

# The CACHALOT

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHAMPTON MASTER MARINERS' CLUB

**No 41**

**September 2011**

## Captain's Log

The Shipping Festival Service was held at Winchester Cathedral on the 16th June with the Reverend David Potterton, the Principal Chaplain of the Sailors Society, providing the address. The lesson, Revelations 21 verse 1 to 8, "and the sea was no more", gave David the ammunition for a great address, the cathedral providing its normal challenges to any speaker. After the service we were restricted to the inside of the cathedral as the weather threatened rain. Unfortunately, prior to the service, one of our team took a tumble outside on some glass. (*See Rope Ends*).

I would like to thank the Band of the Hampshire Constabulary, under the direction of Captain Pete Curtis, for their musical support and the Colour, Standard and Flag Parties for their Guard of Honour and enabling the Dean of Winchester to receive the Flags at the Nave Altar.

The club supper on Friday the 8th July was well attended and the speaker Commander Dom Young gave us "The Adventures of a Nuclear Submarine", which in an entertaining way informed the audience of the capabilities of these weapons. In the question and answers session afterwards, the audience's awareness of the dilemmas facing Royal Navy planners and what provision they choose to provide, was well illustrated as was Commander Young's support for the submarine service.

At 09:45 on Tuesday the 12th of July, David and myself arrived at Empress Dock to assist the crews of the "Whitchallenger and the Phoenix" in hosting a visit from "Oakwood Junior School". These school children from year six get to go around the above vessels, they visit the bridge, the engine room and get instruction on the vessels purpose and safety systems at different stations onboard the vessels. I am sure David would wish to join me in thanking the Captain, Mike Boyle and Chief Engineer, Alex Mullaly of the "Whitchallenger" and of course Captain Mike Hayes and Chief Engineer Richard Tarn of the "Phoenix" for allowing us onboard their vessels. We basically make up the numbers to ensure the children are looked after; it is not the first time the club has had a presence at this event. After they had completed their time onboard, each of the visitors received a satchel provided by Southampton Shipowners Association. None of this would be possible without the backing of Ashley Jenkins of Whittaker Tankers and Nick Jeffreys of Solent Towage. We hope the event will expand year on year; so do you know anyone with a ship?

On behalf of the Cachalots I would like to take this opportunity to wish our most senior Stowaway, HRH the Duke of Edinburgh, our somewhat belated congratulations on attaining his 90th birthday.

HRH The Princess Royal, Master of the Corporation of Trinity House, sent invitations to Gerry Cartwright and myself to a Celebration of HRH the Duke of Edinburgh's 90th Birthday on Monday 20 June in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen. The invitation specified black tie, no medals, decorations or badges of office. Gerry was pleased to take advantage of my offer to drive us to Richmond, where we took the underground to Tower Hill. As we were a little early we disembarked at Monument and strolled alongside the river, in beautiful sunshine, to the Tower of London where there were several other people in black tie waiting for admission. Sadly at about 1730 it started to rain, gently at first, then more persistently. This meant that Beat Retreat by HM Royal Marines, scheduled for 1800, had to be cancelled and we were instead given a tour of the Chapel Royal and the White Tower.

Our guide in the Chapel Royal took great delight in regaling us with details of discoveries made during restoration work. Apparently everybody at the time believed that Anne Boleyn would be reprieved at the last moment, so no coffin had been ordered. A wooden chest was hurriedly obtained but it was unfortunately too short, so she was interred with her head placed between her knees.

The rain continued as we hurried from the Chapel Royal to the White Tower, and we were sorry that we had left the umbrella in the car at Richmond. The White Tower has a striking exhibition of weapons and armour from another era. Whenever I hear the name White Tower my mind wanders off to the Lord of the Rings. Fortunately coaches were provided to transport us the short distance to Trinity House. Gerry and I jumped into a reasonably empty coach and went straight to the back where we were subsequently joined by General the Lord Richard Dannatt, the 159th Constable of the Tower. Apparently his bathroom had been renovated in case it was required during the Beat Retreat.

The coach drivers showed consummate skill, akin to entering Panama locks, in negotiating their vehicles through the narrow gates of the Tower, which, of course, had not been built with such traffic in mind. At Trinity House, which is situated just the other side of the Merchant Navy Memorial from the Tower, we were met by uniformed Trinity House ratings and cadets.

Once inside we were divided into small groups of about eight, and our group was positioned by one of the two entrances. Suddenly the Queen was amongst our group and we were each introduced to her. For our lady readers, Her Majesty was wearing a powder blue dress with green and gold embroidery. I'm afraid that is the best description we can give as neither of us are experts on feminine apparel. We each told her whom we were representing and what we do (those of us still gainfully employed that is). When Her Majesty moved on the Duke of Edinburgh arrived and immediately recognised the Cachalot on Gerry's cummerbund. I told him that I taught at Warsash, and he mentioned the opening of Timsbury Lake the following day.

Another gentlemen came over to talk to us, Vice Admiral Sir Timothy Lawrence KCVO, CB, ADC(P), CSM. I was unaware of who the gentlemen was until Gerry, who had seen him before in uniform, enlightened me.

When Princess Anne joined us, and discovered that we were from Southampton, she mentioned that she had been in Southampton and Portsmouth earlier in the day. When asked what the club did we talked about the Sea Pie Supper; the Bursary and the Shipping Festival. We spoke more about the Shipping Festival service at Winchester Cathedral. High collar claret dress; a very striking lady.

A little while passed and we were ushered into dinner. On my right hand side was a gentleman who announced himself as Dixie Dean, and who turned out to be the radio officer of the Royal Yacht Britannia. On my left was an amateur yacht designer. I think I can speak for Gerry when I say we were amazed at the variety of people in the room, who came from all walks of life and had something to do with the sea. From swimming teachers, the Commodore of the Royal Southern Yacht Club, to the guide on HMS Victory, there was a great mix of people all of whom in their own way have a great deal to do with the sea. Considering the different walks of life of the people in the room it's hard to explain why sea blindness still effects the country.

Too soon the evening was over, the toasts were made and the royal party departed. For me a great privilege and learning experience.

Ivor Salter  
Club Captain

# **Boatsteerer's Locker**

## **Introduction**

This is my third Blog since taking office which means that the year is passing by and we are now working up to Sea Pie Supper and the end of 2011. The good thing is that I have a much larger information base upon which to write this column. I spent a day onboard a tanker (large bunker barge) and a modern tug moored in Southampton docks whilst helping to show young school children around. It was very enjoyable and a successful day; more details of the day are in the Captain's log. Back in July Norma and myself attended a preview of an art exhibition at the home of the High Sheriff which was most enjoyable and recently we were the guests of the Watch Ashore to an entertaining and delightful lunch which they had prepared.

## **The Sea Pie Supper 2012**

Most of you will be aware that we have broken tradition and booked a new venue for the supper the next one being held at City Cruise Terminal in Southampton docks. Where, I am pleased to say, there is ample free parking for those who want to use it with access for dropping off and picking up. The City Cruise Terminal was chosen after two years of considering a new venue and with the help of ABP we hope to make it the best one yet. Catering will be slightly different due to the new venue but we retain the "Sea Pie" whilst improving the service offered with an at seat drink ordering facility, a more extensive drinks and wine list for those who require it. With the choice of draught beer returning to the bar which I am sure will please many! It has been noticeable over the years that the event has been attended by more and more ladies which we welcome, I feel sure that this coming Supper will be an event to remember ticket sales will be available early November at a cost of £50.00 please make an early booking to secure your place, tables will seat a maximum of ten persons as in previous years.

