

The CACHALOT

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHAMPTON MASTER MARINERS' CLUB

No 48

June 2013

Captain's Log

I have been humbly honoured to be asked to serve as Club Captain for the second time. What a lot has changed over the past 24 years! However, I find the Club in excellent spirits and now financially stable. Thanks must go to all the Officers of the Club who have worked tirelessly to achieve this situation.

George Angas and a small sub-committee are looking at bringing the Club Rules more into line with current practice. Of which, more later.

I am also indebted to Terry Clark not just for his efforts in coordinating so many events, but also this issue of *The Cachalot* and more importantly the Cachalite. Cachalots now have no excuses for missing an event or happening.

Sadly we have lost distinguished Members, a Stowaway and a Past Captain. Obituaries can be found on p 14 & 16. Morgan Morgan Giles was a great supporter and stalwart., Other Past Captains will recall the dinners held on his fine boat!

My own year got off to a cracking start with a Sea Pie Supper attended by some 600 Cachalots and Guests. We really are grateful to the Port Director, Doug Morrison, and ABP for affording us the use of the City Ocean Terminal for this occasion. The food was well served, delightfully quirky and the music utterly appropriate for such a collection of shipping glitterati! The next Sea Pie Supper will be held on 7th February 2014 at the same venue.

The belated Burns dinner held on 9th March was a true success with the skirling of the pipes and toasts to wash down the haggis, neeps and tatties.

Almost behind the scenes, social events are organised with near military precision. The Skittles evening drew a record crown and unearthed some hidden talents. Our curry lunches provide an excellent Saturday lunchtime venue close enough to the shops and St Mary's stadium to cater for all spending or sporting tastes. There is ample car parking nearby. If you have not attended one, feel ashamed, but you will be most welcome at the next!

Roy Martin was the principal guest at the Club Supper on 17th May. He gave an interesting and erudite talk on the build up to the Battle of the Atlantic.

Finally, the Club is truly honoured to have as the principal worshipper at the Winchester Shipping Service The Princess Royal (see details elsewhere). The Princess will be presented with her Stowaway's brooch after the service. We pray for fine weather this year!

Already this year I have attended a number of functions representing the Club. The members of the Southampton Branch of the Royal Naval Officers Association were most hospitable at their annual dinner; while the RAF Yacht Club in Hamble ensured your Captain and his lady were well fed and watered! So far my waist line has held steady!

Now that Summer is here (let's hope) we can roll up our sleeves and enjoy the fresh air and outdoor activities.

"The Captains charity this year is to be The Mission to Seafarers. Much of the work undertaken by the Mission is unseen, but their ability to tend to the practical and spiritual needs of seafarers, often in difficult times, is a credit to them. I have seen at first hand when travelling how Mission padres and staff offer real help to ships' crews in times of mis-treatment, illness and family problems. The Mission staff are unselfish and often put them selves in difficult positions, beyond the call of duty."

Captain John Noble

Here is the Captain's belated c.v., as promised in the last edition.

John Noble RD BSc FNI

John Noble has worked in commercial shipping since 1962 when he joined HMS Conway. After obtaining his Master Mariners Certificate, John graduated with a Nautical Studies BSc from Southampton University. Following a spell as a claims executive with Thomas Miller (UK Club), John set up the London office of Murray Fenton & Associates Limited in 1980. Following the acquisition of Murray Fenton by BMT, in 2001, John served as Chief Executive Officer of the SALVAGE ASSOCIATION until 2005.

John's practical expertise lies in dealing with Salvage, Wreck Removal and Oil Pollution having attended some 60 major casualties. John is an experienced expert witness recently offering expertise in unsafe port cases and salvage.

John has worked with all of the major salvage companies and served briefly as an SCR.

Until recently, John was an advisor to the International Salvage Union acting as the General Manager. John is the London Representative for Donjon Marine Inc. a Salvage company based in Newark New Jersey, USA

John is the technical editor of the Casualty Management Guidelines book published by the Nautical Institute in association with the ISU.

As a fellow of the Nautical Institute and The International Institute for Marine Surveying, John is involved in a number of projects.

Until last year John was Executive Director of the Maritime London Officer Cadet Scholarship scheme, a City based charity that funds merchant navy cadets through their training, when otherwise they might not have the opportunity of embarking on a seagoing career.

Boatsteerer's Locker

2013 started well with the annual Sea Pie Supper, we received many letters expressing how much our guests enjoyed it and expressing a wish to return in 2014.

The year continues and the planning for the Shipping Festival Service is in the final stages, with this year being a special one not only because of the Flower Festival which takes place in the Cathedral but of course we will welcome our Stowaway, HRH the Princess Royal, to this event.

In view of the above, all guests who seek entry to the Cathedral must have a ticket and bring some means of photo ID. The Cathedral will open at 1845 and we ask that you be seated by 1915. I would also advise that if you suffer from Hay Fever then please be aware that the Cathedral will still be decked with flowers and several arches of flowers will be erected and these will encroach into the rows of seating at intervals along the central aisle so it may be necessary to take precautions if you do suffer.

The wine and eats will hopefully be served in the Deans garden, if the weather allows, and as before, entry to the garden will be with your ticket. So please be sure to retain tickets until after entry into the garden.

Once in the garden Captain Noble will welcome The Princess Royal as a Stowaway of the Club and present HRH with the Cachalot Brooch, after which The Princess Royal will depart.

Just a quick note concerning dress the Ladies are requested not to wear hats for this occasion.

A fellow Cachalot, Norma and myself attended the Café Royal for a breakfast launch of Titanic II. Not a new movie but a replica of the original Titanic being built in China and designed by Deltamarin and commissioned by Blue Star Line. It has just been announced that V ships will manage and crew the vessel. The breakfast menu was the one served in first Class on that fateful day in 1912, very enjoyable and without the tragic after effects. It is intended to run the vessel on a transatlantic trade from Southampton. For anyone interested in further information please visit: <http://bluestarline.com.au>

As you will be aware and following my previous blog we have been looking at the future of the club and the way that we need to manage the club in years to come. I have placed a rough draft of the ideas discussed within this edition but it is our intention to offer a more formal paper for discussion, probably at a meeting later this year.

David Stocks
Boatsteerer

Management Structure Review

Plans for the future of The Cachalots.

The Club will be known as “ The Cachalots” formerly the Southampton Master Mariners Club. This does not echo a real change as we are already known as the Cachalots but it will endear us to the story of the Cachalot Whale.

The sub group looked at the following for approval by the membership:-

The rules would be amended to match the requirements of the proposals,

A single Management Committee would be formed to manage the business of the Cachalots,

The membership of the above committee would consist of the present Club Officers namely Captain, Staff Captain, Boatsteerer and Storekeeper.

(The positions of Staff Sea Captain and Staff Captain would be merged into one position of Staff Captain.)

In addition, six in number elected Harpooners would complete the committee. Each member would be allocated a function, for example: social events coordinator. This position could be the chair of a sub group named entertainments group but not necessarily so. Either way he/she will act as the link between the Management Committee and the entertainments function.

