

The CACHALOT

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHAMPTON MASTER MARINERS' CLUB

No 47

March 2013

Post Captain's Log

Writing my last Log, I can only say how my year as Captain has flown by.

Margaret and I attended the City of Southampton Remembrance Day Service at the Cenotaph, Southampton on Sunday 11th November.

Dame Mary Fagan, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, laid a wreath on behalf of the County and the Mayor, Councillor Derek Burke, on behalf of the citizens of Southampton, followed by City and Military Organisations. I laid a wreath on behalf of 'The Cachalots'. After the Service, 17 Port & Maritime Regiment and the Southampton Albion Band, under the direction of the Parade Marshal, marched to Above Bar Street where the Salute was taken by the Lord Lieutenant and the Mayor at Guildhall Square.

The weather did not discourage 43 members and guests from enjoying the Christmas Dinner at King's Court on Saturday 1st December; then a week later on the 8th December 24 members and guests attended the Christmas Lunch in the Clubroom. Margaret arranged the Raffle ably assisted by Lesley Odd, raising Funds for my Captain's Charity, The John Thornton Young Achievers Foundation.

Captain John Noble and Club Members attended the Docklands New Years Service held in the Seafarers Centre Chapel on Wednesday 2nd January. Everyone was saddened to hear of the death of 'Gerry' Dalton especially so soon after his determination to climb the stairs to the Club to celebrate his 100th Birthday.

On Thursday 3rd January the Reverend Andrew Hockett conducted the Service of Thanksgiving for the Life of John Gerard (Gerry) Dalton in the packed Southampton Seafarers Centre Chapel of St. Andrew and later his relatives and many friends joined Cachalot members in taking refreshments provided by Colin Dorrington, of the Seafarers' Centre, and his staff.

On Saturday 5th January the Past Captains elected John Noble as Captain, Ian Odd as Staff Captain and Sea Staff Captain for 2013.

The AGM was well attended on Thursday 17th January, the Club future and Finances still being a concern. Barry Peck reassured members that since the Seafarers' Centre new lease was now taking effect and the increased subscriptions now being charged the Club was looking forward to a brighter future.

Our Popular Club Function, the Burn's Night Supper on Saturday 19th January had to be cancelled due to the winter weather having turned the approach road and car park at King's Court into an Ice Rink !! Terry Clark managed to reschedule our Burn's Night Supper for 9th March.

The Presentation to Pete and Linda Thornton, who manage the John Thornton Young Achievers Foundation,

was in the Clubroom at Lunchtime on Friday 25th January. I would like to thank Members and friends for their generous donations and with monies from the Christmas Raffles a total of £515.05 was raised. Pete Thornton presented me with a Certificate which is on display on the Clubroom Noticeboard.

The Sea Pie Supper on Friday 1st February at the City Terminal proved to be a great success with over 560 paying guests. Captain Ian McNaught, Deputy Master Trinity House, was the Principal Guest and Speaker. My thanks to David Stocks, Boatsteerer, and Richard James, Administrator, for organising the event.

I would like to thank everyone who supported me during my year in Office. It has been an Honour and Privilege to represent the Club in 2012, Her Majesty's Jubilee and Olympic Year.

Peter Grant
Post Captain

The New Captain



Captain John M. Noble

Not quite 'new' in that John was previously Captain of the Club in 1989. That is not new either, as the precedent was set by Captain Percy Cooper, who was Club Captain in both 1951 and 1970.

Unfortunately, while this newsletter was being prepared, John went off a-roving to Australia and I neglected to extract a full c.v. from him before he went. No doubt he will rectify the deficiency in his first log when he is back from his walk-about.

Boatsteerer's Locker

We are at the end of my second year in office and I have to say that the two years have gone quite quickly and as I am sure many of you will agree that the years do tend to pass too fast! It has been quite a journey; we changed the venue for the SPS and have now had two successful Suppers at the new venue and hopefully many more to come. I will not dwell on the SPS here but thank our guests for supporting us year after year. We certainly hope that they enjoy the evening with us and will be back again on the 7th February 2014.

I had said that I would wish to step down from the position of Boatsteerer at the end of the two year tenure. However I find myself planning the Shipping Festival Service for the 13th June and feel that a gradual change will be seen during the year in the way that the affairs of the Cachalots are administered.

Review of 2012.

2012 was perhaps a year in which much was discussed and steps taken although small ones towards preparing the Cachalots for future years in order to keep the SMMC alive and well. I look forward to 2013 as a year where some of the ideas will be put into practice and others will be discussed.

Clubrooms. The facility is always one which is well thought of and practical in order to have meetings and where shipmates and fellow Cachalots meet on a social basis if only on a Friday lunchtime. We have been granted a very favourable lease by our landlords and this enables the SMMC to continue to use the facility in spite of the reduced members attending.

We must however be aware that our use of the space is dependant upon the landlords and their use of the building and at some time in the future we will be asked to vacate the club-room. This will not be the end of the Cachalots but a new chapter in the life of the SMMC.

Bursary. 2012 saw a rethink of the way in which we contribute to the encouragement of young seafarers and the Bursary award was not given. The award is on hold until such times as the committee can see a clear way forward and I hope that early in the year a decision will be made. Hopefully the Cachalots will once more be able to help local youngsters to make the first steps in a career at sea by some kind of award to follow the Bursary, which had been presented annually for the previous three years.

Southampton Ship Owners Association. The SSOA did not this year seek help from the Cachalots in the annual ship visit for children. The event was planned and then postponed due to the bad weather experienced in early June, and was eventually cancelled with the provision to be held again in 2013. We look forward to being able to assist the SSOA again this year.

Solent Maritime. Is still buoyant and we are looking forward to the next meeting on the 22nd of this month.

The Sea Pie Supper. It can only be said that this event was a great success and that we look forward to the 7th February 2014. A report already features in the magazine and therefore I will not say any more here.

Now to 2013

I hope this year will be a memorable one for our New Captain John Noble and of course in all the right ways. We thank Peter Grant for his Captaincy last year and look forward to the Staff Captain Ian Odd being elected in 2014 if that is the will of the Past Captain's.

I have already mentioned 2013 as being a year where we will see some new method in our madness and I hope that you will be able to support the Club throughout the year.

As always at the end of one year and at the start of a new year membership subscriptions become due and we see a decline in membership, some people having moved from the area and of course we also lose some of our friends and colleagues in other ways. This year I feel that the Cachalots have seen more interest from new members wishing to join than perhaps in immediate past years. Douglas will probably say that this is an illusion but then we do seem to be retaining the level of membership at least even, if not increasing. Can I take this opportunity to encourage members to spread the word and encourage new blood to join us.

And finally, to those I haven't seen, may I wish you all a healthy and enjoyable 2013 and don't forget to support your club. We are open both Thursday and Friday lunch times.

