

# ***The CACHALOT***

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

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**No 50**

**December 2013**

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## **Captain's Log**

With the festive season just upon us, time to reflect on the activities surrounding the Cachalots over the past few months. The highlight was undoubtedly the visit to the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. A coach load of members and guests spent a very full day exploring the museum and some brave souls even managed it to the observatory!

During the past few months a small group, led by George Angas conducted a line by line review of the Club rules. The final proposed text was published in the last Cachalot, inviting comment. There was a requirement to have the full membership vote so an Extraordinary General Meeting (EGM) was scheduled for 1st October. Given the need for all members to have the opportunity to vote when the notification of the EGM was circulated, so were proxy forms, with clear instructions regarding the procedure to be followed. There were few comments at this late stage; there having been ample opportunity for comment earlier in the process. At the EGM I was faced with a bit of a dilemma; I was aware that one issue in particular might raise a few hackles. I was also aware that the vote at the EGM had to be on the same question that had been put before those who had used their proxy vote. Somewhat controversially, I asked for the attendees at the EGM to vote on the same basis at the start of the meeting. The vote result has been published and the new rules are now in force. Notwithstanding the opportunities to express views earlier, there was considerable debate, after the vote, around the issue of changing the Club name to "The Cachalots". The AGM in January hopefully will put the matter to bed!

I am sorry to hear that the Reverend Andrew Hockett will be taking early retirement.

There is a tribute on Andrew's contribution in the following pages.

The club room continues to see some good usage on the days it is open (Thursday and Friday). For those less able to manage the staircase we are going to have use of a downstairs room on the second Thursday of the month.

The organisation of the Sea Pie Supper is well advanced with tickets now on general sale. Considering the venue and high standard of food, the price (retained at £52 for members and £60 for guests) is most reasonable. An equivalent dinner in London will cost £150 and I heard of one, admittedly in the Guildhall, where the cost approached £300!

As always, my thanks go to the Entertainments Committee for organising the other events so well supported by the Cachalots. The Trafalgar night dinner was a resounding success. Without the contribution of Terry Clark and Lionel Hall the room would have appeared rather dull; instead, flags were shown and a block and tackle rig (rove to advantage) added to the atmosphere. My thanks to our speaker, Roger Keyzor, who delivered a succinct Immortal Memory!

The next few weeks promise to be busy; Christmas lunch in the Club room (7th December) and Dinner at Kings Court (14th December) will do nothing for reducing our waist lines and the Burns supper should be fun.

Finally, I am grateful to all those who contributed to the Macmillan cake and tab-nab event, raising almost £700; a magnificent effort all round!

John Noble  
August 2013

*Merry Christmas*



# Boatsteerer's Locker

## THE CACHALOTS

### PROPOSED IMPLEMENTATION OF NEW RULES

#### *Introduction*

Further to the ratification of the Rule changes agreed at the EGM on the 1st October we now need to propose how The Cachalots will operate within the new management structure. This paper is the first step in a consultative phase that will culminate at the Annual General Meeting on Thursday 16th January 2014.

#### *Background*

The Cachalots are, at this point of time, effectively in limbo in so far as the new Rules pass the responsibility for their management to the Management Committee (MC). Whilst your officers are still in place and looking after your interests, the election of the MC will not take place until the AGM. As Boatsteerer and together with my fellow officers, I do not intend that we should be rudderless until then and I will now set out some proposals for the management of the Cachalots between now and the AGM:-

#### *MC Members*

##### *The MC will consist of the following members:*

The Captain – Chair. The Staff-Captain – Vice-Chair  
The Boatsteerer – Secretary.  
The Storekeeper – Treasurer  
Six Harpooners.

#### *Actions necessary prior to the AGM*

In order to present the necessary resolutions to, and at the end of, the AGM have a workable MC in place we need to:-

1. Submit nominations for the posts of Captain and Staff-Captain to the Past Captains for their meeting on Saturday the 4th January 2014 who will elect the captain for the forthcoming year.
2. Nominations are required for the following positions: - Boatsteerer, Storekeeper, 6 Harpooners. (The aforesaid nominations will be presented to, and the post-holders for the next two years elected by, those attending the AGM – We will not have a MC in place at this time. The MC will then be installed with immediate effect).
3. Receive nominations for 1. Above not later than Friday 20th December 2013 and nominations for 2. Above and any other resolutions for consideration at the AGM not later than the 2nd January 2014.

#### *Duties and responsibilities of MC members*

Any Cachalot, before putting their names forward for election, will want to know what it is that will be expected of them should they be successful. To a large extent this will depend upon what the make-up of the MC is. If all the positions are filled then the Boatsteerer and Storekeeper will carry on undertaking those tasks that will be necessary for the effective management of The Cachalots, assisted by the Administration Officer (AO). However, rather than wait until the AGM and find that we do not have enough nominations for one or more

of the vacant positions, it is important that we have an alternative plan.

The new Rules enhance the MC's flexibility for managing tasks on a 'job sharing' basis. The Captain and Staff-Captain (as Chair and Vice-Chairs respectively of the MC) will be able to call upon the assistance of other MC members and co-opt other willing Cachalots as necessary in order to undertake specific tasks related to external functions (Internal functions are currently managed by the Entertainments sub-committee and this does not need to change). The Boarsteerers and Storekeepers duties can be undertaken by different MC members/ Cachalot volunteers in successive years so that no one MC member/Cachalot is required to manage all functions every year just because they have volunteered to be part of the MC. In this way, hopefully, such tasks will not be too onerous.

