-happy merchant was fairly impartial about it and far too dangerous for comfort. *CHILLIWACK* gained a good A/S contact and delivered a full pattern as the submarine crash-dived, going deep and making for the centre of the convoy under which it would be safe since sonar and H/E are useless in a gaggle of ships. Escaped or sunk? Again, no one knows. There was always the hope that "tail-arse Charlie" (position Sugar astern of the convoy, as it was known then) - *BATTLEFORD* at the time - might pick him up and give him another clout.

Firing starshell at night shows up the enemy, but it also shows up the convoy and escorts. Therefore, the drill was to light up the whole area because our chum could have been a decoy intending to get some light for his pals. Hence my reference to impartiality; every ship in the convoy and the other escorts fired off anything that would make a light (including Snowflake parachute flares) which turned night into day. Inevitably someone will see something that is not there and shoot at it, so you can envisage the position of the escorts round the perimeter of the convoy. Actually, the shoot out was good for the morale of the chaps in the merchant ships, and there is no doubt that a night pack attack failed at the expense of a few unwanted holes here and there.

By now Admiralty was constantly signalling an ever-increasing number of U-boats estimated to be in the area of the convoy (my recollection is 11 at that time). A further complication was the weather; it was perfect with maximum visibility, no moon but a cloudless sky full of stars and a flat, calm sea. It stayed that way for the next few days.

At 0400 *NASTURTIUM* obtained a good radar contact on the starboard bow and fired starshell. Again the whole assembly joined in and some enthusiast lit us up beautifully with five nicely placed and evenly spread starshell, which was just as well, as he might have followed it up with something more solid had he not been quite sure what we were. That cost *BATTLEFORD* a lot of gin! *NASTURTIUM* got a good A/S contact at 0441. (See? 41 minutes hunting around - that was how the time was spent and where the sleep went!) She bashed away with depth charges until 0925, when the target faded, and she was reluctantly recalled to the convoy screen.

The rest of the day passed peacefully in beautiful warm sunshine with the odd sighting of a U-boat on the horizon which was treated to the usual bombardment, more in hope than anger. All were too far off to chase, which would have meant leaving an even bigger hole in the already too thin screen, or drawing an escort into a trap. Admiralty kept the ball on the move by increasing the number of enemy suspected to be in our area, but by that time we were taking the view that the more there were the better chance we had of sinking one! So we sunned and dozed, but only a fool would have taken his clothes off or had a wash; he would have been gassed by the smell of the rest of us - a smell composed of dried sweat resulting from fear, exertion and sleeplessness, and stinking old boots and clothes reeking of cordite and unwashed bodies.

*To be continued*



*John Firmin has unearthed some more photographs of life aboard HMS Primrose and has identified the chap standing behind the gun on the right as his father, Reg John Firmin. From other photographs of named individuals that he has found (and I hope to use to illustrate future editions) we can safely assume that Reg was indeed on HMS Primrose at the time of SC 94.*



PHOTO: LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA—PA115352

*A May 1941 view of HMCS Orillia, taken from the deck of HMCS Chambly.*



*Boatsteerer George Angus raises a smile with his "Toast to the Lassies"*

## Burns Night Supper

There was an additional element to the usual programme at the Burns Night Supper this year. Alec Macpherson addressed the haggis again, stabbed it with his knife, cut it up *wi' ready slight*, tasted the *warm-reeking gushing entrails bright*, and then declared it to be a free range one. Lionel Hall did "The Immortal Memory" in true Lionel manner and George Angus the "Toast to the Lassies". This was responded to by Carol Mileusnic, in grand style again.

It was three years ago that a guest, Arthur Hawthorne, in full fig and riding a hobby-horse, performed Tam o'Shanter for us. It was hilarious, very entertaining and totally unintelligible to the southern sassenachs amongst us.

This year the audience was provided with a crib sheet with the original words by Burns and

alongside them a translation for those sassenachs who hadn't yet boned up on the Scots dialect or bothered to visit <http://www.scots-online.org> "Pittin the Mither Tongue on the Wab!"