David Stocks
Boatsteerer



Captain Peter Grant was pleased to be able to donate a cheque for £255 to the John Thornton Young Achievers Foundation at a presentation in the clubroom on 25th January.

Pete and Linda Thornton, whose son John was tragically killed in Afghanistan, received the cheque, which represented monies raised by raffles at the recent Christmas functions, and a further £205 which was donated at this lunchtime presentation. Gift Aid tax refund will add 25% to this latter sum, making over **£515** in total.

Peter Grant chose the JTYAF, a charity based close to his home at Ferndown, as his Captain's Charity for his year.

See www.jtyaf.org for more information

Burns Supper

It was not a night fit for travelling on the previously scheduled date and the event was cancelled, but we have been able to re-book King's Court on

9th March

Same time, same menu, same programme, same cast but as it will be closer to St. Patrick's Day than Burns' Night we are thinking of re-naming it

O'Burns Supper

and getting our players to present their pieces in an Irish accent.

Some who were booked for the original cannot make the new date so there are a few places available if you are quick.

Price held at **£30** per head
Black Tie & Miniatures
1900 for 1930



Club Supper

A Club Supper has been arranged in the Club Room

On

Friday 17th May

A Club Speaker, Roy Martin, will give a talk:

'PRELUDE TO THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC'

The Menu:

CREAM OF LEEK & CELERY SOUP

BAKED GAMMON
with
MADEIRA SAUCE

LEMON PROFITEROLES

1900 for 1930

Catering by John Davis

Price will be **£26** per head
and numbers limited to **39**
on a first come basis.

Skittles Evening



at the

SOUTHAMPTON (OLD) GREEN BOWLING CLUB

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

On

Friday, 22nd March

Another popular and relaxed evening and we have chosen to stick with

Fish & Chips

again for the main but this year there will be a selection of sweets for you to choose from.

Price retained at **£13** per head.
1900 onwards

Names to the notice board or Richard by 15 March please, so we can advise the caterers of numbers in good time.

Curry Lunch



The regulars are still satisfied with the food and service on offer at Kuti's in Oxford Street so the next Curry Lunch has been booked there on **20th April**, 1200 for 1230.

Slight increase (again) in price, to **£12.50** per head.

70th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC

THE LONGEST, LARGEST AND MOST COMPLEX NAVAL BATTLE IN HISTORY

2013 sees the commemoration of World War II's Battle of the Atlantic, the longest continuous military campaign in history. Events to mark the occasion will be based in Liverpool, the UK centre of operations for much of the campaign.

Full details of the events are posted on the dedicated pages on our website, www.cachalots.org.uk including the newsletters provided by the Flag Officer Regional Forces' BoA70 Programme Office.

Tickets for the Cathedral Service and March/Fly Past on Sunday 26th May can be obtained through David Stocks, in his capacity as Secretary of the Old Conways.

Sea Pie Supper 2013

We can report that the 2013 Sea Pie Supper was considered to be a resounding success. Held, for the 2nd time, at the City Cruise Terminal, Southampton, any teething problems experienced last year at the new venue seem to have been resolved.

Building on that experience, various small changes were made to layout of the main hall and the reception areas. As an aid to relieve immediate congestion guests were offered a choice of a free drink on arrival, red or white wine, Prosecco or soft drink and encouraged to proceed through to the main dining area where two bars were available for pre-dinner drinks. Table service was also available throughout the evening.

Over 560 members and guests were entertained by the 28 strong City of Southampton (Albion) Band during dinner, where the original three decker 'sea pie', a layered dish of meat, vegetables, fish and broken biscuits has now been replaced by a more refined Beef, Red Wine, Mushroom & Tarragon Pie.

After dinner the outgoing Captain, Peter Grant, installed the new one, John Noble. Captain Noble then proposed the toast to 'Our Guests' which was responded to by the Principal Guest, Captain Ian McNaught, Deputy Master of Trinity House, whose spirited and amusing speech was well received.

The evening finished with the traditional singing of sea shanties, led by our Hon. Shantyman, Mr David King.



Captains and Distinguished Guests at SPS '13

From left to right:

Captain David Stocks, *Boatsteerer*

Captain John Hughes, *Chairman, Southampton Seafarers' Centre*

Captain John Freestone, *Master, Honourable Company of Master Mariners*

The Very Reverend James Atwell, *Dean of Winchester*

Mrs Lorna Atwell.

Commodore Bill Walworth OBE, *Royal Fleet Auxiliary and fellow Cachalot*

Councillor Derek Burke, *Mayor of Southampton and Admiral of the Port*

Mrs Christine Atkinson.

Captain Peter Grant, *outgoing Captain*

Mr Nigel Atkinson DL, *Vice Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire*

Captain Ian McNaught, *Deputy Master, Trinity House and Principal Speaker*

Commodore J. Rigby RN, *Naval Base Commander, Portsmouth*

Sir Malcolm Edge KCVO, *Stowaway*

Mr Hallam Mills, *High Sheriff of Hampshire*

Mr Doug Morrison, *Port Director, Port of Southampton*

Captain John Noble, *Captain elect*

Mr Philip Wake, *Chief Executive, Nautical Institute*

Our Sea Pie Supper attracts a diversity of marine professionals and represented on the night were Harbour Masters, Masters, Pilots, Tugmen, as well as port authorities and berth operators: ABP, Exxon, BP Hamble, DP World and Solent Stevedores.

On the mobile side were Williams Shipping, Whitaker Tankers, Solent Towage, Svitzer Tugs and Salvage. These companies brought with them representatives of their own customers: APL, NYK, CMA CGM, MOL, Freightliner, Hyundai.

Ferry companies were there including both the local Red Funnel and Wightlink, as well as one from the capital, Thames Clippers.

Support, maintenance and refurbishment services were also there: Furuno, Leedham Marine, Testbank, Turbo Services International, Martins Rubber, Moss Marine Construction, even an International producer of marine coatings and another regular supporter, Jotun Paints.

Global maritime expertise was also there: Marico Marine and Global Marine Systems.

Inspectors and surveyors were there with BA Marine and the Bahamas Maritime Authority was again well represented.

Amity World Travel, specialising in both business and leisure travel was there again and 'marine leisure' was supported by officers from some of the local Royal Yacht Clubs.

Sail Training International was there, as was the Association of Sail Training Organisations and at the same table was a well respected naval architect/author, who designed the 'Lord Nelson', with his wife and son, a marine photographer.

Merchant Navy training was represented by the Warsash Maritime Academy and previous such establishments were remembered by some Old Conways and an equal number Old Boys from the South African training ship General Botha.

The MCA, led by Past Captain Jeremy Smart, had three tables and also present but seated with the salvage professionals was probably the most powerful Marine Professional in the country, SOSREP. It sounds more dignified to give him his full title: the Secretary of State's Representative for Maritime Salvage & Intervention. In an emergency he has the power to DIRECT Masters, Pilots, Salvors, Shipowners and in some instances Port Authorities.