For this to work of course good communications between Chair/MC members/AO will be vital. This is not to say that these Cachalots need to spend inordinate amounts of time in the office (we may very well find ourselves without a Club-room at any time and the way we run the Cachalots will have to be re-considered again). With the AO as the co-ordinating element between the Captain and MC member/volunteer Cachalot we should be able to manage all our functions and administrative duties, the details of which have yet to be worked out. Once we have the MC in place then such details can be identified and shared out to the mutual benefit of The Cachalots in general and the contributors in particular.

#### *Conclusion*

For those of you who view the foregoing with scepticism, I would invite any Cachalot to come up with positive criticism/suggestions that will work better (only please hurry up!). To suggest that what we are proposing now in some way denigrates the efforts of those that have, through the years, contributed enormously to the inescapable fact that we are still alive and kicking is to have hold of the wrong end of the stick. It is precisely because we respect and honour the efforts of our forebears that we are trying to find ways of, not only continuing to survive within and contribute locally towards a truly global industry, but also to proactively seek to foster the companionship we have in an increasingly lonely world and, in so doing, enable our commitment, standards and yes our sheer doggedness to continue to enable us to contribute through our charitable donations and management of the Sea Pie Supper and Shipping Festival Service.

**Please pick up the phone, turn on the electronic device and get in touch with any of your officers. Come and tell us what you would like to do. The Cachalots need you.**

**David Stocks**

**18<sup>th</sup> October 2013**

***Further to the above, a Nomination form has been posted on the notice board in the club room for the 2 Officers and at least 6 Harpooners to be elected at the AGM.***

## Christmas Events

Still time - if you are quick - to book for the Christmas functions.  
(Prices have increased a tad on what was previously indicated)

Those booked for the lunch are advised to allow plenty of time for parking. Last year some found that two hours was not quite enough.

The **Christmas Lunch** will be held  
In the Club Room  
On

**Saturday 7th December**  
1200 for 1230  
**£24 per head**

The **Christmas Dinner** will be held  
at King's Court Masonic Centre  
On

**Saturday 14th December**  
1900 for 1930  
Black Tie  
**£30 per head**

Traditional Christmas Fare

## Ladies that Lunch

It has been suggested that some of the ladies might like to have their own lunch time 'session' at one of the many eateries adjacent to the club.

And there are many to choose from: Indian, Italian, Mexican, Brazilian and a recently opened Mediterranean one. The White Star in Oxford Street is now an AA 5 star Hotel and its restaurant has earned 2 AA Rosettes.

The previously named 'Dock Gate 4' in the old SW Hotel is now renamed the 'Grand Café' and may justify an exploratory visit just to verify the claim.

If this appeals to any of the ladies they should contact Margaret Grant or Lesley Odd, who will co-ordinate and arrange if there is sufficient interest.

## AGM

The Annual General Meeting will be held on  
**Thursday 16th January at 1830**  
In the club room

## **Sea Pie Supper 2014**

### Tickets on sale from Thursday the 7<sup>th</sup> November

The Cachalots are pleased to announce that tickets are available for the event of the year, priced at £52 for members and £60 for guests, this to include a welcome drink, five course dinner, excellent entertainment and jovial company.

**As we go to press tickets are selling well and you are advised not to delay if you wish to book a table.**

The Sea Pie Supper will be at the City Cruise Terminal Southampton on the 7<sup>th</sup> February 2014 doors open at 1800 and guests are requested to take their seats by 1920.

Carriages 2345

Dress is Black Tie for the gentlemen and Formal Dress for the ladies.

Gate 8 will be open until 0100 hrs on the 8<sup>th</sup> February whilst Gate 10 is open 24 hrs a day. The Cruise Terminal has ample free parking and bus and rail routes are frequent to Southampton city centre.

For more information please use the link:

[http://www.abparking.co.uk/directions/city\\_cruise\\_terminal](http://www.abparking.co.uk/directions/city_cruise_terminal)

## **Thursday Get-Togethers.**

As the years advance, more and more of our Club Members are finding our steep and winding staircase to be a definite challenge and, as a result, some decide not to attempt the climb. For the few using wheel-chairs a visit to their Club is out of the question.

However, THE SOUTHAMPTON SEAFARERS' CENTRE, situated on the ground floor and with an entry from the rear (by the car park) to facilitate wheel-chair users has a small but comfortable meeting room with ample accommodation and seating.

It has been decided that THE UPSTAIRS CLUBROOM WILL CONTINUE TO FUNCTION AS USUAL ON THURSDAY AND FRIDAY but, in addition and for a trial period, THE SEAFARERS' CENTRE meeting room will be put at our disposal for THE SECOND THURSDAY OF EVERY MONTH to facilitate the attendance of those Club Members for whom the staircase poses problems.

If, after a time, this innovation proves to be beneficial those attending will be invited to submit ideas about how the facility might be improved, the best day for it, the monthly frequency etc.

THE FIRST DOWNSTAIRS GET-TOGETHER IS SCHEDULED FOR THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12<sup>TH</sup> 2013, from 1200 to 1400.

It would be helpful if those Club members desirous of attending (including those who enjoy total mobility and who would like to again meet those of us who do NOT) advised the Club of their intention to attend (023 80 226155) [office@cachalots.org.uk](mailto:office@cachalots.org.uk) but this is not a prerequisite for attendance.