The Harpooners will volunteer for committee positions available at the time of election and will, if successful, be elected to the committee for a predetermined time (2 years?)

In view of the above, the present E & F Committee and the General Committee will be disbanded but an AGM will remain.

Ideally, these changes, if approved, should be in place by the time of the AGM so that proper elections to the new Management Committee can take place then. An EGM may need to be called and further details will be posted for discussion prior to then.





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 **6th July**, 1200 for 1230. price, **£12.50** per head.

Trafalgar Dinner

A Club Supper is to be held in the Club Room

On

Friday 18th October

With a theme to commemorate Trafalgar Day.

Cachalot Roger Keyzor will give the toast to the Immortal Memory of Lord Nelson

Catering will be by John Davis and you can expect some traditional fare (no hardtack) at around £27 per head.

Black Tie

Further details when finalised but numbers will be limited to **39** on a first come basis.

Milk Bottle Tops

I was advised last week by the milk bottle top collection point in Hythe that they have received a letter of effusive thanks from the Gift of Sight charity who are the beneficiaries of the money raised by the collection, which the Club's efforts go in to. The efforts are not in vain.

It is however emphasised that only milk bottle tops are needed, not soft drink, beer or any other bottle tops. This is due to the type and quality of the plastic involved for the recycling production line. So please do not put anything except genuine milk bottle tops in your bags as it just gives myself and the collection point more work sorting them to remove what is not wanted.

Thanks to all donors.

Barry Peck, Storekeeper

Club Buffet Supper

A Buffet Supper has been arranged in the Club Room

On

Friday 6th September

A Speaker, Glyn L Evans, will give a talk on:

The Maritime Art of

KENNETH D SHOESMITH R.I.

1900 for 1930

Catering by John Davis

Price will be **£18** per head and numbers limited to **38** on a first come basis.

Coach Trip to the National Maritime Museum

A 34 seater coach has been booked on **Thursday October 3rd** for a day trip to Greenwich.

There is much to be seen at Greenwich as well as the Museum, including the Royal Observatory, The Queen's House and the *Cutty Sark*. Although admission is free to much of the site, entry charges apply to *Cutty Sark*, Flamsteed House and the Meridian Courtyard. Bundled tickets can be pre-purchased but not more than 3 months in advance.

There is some walking involved between the various attractions and, as ever, our programme on the day will probably be dictated by the great British weather. The intention is to pre-book the all-inclusive Big Tickets for all hands so they can then decide individually on the day how much they would like to see and do at their own pace.

An 8 a.m. start from Southampton should see us at Greenwich around 10.30 and a 17.00 departure get us back by 20.00.

A provisional price of **£40** per head has been set but this may have to be adjusted to reflect take up etc. It does not include lunch but there are facilities both on site and in Greenwich Village.

You are advised to register your interest soonest so that we can make arrangements in good time.

Information on the NMM at <http://www.rmg.co.uk>

A Lousy Ending to Burns' Night



Captain John Noble makes a point while addressing the haggis



(Post) Captain Peter Grant finds his Birthday cake laughable. The Captain's Lady retreats beneath the table.



Past Captain Jeremy Smart gives 'The Immortal Memory' (mmm...I was going to say that)

The programme had been agreed, the speeches rehearsed and the menus printed, so we were not of a mind to abandon ship completely when freezing weather turned the Kings Court car park into an ice rink and scuppered our plans on the day. We left the event on the beach and refloated it nine weeks later when conditions improved. 21 of the original crew of 63 were paid off but we managed to sign on 20 others to replace them.

All of the original players were still onboard so we pretended that it was still January 19th and proceeded accordingly. (Post) Captain Peter Grant retained the chair and forgot that it was really his Birthday. Others didn't but only awarded him one candle. After the traditional speeches the theme was one of the Baird's best known pieces, 'To a Louse', led by Past Captain and Boatsteerer Lionel Hall. Each of the six carefully selected performers, chosen for their gravitas under a Tam o'Shanter, was given a verse of the poem to perform, either as Burns had written it, or in the Sassenach translation, to their choice. The photographs opposite prove just what dignity and decorum the Cachalots can be relied upon to bring to such occasions. (Copies can be supplied under plain cover.) And how appropriate the best known line of the chosen poem.

O wad some Power the giftie gie us, to see oursels as ithers see us!

The evening finished with 'Sangs and Clatter', ably led by Alec Macpherson, followed by The Queen and Auld Land Syne.



Past Captain Peter Marriott gives the 'Toast to the Lassies' and finds something else hilarious to say.



Margaret Grant, the Captain's Lady, responds for the Lassies.



Fifty Years on Salt Water

Episode three of the memoirs of Leslie (Charlie) Chapman, who served his time in sail, in one trip, and went on to become a Southampton Pilot. In the light of the events described below, I have had to revise my estimate of his age at the time. Records show a Leslie Charles Chapman born in Norfolk in April 1891, which would make him 15 at the time of the San Francisco earthquake and 14 when he started his apprenticeship.

On completion of the discharging of the cargo, we filled our ballast tanks with water, the two tanks held one thousand tons each. These tanks came up as far as the tween decks from the bottom, and this made the ship much steadier when sailing. We received orders to proceed to San Francisco, and as it was summer time we expected to have a fine weather passage. All went well until about half way across the Pacific Ocean. The weather started to deteriorate, and the sky looked very threatening, and before long it was obvious we were in for a typhoon, a thing dreaded by all sailing ship men. The Captain gave orders to reduce sail down to lower topsail, and goosewing the main and mizzen. About two hours after this was done there was a terrific bang, and both sails were blown out of the bolt ropes. All hands went aloft to furl as much of the canvas as they could. I wonder to this day however the men could stay on the footropes. Fortunately the Captain ordered the apprentices to stay on deck for which we were very thankful.

This was the only time in my sailing ship career, that we ever reefed a sail, and a goosed winged sail at that. Also it was the only time I have been under bare poles. In spite of that, our run for the twenty-four hours was one hundred and twenty miles.

Fortunately, being in ballast, we did not ship any water, and in the less dangerous side of the typhoon and able to run with the wind right aft. The seas were tremendous, but being a light ship, we rose up as passed under us. The rolling was terrible, at times the lower yards actually touched the seas. Inside the yards were several rivets, left in when the yards were built, and the noise these rivets made as they rattled from end to end as the ship rolled was terrific. After about three days the weather settled down, and life went back to normal.