And the performers were "Mainly Yourselves" as Leonard Sachs used to say.

Gerry Cartwright had chopped the whole caboodle into about twenty chunks and distributed them randomly amongst the unsuspecting unfortunates present. As they struggled to deliver their set pieces, in either dialect or sassenach, they were accompanied, or put-off, according to whether you were watching or reciting, by audio/visual aids from Alec, by a skirl of the pipes (<http://www.themacleods.net/qanda/skmqa113.htm>) from Piper Chris Davidson or by an *eldritch skriech and hollo* (unearthly scream and holler, for those who don't have the translation) from a quartet of "witches". Now this is where, in the opinion of this writer, the authenticity of the thing began to suffer. These splendidly dressed and attractive ladies in no way resembled the *wither'd beldams, auld and droll* (withered hags, old and droll) referred to in the verse. More like the winsome, jolly wench Nannie. But where were the *cutty-sarks, o' Paisley harn?* (short underskirts of Paisley cloth). We must try harder.

We finished off the evening with more sangs of a Scottish nature, even "I belong to Glasgow" would you believe, but by that time few were giving a hoot, or even a hoots mon!



*Cackles, between giggles, from "witches" Margaret Grant, Lesley Odd, Kate Blackwood and Cheryl Coote.*

*Hon Archivist Hamish Roberts has been delving into the archives of his own homeland for the following contribution. No longer seasonal nor even nautical, it does, however, continue the Scottish theme on this page.*

### MacScrooge

Kirkaldy. In the Kingdom of Fife. Best known for the manufacture of linoleum; birth place of Adam Smith, the great economist and author of "The Wealth of Nations", and of our present Prime Minister, Gordon Brown, and where as a boy John Buchan played on the beach when his father was a Free Church Minister nearby.

The name Ebenezer Lennox Scroggie may not be as familiar to readers but, read on.

He also was a native of Kirkaldy, a cousin of Adam Smith, and he became a successful merchant, vintner (supplier of strong drink) and an Edinburgh town councillor.

Before he died in 1836, he had secured the contract to supply the Royal navy with whiskey - and he had made his name in quite another sense - as an expensively dressed dandy and a notorious philanderer whose numerous liaisons made him the talk of Edinburgh.

Another more socially acceptable achievement of Ebenezer Scroggie was when he secured the lucrative catering contract for the celebrations, mainly organised by Sir Walter Scott, which took place to mark George IV's visit to Edinburgh in 1822, from which he did well.

In 1836 he was buried in the Canongate Kirkyard, just up the Royal Mile from Holyrood House and the Scottish Parliament.

His simple low gravestone said "Ebenezer Lennox Scroggie" and "Meal Man", which is how his family and mourners decided to describe his occupation in Fife - a man who supplied (oat) meal, a corn dealer. Perhaps a surprisingly short epitaph, but there again there may be aspects to the lives of each of us which would not be appropriate on a gravestone.

In the early 1840's, Charles Dickens came to Edinburgh to give a public reading of his works. After his talk Dickens explored the famous Canongate Kirkyard (of Greyfriars Bobby fame) and in the twilight chanced upon Ebenezer Scroggie's gravestone. Famously Dickens mis-read "Meal Man" as "Mean Man" - and was struck by such an epitaph (amongst such a traditionally parsimonious race as the Scots) that he noted the fact in his diary.

The rest is history.

In 1843 "A Christmas Carol" was published and the most famous man of them all came into being.

*Hamish continues:*

Incidentally - Fortingale, in Perthshire, is a well known and attractive village planned and built by Sir Donald Currie who bought Glen Lyon House and estate in 1885.

A persistent legend says that Pontius Pilate (whose father may have been a legionary in North Britain during the Roman occupation) was born at Fortingale, and that his mother was a Menzies or a MacLaren from Balquhadden. To lend plausibility to this legend, a rectangular site defended by ditches south west of the village is referred to as the "praetorium".