## Fifty Years on Salt Water

*Episode five of the memoirs of Leslie (Charlie) Chapman, who served his time in sail, in one trip, and went on to become a Southampton Pilot. After completing a round trip across the Atlantic in the 'Horse & Cart', these are exciting and sometimes dangerous times for a young officer, in both steam and back in sail again.*

On arrival in London, I had orders to join the *Chesapeake* in Avonmouth as third officer. She had been on her way from New York to Hankow in China, with a cargo of paraffin and, while at anchor at St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, a ship entering the port collided with her causing a whole tank of oil to be lost. Consequently she was ordered home to be repaired. This having been completed, and cargo taken on board again she was now ready for sea. A mixed crew, consisting of mostly Chinese and Arabs, was signed on for the run to Shanghai. I state the word run, as more will be written about this a little later on.

In those days Suez Canal dues were so heavy for an oil tanker that it was cheaper to go all the way round South Africa.

The *Chesapeake* was another tanker with her engines amidships, and a coal burner. She burnt about forty tons of coal a day, and on such a long run, we had to put into several ports for bunkers. These ports were Las Palmas, Dakar, Durban, Sabang Bay in Sumatra and Woosung at the mouth of the river Yangtze Kiang.

Having anchored off Woosung, which is the entrance to the river leading up to Shanghai, the crew demanded to be paid off, as they had only signed on for the run to Shanghai. This meant they had agreed to a certain sum of money for the voyage and not on wages.

But our cargo was for Hankow, about 800 miles up the Yangtze. The vessel was going to Shanghai on her way down again. As they refused to sail, the Captain went ashore and signed on a new crew of Chinamen. At the same time he made arrangements with the police to arrest the old crew, as soon as they went ashore, for mutiny. They did not know of this, till they got ashore and they all got a good prison sentence.

There was quite a lot of trouble in China at the time, and a considerable amount of piracy on the Yangtze Kiang. When we left Woosung for Hankow, we had a British river gunboat as an escort to guard against pirates. Nothing exciting happened on the way up, except being fired on with rifles as we passed Wuhu and Ching-kiang. It was very picturesque on the way up the river, the scenery was continually changing. We had two pilots on board, a Captain Leach and a Frenchman, who kept watch all the way up. Owing to the strong current against us, we took about five days to go up. The English pilot pointed out the original bridge which is used on the "Willow Pattern" plate.

We stayed three days in Hankow, which at times was very exciting. Public executions were carried out in the streets, and town centre and with others we witnessed one of these. Several pirates were being executed, they were on their knees with their hands behind their backs. An officer pushed them in the back with his sword in the scabbard, and as their heads went forward they were cut off, a gruesome and sickly sight, which we left right away, feeling very sick.

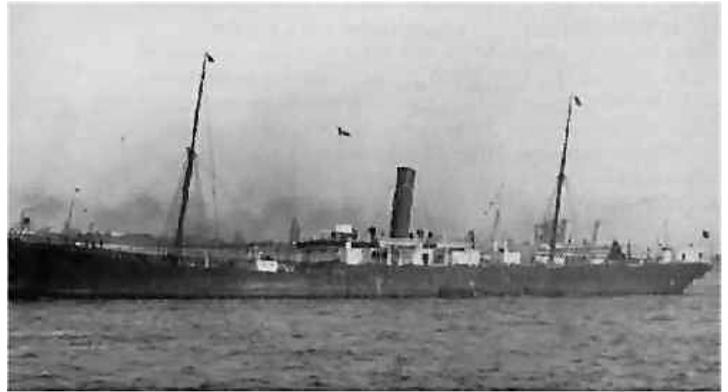
The trip down the river was very fast, as we had the current with us all the way to Shanghai. It was quiet when we passed Wuhu, on the way back, and interesting to see the life of the town, which was right on the river side for quite a distance. Having spent a week in Shanghai, we had orders to proceed to a place called Balak-Papan, on the East Coast of Borneo. Although it is a well-known place today, it was practically unknown then, and we had to go and find the place.

The *Cheapeake* loaded a full cargo of petrol for the United Kingdom and this time we came through the Suez Canal. In those days petrol ships were only allowed to travel by day and had the right of way, and did not tie up to let other ships pass. The night was spent at Ismailia at anchor. At the time I am writing about, there were only three ports in the United Kingdom where petrol was allowed to be discharged, namely Thameshaven, Portishead and Barrow in Furness, and we were ordered to the last place.

In all these ports, this included Hamburg and Rotterdam, only three people were allowed on board while discharging cargo. One officer, one engineer and the pump-man. This order was so strict that the relief of the watch had to be made on the quay. Steam for the pumps and dynamo was supplied from the shore. The Captain and officers lived in a hotel during the stay, while the crew lived in accommodation specially built for petrol tanker crews.

Having discharged the cargo, we took in water ballast and proceeded to New York and loaded another cargo of petrol this time for Hamburg. We had the same treatment there as in the English ports about the number of people allowed on board, with a German policeman standing at the gangway to see that it was carried out.

For the next voyage we had a new captain, as our captain had to attend the Board of Trade inquiry about the collision previously mentioned. We sailed again for New York, and loaded another cargo for the Far East.