## **Club opening hours**

Now that the lunch time opening has been cut to a Thursday and Friday we have lost the members previously attending the Thursday opening and find that Friday is now the day to be seen, I would encourage members to use the Thursday opening as well as the Friday.

We will open on Wednesday evenings again starting the 28th September from 1800 to 2100, the original initiative being to encourage members to bring along guests, friends and for the people who couldn't attend during the day to come along and have a drink and a chat, hopefully encouraging new membership. The curry supper will be available providing we know in advance the numbers required.

During the past two years a lot of effort was put in by individuals after many members requested to retain the meeting room, fortunately with the help of the Seafarers centre it was retained for we hope at least another two years. It is a fact that if a facility is not used/supported it does become redundant and uneconomical to keep.

## **Captain's Charity 2011**

Captain Ivor Salter has chosen to support the Wessex Heartbeat Charity which is based at the Southampton General Hospital the following paragraph is taken from their web site:

"Established in 1992, Wessex Heartbeat is one of the region's major charities and exists to support the work of the Wessex Cardiac Centre (WCC), one of the UK's leading heart treatment centres. Since 1992, the generosity of our supporters at all levels has enabled Wessex Heartbeat to raise over £13m which we have used to help ensure that the best possible care is provided to more than 20,000 patients treated at the centre each year."

This doesn't tell the full story: the charity with a similar name to the high street charity shops "Heartbeat" works with but ensures that it doesn't duplicate their work. The office is within the hospital and just across the road from the hospital they run a house in which family members of patients can be accommodated and receive support. The house manager, Maureen Lord, is the daughter of a Cachalot, Captain Hans Juelsdorf, who went aloft in 2005 I am sure many of you will have known and remember him. The house offers 25 bedrooms including a wing for parents of children who are patients on Ocean Ward, which is a specialist unit for children and serves the South of England. Ocean Ward was updated and refurnished by the charity. The House is now looking for £20,000 to repair and redecorate, in fact the funding team are asking 100 companies/fund raises to give £200 each this would be a good target for the Cachalots.

The other main initiative of the charity has been to facilitate the Heartbeat Education Centre which is adjacent to the office within the hospital and offers seminar rooms including a 120 seat lecture theatre with an international video conferencing facility. This provides the HEC with the capability to link live with other similar facilities, sharing expertise about diagnosis and treatment with other cardiac centres both in the UK and across the world. The HEC is also used to host conferences and events the revenue from which helps to fund the charity.

I met their Chief Executive, D'Arcy Myers who began by asking how they could help and support the Cachalots. I'm sure you will agree with me that Ivor has made a good choice.

## **And Finally**

We have been invited to field at least one team of six people to attend a Quiz night for fund raising organised by Wessex heartbeat. the Quiz and Curry Night, at the Concorde Club, Eastleigh is on Tuesday 27th September the cost of which is £12.00/person, 7.30 for 8pm start. If any one is interested in pitting the grey cells against others and having a fun night please let me know as soon as possible.

David Stocks

Boatsteerer.

## Club Supper

The second supper of this year is to be held on

**Friday 9th September**

CREAM OF ASPARAGUS SOUP

LEG OF LAMB WITH CUMBERLAND SAUCE

PEARS POACHED IN RED WINE WITH VANILLA ICE CREAM

The menu includes rolls & butter, a selection of vegetables, potatoes, coffee & mints.

Catering by John Davies

The after dinner speaker will be  
Author and Veteran Nursing Sister Nicci Pugh  
Who will give a presentation

### **WHITE SHIP - RED CROSSES**

On her experiences on board the Hospital Ship *Uganda*  
In the South Atlantic during the Falklands War

Price will be £26 per head  
and numbers limited to 34 on a first come basis.

1900 for 1930  
In the Club Room



## AUTUMN DINNER DANCE

**Saturday 8th October**

**RAF Yacht Club, Hamble**

*Cream of Leek and Celery Soup*

*Breast of Chicken Chasseur*

*Rhubarb and Ginger Trifle*

*OR*

*Cheese and Biscuits*

*Coffee and Mints*

**Music by**

***Twilight***

Black Tie,  
1915 for 2000.

Cost will be £40 per head

Names to the notice board  
or to the office

## INVITATION TO BE PART OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST COFFEE MORNING IN AID OF MACMILLAN CANCER SUPPORT

**Date:** 07 October 2011

**Time:** 1100

**Venue:** Clubroom

**Event:** Fundraising coffee morning, with homemade cakes!

No entry fee!! BUT, donations will be gratefully accepted to help the wonderful work done by Macmillan Cancer Support.

Most of us have been affected in some way by cancer and many of us have been helped by Macmillan nurses and volunteers. This is a simple and enjoyable way to raise some funds and thank them.

Please come. Bring your friends. Enjoy the delicious homemade cakes promised by wives of a few of the members (and by the newest Hon. Member!!) and help to make this a happy morning. (It will also be possible to take "doggy bags" if you cannot eat enough treats during the morning.)

Cash or cheques will be most welcome, but please note that cheques **MUST** be made out to "Macmillan Cancer Support" and **NOT** to the Cachalots.

If you are unable to attend that day, we can still accept a donation should you wish to make one.

We look forward to seeing you.



## Curry Lunch

Pending a satisfactory outcome of our return to Kutis on 3rd Sep., we anticipate a further return there on 15th Oct. for the last Curry Lunch of the year.

Hopefully the price will remain the same too, at £11.50 per head.

YOU'RE INVITED TO  
**PUT A  
SMILE  
ON YOUR  
MUG!**

WE ARE  
MACMILLAN.  
CANCER SUPPORT



**Chapter 15 of "The Unforgiving Minute",  
the personal memoirs of Stowaway Member  
Rear Admiral Sir Morgan Morgan-Giles.**

**Ops in Northern Yugoslavia**

By the late summer of 1944 the enemy were evidently in a state of general retreat throughout the Balkans. On the mainland Partisan forces were becoming stronger and stronger and the enemy forces gradually retreating northwards. Equally, targets at sea began mainly to be found in the northern islands.

In October I was ordered to leave Vis, put my HQ in a "Landing Craft Headquarters" and move up to the northern islands, using the call sign "LCH282". The largest island in this northern group is called Lussin and this was held by a strong enemy garrison. But the smaller islands a little to the south of Lussin were either empty or had small Partisan detachments. So my idea in LCH282 was to find a different anchorage every day or two - so that we would not be vulnerable from the air or the explosive motor boats which the Germans had in Lussin. One night I was hiding in a convenient anchorage called Veli Rat. A number of MTBs, MGBs, MLs and small landing craft were in the same anchorage. Without warning the "Bora" began to blow quite suddenly with terrific intensity. All the craft were dragging their anchors. Some were tangled up with one another, some were driven ashore. It was a night of complete chaos.