On the legal side were the P&I Clubs and Marine Law firms, including LA Marine and Ince & Co.

And where would we be nowadays without all our modern communications, websites and what-have-you and the able assistance of CData Services, our own services provider, who had also mustered a table of their own.

One of our guests was the editor of the local paper and after Lord West's diatribe last year about 'Sea Blindness' we had high hopes of some favourable publicity but when it eventually came, in the issue of 19th February, it was a curate's egg of a report.

The Vice Lord-Lieutenant was relegated to Deputy High Sheriff and we are described as Knicknamed the Cachalots, later Cachelots, but I expect I am just Knit-picking. There were some colour photos of members and their guests taken in the reception area but none of the distinguished guests who were of course ushered straight through to the VIP bar. In any case we had no advance warning that a photographer would be there. Pity really, I'm sure that, with all the proper gear, he would have made a better job of the group photo opposite.

In a search for a more illustrious subject the Echo had raided their archives and come up with a picture of Captain Larry Corner with a visiting Admiral, Sir David Williams, in the club room at Royal Mail House in 1977. The Admiral was Commander in Chief, Naval Home Command, at the time and Went Aloft last July, but I am sure that Larry is pleased that he is still making the news after 36 years.

Our thanks go to the caterers, Halo, for helping us to make the event such a success and hopefully we will be able to build on it in future years.

Also to ABP for the use of the venue which, for a few hours on a Friday night, seems to be transformed from a mundane passenger transit facility and comes alive to our unique mixture of formality and informality, black tie and sea shanties, with a good atmosphere and the company of shipmates and what we used to know as 'Board of Trade Acquaintances'. One of our Distinguished Guests, who had piloted the Royal Barge so precisely at the River Pageant last year, likened it to 'a good run ashore'. What better accolade!

Management Structure Review

Introduction

For several years your Officers and Harpooners have become increasingly aware, that in the real world of a diminishing membership that is prepared to take on the burden of managing the Cachalot's activities and perpetually rising costs, it has become necessary to review our management structure. The criteria for such a review must be to establish that what 'we do' is both within the willingness of its Officers and Harpooners to undertake and that its operation is financially stable. A working group consisting of: - G.Angas, Chair. J.Noble, Club Captain. I.Odd, Staff Captain. has been formed in order to produce recommendations for consideration of the General Committee for the future management of the Cachalots. Whilst a final list of all the recommendations is still 'work in progress', it has been agreed to outline the type of changes that are under consideration and the process that we are adopting.

Progress

The working group has met twice and a draft document has been produced and considered. Furthermore, the Executive and Finance Committee have debated the draft proposals at great length. In principle there is, so far, a consensus that agrees, given the changing times and current activities that the Cachalots undertake we have a top heavy committee structure. We are currently looking at having a single 'management' committee. It is proposed that this committee should be made up of the Officers of the Cachalots and supplemented by seven Harpooners who are elected to serve for an agreed period after which they will be eligible for re-election. Should members of the committee wish to call upon the services of other Harpooners to organise a particular activity, e.g. the current entertainments committee, then the Functions officer will be empowered to do so, but it will not be part of the formal management committee structure.

Secondly it has been recognised that the workload and responsibilities for the day to day operations required to manage the Cachalots to fall solely upon the Boatsteerer, Administration Officer and Storekeeper requires a commitment of time and effort that is too onerous. In this respect we are considering a more shared responsibility which will, in practical terms, enable other management committee members to undertake specific shared functions, e.g. It will not always be the Boatsteerer who co-ordinates the Sea Pie Supper and the Shipping Festival Service (these functions are already, to a greater or lesser extent, shared tasks with many Officers and Harpooners actively involved). It may well be that another named Harpooner can take on the co-ordinating role for these functions.

Process

It has been agreed that the way to proceed will be to review the Cachalot 'Rules' in the context of the changes that we consider need to be made and adjust them accordingly. When agreed by the General Committee, the revised 'Rules' will be circulated to all members for approval at either an A/EGM.

Conclusion

If any member wishes to get involved with this review then please contact either myself or any of the Officers. Your contribution will be appreciated.

George Angas.

Cachalite

A new email bulletin service is available to Cachalots and its purpose is to keep them up to date with the latest happenings at the club.

The *Cachalot* newsletter was originally intended to fulfil this function but it was realised that a quarterly publication hardly fitted the modern bill. The first website went some way but was not very user friendly, particularly to those of us putting a first tentative toe into murky e-waters. It was also very public.

The latest comprehensive website resolves those problems but does require a degree of computer savvy in that one needs to log in (on? - whatever). Much less bother than setting up a radar display or a Decca Navigator but those that can't be fuffed with all that nonsense have sometimes found themselves out of the loop and I don't think that is a good thing for the continued smooth running of the club. Painfully aware of the adage about old (sea) dogs I have taken the initiative and instigated this E-Bulletin message service. It will bring to members the latest news and reminders, as provided to me by the Officers of the club and the office, or even by yourselves.

Bulletins will be brief and concise and will be in the form of plain emails, not attachments. They will be directed to subscribers as b.c.c.'s, the internet equivalent of 'under plain wrapper', so nobody else will see your e-mail address and inadvertently pass it on. They are not meant as a substitute for the website, but hopefully to encourage members to visit it.

The first bulletins were e-mailed to all those on my personal address list with the proviso that they should advise me if they no longer wished to be included. So far no-one has opted out.

If you wish to be included on the distribution list, please advise me, at editor@cachalots.org.uk of your current email address and I will add you to it. Alternatively you can advise the office, office@cachalots.org.uk

This gives us your permission to send you the occasional e-bulletin containing news and reminders, all of which can be found on our main website anyway.

Then and Now

Some time ago, Southampton celebrated the 75th. anniversary of the sailing – on her maiden voyage – of the legendary RMS “Queen Mary” with her complement of 1849 passengers and 1186 crew, the vast majority of the latter comprising men and women living in Southampton or its environs.

In 1926 Cunard started to draw up plans for a replacement for their “Mauretania” but it was not until January 1931 that the keel of the new ship was laid by John Brown and Company on the Clyde.

Work proceeded apace but in December of that year Cunard announced the suspension of the vessel’s construction as a result of the world-wide recession in shipbuilding. Two years later , in December 1933 following the merger of the White Star Line and Cunard, it was agreed that construction would resume and, in April 1934 work resumed at John Brown’s yard and the leviathan was launched, and named by HRH Queen Mary, in September of that year. With a design speed of some 29 knots it was hoped that the ship would immediately regain the legendary “Blue Riband” but dense fog and wise seamanship dictated otherwise and it was not until a few months later that she took this prestigious (if slightly mythical) award from the French “Normandie”.