The only thing out of the ordinary was, a Corsican and a Finn had an argument up aloft, and the Corsican stabbed him in the head. He was frightened to come down, and the bosun, a large Nova Scotian went aloft and carried him down, fireman fashion. This same man signed on again about sixteen months later, with a new crew, this time as the cook, and not an A.B. True to form, he was the only man to cause trouble. One night while we were in Yokohama, he tried to lower the Captain's gig, which was hanging over the side in the davits, with the intention of deserting. The night watchman called the Chief Officer, who came out at once, and there was a bit of a scuffle, when he pulled a dagger and attacked the Chief Officer who retaliated by firing his revolver at him. Fortunately in the darkness neither of them were hurt. The Captain decided next day to let him go ashore, knowing the type of man, it was the best thing. Considering the different nationalities amongst the crew, it was surprising what little trouble there was. When it did happen, it was in port, the result of too much rot-gut, which they had obtained on shore, and came back on board drunk, not knowing what they were up to. This usually resulted in good trade for the Captain's slop chest, as they frequently exchanged their clothes for this ghastly fire-water. In Yokohama, they were allowed to run up bills, with a tailor, shoemaker and photographer, and the Captain paid the bills. Needless to say this was another way of obtaining money and drink, at a percentage of course.

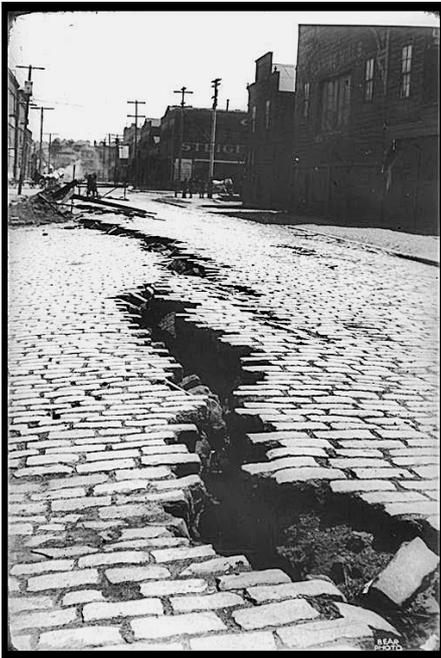
We made the trip from Kobe to San Francisco in twenty seven days, this was a very fast voyage. Again we never sighted another ship, or land, till we saw the Farallones off the Californian Coast.

On arrival we moored at a wharf on the water front near Spreckles Wharf, having spent the night in the bay. Soon after anchoring, Shanghai Brown came on board, and asked the mate if he wanted to keep his crew, as this was not a home port, they could not demand to be paid off. "Take as many as you like, I don't mind", he said. It was very amusing after dark to watch the men quietly going over the side, thinking the mate did not know anything about it. It is hard to understand the mentality of these men, having worked for months and then leave their pay behind. Of course there was an inducement of getting twenty five dollars a month instead of the eighteen they were getting, the difference between the East Coast and the West Coast wages. Needless to say, as crew were hard to find, these men were soon filled up with drink, and Shanghaied on another ship, possibly forfeiting a months pay for having been found a job. This is called the Dead Horse.

A few days after our arrival in San Francisco, the earthquake took place. We were suddenly awakened about five thirty in the morning by a terrible noise of hundreds of buildings crashing to the ground. We did not feel any shock on the water. In a matter of minutes the whole of the town was a mass of flames, terrifying to look at, as whole buildings were burnt away. Fortunately the flames did not come our way. When daylight came we were towed away from the quay to an anchorage. A tidal wave was expected, but fortunately this did not come. Later we put a boat out and rowed ashore, and brought several people on to the ship for shelter. Having just arrived from a voyage, we had no food or water to offer them. Later on in the day a revenue cutter brought supplies.



San Francisco burns after the earthquake on 18th April 1906



Deep cracks in the streets of San Francisco, as described by Charlie

In those days, Los Angeles was a very small place, long before it became a film centre. The climate was wonderful and the weather very fine. I found Jack London a very tough type of man, a real hard case. The people of Sausalito were very kind to the apprentices, and entertained us at their homes during the weekend. Taking us for buggy rides to see the beautiful surrounding countryside, and the wonderful beaches.

During our stay in Sausalito Bay the barque "Lyndhurst" arrived. This was the vessel our two senior apprentices had left to join the Brilliant, naturally they were pleased to see their old shipmates again. One day during a gale, an Italian fishing boat capsized about half a mile from the Brilliant, and about the same distance from the Lyndhurst. We launched the Captains gig and had a race into the teeth of the gale. We won by about a minute, and saved the crew of two men, who, as they lived on board, had lost everything they had.

After about a months stay in the bay, we were towed up the Sacramento River to Point Orient, where a cargo of case oil was waiting for us. While we were there we were invited up to the factory, where about a hundred girls were making the tins to put the oil in, and in the building, the same number of men were making the wooden boxes to put the tins in. The town of Port Richmond was about three miles away and we were fortunate enough to meet some English families who invited us to their homes, and entertained us very well. One family took us for a trip up the Sacramento River, in a stern wheeler, this was a very interesting trip and very beautiful.

When the loading was completed, we were towed to an anchorage off San Francisco, to await a crew. Shanghai Brown managed to get the whole crew from a French barque, and bring over to us. Few could speak or understand English, but fortunately the Bo'sun was able to speak and understand a little, he was also Shanghai with the other Frenchman.

We had an uneventful voyage to Yokohama, until we arrived off Yokohama Bay, we then had a strong gale blowing out of the entrance, and we tacked and tacked under the lee of some islands, and woreed ship when we had no shelter, as it is very difficult and almost impossible to tack in a gale without big risks. We had two weeks of this, going about practically every two hours, and of course an "all hands on deck" job. Eventually we did arrive in port.

We were in port about five weeks discharging the case oil and loading a cargo of "Yankee Notions", that was a cargo of fancy goods and camphor oil. The fancy goods consisted of such things as tea-sets, bamboo blinds, Japanese paper fans, kimonos, silk goods and Japanese wooden shoes. The camphor oil was carried in cases similar to the ones we brought our oil in, and were possibly our tins making a round voyage. Again we were lucky with our Japanese apprentice, his home was in Tokyo, and he entertained us very well, making trips around the countryside and one trip to Mount Fujiyama, this was really a wonderful journey. The Missions to Seaman were very good to us, and on occasions we went to services three times on a Sunday, not that we were feeling righteous, but a meal awaited us after each service, and after living on "Wind and Daylight" for months on end, we could eat as many meals as could be served up. I recall during this stay in Yokohama, the Captain of a steamer called the Zillah, invited us on board for a meal, as he was an old sailing ship apprentice himself, and knew what food was like on board. He enjoyed himself so much watching us eat, that he called the ship's officers in to see us feed.