At this stage the enemy had scraped together a handful of small destroyers and corvettes which by now were fitted with radar. Their high speed and their radar made them very difficult targets for our coastal forces. For some time I had been asking Admiral Morgan to send destroyers into the area to take on these enemy ships; but he had always declined, feeling that it was too dangerous to send valuable destroyers inside the islands where they would be vulnerable to mines or E-boats. However, on the 1st November, to my delight and my surprise, he sent two "Hunt Class", *HMS Wheatland* and *HMS Avon Vale*, to patrol under my orders for one night only. These two ships only arrived at dusk, and there was no time to brief them properly, so I went myself in *HMS Wheatland* which was under the command of Lt Cdr Hugh Corbett. We had on board a small unit (only five or six men) of soldiers who we intended to land on the extreme northernmost tip of Pag. Their purpose was to remain concealed and to report by wireless the movement of any enemy shipping. We landed the soldiers in *Wheatland's* whaler when suddenly a firm radar contact of two ships was gained. (I cannot remember for sure, but I believe that in fact this was before the whaler had returned to *HMS Wheatland*). Corbett took *Wheatland* and *Avon Vale* in to attack and just after 8.0 p.m. sighted the enemy. Our destroyers opened fire with main armament and starshell. The enemy replied, *Avon Vale* being narrowly missed by a 4" shell which sent splinters on board. Our ships, however, each taking one target, were very soon hitting. The enemy's fire became erratic and soon *Wheatland* and *Avon Vale* were circling their targets, firing pompoms and short-range weapons. Their fire was devastating. The first enemy ship rolled over and sank and the second was blazing; then she too blew up and sank. The *Avon Vale* closed her victim to pick up survivors who were all German.

Ten minutes later our destroyers became aware of yet another enemy ship in the neighbourhood which was immediately followed by starshell overhead. Our ships at once turned towards the new enemy and increased to full speed. Hits were very soon being made and pompoms again came into action as the range closed. The enemy which was the ex-Italian destroyer "*Audace*", manned by Germans, tried to escape under a smoke-screen. But she must have been hit earlier in the action. Her speed dropped and *Wheatland* closed in for the kill. The *Audace* had ceased firing and at 10.30 she sank, leaving a large patch of oil on the surface with a number of survivors.

We were trying to pick up survivors when *Wheatland's* radar detected yet another possible contact. Corbett said to me "We have expended almost all our ammunition; do you want to stay here and pick up survivors?" I said, "No. Go home". This was a very unpleasant decision and in fact the only time I have had to make it. There were many survivors and we had to leave them. (Our MGBs later picked up about 90).

Our two destroyers dropped me back onboard LCH 282 at Olib Island and returned to Bari at full speed. Thus, the policy of sending destroyers had been vindicated on the very first night - but I must admit that I think that Admiral Morgan's caution was certainly justified.

Meanwhile, the ship-watchers who we had landed had an anxious time. Soon after they were put ashore they saw this battle out at sea, ships on fire, etc. Then when nobody came to collect them again, they feared the worst. I think that it was only two or three days later that I managed to send a boat to recover them. Throughout the campaign ship-watching

parties such as these were used in many different places, and they were able to provide invaluable information about enemy movements for the benefit of our coastal forces operations.

On 3rd December a more ambitious attack was made upon the island of Lussin, which served as a German naval base and was well protected. Lussin had a good land-locked harbour and a strong German garrison which was protected by a battery of long-range 6" guns.

For this attack ("Operation Exterminate") considerable forces were assembled. We had the destroyers HMS Lamerton, Wilton, Brocklesby and Quantock plus three "Landing Craft Gun" and "Landing Craft Flak", several MLs and MTBs and MGBs. The Flagship was LCH282 in general charge.

The plan was that the Royal Air Force should attack the German positions at about 08.30 in the morning. Rocket Beaufighters would come in from different directions and use their cannon also. They effectively silenced the main enemy battery. The medium bombers did not attack because of the low cloud but Hurricanes swept in to destroy or badly damage the power-house.

At about noon I left LCH282 in an MTB and went to HMS Lamerton, and the destroyers and LCGs bombarded all the positions on the island - which we knew accurately from Partisan reports and from photo-reconnaissance. MTB633 (Lt Golding RNVR with Lt Cdr Cornelius Burke RCNVR) was sent into Port Cigale to "sink, burn or destroy". She did so to some effect, destroying four explosive motor boats, one of which was under way. The single driver of this craft was either naked or



**HMS Lamerton**

attired in a flesh-coloured rubber suit; when he saw the MTB, he drove his boat on the rocks at full speed, leapt ashore and jumped from rock to rock, peppered by the MTBs machine gunners. The MTB was repeatedly hit by enemy fire from ashore and had one man killed and two wounded, plus two of her engines out of action; but she managed to retire.

This attack did not bring about the surrender of the enemy garrison on Lussin, but by wrecking his shore installations, destroying his motor boats and other craft and helping to shatter his morale, it greatly curbed the activities of the local German navy for some time to come.

During all this period in November and December of 1944 Coastal Forces were intensely active in the northern islands. Their exploits were far too numerous to record here in any detail - they were making small-scale attacks on minor enemy outposts on many different islands, they were rescuing Allied bomber crews who had crashed or parachuted into enemy held territory, and had been brought out by the Partisans, and they were landing coast-watchers.

By this time Royal Navy cruisers were sent to Split and to Zara (Zadar). I remember very vividly the arrival of HMS Colombo on her way to Zadar. LCH282 was lying in a cove at Olib Island - supposedly her whereabouts unknown to the enemy. She was lying alongside a large LCT which was full of hundreds of drums of high-octane petrol. An MTB was refuelling on her other side. Early in the morning I was shaving when Lt Holland RNVR burst into my cabin. He was a charming chap but had a devastating stutter. He said "Sir...s...Sir". I went on shaving. Then he gulped, paused and said "Sir. The LCT's on fire". That stopped me shaving! We cast off immediately from the LCT, taking her crew with us. She was blazing merrily. Soon a huge cloud of black smoke was rising into the sky - it could have been seen for 20 miles away. As we backed stern-first out of the cove HMS Colombo was sighted to seaward, signalling rather plaintively "What is going on?" Another sad memory of this occasion was that the crew of the LCT had a crate of chickens; they let them loose when fire broke out, but were not able to catch them. I have a vivid memory of these poor chickens screeching round and round the upper deck.

In mid-December Captain Dickinson in Zara took over as SNO Northern Adriatic. I was recalled to Bari in LCH282 and my year in Dalmatia was at an end. From Taranto I was sent home to the UK in a destroyer. I arrived in Devonport, almost to the day, after four years in the Mediterranean.

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Looking back on the campaign in Yugoslavia as a whole, many salient points come to mind. Firstly, no doubt Prime Minister Churchill was correct to have decided to support Tito because, in the language of the day, "he was killing the most Germans".

But I also feel great sadness for the fate of General Mihailovic. This poor man was left behind by his government to do his best; the tide of war went against him and eventually he was caught and executed by the Partisans. When Randolph Churchill as a post-war journalist asked Marshal Tito what happened to Mihailovic, the reply was "Drava Mihailovic vanished in the gale of the world".

My feeling is that the entire campaign was clouded by enmity between the "Chetniks" - Serbs who followed Mihailovic - and the "Ustachi" who were Croats inducted into the German army to help to suppress their fellow countrymen.