In 1940 she was joined by her sistership “Queen Elizabeth” and the wartime service of these two huge ships is truly legendary. The “Queen Mary” was de-requisitioned in September 1945 and it was estimated that during her wartime (and immediate post war) service for HMG she had travelled over 600,000 miles and carried 800,000 “passengers” comprising Allied troops and, later on, war brides. The rest is history and today the mighty ship is berthed at Long Beach enjoying her new role as a museum, hotel and conference centre.

The Merchant Navy dates back to the 17th. Century when it was decreed that every merchant seafarer should “register” so that in time of war their services would be available for the fighting Royal Navy. The Red Ensign – in a variety of designs – was flown by many ships from these islands – including ships of the Royal Navy - and it was not until about 1854 that a Merchant Shipping Act dictated that henceforth only United Kingdom merchant ships would be entitled to wear this prestigious ensign. Soon the UK merchant fleet grew to be the biggest fleet sailing the oceans of the world and despite the heavy losses of WWI (some 7.7 million tons and almost 15000 seafarers) this supremacy persisted until the outbreak of WW2 which saw some 54% of the ships flying the Red Ensign destroyed by enemy action with the loss of some 30,000 seafarers. Post war building saw partial restoration of this huge fleet and by 1957 some 2050 ships again flew the Red Ensign – but by 2005 strong international commercial competition had reduced the number of UK registered ocean-going ships of 1000 gross registered tons or more to about 440 and today that number is considerably less.

Today approximately 25,000 UK nationals are employed at sea in ships flying a variety of flags including the Red Ensign. No longer is it mandatory to man UK flag ships with UK nationals in any capacity and an abundance of lower cost seafarers means that UK nationals have to be extremely competitive in terms of wages and conditions. In effect this means that many are sailing with other nationals and it was reported that a recent “Red Ensign” cruise ship caller at Southampton had a crew complement comprising some 26 nationalities. Indeed, even amongst the 15 or so crew of a container vessel it is not unusual to find three or four different nationalities.

Undoubtedly mixed-manning poses a few problems and this was demonstrated recently during the pre-investigation into the stranding of the Italian flag “Costa Concordia” when it was stated that the Indonesian quartermaster steering the vessel had difficulty in understanding the Italian Master’s helm orders –reputedly given in “English”

Today, the turn-around of ships in port is a great deal faster than hitherto and so the opportunities to explore foreign countries, go ashore for shopping and socialise with the locals are severely restricted. In many countries security considerations may preclude crew members from enjoying any shore leave.

Together these restrictions, coupled with long periods of on-board service, means that seafarers are frequently “cooped-up” on their ships for many months without any worthwhile break in their daily routine and, on occasions, working alongside people with whom they have little in common and some difficulty in communicating with.

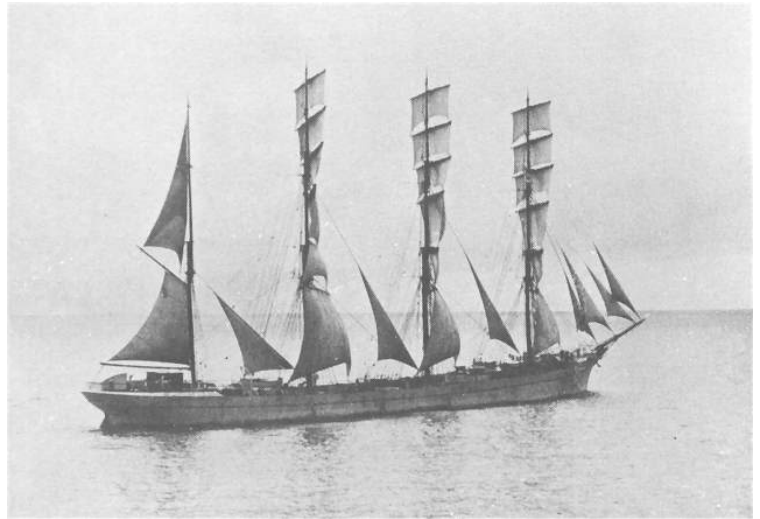
The ship-visiting Chaplains of the various maritime charities frequently bring much needed relief and comfort to lonely seafarers and their minibus is usually available to afford these who can get ashore for a few hours access to the shops and, in some ports, a Seafarers’ Centre where internet facilities allow them to communicate with their loved ones at home. As charities these organisations are wholly dependent on the generosity of shipping companies and individuals and without that support the world’s seafarers would be deprived of the friendship and services so freely available today.

More recently the charities have taken to positioning “on site” centres close to where the ships actually berth and this allows those who are unable to snatch a few hours ashore to nip down the gangway, buy their essential toiletries, use the internet and have a cup of tea or coffee. Yes, a very great deal has changed.

Fifty Years on Salt Water

The second episode of the memoirs of Leslie (Charlie) Chapman, who served his time in sail, in one trip, and went on to become a Southampton Pilot. I can find no record of Charlie having ever been a Cachalot but a lot of our pre-war records are missing.

Charlie has joined his first ship, the four masted barque *Brilliant*, in Philadelphia and they have loaded 165,000 cases of paraffin. Charlie gives few dates but I have deduced that he was born in 1892 and would have been fifteen years old when he set sail as a first voyage apprentice in 1907, bound for Japan around the Cape of Good Hope.



What a thrill the first day at sea, looking up at the mass of canvas, the ship heeling over to a fresh beam wind, going a good speed, but not quite such a thrill when the wind freshened, and the royals were taken in. It was the apprentices job to furl the mizzen royal, the senior apprentice and myself want aloft to do this, the first time I had been aloft since we set sail, I was terrified at first, but would not go through the lubbers hole, but I felt worse when I arrived on the yard, about 165 feet above the deck, and had to stand on a swinging footrope to furl the sail - I dare not look down. Like all things at sea I soon got accustomed to going aloft, and it did not bother me any more. The hardest thing I found was the lack of sleep - no time on a five months voyage could you get more than three and a half hours sleep, and many times less than that, as in stormy weather it was frequently all hands on deck. I recall one occasion when rounding Cape Horn, all hands were on deck for 48 hours with nothing to eat or drink, as the heavy sea had gutted the galley completely and the cook could not light the fire. Our clothes were frozen stiff for a time, yet in spite of the different changes of temperature during a voyage, I never knew of anyone having a cold. In fact I cannot recall any sickness amongst the crew of the *Brilliant* during my stay in her, and very few accidents at sea. On one occasion a sailor fell from the crossjack yardarm and landed on the deck, his fall was broken by a rope stretching from the rigging to the mast, he had a nasty gash on his throat. He was taken to the saloon where he was found to have no broken bones, although he had fallen fifty feet on to a hard deck. The Captain and chief steward put seven stitches into the gash, fortunately he was unconscious, so felt no pain - he was in that state for over a week, and was able to do light work by the end of the voyage. One other man fell from aloft when we were running the "Easting" down, it was a dark stormy night, the wind right aft, and we were doing fourteen knots, we heard him hit the bulwarks as he fell, and must have been killed instantly. The captain called the watch aft, to clear his own yardarm, and asked if they were satisfied that he could not do anything to save him, they all agreed. It was a wise thing for him to do, as sometimes by the end of a voyage, the crew might be troublesome and try and bring a case against the captain. I recall one occasion while in Bombay, we were ready to sail, it was Christmas Time, and the crew wanted money to have another day ashore; as they had already over-drawn their money they were refused leave, but went on ashore thinking the ship would be held up. The Captain informed the police, and inside twenty-four hours they were back on board again - but not to work, they were taken down to the tween deck and handcuffed to the stanchions, and as the tween deck was half loaded with many manganese ore, they had a very rocky place to sit on, and not enough height to stand. The *Brilliant* sailed the same day, sufficient men were mustered from the officers, apprentices, petty officers, steward and cook, to hoist all the sails, with the aid of the two steam winches, and steam windless to hoist the anchor. The men were kept below for two days, living on bread and water, and were mighty glad to turn to when they had the chance. They were all logged, but gave no more trouble for the rest of the voyage, and their loggings were cancelled. Fortunately the N.E. Monsoon was blowing and we managed to sail out of Bombay Harbour on the one tack, so all was well.