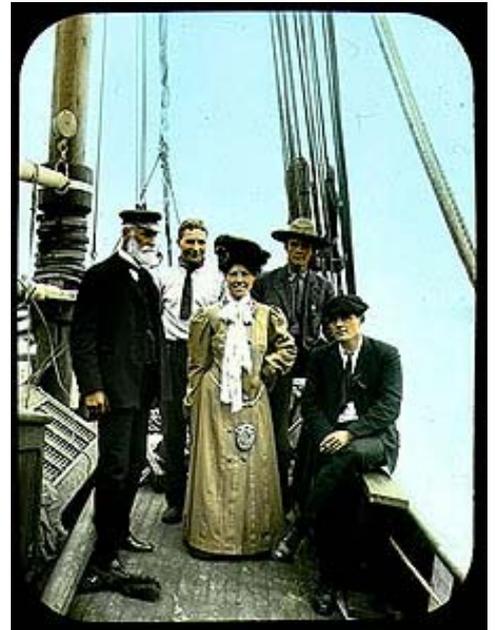
Returning to the Mission to Seamen, I recall one evening we were invited up to the Clergyman's house for an impromptu service, and his wife asked us if there was any particular hymn we would like to sing. I asked for "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight", we started it, and got halfway through when the poor old lady burst into tears, and at the end she said, "I have a wandering boy, and the hymn made me think of him". We had a good lecture which we soon forgot when tea and cakes were served at the end of the service. The reason I mention this episode is, twelve years later I met this wandering boy, in Archangel at eight o'clock in the morning, and I am sorry to say he was still a wandering boy.

I would not like to create the impression that we were too mean to buy food for ourselves, but as our first year's pay, amounted to four pounds, with which we had to occasionally buy some clothes and pay for travelling ashore, there wasn't much

The apprentices went ashore to try and help, but as Martial law had been proclaimed, we were told to go back on board in case we were shot. As many people as possible were sent out to Golden Gate Park, and camped there for several months.

Weeks later we wandered around ashore, there were still deep cracks in the streets and wrecked buildings everywhere. After things had quietened down and we had got rid of our people, we were towed over to Sausalito Bay, and put on the mud. We stayed there for several weeks, as there was no oil ready for our loading.

During our stay there we had a visit from Jack London, the author, he had come up from Los Angeles to ask advice about a cruise he was going to make in a vessel called the Snark, which he was building. Our first mate gave him a lot of information about winds and currents he could expect to meet. Consequently he asked the mate to visit him in Los Angeles and take two apprentices with him. I fortunately was one of those chosen to go. We were made very welcome for nearly a week. During that time we met the crew to be of the Snark; besides himself there were his wife, her uncle, a Mr. Eames, and a Japanese cook. He eventually wrote the book called "The Cruise of the Snark".



Jack London, seated, with his crew onboard the 'Snark'.

left for food. I once had some money sent from home and it was two years before it caught up with me and I was able to cash it.

While we are on the subject of food, I would like to relate, which I consider the best haul we made, in borrowing food from the cabin. We were in an American port, for Thanksgiving Day, and thought it should have been a holiday for us, like the people on shore, but the mate thought otherwise and made us work, we had some of the crew on board as well, and they were also upset. When it came to dinner time, we all thought we were going to have some turkey, as we had seen two brought on board, not large ones, we thought one for the officers and one for the apprentices and petty officers. But this was not to be, we were served up with a chunk of beef. We put our heads together and formed a plan, no Turkey for us, then no turkey for the cabin. The *Brilliant* had a tween deck, running the whole length of the ship, the after hatch was just outside our door, with a chicken coop on top of it, sheltering us from the cabin door. It was arranged that when the cook went aft to the cabin, one apprentice went into the galley and "borrowed" the turkey and dropped it down the fore hatch and ran along the tween deck and pass it up the after hatch.

All went well and according to plan. This may sound complicated to the landsman, but clear to a seafarer. On arrival in the half deck, the turkey was immediately pulled to pieces, wrapped in a newspaper and put in behind the fixed chest of drawers, our usual hiding place. The hue and cry was soon on, the crew's quarters were searched with no luck, when our turn came to be searched we were all calmly eating our joint of beef, the smell of which covered up the turkey smell. That night, after all the cabin lights had gone out, we had the best meal of all the time we were in the ship.

The Captain came to the conclusion, someone stole the turkey and threw it overboard, out of spite, we did not disillusion him, in fact we helped to look for it.

Later, during the first world war, I met the Captain in Cape Town, and we had a good laugh when I told him the story of the turkey. I was in a hospital ship at the time and invited him on board for a meal, it was quite an eye-opener to him, when I told him of the things we had done on the *Brilliant*, but as I said before, he was a good sailor and gentleman.

When the loading was finished, we had orders to proceed to New York, a tugboat was ordered for daylight to help us to leave the anchorage, it did not turn up. It was then the Captain showed what a sailor he was, we hove up the anchor to the usual shanty tunes, which unfortunately are never heard at sea these days. We set all sail and with backing and filling the yards, we managed to clear the other vessels at anchor and proceeded on our way.

We had a very uncomfortable run down the China Sea, as the N.E. Monsoon was blowing and the wind was right aft, we furled all sails on the mainmast, to allow some wind to reach the foremast sails. Staysails were all furled as they were useless with the wind right aft. We passed quite a few steamers going the same way, we were going twice as fast as some of them, owing to the heavy seas.

Again we had to go through the Sunda Straits, and as the wind dropped at night, we anchored off Anjer Point, and communicated with the shore. Having no money and more sense regarding clothes for bargaining, we exchanged a case of oil for bananas, sweet potatoes and yams, also several coconuts. This made quite a change from the hum-drum sailing ship food. After leaving Anjer Point, we had a very good run and fine weather owing to the S.E. Trades. We did not see land or a vessel, till we picked up Cape Agulhas, the southern most point of Africa. At daylight we saw a sailing ship coming up

astern of us, this proved to be the *Lawhill*, one of our own company's vessels. She passed us by noon and was nearly out of sight by dusk. She had fine lines and was really built for the Jute trade. Our lines were more like a barn, with four masts put in, with intention of carrying a big cargo, which she could really do. Through being so large the *Brilliant* was a good ship in bad weather, but when loaded she took heavy seas on board, but cleared the decks quickly. It was a very dangerous job, trimming the yards with the seas pouring on board, chest height. Fortunately we never had a man washed overboard, although some were hurt when they were washed up against hatches and capstans. I was one of the unfortunate people, I travelled in a sea along the deck, and my face brought up on a capstan, but came off fairly lightly, with swollen lips and a badly bruised face. It is always a difficult job to keep ropes clear for running, in bad weather, as the decks are awash most of the time. All halyards, topgallant and royal braces are hung on belaying pins by a loop through the main coil. But topsail and main course braces are flaked, not coiled, on deck ready for running. In bad weather they are put up on the flying bridge, which runs the whole length, from the poop to the forecastle head, and it is always dry there even when the decks are flooded. The old sailing ship officers were a tough lot of men, they always kept their watch on the poop, without a canvas dodger of any kind, even in the coldest weather rounding Cape Horn with ice-bergs about, it was the same.

It was the same for all hands, after going off watch, there was no heating of any kind in the ship, and no means of drying clothes, you just put on the driest ones when you went on watch again. Unfortunately our Captain was a teetotaler and in the stormiest weather, never issued a tot of rum to the crew, and at the end of one voyage he called me into his cabin, and told me to empty two kegs of rum down the toilet.

(With that distressing image, we will leave the account here and continue it in the next edition)



Lawhill

Picture by Allan C Green, 1878 - 1954, from the State Library of Victoria

Piracy: West Africa running riot.