In all my time in Vis I was constantly aware that the Partisans hated the Chetniks and the Ustachi just as much as they hated the Germans. Tito was such a charismatic personality that he could at that time persuade many thousands of Yugoslavs (Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Montenegrans, anybody) to combine to drive out the Germans, and to settle scores with the Chetniks and the Ustachi. As in so many civil wars, these rivalries were conducted with the utmost ferocity and cruelty, even by Balkan standards.

One aspect of life in Vis was that our relations with the Partisan military were extremely good in every way. They were brave, cheerful, enterprising and dedicated fighters, but primitive. But the fundamental fact was that Tito was a Communist and his campaign was regarded by the Royalists as a Communist rebellion in the Kingdom of Yugoslavia - which indeed it was, as post-war history has shown.

This viewpoint meant that the political elements in the Partisans (there were commissars attached to every fighting unit) were suspicious of all the help, military and otherwise, which we dread Capitalists were giving them. As the campaign to drive the Germans from the Balkans gradually continued, the overall relations between the Allies and the Partisan command came more and more under strain. Tito eventually entered Belgrade and became Marshal of Yugoslavia and head of the National Liberation Government. At the end of the war in Europe, there was very nearly an outbreak of fighting between the British 5th Army in Italy and the Partisan High Command - over the future of Istria and the territory around Trieste.

One consequence of Tito coming to power in Belgrade in 1945 was not apparent until several years later. Had he not done so, Yugoslavia would have been "liberated" instead by the Soviet Army and thus Russia would have had access to the Mediterranean during the Cold War.

When Brigadier Tom Churchill left the Island in 1944, he arranged for a Memorial Plaque to be erected in the Old Naval Cemetery at VIS.....

AFTER MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED YEARS  
BRITISH SOLDIERS AND SAILORS  
WHO FOUGHT AND DIED FOR THE COUNTRY'S  
HONOUR  
ON THE SEAS AND ISLANDS OF DALMATIA  
HAVE AGAIN BEEN LAID TO REST  
IN THIS ISLAND CEMETERY  
1944  
HERE DEAD LIE WE BECAUSE WE DID NOT CHOOSE  
TO LIVE AND SHAME THE LAND FROM WHICH WE  
SPRUNG  
LIFE TO BE SURE IS NOTHING MUCH TO LOSE  
BUT YOUNG MEN THINK IT IS AND WE WERE YOUNG



## BTCC and Arrival Procedures

Arcadia operates the P&O Cruises Bridge Team Command and Control (BTCC) System. The following article details the BTCC system and how it is implemented in a typical arrival demonstrated by Arcadia's arrival into Los Angeles on 26 May 2011.

The BTCC system was introduced by P&O as a safety net following various incidents and casualties in the marine sector. The system encourages the roles of navigator, co-navigator and operations director to be interlinked, ensuring that if someone 'drops the ball,' so to speak; the other members of the team will catch it.

Under this system there are three levels of manning: green, green enhanced and red. Green manning is the normal operational level and consists of a navigator and co-navigator (who will also be the admin).

The navigator is responsible for conning the ship, implementing the passage plan and collision avoidance.

The co-nav monitors the vessel's position and progress and communicates with the engine control room and others as required. The co-nav will also monitor traffic and significant upcoming points in the passage plan such as giving distances to wheel-over positions and pilot stations to assist the navigator. The co-nav also discusses proposed actions with the navigator and confirms helm and engine orders via a closed loop system.

Green enhanced manning is often used in pilotage waters and the above roles will be supplemented by an operations director. The ops director oversees the operation and monitors the actions of the bridge team to ensure that safe navigation is maintained at all times and that the bridge team are free from distractions by managing communications with other locations on the ship such as with the anchor party and pilot party.

For arrivals and departures the highest level, red manning, is implemented. Here, the Captain will take the charge and the conn, the Deputy Captain will be ops director, the senior officer of the watch will assume the co-nav role and a cadet will be designated admin to allow the co-nav to concentrate supporting the navigator. The junior officer of the watch is then able to go to the foc'sle for mooring stations and the safety officer takes charge of aft mooring. These roles are sometimes switched around for training or to give each member of the team a better understanding of the other team members' roles.

Preparations for our arrival in Los Angeles arrival began the previous evening when at 1851 we completed the changeover from heavy fuel oil to low sulphur marine gas oil as required by Californian state law. At 1954 we closed all discharges for entering within 24 nautical miles of the Californian coast. Environmental regulations are very tight in California, somewhat ironic considering the glow of Los Angeles could be seen from 110 miles away.

The cadet as admin began pre-arrival checks two hours before standby below by completing tasks listed on the arrival checklist. This includes checking the compasses, preparing the Dictaphone and checking the voyage data recorder is working. Boarding arrangements are confirmed with the pilot and anchor parties are confirmed in position. Though the admin is most involved in monitoring the progress with the pre-arrival checklist he reports to the ops director who has ultimate responsibility for ensuring that all the necessary checks are completed. This is common theme within the BTCC system; that not one task is left to just one person but that crosschecks are in place to reduce the chance of human errors.

The admin is also responsible for paper chart fixing which is continued despite Arcadia being a fully ECDIS approved ship.

The Captain and Deputy Captain arrived on the bridge 15 minutes before standby below to familiarise themselves with the situation and complete the 'handover-at-sea' checklist. Standby below was called at 0530 and the Captain took the charge and declared 'red manning' ready to embark the pilot. At standby below the GPS trips were reset so that the trip and river in distances could be recorded for the chief engineer's run figures and the anchors were cleared away. We then switched into hand steering to pick up the pilot.

The Deputy Captain as ops director took charge of the pilot boarding operation monitoring the progress of the pilot boat from the bridge wing and informing the navigator so as to maintain a suitable speed and lee for the pilot boat to come safely alongside.



**Red manning: Capt Kevin Oprey, Dep Capt James Brown, 1/O Samson, AB Ronald, 3/O Benji and Cadet Toby- from right to left as you look.**

*continued over*

The local pilot and three local police boarded at 0545 and then the final pre-arrival checks were completed such as taking and testing Arcadia's three bow thrusters on bridge control and completing the astern and pod tests. The Deputy Captain conducted the master-pilot interchange and then the pilot took the con for the approach.

At 0621, as the vessel was nearing the berth the Captain took the con of the ship ready to manoeuvre her alongside using the Aziman controls. The turn into Berth 93 in Los Angeles is very tight so an officer was positioned on the starboard wing to give distances off the liberty ship *Lane Victory* which is resident on the next berth and whose bow restricts the available turning space still further. The third officer on the foc'sle gave distances off the berth and the safety officer on the aft mooring deck monitoring the vessel's position relative the gantry cranes on the opposite side of the dock. These internal communications are coordinated by the ops director via VHF radio, again using a closed loop system, leaving the navigator to concentrate solely on the manoeuvre – a vital aspect of the BTCC system. The ops director is also in contact with the gangway party to ensure that Arcadia comes to the best position for a safe and secure tie up with clear and safe access to the ship.

By 0705 Arcadia was alongside, all fast 6+2 forward and aft with two gangways rigged, ready and inspected by the security officer. Another successful arrival had been completed and the passengers were able to go ashore.