Writing of this particular stay in Bombay, the apprentices had a wonderful time, as the *Brilliant* was the first sailing vessel seen there for a good number of years; consequently people came from miles away to look over her. This resulted in getting many invitations out, especially for Christmas Day; we had seven invitations for dinner that day, we split up and attended two dinners each, one at mid-day and one in the evening, I feel sure in our hungry state if we had time we could have dealt with more. We were always more or less hungry, as we were all growing boys. We only had our Board of Trade rations to live on, and in my opinion they were not enough. A sample of a days food at sea, consisted of a plate of oatmeal and a cup of coffee for breakfast, a plate of pea soup and a slice of salt horse for dinner, a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter for tea. On Sunday, a bit of a change, we had baked beans and coffee, no milk in those days; for dinner soup and "Harriet Lane", which is the landsman's tinned meat. I think this name originated from a case where a woman was murdered and cut up and canned; it was never referred to under any other name in sail.

As I have remarked before it was not a crime to occasionally borrow a tin of fruit. On one occasion, another apprentice and myself, went to the lazarette where the stores were kept, also all the new coils of rope, marlin and spare bolts of canvas. The first mate wanted a piece of canvas for a camp stool, we thought it a good chance to borrow a tin of peaches. Having eaten them, we had to get rid of the tin to avoid being found out. I cut the bottom as well as the top out of the tin and squashed it flat, put it into my shirt and proceeded to the mate's room, with the canvas. He said, "Now you are here, hold it while I cut it". He must have spotted the tin, as he bent and twisted around quite a lot, and caused me to do the same, needless to say I was cut quite

a bit, with the tin, and blood started to flow; he calmly said, "Now throw that tin overboard, before anybody else sees it, and don't do it again. I met this same first mate, many years later in Cape Town during the first world war and we had a long yarn over the days in sail. Even he was rather surprised, when I told him of all the tricks we got up to.

I think I have digressed rather a lot from our voyage to Kobe. We had a fine weather run down to the Equator, which we crossed in about 25° West Longitude, and on that day there were actually nineteen sailing ships in sight. After picking up the South West Trade we made very good time, sailing down to pick up the Westerlies, changing our fair-weather sails for the heavy canvas.

We sighted and sailed close to Tristan da Cunha, with the intention of contacting the shore, but it was blowing hard, so we continued our voyage. We sailed down to Latitude 42.5 for running our Easting down, and soon picked up strong winds from the West. At one time we logged 17 knots, under double topsails, fore-sail and mainsail.

The old sailing ship method of finding our speed, was to toss a canvas bag, attached to a long line, overboard; this line was marked to indicate different speeds, and was timed by a 30 second sand glass, that is to say, the amount of line ran out in 30 seconds after a white rag placed (I think) 25 fathoms from the bag, had passed our hands. The bag was fitted with a wooden plug, which pulled out when the line was held tight, making it easier to pull in again. If you were slow in answering the mate's call to "Heave the Log", he would knock the wooden plug in tight, so that it would not pull out. This made it a very hard drag to get in; the rope was wound on a reel, similar to the one used for the deep sea hand lead line.

It was a frightening sight to look astern and see the huge seas rolling up behind you, some must have been at least fifty feet high, with ten feet breakers on top of them. Fortunately we had a half round wheelhouse, so the man at the wheel could not look astern and get frightened.

As is usually the custom in a sailing ship running the "Easting down", an Albatross had to be caught, this was done by trailing a metal triangle with the centre cut out and laced over with a piece of meat. When the albatross hooked its beak on to it, it could not let go if the line was kept tight. The bird was sick as soon as it landed on deck, which I believe is always the case. After despatch various parts of the bird were used to make things, the webbed feet for tobacco pouches, wing bones for pipe stems, and breast salted and dried to make a muff; my souvenir was a gash on the arm from its beak, the scar is still visible after sixty years. My thoughts today are that we should all have been ashamed of ourselves, for destroying such a beautiful bird. Once the first mate fired a blank cartridge filled with red ink at one, and stained its breast to see how long it followed us; it kept with us for over a thousand miles.

During bad weather no work could be done around the decks, so the watch on deck during the day-time made a sennet, to use for bending the sail to the yards, this was done under the fore-castle head, as the main deck was practically awash the whole time.

After sailing up into finer weather, we started the soul-destroying job of holystoning decks. The crew were sixteen days doing this job, which I consider to be the hardest and most un-interesting job during the whole voyage. It was accomplished by kneeling on a piece of canvas nailed to three uprights, about three inches from the flat piece, lying on the dock and pushing a piece of stone about nine inches square and four inches deep backwards and forwards till the deck was smooth and clean. These stones were referred to as "Bibles" and the small pieces as praybooks.

The poop-deck was a much easier job, as the wood was much softer and the planks narrower. The seams were filled with oakum and pitch.

Another back aching job, was swinging the wooden mallet, for watch after watch caulking the main deck; the carpenter sitting down holding the caulking iron, many a time I was tempted to hit him on the head, when he complained about the swing of the mallet. The weather was very hot when the job was done, and the pitch ran quite a bit when poured into the seams, and when dry had to be scraped off, leaving quite a stain, which no doubt was the reason later of our holystoning.

Eventually we arrived off Anjer Point in the Sunda Strait, off the west coast of Java, and owing to the lack of wind, dropped our anchor for the night. We were soon surrounded with native canoes, the natives had all kinds of tropical fruit to barter for clothing, as needless to say, nobody had any money.

We managed to get a good supply of bananas, coconuts and hens eggs, also four monkeys, I bartered all my shirts for one, which seems to be the usual thing for a first voyage apprentice to do. They became great pets amongst the crew, as anything made a change after being cooped up months together. One evening I saw my monkey, who was very small, cuddle up close to the captain on the poop, from then onwards he had several little tit-bits from the cabin table.