Seafarers manning the numerous offshore support vessels in the Niger Delta have long been soft targets for the numerous maritime criminals -many claiming to be militants - operating in that area and its surrounds. After kidnap, the seafarers are held in camps ashore suffering many privations while their captors negotiate a ransom payment (details of which are seldom made public) with their employers who are, in most cases, an international consortium. As might be expected, the support vessels are manned by Nigerian crew members and Officers from Asia or Europe and it is invariably the Officers who are held hostage.

In most cases the criminals tend to operate off their own foreshore and their illicit gains are, to a degree, used to bolster the economy of their own communities so local support is readily forthcoming.

In a recent case the owners of the Malaysian flag support vessel "Armada Tuah 101" reportedly paid a ransom approaching one million USD (although this figure has been denied) for the release of six Officers and it is estimated that in the immediate area the kidnapping "industry" involving seafarers and shoreside oil workers earns some five million USD monthly. Despite severe local laws - including the death penalty - it is believed that certain individuals (politicians and members of the security forces) enjoy a degree of immunity from prosecution.

Most worryingly, there are clear signs that the criminals are now able to operate much further offshore than hitherto and the UK registered "Esther C." -steaming some 95 miles off the coastline - probably felt she had little to fear until she was attacked and three Officers - a Romanian and two Russians - taken hostage. Almost certainly this operation necessitated the use of a "mother ship" and it is suspected that a Liberian flag support vessel hijacked earlier that day was used to mount the second attack. It is also thought that the attackers had gained some previous knowledge of the track and movements of the "Esther C" and this is being investigated.

Until recently, the hijacking of tankers has been the major threat to those trading in Nigerian waters but increased naval activity in the area has, to a degree, curtailed this lucrative activity but there are many who fear that this will result in an increase in hijacking for ransom.

Undoubtedly, maritime trade is more at risk today than at any time since WW2 and in many of the world's oceans there are areas where merchant ships are being denied their right to "proceed on the seas upon their lawful occasions". Huge tracts of the Indian Ocean, Gulf of Aden, Malacca Straits, Gulf of Guinea and the Singapore Straits are now regarded as high-risk areas and the seafarers manning the ships transiting them are at risk of kidnap - or worse.

Who remembers the global outcry when, some 28 years ago, the Italian flag passenger vessel "Achille Lauro" - on passage from Alexandria to Port Said -was hijacked by four members of the Palestine Liberation Front and instructed to proceed to a Syrian port pending the release of 50 Palestinians in an Israeli prison? Eventually, after murdering an American Jewish passenger (in his wheelchair) and throwing his body overboard the hijackers agreed to abandon the ship in exchange for safe conduct. The US Navy forced their aircraft to land at a NATO base in Sicily and the men were arrested. The event enjoyed radio and television coverage throughout several days and every newspaper reported every development in great detail.

Today, seafarers are being murdered and incarcerated on almost a weekly basis yet those who depend upon them for the maintenance of their supply chain of food and other necessities (and luxuries) appear to be utterly disinterested. Today we hear much about our "global economy" but if this is to be maintained then all participating States must recognise their obligation to suppress piracy in accordance with the United Nations Convention on the Law of the Sea.

crk 31/3/13

Since Captain Kelso's report there has been a worrying escalation of piracy in the Gulf of Guinea with two sizeable German box-boats attacked and hostages taken, 4 from the Hansa Marburg on 23rd April and 5 from the City of Xiamen on 25th April. It is reported that the latter was attacked by 14 pirates in two speedboats. They gained access to the citadel and took the senior officers: the Captain, Chief Officer, Chief, 2nd and 3rd Engineers. These hostages are reported to have been released in early May.

A 19 metre, 22 knot, bullet-proof 'security' passenger launch, the UTAI 8, with 3 crew, disappeared on the morning of 25th April and is thought to be being used by the pirates as a mother-ship. It is speculated that the pirates have some military experience and are not only heavily armed but have the use of hydraulic cutting equipment to breach the citadels.



Esther C



Hansa Marburg



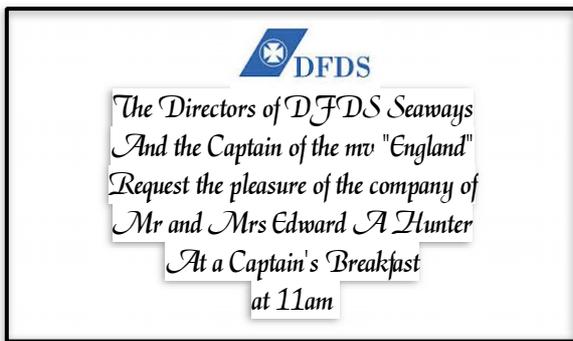
City of Xiamen

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

Two more gentle tales, a few years apart, from Eddie.

The Captain's Wife

The Danish Shipping Company DFDS Seaways introduced a new ship on their Harwich to Esberg route. I think she was the mv "England" but my memory is fast failing. No matter. A week or so before she arrived for the first time at Parkeston Quay, I received an embossed envelope through the post. It contained an embossed invitation card reading:



"Well, bugger me!" I thought ungraciously and ungratefully. "I'm not important enough to be invited to dinner, I'm not even important enough to merit lunch, but *breakfast*, I mean, that has got to be some sort of insult."

I had almost decided to R.S.V.P. in the negative and commented to that effect to my boss, Peter Frost, the Superintendent Engineer. He laughed, and told me that the ship was berthing at 09:30 and would be sailing again at 15:00 and everyone had received an invitation to breakfast. Mollified, I accepted on behalf of Dorothy and myself.

Well, that was the most alcoholic breakfast imaginable, commencing with champagne and progressing through just about every falling-down fluid known to man!

As we were still very new to the local shipping community, Peter and Kate Frost, took my wife and I under their care. Everyone present seemed to know the charming Kate, and she introduced Dorothy and I to numerous people she thought we should know.

The non-alcoholic part of the breakfast consisted with an elaborate smorgasbord which was a gastronomic delight, and we found ourselves at a table with the Frosts and our Commodore Captain, Monty Gregor, and his wife.

Presently, the Danish Captain and Chief Engineer joined us and invited Captain Gregor and his wife to view the

bridge. Monty eagerly accepted, but Mrs Gregor preferred to stay at the table, saying that one wheelhouse was much like another to her.

The Chief Engineer invited Peter Frost and I to see his engine room. I glanced at Dorothy, saw the panic in her eyes at the prospect of being left alone in a sea of strangers, and declined the invitation. Had I gone, I knew that Dorothy would have coped, but I had not married the girl to ever make her uncomfortable, and after all, I had given up *all* ships to be with her - there was never any contest! So, there I was, squire to three ladies, Dorothy, Kate and Mrs Gregor, for the remainder of the morning.

About six weeks later, Rank Xerox chartered the ss "Avalon" for a sales promotion. Their primary push was to present the first ever colour photocopier and a number of other novel products to their business guests during a three day cruise to Amsterdam.