*Mike Smith*



## **More Dredgings from the fast-failing memory of Electrical Superintendent Eddie Hunter**

### **Herr Bormann**

I think I told you, but you've probably forgotten (and why should you remember, anyway?) that I had two jobs at Parkeston Quay at the same time. Oh, yes. A man of many parts, I was the Electrical Superintendent for the Ships *and* the Electrical Engineer for the Port, although the mean buggers paid me only one salary. But that didn't matter - I would happily have done either job for nothing and Sealink must have known that.

*"But what has this to do with Bormann?" I hear you ask. Well, I'm coming to that.*

There were six container cranes serving the Parkeston Quay Container Terminal, one of the first such facilities in the UK, and, by 1979, the heavy-duty copper busbars feeding the cranes were beginning to wear out. So I had to find suitable replacements, and the manufacturer of the originals was no longer in the busbar business.

"Found anybody yet?" Peter Frost asked. Peter, the Superintendent Marine Engineer, was my immediate boss.

"Three, but we'll have to do some travelling to see them. One's in America, one in France and one in Germany," I told him. *You're beginning to get there, aren't you?*

"Well, you can forget America." Said Peter. "The Board will never allow you to go there."

"That means the Germans, then. There's some of the French stuff in the Port of Ipswich. I've been round there and looked at it and it is rubbish," I told him. "Bob Casey, their electrical manager, has told me not to touch it with a barge pole."

"All right. Talk to the Germans then, if you must." Peter was never too keen on anything German. He turned to go.

"We'll need to go there," I said hastily.

"Who's the we?" Peter asked.

"Well, you and me. Unless you want to send John Carley or Henry Perry, but both have got their hands full at the moment writing dry dock specifications."

"Can't you handle it by yourself?"

"I can, if you insist," I agreed. "But I really would like a mechanical opinion. I mean, we want to use the bars vertically and they're really designed for horizontal use . . ."

Peter grunted, nodded in resigned agreement and left my office. Seconds later he was back.

"I'm not flying," he stated bluntly. "Anybody who flies has a touching faith in engineers. And I'm an engineer!"

"No need," I told him. "Night boat to the Hoek, then the Rheingold to Basle where they will pick us up by car. Their factory is just over the border in Germany, three or four days to do the business and back up the other side of the Rhein on the Lorelei. . ." That banished his objections as I knew it would - Peter loved train travel.

Two days later I had finalised the details of our visit to the German company and I received a fax confirming their proposals. Part of it read :

*"You will be met in Frankfurt am Main by Herr Bormann . . ."*

"Hunter? What the hell have you let me in for?" Peter demanded when I handed him the fax. I laughed.

"Peter," I said. "You wouldn't chuckle - his first name is Martin."

"Hell's bells! Are you sure you need these damned busbars?"

"Sooner rather than later," I told him, which was true, we were having busbar problems practically every day.

Peter switched on the intercom to his Secretary. "Ann, Mr Hunter and I are going to Germany next week. I want you to make the travel arrangements. Mr Hunter will give you the details."

On the telephone to his wife Peter said, "Kate, Eddie's taking me to Germany next week to meet Martin Bormann . . ."

The day before the trip I received another fax from Germany:

*"Regrettably, you will not be met in Frankfurt by our Director, Herr Bormann.*

*You will be met instead by Herr Bear. Herr Bormann has been unavoidably detained  
in Soviet Russia. . ."*

Meeting Eberhart Bear on Frankfurt railway station was like a scene from a bad spy novel.

As it transpired, the visit was a thorough success. Anne had found us a delightful small hotel close to the German factory and the German design team met every technical challenge we threw at them.

On the Friday evening, the factory owner gave a lavish dinner in our honour and I retired to bed in the small hours in a room which, like Harry Lauder's Glasgow, was going round and round.

Next morning we were driven in a huge Mercedes to the Basle railway station by a dapper middle-aged man whom I vaguely remembered from the dinner party. I sat in the back wishing that everywhere would stop being like Glasgow, while Peter sat in the front and conversed animatedly with the driver.

At the railway station, porters materialized to carry our bags and we were conducted along the platform to our carriage by the driver.

From the steps into the Lorelei carriage, Peter said warmly, "A most interesting visit, Martin. I am sure you will be hearing from us on Monday."

"Who's that?" I asked Peter as the German walked away.

"That was Martin Bormann," Said Peter.

"You daft bat," I said. "His name's not Martin - that was just my sick joke."

Peter, sitting between Bormann and Frau Bormann during the dinner, had been calling him "Martin" all evening!

I was never forgiven for that one. . .



As flagged up in previous newsletters, our website has now been updated and the new version should now be on-line.

The main difference, other than the look, is that it is now in two parts: a public section that shows our face to the world and a members only section for internal club business and information.

This latter part we have called the *Cachalots' Deck* and access to it is by way of a user name and password, more of which later.

<http://www.cachalots.org.uk/> will bring you to the home page, as before, and this contains a brief introduction to the Club. If you are reading this online you will notice that the address, or URL, is in blue and is underlined, and if you click on it you will be taken directly to the web site.

This convention is followed throughout the site, indeed on the internet; wherever you see blue, underlined text, by clicking on this *link* you will be taken directly to that page.

Along the top of the pages is a bar with two lines listing the various main pages on the site. These are also links and clicking on them will bring up those pages.

Down the right hand side is a Navigation Box with a full list of all the pages and sub-pages and again, all are linked to the selected pages.

In the public area, under Club Journal, you can find a list of articles which have been extracted from earlier editions of *The Cachalot*, the most recent nearer the top. As before, each title is a clickable link to that article. We will be adding to this list as time permits.

The complete copies of *The Cachalot* are now restricted to the *Cachalots' Deck* and these too will be added to when time allows. The earlier editions were produced purely with printing in mind and now need some adjustment to make them web friendly.

Situated on the *Cachalots' Deck* you will find Club specific pages such as Gone Aloft, New Members, 250 Club and details of forthcoming functions. There is also a section called Storekeeper's Store and contained therein all things of a financial nature: Subscriptions, Slop-Chest, How to pay us money, etc.

So how do we gain access to this exclusive deck? I hear you ask. Here's how:

When you initially visit the *Cachalots' Deck* you will be invited to log-in and asked to register. The registration form will ask you to complete:

- USERNAME Up to you, something sweet and simple like your name will suffice. If your chosen name has already been allocated it will be rejected, try something else.
- PASSWORD Again, up to you. We will never see it.
- EMAIL Your usual email address
- MEMBERSHIP This will say: New User (NO ACCESS)
- FULL INITIALS And
- LAST NAME This is how you appear on our membership list.

When you press REGISTER you will get a response like "Registration complete" but still no access. This is because your request must now be checked by the Storekeeper against his membership list. Now, whatever Judith might tell you, Barry does not sit in front of his computer 24/7, so patience please. Once verified you should get an email confirming that you are now elevated to CLUB MEMBER and are ACTIVE. Yes, I know, it's wonderful what these modern computers can do!

Now, when you enter your Username and Password at the log-in screen you should be able to stroll the length of the exclusive *Cachalots' Deck* unhindered.

Something else new, and following a suggestion from our Storekeeper that he may well come to regret, we are going to trial a FOR SALE section.

Said Storekeeper was recently clearing out his loft and thought that in these days of re-cycling it was a shame to take perfectly good but unwanted items to the local tip.

Somebody out there may be crying out for that little used AMSTRAD ZX-Spectrum.....or maybe not, but you get the idea?