But, enough, these Scots are everywhere.



## Southampton Master Mariners "The Cachalots" - Cricket Section

Fixture List 2010

### April

Nets to be organised – details to follow

### May

5	Wednesday	Shirley CC	(Home)
11	Tuesday	Swanmore	(Home)
20	Thursday	DSTL	(Away - DSTL)
25	Tuesday	OMCC	(Home)

### June

2	Wednesday	The Vine Inn	(Home)
8	Tuesday	St Cross	(Home)
16	Wednesday	Solent Staff	(Away - Hardmoor)
22	Tuesday	Gosport B.C.'s Mayors XI	(Home) followed by a "Tea"

### July

1	Thursday	The Vine Inn	(Away – Bursledon)
6	Tuesday	Shirley CC	(Home)
11	Sunday	Swanmore	(Away) 1400
13	Tuesday	DSTL	(Home)
21	Wednesday	Solent Staff	(Home)
25	Sunday	Winchester College	(Away) 1400
28	Wednesday	St Cross	(Away – Sports Centre)

### August

1 <sup>st</sup> week		OMCC	(Away – Sports Centre) tbc
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### September

1 <sup>st</sup> week		OMCC	(Away – Sports Centre) tbc
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### October

3	Sunday	Tangmere	(Away - Tangmere) 1230
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All matches to start at 1800 unless otherwise stated

ANY QUERIES PLEASE CONTACT:

EDMUND HUGHES: 023 8078778 (H) or 07786 423082 (M) or [ejhughes.15@btinternet.com](mailto:ejhughes.15@btinternet.com)

### A Sunday Rugby Outing



On Sunday 31<sup>st</sup> January an outing took place to see London Irish play Harlequins at the Madejski Stadium in Reading. Our new Captain, Gerry Cartwright, had found the chance for £10 tickets for unreserved seats behind the goal, but then was unable to go himself. Boatsteerer George Angas, myself (Storekeeper Barry Peck) and wife Judith, who just might be remembered by some readers, therefore drove up to Romsey to the home of now (very) Past-it Captain Les Morris. From there Les drove us all up to Reading.

The journey each way was enlivened by the Morris/Angas act in the front which was on fine form, with interesting joint navigation at times, especially the roundabouts at Basingstoke! On arrival it was decided that we should go to the overflow car park as it would hopefully be easier to get out of after the game. The overflow car park proved to be a salubrious site, surfaced with some gravel, mud and frozen puddles. This did not deter

the chauffeur who opened the boot and produced bottles of red and white wine (screw top of course) and glasses, and proceeded to lead the pre-match drinks session while being surrounded by other arriving cars splashing through the puddles. This was about the time he realised he wasn't at Goodwood! It was of course very cold but multiple layers made it OK most of the time, and the white wine did not require further chilling.

As for the rugby, it wasn't the best. Harlequins had a very good defence despite many of their star players not present in case they broke a fingernail before the next Saturday's Six Nations match, which meant London Irish rarely got through. They would have won if they had someone who could kick a ball, but they missed three penalties and two conversions. Final score 13 - 16 to the Quins. It wasn't a very good match, poor in the first half which ended without London Irish scoring at all, while one of the Quins scored a try by running three quarters of the pitch without a single defender to stop him. The second half was good to start with but then went slow until the last minute when London Irish got a good try right in front of us, but still couldn't convert it.

It was a freezing cold day, countered by our thermals and hot drinks in the interval, the latter obtained by Judith and I in a queue involving shuffling forward like the Emperor penguins keeping their eggs off the ice, and the atmosphere in the stadium was good. Overall, an excellent day out despite the poor rugby. As the Irish say, the "craic" was good.