As the main technical problems to be solved concerned matching the ship's available voltages to the voltage requirements of the Rank Xerox machines, I was seconded to liaison duties between Rank Xerox technical people and our Port Workshops.

Between Monday morning and Thursday noon, we all slaved furiously together and effectively converted the ss "Avalon" into the ss "Rank Xerox," using mostly hundreds of yards of a Fablon stick-on logo, specially made for the purpose, building a small stage in the aft saloon and a plywood film projection room outside on the deck. We had a local optician polish one of the portholes using jeweller's rouge, in order to project films into the saloon without compromising its fireproof integrity.

Anyhow, the work was finished in record time and Rank Xerox were so pleased that they gave an impromptu party on board for all those involved in the work, and their families together with as many of the Sealink dignitaries and their families as could attend.

During the buffet, I found myself talking to Mrs Woon, wife of our most senior Chief Engineer, Mr Des Woon. As we were talking, Mrs Gregor came to join us.

"Ah, Mr Hunter, have you met Mrs Gregor, Captain Gregor's wife?" Mrs Woon asked as Mrs Gregor approached.

Well, I'm afraid my mischievous Irish sense of humour kicked in.

"I have," I said. "And please don't take this the wrong way, Mrs Gregor and I have actually had breakfast together. .."



Two Weather Forecasts

Despite all the historical contra-indications; Texel in 1673, when they shot the sh one t out of the Royal Navy; all the trouble and woe begun in 1690 (and continuing ever since) in my poor benighted little homeland by Orange Billy; and the Boer War - despite all that, I met a charming, talented and, very beautiful Dutch lady, a widow and, well, who could blame a lonely widower?

So, my future Mother- and Father-in-Law from Holland were on a winter visit to see their daughter. I am sure that an important part of the visit was also to vet. . . but that's another story outside the province of these Dredgings .. .

They had arrived before Christmas 1980 and were returning to Holland in mid-January.

Mrs Verhagen never enjoyed ferry crossings and was particularly concerned about the weather when she travelled by sea. So, the night before their return, the old lady, whose English was very good, watched both the BBC and the ITV weather forecasts with special interest. Actually, as I remember, the forecasts were not too bad.

On the morning of departure, I took them to the Quay, escorted them through Customs and Immigration and went on board the mv "St.George," the day-boat, with them. I took them up to the Old Man's cabin introduce them to the Old Man, who happened to be Billy King. (Now, where have I seen that name recently?)

Captain King greeted them warmly, invited them to the bridge for departure and offered each of us a gin and tonic, which the old couple accepted, but which I refused because I would be driving, and I am very law-abiding. (And any Sealink Captain's g&t would knock a horse over.) Preliminaries taken care of, and the old couple comfortably seated in easy-chairs, Mrs Verhagen broached the topic uppermost in her mind. "Captain? What, er . . . What will the weather be like?"

"Ah, well now," said Billy, his eyes twinkling. "Actually, I get two weather forecasts through our wireless room. I get an English weather forecast and that is followed by a Dutch one. I read them both carefully, and then I pick the one I like the best."

Well, if the event had been a television comedy sketch the timing could not have been better. There was a brisk double knock on the door and Peter Roper, the Radio Officer, entered. Tall, imposing, immaculately uniformed and always beautifully well - mannered, Peter did a double take, not expecting the Old Man to have company so close to sailing time. He quickly recovered from his surprise. "Good morning, madam, sir, Mr Hunter. Weather forecast for you, sir."

Peter handed the Old Man a sheet of paper, bowed slightly and withdrew. Billy King excused himself, donned reading glasses and looked at the paper. He looked up directly at Mrs Verhagen. "This is the English weather forecast," he explained, and Mrs Verhagen watched nervously as he read it.

Well, I have never seen better acting even from the best of the Hollywood method actors. As he read the forecast, Billy King's face became longer and longer, his expression more and more doleful, until finally he screwed the paper into a ball and tossed it accurately into the waste paper basket, saying, "I think I'll wait for the Dutch one!"

Cachalite **(and other things)**

The Cachalite e-bulletin system has been well received by those on the distribution list, now 151 strong, and may well have boosted attendance at some of the recent club functions. Fourteen bulletins have so far been sent out. If you would like to be added to the list please send an email to me or to the office.

There were 48 names on the list for the Skittles evening at the Southampton (Old) Bowling Green Club but there were a few no-shows on the night and eventually 40 attended, but still a record for this event. They were split into 3 teams, *Captains*, *Clubbers* and *Cricketers* and I would be lying if I told you I could remember which team won, such was the excitement of it all. I do know that a fine bottle of Aussie red went to Andrew Fost as the Mens' highest scorer and Lesley Odd won the white for the Ladies', with the Wooden Spoon going to Norman Alford. The quality of the catering had improved greatly from previous years, with all hands seemingly enjoying the fish & chips and a splendid selection of sweets.

The Curry Lunch at Kuti's on the 20th April was similarly well supported with 42 enjoying both the curries and the company. Next one on the 6th July.

34 Sat down on the evening of 17th May for another fine supper supplied by John Davis.

Roy Martin gave the after dinner speech in which he reminded us of the mostly forgotten level of involvement and sacrifice made by the Merchant Navy in the events leading up to the Battle of the Atlantic and indeed the rest of the war. Roy addressed this problem in his latest book, 'Merchantmen in Action', and hopes to continue to do so in his next.

Apropos of which, I suppose that the RN has always kept detailed records of its ships and men, assiduously logging their deeds and exploits in battle, and the Service Associations have helped keep alive such memories and tales, which have, no doubt, been enhanced with each re-telling.

I doubt if there was ever such a level of record keeping in the MN. Log books maybe, which told just the where and when and would be lost when the ships were either lost, sold or scrapped or the companies merged or went bust. Or when the important people in the office had a clear out.

Take, for instance, the three volume Roll of Honour which is in our Club room, containing the names of those 33,000 members of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets who lost their lives in WW2. It simply lists Name, Rank, Ship, Date of death, Age and brief family details, where known. A dignified and humble publication.

Our copy came to us after being rescued from the skip!

Which is rather telling. Somebody considered it no longer important enough to take up shelf space.

OK, I should confess to enhancing this tale a bit. The volumes were in a government department that was in the throes of moving or merging and they were looking for a new home. (But, like all editors, I don't want the truth to interfere with a good story. But you get my drift?) And we must ourselves be careful, when the time comes for us to leave our present premises, that they don't head the same way again.

Anyway, it is hardly surprising that when the 70th Anniversary of the Battle of the Atlantic, or the Arctic convoys, comes along, it is the actions of the Navy that are mainly remembered.

They have a well recorded history and the facilities (I won't say 'money') to put on a show. A fragmented MN does not. Take another 'for instance'. If you search the records of the convoy lists, as I had cause to when putting together 'The Battle of SC94', you may find some discrepancy as to which ships were in which convoy. If a ship making for the assembly point off Halifax were delayed for some reason then they might be put back to the next convoy. The Captain could hardly signal his owners on the other side of the Atlantic to say so and if the ship were subsequently lost the owners wouldn't necessarily know exactly when until advised by the War Office whose own records would be collated from different sources during the tumult of war.