The Club's involvement will be purely restricted to providing a notice board on these pages for those members wishing to sell, exchange or give away surplus items to like-minded fellow members who won't be coming round to your house just to size it up for more nefarious access at a later date.

Here's how we think it might work:

A member, Gotalot, decides that he may at last be able to live without that Amstrad ZX-Spectrum afterall.

He sends an email with description, asking price and maybe a jpeg photo, together with his contact details, to storekeeper@cachalots.org.uk. The Storekeeper then posts the details on the website.

Another member, Wantalot, sees the advert and thinking "Cor, just what I've always wanted", contacts Gotalot (NOT the Club) and negotiates the transaction. Gotalot, having passed on the item, notifies storekeeper@cachalots.org.uk again and the notice is withdrawn from the website. What could be easier?

We had thought of naming this free service "Exchange & Mart" but someone just pipped us to the post with that title.

So "FLOGALOT" it is then.

Please do not see this scheme as a way of offloading your old junk. If it *is* junk then take it to the tip.

The Club will not:

- Get involved with any monetary dealings.
- Be party to or referee any disputes.
- Provide transport and delivery services.
- Act as a depository for sold or unsold items.

As I said, a free service for members, but here is a tentative thought.

If, in your role as either Gotalot or Wantalot, you feel that you have got a good deal, why not consolidate that feel-good emotion by donating a portion of your gains to the Captain's Charity. The Club will be only too pleased to get involved with that sort of financial activity. And, don't forget, small amounts have a habit of accumulating into larger ones.

Please remember when using any of the Club facilities that the office is only manned two days a week, on Thursday and Friday lunchtimes, and as far as on-line services are concerned it will be the Storekeeper or myself who will be dealing with your requests, in our own time, on our own equipment and at our private addresses. And, to reiterate, we are not sat in front of our computers 24 hours per day.

There are bound to be glitches and problems, hopefully just teething ones. With the proliferation of different browsers out there, Internet Explorer, Firefox, Chrome, Safari, Opera, all with their own plug-ins, add-ons, slip-ons and roll-ons, and all seemingly needing to be updated on a daily basis, together with different screen sizes and resolutions, it's a wonder that any of it gels together in a coherent way.

And neither your Storekeeper nor I are, by any means, computer experts. But we know a man who is and that man comes courtesy of Clive Robinson and CData Services who supply our internet services and have kindly set up this new system for us and will hopefully be holding our hand for a bit.

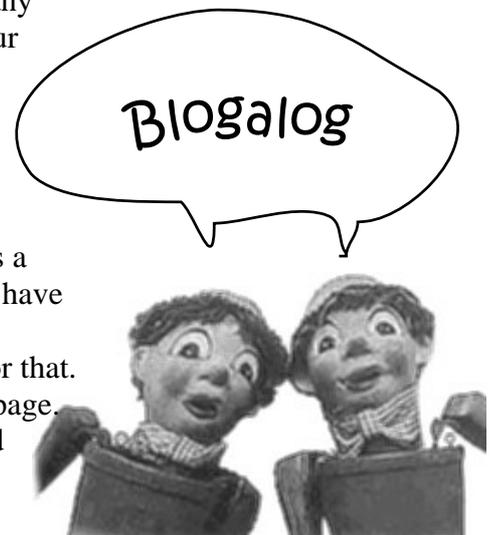
It is not, of course, anything particularly modern. Web sites are old hat now and have been superceded by Facebook and Twitter, neither of which this writer has any experience of at all. The on-line facility that we are using to produce our new web site is called WordPress and it is actually designed for people to set up their own blogs. The theme is designed by Blogatize so our site is really a sophisticated (?) blog. Blog is an abridged form of **web-log** and as we have had a Captains Log for 10 years now perhaps we should rename it a Slog, or a Clog.

Our Boatsteerer is happy to call his contributions "blogs" but then he is a very modern man and knows about these things. He has an I-Pad and I have seen him shaking it.

I realise that I am getting a bit personal here so my apologies for that. What I am really doing is "twittering" on in the hope of filling up this page.

We can't all be regressing back to a childhood 60 years ago and a special language called "Oddle Poddle", can we?

Now, was it Bill, or was it Ben?



# Tambo's Tales

*More reminiscences of Peter's time as a junior officer with Elders & Fyffes, extracted from his memoirs.*

## **Kingston Jamaica**

A visit to Kingston always necessitated a trip to the Straw Market. Your arrival there was always noticeable by the noisy welcome given by a calypso band playing on their home made instruments. Should an American vessel be in port, the words were unrepeatable!

One dare not leave without buying some form of basket ware, which I use to this day in picking fruit.

One afternoon a large lady confronted me with arms loaded with a selection of baskets. I have always found little difficulty in being able to copy local dialects. My continued passage being blocked, I replied in my best Jamaican voice only to be asked, "Why for you no speak like Englishman"?

A "Rum & Coke" cost one shilling and six pence. The best Appleton's Estate or Charlie's White Rum was the rule of the day. There was also the prospect of enjoying a swim in the Myrtlebank Hotel, which was close to the jetty. One walked past a small building with barred windows, through which the faces of Ladies of pleasure could be seen. Outside the first side of the wall was covered in graffiti announcing "Seaman's First choice", whilst on the opposite side "Seaman's last chance" was painted.

Every weekend an American warship would arrive for "Rest & Recreation". Prior to leaving every vessel engaged itself in a head count with all hands on deck. It was nothing to watch in absolute amusement as somewhat inebriated matelots appeared at the rear of the ranks emerging from escape hatches in their birthday suits!

After bunkering and leaving Kingston's finger jetties, we proceeded usually to load at either Bowden or Salt River on the South Coast. At Bowden I discovered hidden remains of a Fort which was completely overgrown, and still had many canon balls scattered around.

Salt River was "Stowaway" territory and always produced unwanted guests. We carried the Chief of Police to observe the problem on one visit, and he hauled them all up on deck after they had buried themselves into the small amount of fruit. The uninvited guests were asked to explain the reason for their presence. Their response was that as we were flying the British Flag, they were entitled to take passage to the UK! Lucea Bay anchorage was the next loading port, and no less than thirty- six prospective stowaways were taken to shore by the Police in one of the banana lighters.

However those who managed to get aboard and conceal themselves usually came out as soon as the hold temperature dropped to fifty-three degrees f., which was the correct cargo carrying air delivery temperature for every voyage anywhere when loaded.

When we arrived at a UK. Port, these gentlemen were passed to HM Immigration. Some were willing to work, but others refused. The first question asked was "Have you any complaints concerning you treatment on this ship?" Those without Passports were returned aboard for outward delivery. Passports were often stitched between the soles of shoes.

On one voyage aboard "Matina" we found two more than willing working stowaways. They asked if there was any painting to be done as they were interior decorators by trade. During the next ten days the internal hulls of four lifeboats were repainted. They achieved such a remarkably high quality finish that I gave them special reference letters as a token of thanks, and they were not deported.

There was a time when trading to Libertador in the Dominican Republic under the Papa-Doc regime, that all vessels were searched for stowaways. A Saleen vessel had brought some in and they were told to dig their own graves.

One arrival off the long pier failed to find the Pilot and we carried on to the berth without his services. With our bow line ashore, he suddenly appeared in a boat from under the quay piles. All banana vessels have shell doors whose hinges are vital in maintaining seaworthiness, and there was no way that we were going to open one for him!