Our arrival in Anjer, was the first piece of land we had seen since sighting Tristan da Cunha, and since crossing the line over two months previously. We had not seen a vessel of any kind, so it is easy to see why vessels are lost and never heard of again.

As the S.W. Monsoon was blowing in the China Sea, we made a good run for the rest of the voyage. Having taken 142 days on the trip our average speed worked out at 4½ knots, slightly over walking pace.



Daylight, sister ship of the Brilliant, caught fire while in Yokkaichi in 1906, was scuttled to put out the fire and then raised and continued trading. She was finally broken up in 1954.

We lay at anchor off a small place called Yokkaichi, about eight miles from Kobe, as this was the place for discharging oil. The method used for discharging was, all cases were manhandled, not like a steamer using winches. From the deck into the hold, small stages were rigged, large enough to hold two men and a case of oil. The case was thrown from the lower stage up to each stage, and kept continually on the move, on deck it went down a slide, over the side into small sailing craft, the cleanest native craft I ever saw, with the Captain and family living on board all the time. They sailed ashore if there was a breeze, otherwise the Captain and his wife sculled with a large oar over the stern, with a rope attached to the loom end of the oar, different to our way of sculling.

All the cargo was tallied out of the ship in the following manner:- There were two boxes, divided into ten divisions, one box contained ten lots of ten sticks, about twelve inches long, the other was empty. An apprentice for the ship, tapped every case as it went down the slide, with a stick and handed it to, strangely enough to a Chinaman, who represented the receivers on shore. When the box was full it represented 100 cases, this was marked in book, and the boxes changed over again. This was a job which became very monotonous, but was far better than holystoning desks, or being washed round the decks in a gale of wind. Fortunately the discharging was only done by day so all hands, except the night watchman got

a very good nights sleep, which was very acceptable, as no time during the voyage did we get more than three and a half hours sleep at a time, sometimes much less, when it was all hands on deck to shorten sail.

It took the best part of a month to discharge our cargo, so we had opportunities to go ashore at the week ends. This was the time that our Japanese prince came in handy, he took us to Kyoto, where he had some relatives living. We were taken round the lovely countryside, mostly in rickshaws, as there were very few cars in Japan at that time. One thing we found very embarrassing, was when it was suggested that we all had a bath, to which we readily agreed, little knowing that male and female all bathed together with no clothes on, but felt very shy about it. This shyness came from being cut off from humans for months at a time, with only a crew of forty people to mix with. While lying at anchor off Yokkaichi, we had a visit by the second mate and apprentices from our sister ship the *Daylight*, which was anchored off Kobe town. They sailed down in the Captains gig, leaving it under the stern during their stay. A breeze sprang up, and unknown to them, the mast hit under the counter and put the mast through the bottom of the boat. Consequently they had to stay on board all night until the carpenter could repair the damage.

At this time I gave my monkey to one of the apprentices. Twenty years later I met this chap who was then a berthing master in the Southampton Docks, I asked him what had become of the monkey, he told me that he had got in behind the fixed set of drawers, when the drawers were out, and his body was found some time later, a sad ending for such a fine pet.

To be continued

From the largest sailing ship in the world in 1907 to the largest container ship in 2012, the *CMA CGM Marco Polo*, shown here on her inaugural visit to Southampton on Dec 10th. last. But how do we compare the two?

The *Polo*, at 1300 ft, is 3.7 times as long as the *Brilliant*, and her beam around 3.5 as wide. So a main deck 'area' of about x 13.

The old Net Tonnage was a measure of each 100 cu ft of cargo space, so at 3609 the *Brilliant* would have 360,900 cu ft. The equivalent, on the *Polo*, will be the space in the containers but, although we are told that she has a capacity of 16,020 TEUs, there would seem to be no standard volume for a TEU! But a normal 20ft one is quoted as 1,360 cu ft (20 x 8.5 x 8) and if we do the sums it gives us a total volume

of 21,787,200 cu ft, that's over 60 times as much. Delivered at 22.5 knots instead of Charlie's walking pace (4.5 knots) and by a crew of 27 instead of 40, there would seem to be no contest. But what about the fuel bill, at 288 tonnes per day? The *Polo* will have consumed the equivalent volume of all the *Brilliant's* cargo by two thirds of the way through the trip but will have another 58.5 cargos with which to pay the bills and make a profit.

I think the real answer to my first question is that there is no comparison, unless some statistical expert out there can tell us any different? Now there's a challenge!



The Rubik's cube resolved?

In a previous article (*Cachalot 44*) I likened one of these monsters to a demented Rubik's cube. Here, to aid their publicity shots, they have painstakingly ensured that all the outside containers present a uniform appearance. I don't think it was anything I said.



The Lamprimmer Shows His Wife Around His Ship

Do you see the skein of sail-twine which is hanging on the pin?
Do you recognise the smell of Stockholm tar?
We are at the fore-peak locker. Let me show you round within,
It's my private cubby-hole, beyond the Bar.

Do you see the tub of tallow? Do you smell the linseed oil?
(This is nothing like the boudoir of a wench.)
Do you see the brand-new mooring-rope in burlap, in its coil?
Do you see the palm and needle on the bench?

D'you see the bag of cotton-waste for painting pipes and rails -
Old bunting as the best of Brasso-rags?
Do you see the bolt of canvas which might serve for patching sails?
Those clever clips are Inglefields, for flags:

There's colza for the breaking seas; there's lacing for the boats,
There's halyard-stuff and tackle-stuff as well.
I keep this ship as well as any other thing which floats.
With sennett-work - a lanyard for the bell.

And here are meths and turpentine and stuff for mixing paint:
And copal, as a special type of varnish:
You'll like the matt and gloss, my dear, a scruffy ship we ain't:
Like you, my love, this ship don't stand no tarnish!

Do you see the caustic soda which is used for scrubbing decks,
With brooms of wire? - That is how sailors do it.
Or, harder still with holystones - far harder work than sex,
Though you might think that there is nothing to it!

I'll take you to the bridge, my dear, to see the awning -spars,
And gratings, where the Captain stands in splendour.
A martinet at sea, he is, and in all dockside bars,
And good at bouncing on and off the fender.

And now we're in the engine-room and far beneath the water:
In noise and heat where shipmates earn their corn;
But look, the place is spick and span and kept throughout as oughter,
Although they never see the light of dawn.

The galley is the heart of all, where Cook will ride the range.
Three times a day he'll feed us, as he must.
He'll manage, on his own, to find a menu of some change,
By haute cuisine or basic bread and crust.

All must be done, my Maggie May, before we cross The Line:
And presentation to the Neptune King:
At his noble Court of Scallywags and sacrificial wine:
Before we might then be allowed to sing:

"Oh, Margaret Marie, my love, my darling Maiden Scouse,
I dream of you when I am far away:
I know that you'll be true, my love, and you will keep my house,
And pray with me on Merchant Navy Day."