**s.s. Chesapeake**  
**This is the only picture I could find of this early tanker, built in Glasgow in 1895.**

Four days out from New York, we struck a terrific gale and about five in the morning the Captain decided to heave to, as we were making heavy weather of it. As the ship came round to the wind and sea she shipped a terrific sea, which washed away the bridge, smashed the wheel-house to pieces and smashed in both lifeboats. The skeleton of the bridge remained, also the chart room. Fortunately I was off duty at the time and hearing the heavy crash, the second officer and myself quickly dressed and went on deck. What a sight met our eyes, wreckage all over the place. The wheel and steering gear did not get smashed, but the quartermaster was injured. With the aid of battery lamps we found the Chief Officer under the wreckage of the wheelhouse; later we found he had two broken shoulders. We could not find the Captain anywhere, and thought that he had been washed overboard. At daylight a Chinese fireman came up to me and said, "Please Captain have makee look see", I asked him where he makee look see, and he took me to the port stokehold ventilator, and sure enough he was there, resting on the cross bars about five foot inside, semi-conscious. We got him out, took him to his room and fortunately found nothing seriously wrong with him. After a few days he was quite well again. The second officer and myself had to go on watch and watch for the rest of the voyage.

We had a difficult job to make the bridge fit to keep a watch on, rigging canvas all round for protection. We called at Algiers for bunkers and found our Captain there, to replace the relief Captain. He had a nasty shock when he saw the condition of his vessel. Not having wireless in those days, it had not been possible to report the damage until we arrived in port.

We landed the Chief Officer for hospital treatment and he eventually went back to England with the relief Captain. We managed to get reasonable repairs done, and bought two lifeboats, so *Chesapeake* was seaworthy again, and we continued on our journey, with orders to proceed to Bombay. The second night out the Captain came on the bridge and said by the time we arrive in Bombay, your time will be up to sit for your first mates certificate, I have just been looking at your discharge book. Down you go to your room and do some studying. I will take your watch each night, when we are not in sight of land. I said I would think about it, as it came as a surprise to me. He remarked, think as much as you like, you are going to sit for it anyway.

We arrived in Bombay two days after my time was up and I put in an application for the examination, which was accepted. The exam lasted four days and fortunately I passed it. I immediately wrote to the owners in New York, and informed them of the result, also said I would like to be promoted at the earliest opportunity. On completion of permanent repairs to our bridge, we sailed to Pulo Sambo, opposite Singapore, and loaded a cargo of petrol for New York. On arrival I was greeted with the news that I was to join the full-rig ship *Hainaut*, as first mate; she had just been transferred from the Belgian flag. This came as a bit of a shock to me, as I thought I had finished with sailing ships.

After all, I could not complain, as I had written for promotion. Little did I know at the time how lucky I was, in leaving the *Chesapeake*. She sailed from New York with a cargo of oil, and five days later, caught on fire, burnt out and sank. Only twenty one of the crew of forty two were saved, after being in a lifeboat for nine days, some suffering from terrible burns. The Chief Officer especially, who died a few hours after being rescued by a German ship called the *Adam Sturm*, and landed at Gibraltar. As stated before the vessel was not fitted with wireless and could not call for help. Fourteen years later I met the third mate who had relieved me in the *Chesapeake* and he gave me all the details of the disaster. He was then a Pilot in Southampton, and I was to serve many years with him as a Pilot. I learned later that my parents had given me up as lost, as my name did not appear amongst the survivors. The New York office had evidently sent word to London about my change of ships, but had no cause to let my people know. As usual I was a poor hand at writing letters, but eventually they heard from me and were very relieved.

On joining the *Hainaut*, I found she was a tanker carrying oil in bulk, at the time I think there were only three such ships afloat. Also I was pleased to find the Captain had been an officer in the *Navahoe* with me. In a few days we were ready to sail to Tampico in Mexico, where we loaded cargoes of crude oil for delivery around several of the Gulf ports, including going up the Mississippi to New Orleans and Baton Rouge.



**Bulk oil tanker 'Hainaut'**  
*Built in Barrow in 1887*

Life was a bit more hectic on the *Hainaut*, as she could be loaded and discharged in a matter of 24 hours. So the time in port was usually very short. But at times could be very exciting, especially as there was a revolution on once when we were there, and it is something I shall always remember. The rebels were very near the town of Tampico, and soon after our arrival, a request was sent on board our vessel asking us to help to protect the English and American citizens of the town.

I called for volunteers. They were not hard to find, as a sailor is always ready for excitement. We went on shore in a motor launch, and there found some more officers and sailors from other ships, engaged on the same mission as ourselves. We joined forces with the Chief

Officer and men from an American ship, the *Perfection*. The men were served out with rifles and ammunition, while the officers had revolvers. We were ordered to take up positions near one of the entrances to the town, away from the houses of the English and American people. When darkness fell and the rebels attacked, we found we were in a dangerous position, most of us being under fire for the first time. After a hurried conference with my American colleague we decided that discretion was the better part of valour. As it was not our war we beat a hasty retreat to the centre of the town, and raised strong objections regarding our position. We were then sent to perform the duties we had volunteered for.

We were a motley crew dressed in mufti and with bandoliers round our shoulders. Our light coloured skin was the only thing to distinguish us from the rebels. Several of our men had never held a rifle in their lives, let alone fired one. As luck would have it, the attack was beaten off and our services were dispensed with in the early hours of the morning. But this was not the end of our troubles, it was in fact only the beginning. We were sent back to our vessels in motor boats, but unfortunately boats were scarce and therefore became overloaded. There were sixteen in the launch I was in, seven of us from the *Hainaut*, seven from the *Perfection*, and two native boatmen, one acted as Captain, the other as engineer. The boat would have been crowded with ten. All went well while we were going down a small canal leading to the river, but when we entered the Rio Panuco, we found a very strong current running down to the sea and strong wind blowing up the river, the two combined causing a very confused sea. We were soon in difficulties, and in a very short time the launch capsized. All was confusion in the dark. We called for help and were immediately fired on, for we were taken for rebels attacking from a different quarter. I started swimming for the shore, the opposite shore, which was some distance off. I could see other dark objects near me, other men with the same idea as myself. It was a case of every man for himself in such a turbulent sea. After a time my legs struck something soft, a chill ran through me, I thought of sharks and the next thought was that I had kicked the body of one of my drowning companions. I kicked it again, my luck was in, it was soft mud.