This arrival without using the Pilot caused a local political storm, which resulted in the Ballroom being used to hold a party for every Tom Dick and Harry in the Navy/Army and Government to attend aboard and resolve the difficulties.

The Dominican Navy, who's Officers spent all their time playing some form of card game or Liar Dice, used the opposite side of the loading berth. Our Third Officer walking past the game noticed considerable cheating taking place, and stopped to watch. He was forced to make a hasty return to us, after a gun had been pointed at him! The larger vessel was an old ex R.N. Flower Class Corvette.



**"Changuinola" alongside pier at Pto. Libertador with Dominican naval vessels, one being an ex R.N. Flower Class corvette..**

## **Cartoons Again!**

On opening up a new Deck Log, I always made a cover from an old chart to keep the logbook clean. Across the front cover I drew a pen and ink drawing of the ship which often covered the entire width of the enclosed Official Document.

As the passage progressed certain individuals would add other small additions, often turning the cover into a good cartoon. These masterpieces in art had shown spiders being attacked by sea gulls in the rigging or turtles firing torpedoes!

One of the seamen had a medical problem and had to be landed into hospital, which meant that our complement on deck was minus one AB.

Opening up the Log next morning after docking, I discovered an addition that had been made to my cover. The logbook cover was absolutely full of drawings, and I found a new addition, which had been drawn inside the cover. This depicted our Chief Officer standing at the head of the gangway, shaking hands with Admiral Lord Nelson in his full naval rig. The caption read "Good morning sir, they sent me from the Pool". That cartoon was framed by the master at Liverpool on our signing-off, as his souvenir of a happy voyage. Senses of humour and blessed with shipmates such as these, it was always a happy ship.

A twenty- seven-day voyage with always a week's leave given in between trips, was a life style much sought after by young Officers especially when courting, or married Port Relief Officers.

Six ex Irrawaddi Ferry Fleet officers joined the Company for shore relieving duties to enable leave patterns to be enjoyed by Deck officers, and oversee the discharging or loading of cargoes. Most of them had scuttled their vessels ahead of the Japanese invasion in that area around Rangoon. They were all ex Masters of the Irrawaddi fleet.

In between joining other vessels, it was common to be called to work on vessels as relief officers at Garston, Avonmouth, Greenock or Southampton. These had been the major ports for E&F since the last war.

Living in Portishead it was a short journey into Avonmouth by motor cycle, and of course I had my crash helmet suitably covered with an E&F badge and all sorts of other Fyffes Blue labels glued around the lower edges.

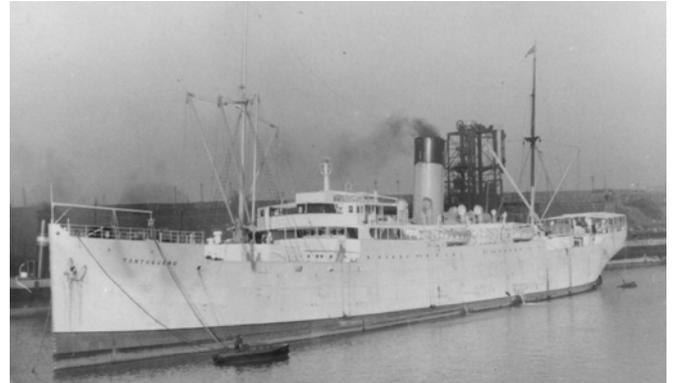
As a Third Officer I used to go aft for docking movements and always sporting this helmet. Some of the Docking Pilots used to comment on my head protection as of my not trusting their competence!

Black smoke was always a problem from the older tonnage and the Port of Bristol Police were always watching us.

“Tortuguero” was on the blocks in dry-dock, and I was the Duty Relief Officer.

Down below I could hear this “J.Arthur Rank” style of sledge hammering going on. Black smoke had completely obliterated Avonmouth, and I spied the immanent arrival of a Policeman. Racing down below I found a Junior Engineer knocking six bells out of a forced air draft fan, which had stopped.

Very quickly all lights were extinguished and the pair of us stood in darkness listening to heavy footsteps above. Venturing up onto the deserted deck I could see our visitor disappearing into the night and hey-presto the smoke stopped!



“Tortuguero at buoys in Garston Docks.”

One could purchase boxes of Chinese Fire-Crackers in Kingston. These resembled silver screwed up sweet wrappings, but if thrown against a wall or stepped on, they exploded giving off a loud explosive report.

In port many a toilet seat has had three pellets placed under the rubbers on their bases, to alarm such persons who might make use of the seat of the toilet! The lady cleaners had many a fright! At the Ashton Gate home Football Ground of Bristol City, many a home goal has been saluted with a few crackers from under a shoe! The “Black helmets” could never see the reason for the noisy reaction to a home goal or the source!

### **A New House**

My First Mate’s F.G. Certificate was obtained in February 1960, and I was engaged to the daughter of a very successful General Manager of Lewis’s, whose major stores were to be found in all major cities up and down the country. On our first meeting in the Spa Ballroom, I introduced myself as a “Marine Greengrocer” from Portishead!

The Deputy Head of the Bristol School of Navigation had just moved into a new bungalow on an estate overlooking the Channel, next to the National Nautical School at Portishead.

During every lunchtime break, we students would cover the black board with various designs of houses or bungalows. Captain Geoffrey Johnson who was in charge of the Course, would return to criticise our attempts at domestic architecture. Most had lines drawn across as being hopeless impossibilities. One afternoon I placed my ideas in chalk on the board. No fault could be found and I was advised to visit the site hut of his estate builder to put my plans before the architect. He was not impressed, as I demanded a separate dining room. With a floor space 1000 sq. ft. he said open planning was the only way to build a bungalow, and that it was 1959 not 1859! I held my ground, stating that I was determined to stand by my proposed design.

The builder told me after completing the construction, that he would have built the garage with a balcony without charge had I been at home. Explosives had to be used to cut the foundations into the rock strata!

Within days I joined “Telde” in Southampton for a United Fruit Co. Charter voyage, and sailed for Rotterdam to load a full cargo of bagged ammonium nitrates.

Resulting from this visit, my new home was completed during the nine-month voyage with “Telde”, being the only building on the site of thirty eight bungalows to have a separate dining room, until the very last, which is an exact copy.

My future Wife who was a fashion manageress at Lewis’ in Bristol, supervised the construction from start to finish, placing the fear of God into the builders during the process. They would say “Good morning” and run like hell to escape her store discipline, which was “The customer is always right”. The price to construct this three-bedded bungalow with a treble garage underneath the main floor was £3249. (Land value £249).(Resold 2005 for £475.000).

On getting married we moved into a wonderful home, furnished by Lewis’s suppliers many of whom had filled Christ Church Clifton for the choral Wedding Service. The views of the channel extending from the Islands off Weston Super Mare and up to the new Severn Bridge could be seen from the lounge window. A stone could be thrown from the garden down to the beach. There was always a fresh supply of driftwood to feed the boiler, with as much washed aggregates as one needed to build paths around the plot.

A press report of our marriage stated “New home for her and new ship for him”!