But I bet the RN knows the exact the who, why and when of their own efforts. It's not a criticism, just an observation.

Moengo

It's not every day that a 10,000 ton cargo ship gets to knock over a tree but I was on a Hain-Nourse ship that did just that, 100 miles up a jungle river in South America.

In August '66 I had joined the *Trefusis* in the Royal Albert Docks, as 3rd mate, for a "quick SAF-Marine run, back in time for Christmas". However, as the more cynical hands had foretold, after we had discharged at all ports from Capetown to Beira it was back to Durban to load sugar for Japan. And from there we picked up a charter for a general cargo run to the Caribbean. I forget which company it was for, NYK, Mitsui or some such, but they had us going to some of the most out of the way places with seemingly scant regard to profitability or the safety of the ship.

We had loaded, first in Hong Kong and then at six Japanese ports, for Acapulco and La Libertad on the Pacific coast of Central America, then through the Panama Canal to ports in Colombia, Venezuela, Curacao, Aruba, Trinidad and Guyana. Having discharged we were then bound for a place called Moengo, which none of us had ever heard of. Not surprising really, for if you look at a map of Suriname, or better still, Google Earth, Moengo lies well inland, about 50 miles ESE of Paramaribo, as the parrot flies. As the jungle river (the Cottica, I think) meanders, it is more like 125. We had been advised that there would be many twists and turns and that we would have the assistance of a tug for the more torturous bends.



Trefusis, pictured here on another river passage, this time in the St. Lawrence Seaway.

Gr 10007, Net 5754, LOA 508'

Built in 1961, she was swallowed up in the P&O General Cargo Division in the early '70s and became the Strathteviot. Sold to the Greeks in '78 as the Evia she got caught up in the Iran/Iraq hostilities and was detained at Basrah in 1980, finally being towed away and scrapped in '87.



Things started well enough, with the river being quite wide, but the steering expertise of the deck crowd was soon put to the test. In those days "Iron Mike", the auto-pilot, was already well established and it was the custom for the Deck apprentices – for that's what they were in the tramping trades; cadets were only to be found on pazy ships or the more up- market of the liner companies – to man the wheel

during pilotages. That was all very well for normal arrivals and departures but for a river passage expected to take over 24 hours it was necessary for the deck crowd to revert to a watch system instead of the normal day-work and to man the wheel. Although most of the sailors were in possession of steering certificates they were pretty rusty at it and it showed. One after the other they were sent off the wheel in disgrace, returning to the main deck to the cheers and jeers of their shipmates while another hapless seaman was sent to the bridge in their place. Soon, of course, all hands had been tested and found wanting and it was again the turn of the first man discarded to return and have another bash at it.

The river soon started to narrow but seemed to have deepish water right up to its sides. As the ship careered from side to side the bank effect would force her back to the middle. This was all very well on the straight stretches but on the many bends it was a different matter. Even with tug assistance the inevitable eventually happened. Straight into the bank, gouging out a lovely V and knocking over that tree. Well, OK then, more a sapling perhaps. We backed off, with a squelch, the tug pulled the bow round and we continued on our way. That was our only major contact with the bank but you can see from the accompanying photographs just how close we were at other times. They were all taken as the ship moved at her normal speed for a river passage, around 10 knots. There was many a time when we could have just reached out and grabbed a piece of passing jungle. On the way, we passed by,





and looked down on, primitive villages right at the waters edge. Most of the population there would have been descended from freed slaves and they were living just as their ancestors must have done in Africa more than one hundred and fifty years before; in mud huts, the women bare breasted and the children naked.

We had commenced the passage at 0600 and when evening approached we just drew up alongside the trees on our starboard hand, put the pick on the bottom and waited for the dawn, with nothing to be heard other than the genny and the sounds of the jungle. Eerie!

Under way again at first light we arrived in Moengo at 0900. And the object of this enterprise?

To load into just one lower hold some bauxite, in bulk. It couldn't have been any more than a thousand tons and, if my memory serves me right, it was loaded into no.3 lower hold, just forward of the bridge, so the vessel would go down bodily without much change of trim. The bauxite, the principal ore of aluminium, was poured into the hold via a mechanical conveyor but there was no local labour available to trim the stuff. So all hands were cajoled and bribed into descending into the hold, led by us deck officers, to trim the hot, coarse, pink powder into the wings. One couldn't endure more than about 10 minutes before scrambling back up to the main deck for a breather. Modern day 'elf and safety would have had a fit!

By dawn we were ready to proceed and the passage back to Paramaribo was without further incident, the sailors having rediscovered their steering skills. It was also a lot quicker down hill and we made Paramaribo before dark. There, divers inspected the bottom for damage but none was apparent. We continued to load at other, equally outlandish ports, (as opposed to in-landish ones) before returning to Japan where, after discharging at Kobe, Nagoya and Kawasaki, we dry-docked at the Hitachi shipyard in Mukai Shima, Hiroshima, for a thorough bottom inspection. All was well so we loaded another cargo of general for the Caribbean, where I paid off in Trinidad at the end of April and returned home to study and sit for my Mates ticket. I never did another such river passage and I doubt if many more general cargo ships did. If you study Google Earth you can see that the stuff is now transported down river in barges. Much safer and cheaper but less exciting.

Terry Clark

Rear-Admiral Sir Morgan Charles Morgan-Giles DSO, OBE, GM, DL

Stowaway

Morgan Morgan, as he became affectionately known in the Club, was a famous Royal Naval personality and renowned Member of Parliament for Winchester who went aloft on 4th May 2013 at the age of 98.

Many of his views when considered today were decidedly non PC! However Morgan Morgan was never afraid to speak his mind. This forthright approach to life won him many friends.

He was, in his own words, 'a proud and happy Stowaway', being made so in 1990 and appeared regularly at the Sea Pie Supper where he always entertained those sitting next to him. The 1989 Sea Pie Supper was marred by a severe gale that struck the south of England and over 150 diners did not make it. Morgan Morgan however hacked his way round fallen trees, having set out well prepared with a saw or two. Such determination was typical of the man and a clear indication of how much he enjoyed the occasion.

Past Club Captains will always remember being invited to dine on board his elegant motor yacht moored on the Hamble. He immediately put guests at ease and served good fare with accompanying wine and port!

Morgan Morgan will be remembered with affection and respect; as some will say "They don't make them like that any more!"

Captain John Noble

A Memorial Service will be held on Monday 24th June at 2.30 p.m. at Winchester Cathedral.



Top left: At the Sea Pie Supper in 2001, with Captains Clark and Carr.

Right: Guest of Honour at the D-Day 60th Anniversary Dinner at the RAF Yacht Club, June 2004.

Middle left: The Shipping Festival Service in 2008 fell on his 94th Birthday and the Dean's Garden re-sounded to the clink of raised glasses and a chorus of 'Happy Birthday to you'.