Barry Peck



# Rope Ends

## 250 Club

*If you haven't yet done so, still time to invest with the 250 Club. Or even increase your chances.*

*The scheme helps to bolster funds for the club and has proved very popular over the years. It has helped to avoid increasing the membership fees and certainly assists with our running costs.*

*Each £5 contribution will be entered into a full 12 months of draws with two £40 prizes each month and £100 in December.*

*Since I drew my own number in November the OIC draw numbers seems to be conducting the draw when I am not around so I haven't been able to repeat my luck.*

*Those lucky members whose numbers have come up however, are listed below.*

December R.W. Wood  
(£100) M. Howe

January A.A. Melia  
S.J. Lawrence

February R.M. Eaton  
G.L. Laker

*Another plea!*

*This time not for more monetary contributions but for literary ones. I have the regular spots and the "serialised" ones but always need other input, no matter how large or small, to keep the mag from appearing too "samey".*

*Ed*

**Cut-off date for the next edition: 14th May**

## CAPTAINS & OFFICERS 2010

CAPTAIN:	G.F. Cartwright
STAFF CAPTAIN:	I. Salter
SEA STAFF CAPTAIN:	I. Odd
BOATSTEERER:	G. Angas
STOREKEEPER:	B. Peck
POST CAPTAIN:	J.N. Mileusnic
FUNCTIONS OFFICER:*	P. Grant
MEMBERSHIP OFFICER:*	D. Gates
HON EDITOR:*	T.E. Clark
ARCHIVIST:*	H. Roberts
HON LEGAL ADVISOR:*	S. Daniels

\* Honorary Office Bearers

### PAST CAPTAINS:

1963 Bayley R.E.A.	1973 O'Connor B.M.	1977 Corner A.J.
1978 Phelan C.N.	1982 Murphy F.C.	1986 Fenwick M.
1987 Renshawe G.	1988 Downer I.	1989 Noble J.M.
1990 Moffat J.C.	1991 Thomson I.B.	1992 Kelso C.R.
1994 Moore P.	1995 Stead P.J.	1996 Hall L.W.
1997 Hughes T.	1998 Smart J.C.	2000 Clark T.E.
2001 Carr D.A.	2002 Stirling I.W.	2004 Tinsley A.R.
2005 Harwood S.	2006 Angas G.B.F.	2007 Marriott P.B.
2008 Morris L.R.		

### HARPOONERS:

S. Daniels, G. Draysey, R. Dunn, D. Gates, D. Healy, G. Lang, P. Leece, A. McDowall, F. Pedersen, R. Pretty, J. Pugh, J.R.K. Smart, J.C. Smith, D. Stocks, M. Wallis, T. Winsborough

**GENERAL COMMITTEE:** Includes the Captains & Officers, Past Captains and Harpooners identified above. G. Cartwright (Chair)  
G. Angas (Sec)

### EXECUTIVE AND FINANCE COMMITTEE:

G. Cartwright (Chair), G. Angas (Sec), S. Daniels, D. Gates, R. Kelso\*\*, P. Marriott\*\*, J.N. Mileusnic, L.R. Morris\*\*, I. Odd, B. Peck, D. Stocks, A. Tinsley\*\*.

### ENTERTAINMENTS SUB-COMMITTEE:

P. Grant (Chair), G. Angas (Sec) T.E. Clark\*\*, L. Hall, A. McDowall, B. Peck, F. Pedersen, J. Pugh.

### BURSARY SUB-COMMITTEE

P. Marriott (Chair), G. Angas, P. Leece, L. Morris.

### CHURCH SUB-COMMITTEE:

S. Harwood (Chair), G. Angas (Sec), G. Draysey, P. Leece, A. McDowall, R. Pretty, P.J. Stead\*\*, I. Thomson\*\*, T. Winsborough

The five Officers of the Club and the Post Captain are members of all the above Committees.