Dit Dit Dah Dit Dit Dit Dah Dit Dit Dit Dah Dit Dit Dit Dah Dit

By Eddie Hunter

No, I haven't finally gone off my rocker, I've been to Bletchley Park Code Breaking Centre and it has affected me like that...

They are all Fs by the way, for the benefit of my fellow Bilge Rats or any of you who know Morse as a Detective in the Oxfordshire Constabulary or were brought up in the age of the radio telephone and the sat nav. (.. - . .. - . etc would have looked even more peculiar.)

Two days before the visit to Bletchley Park I finished a fascinating biography called "Agent Zigzag," by Ben Macintyre, which told of the exploits of Eddie Chapman, a minor crook who was to become "Fritz" to the Abwehr and later "Agent Zigzag" to MI5. (According to our Guide the Germans had spies - we had agents!)

Chapman was in prison on Jersey in 1941 when the Germans invaded the Channel Islands. After several misadventures, including a time in a Nazi concentration camp in France, Chapman convinced the Germans that he wanted to spy for them against the British. He was released into the care of the Abwehr who trained him in sabotage and wireless communication at a villa in Nantes. His Morse traffic between Nantes and an Abwehr station in Paris was monitored by the British Y Stations and decoded at Bletchley. They monitored much more about the Englishman turned German spy. They knew his Abwehr code name "Fritz," and they knew his real name.



So, when Fritz was parachuted by his German masters into Cambridgeshire the British MI5 knew all about him and were laying traps to capture him. They needn't have bothered. Chapman had always intended to give himself up immediately. He dragged his German radio and all his sabotage equipment to a Cambridgeshire farmhouse and told the farmer and his wife that the Police and British Intelligence would want to know about him. They did, of course - the Y Stations and Bletchley Park had seen to that!

Under the direction and control of "double cross" Officers from MI5, Fritz kept his radio schedules with the Abwehr, including the all-important "I am free and not under control" signal at the beginning of his transmissions. Through the Y Stations and Bletchley code breakers MI5 knew that the Germans had fallen for the double cross hook line and proverbial sinker.

On one occasion Fritz and his MI5 case handler, Major Ronnie Reed, forgot to transmit the "not under control" prefix , FFFFFFF at the beginning of his transmission..

Panic! Was Fritz blown? Had he been captured by the British? Had he been turned? But MI5 managed to pull the fat out of the fire. Chapman transmitted a message next morning which said, "Sorry. Drunk last night. Forgot to send the F'ing Fs."

Bletchley was able to verify that the Abwehr had swallowed the excuse and all was well.

One of Chapman's targets set by the Abwehr was the Mosquito production at the Hatfield factory belonging to the DeHavilland Aircraft Company, the Mosquito being a particular thorn in the sides of ReichtsMarshall Goering and the Luftwaffe. So the Double Cross Team called on the services of a stage illusionist to mastermind the "destruction" of three power transformers and an electricity substation at the factory. The "damage," which had to look convincing from the air, was photographed on the ground and reported briefly with the ground photographs in the "Daily Mail" and "The Daily Express"- the "Times" and "The Telegraph" both having refused point blank to publish the false information!

"Fritz" radioed an account of his "successful sabotage" to the delighted Abwehr who picked up the newspapers with the corroborating evidence in Lisbon. Fatty was over the moon as well.

Fritz also requested an immediate recall on the grounds that things were getting too hot for him in England. He asked for a pick-up by U-boat from the North East coast. The Germans did not appear to be at all eager to comply - U-boats were having a bad time by then. Eventually they radioed and suggested that Chapman should make his own way back, via Lisbon, on a British Merchant Ship on which he was told to leave an ingenious coal bomb in the bunkers before he disembarked and absconded in the Portuguese port.

So Chapman, now Agent Zigzag, was given false Seaman's documents by MI5, and set sail from Liverpool aboard the *City of Lancaster* commanded by Captain Reginald Kearon. The ship joined a convoy bound for Lisbon. Of necessity Captain Kearon was party to the double cross plot.

Several ships of the convoy were sunk on passage by U-boats. Chapman was a brave man to undertake the voyage voluntarily. After all, he didn't need to. I mean, he had it made in England.

The coal bomb order from the Abwehr to "Fritz" presented a neat problem to the M15 double cross Officers — how could they convince the Germans to accept Chapman's claims without blowing up a British ship? They seemed to manage. But did they? Chapman made his way back to Nantes - where he promptly disappeared. For months the Y- Stations and Bletchley looked out for word from "Zigzag" in vain. What had happened to Chapman? Had he gone over to the Germans? Had the Gestapo broken him under torture? Had the coal bomb ruse not worked after all? Was he dead?

In fact "Fritz" had been welcomed back like the Prodigal Son. He had actually been awarded the Iron Cross, the only British subject ever to be thus honoured!

HUT 12 BletchleyPark
The "Double Cross" Hut.

While José (my wife - at least until her request for a divorce comes through) went to the Gift Shop and the others in the visiting party did whatever they did during the free hour between the end of the tour and tea time, I asked about Agent Zigzag and was directed to the fascinating Hut 12. There I read about the wartime MI6 exploits of Ian Fleming, better known of course for his James Bond novels;

"The Man Who Never Was" - the dead Welsh tramp whose body was used in an elaborate plot by MI6 to convince Hitler that the Allies intended to invade the Balkans rather than Sicily;

and, of course, the exploits of Eddie Chapman, rogue, thief and double agent and one of the bravest men I have ever read about.

Oh, yes, it was fascinating to hear from our Guide about the breaking of Enigma and it was really interesting to see the Enigma machines on display, the Bombe machines invented at Bletchley Park and the world's first programmable computer - it was amusing as well as incredible to hear about the security and secrecy and the phenomenal stories about the thirty year rule of total silence - but my personal highlight of the day was verification in Hut 12 of the unforgettable biography I had so recently finished reading.

But I left Bletchley somewhat saddened by the knowledge of the ultimate fate of that greatest of all the code-breakers, Alan Turing who felt compelled to take his own life because he couldn't fit into so called normal society - after all that he had done to save so very many lives...



PS ... You can read the full story of Eddie Chapman for yourselves if you want to in the biography "Agent Zigzag" by Ben Macintyre, ISBN 978-1-4088-1149-8 published in 2010 by Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

Book Review

“You saved the land, or died to try to save” (Masefield)

“**Merchantmen in Action**” is variously described as “a valuable addition to the historiography of the immense wartime contribution and sacrifices of our merchant seafarers” and “an exceptional read for anyone interested in the lesser-known role played by the merchantmen during WW1”.