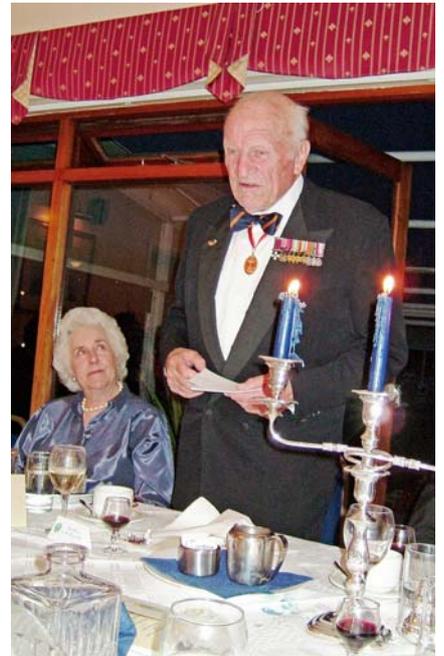
Bottom left: His aforementioned yacht, 'MELITA' which he bought from Lord Harvington who was Deputy Speaker at the time.

We have been privileged to previously publish, with his kind permission, several excerpts from 'The Unforgiving Minute', Sir Morgan's private memoirs.

Here is a final snippet, regarding the 'MELITA':

While Margaret Thatcher was still Prime Minister, Grant Harvington had taken her for a short holiday cruise to the West Country, so as soon as I owned the boat I proudly put up a brass plaque over my bunk saying "MARGARET THATCHER SLEPT HERE".

Later on, during an RYS Rally in Jersey, I was showing a lady visitor round the boat, who did not seem particularly interested, but as soon as she saw the brass plaque she was goggle-eyed and said "Oh! With you?" I replied "Most unfortunately not". At this she blushed scarlet and said "I meant to say, was it during your period of ownership?"



Rope Ends

New Members

Mustafa Bilgili is a self-employed Ship Management Consultant who graduated from the Cass Business School at London City University with a MSc in Shipping, Trade and Finance. He has experience in dry bulk ship operations, the S&P market, chartering and the demolition market. He joins us to meet with people with similar maritime interests and to broaden his experience. His leisure interests include scuba diving and swimming.

Rosemary Fost comes from a long line of Kentish mariners, her great grand-father was Harbour Master at Dover, her grandfather a pilot and coxswain of the Kingsdown lifeboat and her father was one of the last lifeboatmen at the same station. Rosemary remembers visiting the Goodwin Lightship every Christmas and was the first and last Regatta Queen to do so before the L.V. was tragically lost on the Sands the following year.

Rosemary worked as a British Red Cross Volunteer at the RN hospital at Haslar for 30 years, giving therapeutic care to service personnel, and was awarded a Badge of Honour to her Voluntary Medical Service medal for 58 years of service. She was runner-up in the 2012 Lifetime Achievement award sponsored by the Hampshire County magazine. She is an Associate member of Queen Alexandras RN Nursing Service, serves on the committee at the Bishops Waltham branch of the RNLI and supports the Shieldhall.

Her late husband, Peter, was a Harpooner and Rosemary wishes to continue her happy association with the Cachalots.

Andrew Fost is a Member of the Institute of Physics and of the Institute of Engineering and Technology and has worked for over twenty years in electronic warfare research and development for the armed forces as a civil servant. Most of that time has been spent on programmes for the RN including working on type 22 and 23 frigates, type 42 destroyers and the Invincible class carriers. He worked on the type 42's involved in the first Gulf War whilst they were deployed in the Gulf. He has also worked on RMAS vessels in UK waters and non-UK commercial naval vessels overseas.

Andrew feels that his membership will provide a new link to the maritime community and as the son of Rosemary (above) and late Harpooner Peter, wishes to continue the family connection with the Club.

Adrian M Northover, MCIT, MCIM, started a career in transport straight from school, joining Thomas Meadows & Co Ltd in Royal Mail House. Called up for National Service, he was posted to Transport Command in Egypt as a Load Master, but returned to Thomas Meadows on discharge. In 1954 he joined BEA (later British Airways) working there for twenty years, first in Operations, then Marketing. In 1974 he moved to Atlantic Container Line in Southampton, rising to General Manager (Marketing Services) before retiring in 1990.

He is past Chairman and Secretary of the BA Staff Retirement Association for the Solent region and enjoys cruising with P&O as a leisure interest.

Adrian has friends in the Club and finds they have a lot in common with everything to do with transport.



Freedom of the New Forest for Stowaway Dame Mary Fagan

New Forest District Council has granted Dame Mary the Freedom of the New Forest District in recognition of her services to the life and communities of the New Forest as the Queen's representative.

To mark the occasion she was presented with an ornate scroll by Chief Executive Dave Yates and Chairman, Councillor Alexis McEvoy. The scroll was contained in a handmade Beaulieu oak casket made by a local craftsman from Brockenhurst,



Captain Peter Joseph Stead

Past Captain Peter Stead, who was Captain of the Club in 1995 and is pictured above on the bridge of his ship on his last trip up the Solent prior to his retirement in 1992, went aloft on the 9th April.

Peter went to Warsash in 1948 and joined P&O as a cadet the following year. In 1953 he joined Union Castle as a junior officer and in '57 moved to Elders & Fyffe's. He joined Texaco in 1961 and spent the rest of his career with them, serving twenty years as Master. He represented the company in the Gulf, being appointed Vice President and General Manager of Texaco Arabia from 1984 - 87.

As well as being a Cachalot, he was a Liveryman of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners, and was granted the Freedom of the City of London in 1988. He was also Younger Brother of Trinity House and a Fellow of the Nautical Institute. He was a life-long Freemason and a staunch supporter of the Sea Cadets.

He lived with his wife Jill and their family in Romsey and at Romsey Abbey on the 23rd April 2013 Peter kept his last watch, from 1000 - 1400, his coffin draped with the Club Ensign and topped with his uniform cap and a floral anchor. The moving Service of Thanksgiving that followed was well attended by Cachalots and their spouses, twenty in all, including eight Past Captains. There were family tributes from both his daughters and readings of his favourite poems, including a poignant rendition of Kipling's 'If' from two of his grand-children.

Following a private family burial at Woodley Cemetary, the family joined members of the congregation at a nearby Romsey Hotel to remember a fine man, seaman and shipmate.

Our condolences to Jill, his daughters Joanne and Wendy and his grand children, Alastair, Rachel and Andrew.

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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

Thu Jun 13 Shipping Festival Service, Winchester
Sat July 6 Curry Lunch, Kuti's
Fri Sept 6 Club Buffet Supper, Club room
Thu Oct 3 Coach trip to Nat. Maritime Museum
Fri Oct 18 Trafalgar Dinner, Club room
Sat Nov 16 Curry Lunch
Sat Dec 7 Christmas Lunch, Club room
Sat Dec 14 Christmas Dinner, Kings Court

The cut-off date for the next edition will be

16th August 2013

Gone Aloft

Rear Admiral Sir M C Morgan-Giles

Captain P J Stead