The water had shallowed some distance from the shore. I shall never forget the struggle over that mud flat, sinking up to my middle with each step. At last I reached the shore and was soon joined by seven other men who had also swum ashore. Our first thoughts were for the other men who were still in the river somewhere. We went in search of a boat to try to rescue them, and at last found an old Peon Indian sleeping beside a boat. In the meantime, to add to my troubles, a dog had bitten me in the leg as soon as I had landed.

We put out in the boat using floorboards as paddles, as in the dark we could not find the oars. By this time all cries for help had ceased. As the current was carrying us down to the sea, we decided to give up the search, and as we drifted close to the *Hainaut* we managed to fasten a rope on to her anchor chain, and dropping along-side, to clamber on board. Meantime some of the other survivors found another boat, fortunately complete with oars. We learned in the morning that they had found five men clinging to the stern of the capsized launch, which was just above water. There were still three men to be accounted for, the native engineer and two sailors from the *Hainaut*. Unfortunately they were all drowned.

During the morning we were arrested because the native had lost his life. Later on in the day we were taken, one at a time, before some officials and were questioned regarding the capsizing of the launch. After explaining to them the size of the boat and the number of people packed into it the night before, we were set free and allowed to return to the ship.



***Hainaut* flying the Belgian flag**

# Cutty Sark & Greenwich Maritime Museum

3rd. October 2013



Thirty six members, partners and friends boarded Angela Coaches' very latest modern and comfortable 44 seater at Chandler's Ford at 0830. The last aboard was Terry, our Organiser (and Editor). He was amongst those who had to travel from the direction of Fareham along a very congested motorway.

The journey was very smooth, aided by the vehicle's soft suspension but progress was hindered by traffic conditions, particularly on the M25. This prompted our very helpful driver to offer us a 'coffee & comfort' stop at Clacket Lane Services. Our route made a loop around the east of London, avoiding the congested urban area where possible.

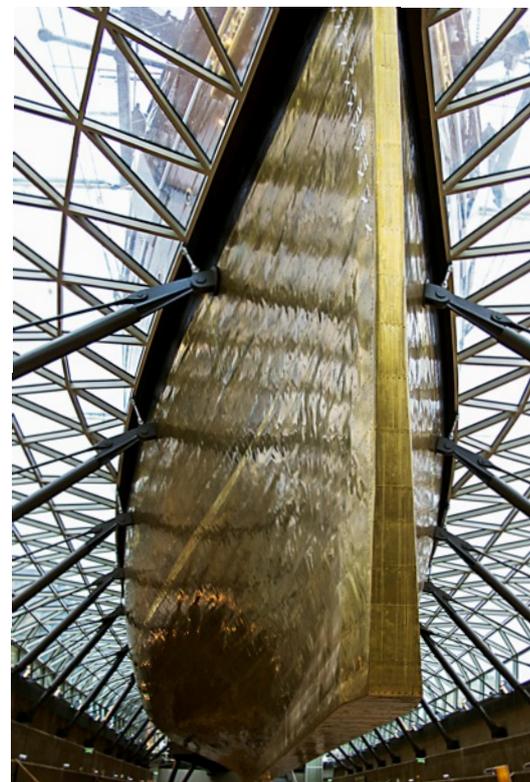
We finally arrived at the Cutty Sark at 1130. The driver stole a London Bus stop for a few moments, exhorting us to disembark promptly. We were instructed to assemble again for 1700 hours opposite the 'Pie Shop' and to scramble aboard as quickly as possible. We then made our way the few yards to the entrance to the Cutty Sark Exhibition. Here, Terry (now our Photographer) made us all pose for a group photo before leading us inside where Peter Grant had collected our pre-ordered tickets to the ship and for the Greenwich Observatory; (The Museum is free).



**The jolly Cachalot crew on arrival at the Cutty Sark.  
Missing are the Functions officer, who was inside collecting the tickets, and the photographer.**

Everyone was captivated by the ship, the displays it contained and the helpful volunteers who manned it. Remembering how it had suffered a catastrophic fire during a re-fit in 2007 we could scarcely believe how they could have achieved such a successful outcome. The hull is suspended in its drydock 3 metres high above the floor without having recourse to keel blocks...simply using a row of cantilevers secured to the dock stepped sides and apparently crossing through the hull via the tweendeck beams. As the photos show, the space below and around the hull has been put to use for a snack bar and display area, including this very impressive array of figureheads. Another notable feature is the 'copper' sheathing of the hull. It actually seems to be brass but gives the right idea as a reproduction without the enormous cost of copper.