### MEMBERSHIP SUB-COMMITTEE:

D. Gates (Chair), G. Angas (Sec), T.E. Clark\*\*, B. Peck, M. Wallis.

\*\* = Co-opted Past Captains

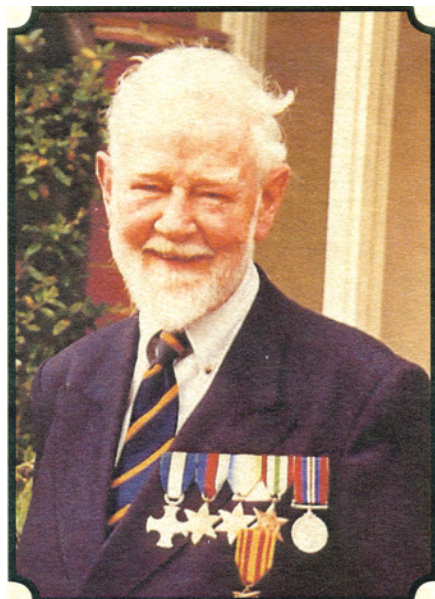
### HON. CHAPLAINS:

Rev'd A. Hockett, Rev'd F. Sahetapy,

### HON. SHANTYMAN:

D. King.

## Gone Aloft



**Ronald B. Anteney.**

**30.6.1914 – 22.11.2009**

"Ron" Anteney was appointed an Honorary Life Member of the Club in 2005 and when he "Went Aloft" on 22 November he was one of our longest serving members.

Born in Alverstoke, Ron grew up in Southampton and, on leaving school at the age of 15 eventually took employment with the Export Department of Pirelli Cable Works - and joined the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

On October 13th.1939 - two days after his marriage to his lifetime love, Kay - he embarked on what was to be an illustrious career in the Royal Navy where he attained the rank of Lieutenant. He served in the Atlantic, Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean and for his "outstanding courage and skill" during the invasion of Madagascar was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

After being demobbed in 1945, Ron returned to Pirelli and, in 1957, he joined the Southampton Master Mariners' Club.

A gentle man in all respects, the attendance at his funeral service (prepared by him in every detail) bore testimony to the respect and affection in which he was held.

CRK

## **Dates for your Diary**

- |          |    |  |
|----------|----|--|
| Sat Mar  | 6  | Curry Lunch,<br>Gurkha Kitchen             |
| Fri Mar  | 26 | Skittles Evening<br>Soton (Old) Green BC   |
| Sat May  | 15 | Dinner Dance,<br>Warsash Maritime Ac.      |
| Sat May  | 22 | Curry Lunch,<br>Gurkha Kitchen             |
| Thu May  | 27 | Watch Ashore Lunch'<br>Club room           |
| Thu June | 17 | Shipping Festival,<br>Winchester Cathedral |
| Fri July | 2  | Club Supper<br>Club room                   |
| Sat Sept | 4  | Curry Lunch<br>Tba                         |
| Sun Sept | 5  | MNA Memorial Service<br>Holyrood           |
| Fri Sept | 17 | Club Supper, Mary Rose<br>Club room        |
| Sat Oct  | 16 | Curry Lunch<br>Tba                         |
| Fri Nov  | 5  | Harpooners' Dinner<br>Club room            |
| Wed Nov  | 10 | Sea Pie tickets on Sale                    |
| Sat Dec  | 4  | Christmas Lunch<br>King's Court            |
| Sat Dec  | 11 | Christmas Dinner,<br>King's Court          |

The Club room is currently open three days a week, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 1130 - 1500. Liz will be only too happy to serve you a drink and she can take your orders for meals, sandwiches and snacks.

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 CACHALOTS)  
1st Floor, 12-14 Queens  
Terrace,  
SOUTHAMPTON, SO14 3BP**

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## **New Members**

**Peter Davies** Peter worked in the stores and freight departments of BP, Union Castle and OCL. More recently with P&O Containers in marketing and sales.

**Richard Eastham** Richard has re-joined us. Previously a marine surveyor with the MCA he is now Technical Director of Regs4Ships.

**Richard Kelly-Wisesham** Another re-joiner, Richard is now with Landbank Group, a property development company.

**Ed McNally** Ed sailed as Chief Electrical Engineer with Cunard Cargo Division and Port Line before working ashore designing and installing impressed current cathode protection systems. He now works on the repair and overhaul of marine turbochargers.