Listing the involvement of some 800 merchantmen and naval vessels, the author (a Master Mariner and later a Senior Executive in the Marine Salvage Industry) has spared no effort in researching this book and his attention to detail is painstaking and commendable. Many of the personalities featuring in Cachalot Roy Martin's book will be remembered by those Club members of a “certain age” and few will disagree with his final analysis of the decline of our once-great Merchant Navy”

The book “aims to honour the seamen of the Merchant Navy for their colossal sacrifice” and, undoubtedly, the author achieves his intent.

“Merchantmen in Action” by Roy V. Martin is published by Fonthill Media Ltd.
(www.fonthillmedia.com)

ISBN No.978-1-78155-045-8.

It is also obtainable from the author.



John Robert Kennedy Smart

John Smart, who went aloft on 9th December 2012, at the age of 92, was a life-long cricket fan who had joined the Romsey Cricket Club in 1935, when he was just 15, and eventually became a Vice President. He played for them until his 70s, then qualified as an umpire and continued to officiate until his 80s. He was also an enthusiastic member of the Eastleigh Rugby Club, playing in the second row until he was 45.

During the war John served in the RAF as a wireless operator, being posted initially to Canada, where he worked in reconnaissance and coastal command. Later he joined a mobile signals unit which crossed to Europe alongside the Canadian forces from Stokes Bay on D Day + 4, and travelled through France and Belgium before being recalled to be sent to India.

After the war John met Marjorie and they were married in 1951 and subsequently had a daughter, Edwina.

John brought his cricketing expertise to the Southampton Master Mariners' Club when he joined in 1961. He was then Manager of the Eastleigh-based company Fitch & Son (Export) Ltd. who were the Shipping and Export Provision Merchants that served the majority of the ships trading from and to Southampton.

At that time those without the requisite seafaring credentials were enrolled as "Messmates" and their participation in the management of the Club was limited but John's worth was soon recognised and he quickly became a member of various committees. He was a man who expressed his sound opinions without fear or favour and his strong views enlivened many a committee meeting.

He crossed swords with many committee members at many meetings but - once the meeting was over - any disagreement was forgotten and John would happily buy his opponents a drink.

John and Marjorie -often accompanied by Edwina - were regular attendees at the Club social functions and they rarely missed a Friday lunchtime session.

As well as serving as Captain and Chairman of the Cricket Section he was also appointed Chairman of the Entertainments Committee - a position he retained until his health prevented his regular attendance. He was a lifelong and active Freemason and his connections there undoubtedly helped when arranging venues for Club functions.

He took a very special and personal interest in the Sea Pie Supper and the Guildhall caterers were left in no doubt as to who was in charge. He was the mainstay there for many years and would organise a complete table (22) for the Cricket Section, including all the drinks which he insisted keeping separate from the main SMMC accounts. Just how he accomplished this we never dared ask but everyone poured home fully satisfied.

Undoubtedly, at that time, had the rules of the Club permitted - as they do today - ALL club members to be classed as full Cachalot members and eligible for the highest office then John Smart would have been a candidate for appointment as Captain of the Club and, more undoubtedly, he would have been appointed.

John was a great lover of Christmas and at his funeral service, held just one week before Christmas Day and conducted by the Reverend Bill McCrea, the usual hymns were replaced with carols.

David Edward Rule

David Edward Rule, who went aloft on 3rd February, 2013 Aged 85, was born in Havant, Hampshire, the eldest of five boys. The family moved to Swaythling, Southampton, and the brothers enjoyed a happy childhood playing their favourite sport, football. David's brother, Alan (Nobby), became a top club professional footballer and David was a Director and a Shareholder of the successful company that owned the Eastleigh Football Club Ground.

During the Second World War, David served with the Military Police in Italy but, unfortunately, was seriously injured when the Jeep in which he was travelling hit a landmine. After his recovery, he was posted to Andover where, as a drummer in a band, he met his future wife and Land Army girl, Joyce, at a dance where his group was performing. A wonderful marriage and three children followed.

After the War, David continued his work as an office boy with Thorn Lighting. This was to be his career and he worked his way up to the position of Sales Manager for the South of England and Jersey where he was well known among the Dignitaries, organising an annual banquet and continuing to do so beyond his retirement.

A familiar face around the Port of Southampton, David was a Mess Mate in the Southampton Master Mariners' Club, supporting social functions and playing for the Cricket Section. He was also an active Freemason.

An extremely intelligent and well read man, particularly on the subject of History, David had specialised knowledge of the Titanic Disaster and the First World War. Indeed, he gave informative talks on both topics at our Club Suppers. He loved music, poetry and prose and, such was his depth of feeling, was a poet himself, writing both lyrical and amusing work.

First and foremost, David was a family man but had many friends, due to his kindness and generosity. and always gave of his time. A big man with a big heart who will be sadly missed.

Edwina Smart



John Gerard Dalton

Gerry Dalton started work in the Marine Superintendents Dept. at the Cunard building in Liverpool on the 14th April 1930.

He was called up in 1939 and spent the war with the RAF before returning to Cunard in Oct.'46. He was then principally involved with the engagement of cadets and navigating officers. In 1952 he transferred to the General Manager's office where he worked on crew labour matters. He became Assistant Manager of the Liverpool District office in 1962, responsible for the two passenger ships as well as the cargo ships and also those of associated companies such as Port Line.

On Cunard's big move to Southampton in 1966, Gerry stayed on in Liverpool as Manager of the District office. He finally joined his colleagues in Southampton in 1967, becoming Operations Manager in charge of marine operations.

He retired in Nov.1975, at Cunard's compulsory retirement age of 63.

Gerry joined the SMMC in 1969 and was appointed Honorary Life Member in January 2005. (pictured above)

Gerry was a regular attendee in the club room on a Friday lunchtime and, as his sight and hearing failed, would be delivered and collected by his daughter, Jean. She said that Gerry was determined to see out his 100th birthday on 8th November 2012 and, as reported in the last edition, a small party was held in the club room on 2nd November to celebrate the occasion. Small because Gerry insisted on no fuss but there were plenty of Cachalots there to share a congratulatory drink with him and Gerry stood and gave a short speech of thanks for their good wishes.

He went aloft on 13th December, just five weeks after his centenary, and a Service of Thanksgiving was held at the Chapel of St Andrew, Southampton Seafarers' Centre, which was Gerry's regular place of worship, on 3rd January 2013.

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The Club room is currently open **two** days a week, 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.

Dates for your Diary

Fri Mar 9 Burns' Supper, King's Court
Fri Mar 22 Skittles, So'ton Old Bowling Club
Sat Apr 20 Curry Lunch, Kuti's
Fri May 17 Club Supper, Club Room
Thu Jun 13 Shipping Festival Service, Winchester

A revised Programme of Events (Issue 2) for 2013 is included with this newsletter.

It is subject to change and any changes will be notified here and on our website.

The cut-off date for the next edition will be

17th May 2013

Gone Aloft

J.G. Dalton

D.E. Rule

J.R.K. Smart