After moving into “Matina” (“There was “Camito” next door) I decided to construct a series of mahogany fittings in the lounge. Arriving in Tiko one day, I mentioned my ideas to our local manager. “Just give me a cutting list and I will have it ready for your next trip”. The ship left with the cutting list in the correct hands, and the timber was waiting our return five weeks later. Planks one inch thick and twelve feet in length with a variety of other sizes were packed into two large but heavy bundles.

Of course I told the Landing Officer in Southampton that I had some timber for my home. “Crew baggage” he said, and we had to use a shore crane to lift my consignment onto one of Tratman & Lowther’s lorries. Imagine being able to purchase a ton of mahogany for £11.0 today!

## Gone Aloft

### **Admiral of the Fleet Sir Julian Oswald G.C.B.**

Sir Julian Oswald was appointed a “Stowaway” member of the Club in 1993 and was a frequent, and very welcome, guest at many Sea Pie Suppers before and after that time.

Born in Invergordon in 1933, he entered the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth in 1947 and subsequently served in the training cruiser “Devonshire” before joining the battleship “Vanguard” and later saw service in a frigate, aircraft carrier and a cruiser.

He was appointed to command of the minesweeper “Yarnton” in 1962 and promoted to Captain in 1973 when serving with the Ministry of Defence.

Promoted to Rear-Admiral in 1982 he served on the Defence Staff before being appointed Commander Anti-Submarine Warfare Striking Fleet, the most senior sea-going appointment in the Royal Navy at that time. Appointments as Commander in Chief Fleet and NATO C-in-C Eastern Atlantic followed in 1987.

In 1989, he was knighted and in 1991 Sir Julian was the “inspirational” First Sea Lord during the Gulf War.

In retirement he was the first Admiral to become chairman of a FTSE 100 company and devoted much of his time to the support of Service charities. His favourite recreation was gliding and as a qualified instructor he was credited with teaching some 1500 young people to fly.

A man of great charm and modesty with a deep religious conviction, Sir Julian died on July 19th. 2011 aged 77 and to Lady Oswald, their two sons and three daughters, the membership of the Southampton Master Mariners’ Club sends its sincere condolences.



CRK 15/8/11

### **Frank Grayer**

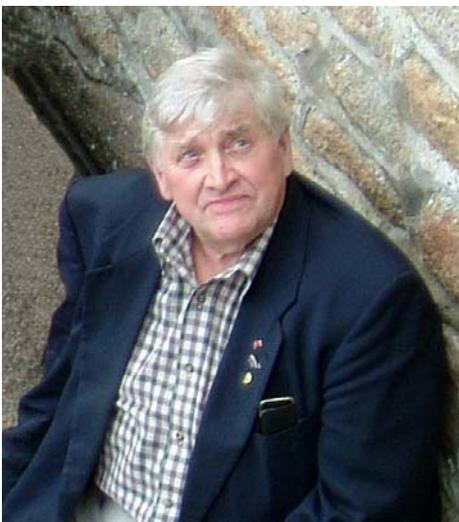
Frank Grayer, who “went aloft” suddenly on July 29<sup>th</sup>. 2011 was a popular member of the club and, until a few years ago, a regular attendee. Born in Southampton, Frank was the son of a professional footballer and, almost certainly, it was this that led to his prowess at sport throughout his lifetime. He played football in school teams and later the Hampshire League and Southampton F.C reserves – to mention but a few.

Called-Up in 1946 and posted to Egypt he was immediately enlisted in the Army cricket team as a bowler – and later he was selected to play football for the Army.

On his discharge Frank rejoined the Ordnance Survey and it was then that he concentrated on his true sporting love – cricket – and his talents as a batsman and bowler were much in demand. Playing for the OS he took all ten wickets in an innings and later he scored 169 not out with none of his team mates reaching double figures. A lifetime supporter of Eastleigh Football Club he was appointed a Lifetime Vice-President of the club – and the same honour was bestowed upon him when he and his wife became members of Atherley Bowling Club. A member of the Southampton Touring Cricket Club he served as Team Manager, Chairman, President (and umpire) before joining the Master Mariners’ Cricket team where his prowess as a batsman and bowler were truly appreciated – and needed!

The membership of the Southampton Master Mariners’ Club extends its condolences to Teresa, Kim, Lee, Ian and Michael.

### **Alan Gravestock**



Alan Gravestock, who went aloft on 7th August 2011, joined the Club in 1998. He was a willing volunteer and clubman and was appointed Harpooner in 2000, serving on the Entertainments Committee until 2006. He and his wife Brenda enjoyed many of the club functions and excursions, the photo here being taken at Mont St. Michel on a club trip to Normandy in 2005.

Alan was an engineer and served his time on the Tyne before going to sea with Blue Funnel and then Cable & Wireless, attaining the rank of Chief Engineer.

He was a keen Triumph Stag enthusiast and also a popular member of the Lyndhurst Bowling Club, and many members of both associations were at his well attended funeral on 12th August.

Our condolences to Brenda, to whom he had been married for 57 years, to their sons Ian and Michael, and their daughter Sharon, now living in New Zealand with their grand children and one great grand-child.

# Rope Ends

## Blood spilt at the Cathedral

There was some drama on the evening of the Shipping Festival Service at Winchester Cathedral on the 16th June. Just prior to the service, Cachalot Reg Pretty, one of the sidesmen, stepped outside onto the lawn at the back of the Cathedral for a bit of fresh air. With unerring accuracy, he also stepped on the one piece of discarded glass probably to be found in the whole of the grounds and, slipping heavily, cut his leg. There was a lot of blood but help was soon to hand in the shape of Janet Marriott, wife of Past Captain Peter and a trained nurse. Assessing that some form of tourniquet was required, Reg's Club tie was soon put to a less decorative and more practical use. The order was, "Your cut, your blood, your tie," and Janet also called for an ambulance to whisk poor Reg off to A&E. Now Reg the Dredge is made of stern stuff and was in the Clubroom the following lunch time, none the worse but for the stitches, and soon made a full recovery.

One thing that came to light during the incident was that when the operator took the emergency call, he/she demanded to know either the street name or the post code for the call to be progressed through the system. Now you and I both know where Winchester Cathedral is, and probably the local ambulance crews do too, (huge building...been there for years) but the street name or post code? Me neither, but I would have bet on "Cathedral Close". Luckily someone did know, but it goes to show the inflexibility of some computerised systems, and this an emergency one.

*I have just googled "Winchester Cathedral" into Google maps and it came up immediately: "The Close". I was too.*



Further to the report in the last edition, after raising an amazing £80,000 to fund its bi-annual "MOT", the Maritime & Coast Guard Agency Surveyor detected extensive corrosion of some frames below the Engine Room deck-plates. Passenger sailings are suspended until repairs can be funded and carried out. The cost of these repairs are likely to be extensive and into six figures. Whilst this is a major disappointment to supporters they are determined to fight on and get the ship sailing again, retaining a vital part of our maritime heritage.

[www.ss-shieldhall.co.uk](http://www.ss-shieldhall.co.uk)

***Congratulations to***

***John & Marjorie Smart***



***Who celebrated their  
DIAMOND  
Wedding Anniversary  
On  
6th July***

**Nautical Institute Solent Branch**

The Solent Branch is revitalising and has a new website.

[www.nisolent.org.uk](http://www.nisolent.org.uk)

which is now live.