Access to the ship was gained through the shop and a doorway cut through the ship's side. This led to the lower hold. Here were a number of interactive displays and exhibits of the various cargoes the Cutty Sark carried at different stages of her working life. There was even a tiny cinema area where weary walkers could rest while they were enlightened about the vessel. On the upper deck were the foc'sle, two deckhouses and the poop. We didn't manage



to look into the former but the for'd deckhouse contained seamen's accommodation with bunks and seachests. It clearly wasn't big enough for the original clipper ship crew of thirty eight so some must have used the foc'sle. The after deckhouse was where the petty officers lived. It also contained the carpenter's shop and the galley. The captain and the mates lived under the poop. Their accommodation was fairly spartan but they had the use of a comfortable saloon for meals and leisure. This benefitted from a coal or wood stove. The poop even contained the only recognisable lavatory or 'head'.

Lunch was taken in various pubs and cafes according to taste, including the bottom of the drydock.



**The foc'sle crew were keeping a pensive weather eye open**

**Nannie, the figurehead, sports a very 'cutty' sark**

The next attraction was the Greenwich Maritime Museum itself, which was situated a five minute walk away. Unfortunately the weather was somewhat stormy! It also left us surrounded by a large class of streaming wet Italian teenagers. The museum was beautifully laid out on two floors with additional mezzanine areas. There were helpful volunteer guides dotted about the galleries where the bulk of the pictures and models were situated. The format was very modern. The area devoted to the East India Company was designed to make us feel ashamed of our heritage in relation to its exploitation of subject peoples. In particular, it demonstrates how the Chinese were forced to import opium from India in the Company's ships.....A bitter pill to swallow when we are now forced to watch the boxes swarming in the local container terminal, full of their electronic consumer goods destined for our Christmas market. Our drugs are now tablets and smartphones!

Many of the exhibits of model ships were beautifully crafted: there was even a preserved state galley that once belonged to Prince Frederick (who was he!) from the 1700s.



Frederick, Prince of Wales, was the eldest son of King George II. Born in 1707, he died unexpectedly in 1751 of a burst abscess in the lung and his son then became heir apparent and was crowned King George III in 1760.

This state barge was built for Frederick in 1732. She was designed by the architect, landscape gardener and painter William Kent, and built by John Hall on the south bank of the Thames just opposite Whitehall. At around 19.2 m (63 ft) in length, it is one of the Museum's largest objects.

The hull is built in the wherry tradition and the barge had 21 oarsmen. The original oars are still in her. The carving was executed by James Richardson, who succeeded Grinling Gibbons as Master Carver to the Crown in 1721. Paul Petit used 24-carat gold leaf throughout to gild it. The stern emblem is the Garter Star below the Prince of Wales' Feathers.

The barge's first journey was to convey the Royal party (the Prince of Wales, his mother Queen Caroline and his five sisters) from Chelsea Hospital to Somerset House to inspect the cleaning of the royal collection of paintings. They were accompanied by officers and ladies in a second barge and a 'Set of Musick' in a third.

The barge was often used for journeys of pleasure connected with paintings and music. In 1749, for a regatta in Woolwich she was decorated in the newly-Chinese style or chinoiserie, and the 21 oarsmen were dressed in oriental costume.

After Prince Frederick's untimely death in 1751, the barge became the principal royal barge used by successive monarchs. In 1849 she made her last appearance afloat when Prince Albert with two of his children was rowed to the opening of the Coal Exchange. She was then sawn into three sections and stored in the Royal Barge House at Windsor Great Park for over 100 years before being brought to the Museum.

Once again there was a fine display of sailing ship figureheads; but also more modern warships' badges. The mock-up of an eighteenth century ship's stern is most impressive. It is representative of a stern view of HMS Victory

Much of the description of such subjects as the horrific experiences of the Russian convoys of the Second World War depended exclusively on black and white photographs. Nevertheless, their effect was chilling in more ways than one.

The upper mezzanine contained a modern display dedicated to pollution of the seas. It was fascinating to listen to a schoolmaster telling his pupils about the disastrous toll caused by the 'Sea Empress' outside Milford Haven in 1997. It had made great impression on him so he was endeavouring to instil an appreciation of environmental protection into the class. Outside that display area was a large open space marked out on the floor with a map of the world which emphasized the preponderance of the sea over the land.

The ground floor contained a shop containing maritime and historical books and memorabilia. There were two pleasant cafes in the Museum. It was interesting to see that the back entrance gave out to Greenwich Park and just outside stood a gigantic model ship in a bottle on



a plinth. This was a representation of HMS Victory. The explanation for it was located within the museum rear entrance.

The Museum had a very up to date feel to it. It was clearly meant to appeal to the modern generation. The crowds of excited schoolchildren proved that. Nevertheless, it could be appreciated by us 'oldies' too.

The tour was meant to include the Royal Observatory but some of the party were dissuaded from taking the trip up the hill owing to rain and exertion. Some of the hardier members actually reached the Queen's House too, where they admired the Painted Ceiling.

We all agreed that it was a great day out but that none of us would wish to commute by road to London on a daily basis. At least we were able to sit in comfort on a luxury coach and could admire the patience and skill of our driver.

There have now been mutterings about a complementary trip next year to view the s.s. Great Britain in Bristol. Those who have had the experience were glowing in their reports.

Ian Stirling



## Leopards on the Loose

*This account by Reg Kelso appeared in The Master Mariners of Southampton by Simon Daniels*

At the outbreak of war the risk of animals escaping from zoos liable to damage by bombing was too great and many of them were put down but, in 1946, with life returning to normal the zoos set about the task of restocking,

At that time I was serving as a Cadet in the general cargo ship "GOOD HOPE CASTLE" a 10,000-ton "Empire" Class vessel with a crew of 68, engaged in the "triangular" trade UK/Canada/USA/West Indies/South Africa/East Africa/Mediterranean ports/UK. We carried 12 passengers from the UK and the USA but, for reasons that were never very clear, we often embarked an additional dozen in Trinidad for disembarkation in South and East Africa. Many of them were missionary families and they lived in varying degrees of discomfort in what had been D.E.M.S accommodation dependent on "punkah louvres" for ventilation. The passenger accommodation had been casually referred to as "Belsen" until such time as our employers heard of this and sent a "stern letter" forbidding the terminology. Thereafter, quite understandably, it was NEVER referred to as anything other than "Belsen"! The voyages were of about five months duration but if we did a "double header" by returning to the USA from South Africa and then returning there, it could stretch to seven months. As Cadets we were paid £4.7.6 per month but this was augmented by £5.0.0 "war risk money" giving a monthly total of £9.7.6. We were seldom short of money.

In February of 1947, in Durban, when the Mombasa " cargo booking list" arrived there was great excitement when we read "66 live animals in cages – weather deck stowage". We were supplied with reels of cheap wire rope, clamps, shackles and bottle-screws and, by the time we arrived in Mombasa everything was in readiness to secure the cages on the foredeck and afterdeck.

The discharge and loading of general cargo proceeded as normal and then, with hatches battened down for sea, we awaited the arrival of our "guests". The human ones came first – a small Scot from Glasgow Zoo and an even smaller Englishman from a zoo in Manchester – and the first day was spent loading and stowing foodstuff and bedding and the two Cadets and two Ordinary Seamen were allocated to assist with this. Next morning we awoke to the sight of a long freight train loaded with cages - big ones, little ones, rectangular ones, square ones, high ones, flat ones – but all with their occupants eying us with suspicion and distrust, in almost total silence. Loading proceeded apace and we helped the sailors with the lashing and securing of the cages. The "zoo" officials dictated what went where and we soon learnt to be very wide-awake when working close to the occupants of a cage. The leopards came first – a female and two cubs in one cage and a male and a cub in another – followed by cheetahs, hyenas, servals, civets, bush babies, aardvarks and monkeys of all shapes, sizes, and colour. Later, cages with two giant sand rats and three zebras appeared on the back of a lorry and during the day other lorries turned up with a variety of other animals including a baby hippo. Eventually, with every cage lashed and every animal fed and watered, "GOOD HOPE CASTLE" departed Mombasa bound for Suez, Genoa, Marseilles, and Hull.

As memories of the delights of Mombasa receded and seagoing routine was restored I found myself on the 12-4 Watch with the Second Officer, my fellow-Cadet stood the 8-12 with the Third Officer and the Fourth Officer kept the



**Good Hope Castle**

4-8 with the Chief Officer. In addition to our navigational watches Cadets usually worked on deck with the sailors from 8.30 to 11.30 daily but, on this voyage we were fully occupied with assisting the "zoo-keepers" with the cleaning out of cages and feeding and watering the animals. The monkeys were our favourites (kindred spirits?) and as they got to recognise us and associate us with food (and bananas smuggled out of the Saloon) they would stage incredible shows of gymnastics (and some rather vulgar antics) to attract our attention. If, en route to another cage, we ignored them they responded with a series of deafening screams before hurling their water containers in our general direction. Every monkey had a nickname – related to shipboard personalities – and the better we got to know them the more they seemed to resemble their namesake! I recall a distinctly difficult 12-4 watch explaining to the Second Officer exactly why we called one of the more amusing monkeys "David"!

As the ship voyaged north at 16.0 knots the weather got hotter and more sultry. The punkah louver system recirculated hot air, sleep became difficult and the inhabitants of "Belsen" took to sleeping on deck. The needs of the animals were making vast demands on our supply of fresh water and everyone was asked to be as economical as possible. During the hours of darkness Cadets carried out "deck rounds" during and at the end of the watch. The 8-12 man did an inspection between 2200 and 2300, and again at 0015 and I did my rounds between 0200 and 0300 and again at 0415.

We left the Bridge, toured the Boat Deck and the Promenade Deck (stepping over sleeping passengers) and then descended the ladder from the fore end of the Promenade deck to the Main deck to inspect the cages. Generally the animals were asleep and we found that it was unwise to flash a torch as this tended to waken them – particularly the monkeys who assumed that more goodies were to hand – so as we made our way up the starboard side and back down the port side to the ladder to the Promenade Deck we were usually in darkness. Finally we inspected the after deck and returned to the Bridge to report to the OOW. The two giant sand rats were in a smallish cage perched on the mooring bollards outside the door of the afterdeck Lamp Room and I invariably gave them a wide berth. They always seemed to be awake and looking directly at me and I was convinced that they were planning something!

The deck and engine crew lived in the after accommodation and as the voyage progressed they became

more and more friendly with the animals. They, too, had their favourites and many a "blackpan" was shared with a zebra or a cheetah but, to a man, they detested the sand rats!

One of the passengers was an ex Chief of Colonial Police returning home after years in Africa. He talked incessantly and night after night he bored his fellow passengers with long stories of big game hunting, narrow escapes in the bush, his bravery in rescuing a child from the jaws of a leopard and overall knowledge of African fauna. When his fellow travellers sought refuge in deckhouses or the inferno of their cabins he took to collaring the Cadets – and we had no escape. Try as I might to avoid him, "The Major" would ambush me and "advise" on the best way to handle our charges. "Showing them who is in charge" was his favourite and I was never able to convince him that monkeys seldom seemed to respond to this approach.

The ship rounded Guardafui and made up for Aden where we bunkered and replenished fresh water. The heat was stifling and we took the opportunity to hose down many of the animals when the fresh water barge was still supplying us. We sailed in the late evening and shaped up for Suez – a distance of some 1300 miles. There was not a breath of wind but as we knew we could replenish fresh water at Suez and Port Said it was no longer necessary to economise and everybody and everything made the most of it. The first two days were uneventful although the animals were noticeably more restive than they had been previously. The zookeepers said this was because they could smell the land but "The Major" said it was because they were getting bored! Certainly, we were not bored and we spent many extra hours before and after our watches tending to the needs of our caged friends. We were due in Suez Bay in the late morning and about 0020 of that day I answered the engine room telephone to be told by the EOW that the 12-4 greaser had reported "seeing animals loose on the afterdeck" as he came on watch. I reported this to the Second Officer and was instructed to go the after end of the Boat Deck and "have a look". With some apprehension I made my way aft and shone my very bright torch over the two after cargo hatches and on the cages. All seemed to be in order and I reported accordingly. The greaser was adamant that he had seen something moving among the cages and although it was earlier than usual I was instructed to do my rounds and to "be careful". We debated about calling the Chief Officer and decided against it – the 12-4 greaser was not the most reliable man in the ship and he had had several runs-in with "authority". I went down the ladder to the Promenade deck and threaded my way through the sleeping passengers narrowly avoiding treading on "The Major's" hand as I reached the forward end and started my descent to the foredeck. All was quiet as I worked my way forward but, on this occasion, I was using my torch more freely.



**No, not an 'actual' photograph, but one that has been made up. Can you identify the ship, though?**

I passed the cheetahs and the monkeys and shone my torch on the hyenas' cage – it was empty, the three hyenas had gone and the door was swinging gently. I had seen enough and turned to retrace my steps towards the ladder to the Promenade Deck. I shone my torch in the direction of the ladder and there, under the ladder, were two yellow eyes staring at me. Almost immediately I saw the two leopard cubs sheltering behind their mother. By this time I was within a few feet of the ladder and I continued very slowly with the torch shining full on the animals; the female leopard snarled and settled back on her haunches as I leapt for the ladder and almost immediately fell headlong over the prostrate form of "The Major". Slamming the gate behind me I shouted to the now wide-awake Major to get everyone inside and rushed back to the Bridge.

The Second Officer was sitting on the flag locker talking to the helmsman and I recall with clarity his response when I shouted "There are leopards loose on the foredeck". He said "God Almighty, man – are you off your head" It took ten seconds for him to realise that I was very sane and very scared before he said "Call the Captain". I went down the chartroom stairs to the Captain's Accommodation and, pulling aside the curtain on his bedroom door, I switched on the light and shouted "Sir, there is a leopard loose on the foredeck"

In later years when he was Commodore and I was his Staff Commander in "EDINBURGH CASTLE" he told the story to many a table of passengers and it never varied. "When the Cadet told me there was a leopard loose I said to him "No, Kelso, there must be more than one – they are not in single cages" This version – related to demonstrate that even when rudely awakened Captains get an immediate grasp of the crisis – contrasted sharply with my own reminiscence and I still swear that I saw three feet of daylight between his bunk and his bare bottom as I said "foredeck". Clad only in a towel, he made the Bridge before I did. The Second Officer had sent the helmsman to call the Chief Officer and very soon a discussion took place. Was I absolutely certain? Was I sure it was a leopard? Was I sure I was certain?

I was adamant that the female leopard and her cubs were hiding under the starboard companionway leading from the foredeck to the promenade deck. I reported that I had told "The Major" to clear the deck of passengers and with that the

Purser was called together with the boatswain and the "stand by" man. Now we remembered the lookout. He was posted on the fore-castle head to watch for unlit dhows and was obviously blissfully unaware that he was sharing that area of the ship with three leopards. I phoned the fore-castle head and told him, "Come to the Bridge, come down the port side as there are leopards loose on the starboard side". I heard the telephone drop and within a minute or two an ashen faced AB appeared on the Bridge and shouted "What did you say, Paddy?" After some discussion he was dispatched to the "monkey island" to resume his lookout but not before he had been reassured

about the climbing and jumping abilities of leopards.

The Captain rang the Chief Engineer who appeared in his dressing gown and after a few minutes it was decided to stop the ship. Almost simultaneously, everyone remembered that we had forgotten to call the "zoo keepers" and I was sent down to "Belsen" to rouse them. They, too, reacted with alacrity and the Scot started frantically to look through drawers and wardrobes swearing loudly as he did so. I returned to the Bridge and we decided to hoist the "Not Under Command" lights to ensure that passing traffic kept clear of us. By this time the bridge was almost full of people. The Glaswegian zoo-keeper appeared on the scene and announced "I cannot find my gun and ammunition – it must be in my trunk –where is it? It transpired that it was in No.3 hatch upper tween deck and was accessible only by crossing territory currently under the control of three leopards! The Boatswain appeared. A Southampton man he was one of the most senior Boatswains in the company but his tendency to express himself loudly and profanely had necessitated his removal from the large Passenger/Mail ships and every time we passed one of these leviathans he announced to all and sundry "I was an AB when that clown was a deck boy" referring, we assumed, to the mailship Boatswain. He was an excellent seaman and he kept a very "fatherly" eye on the cadets, deck boys and junior seamen.

Suddenly, a thought struck me – only the Second Officer knew about the empty hyena cage! I waited for a brief respite in the discussion and then said, "Oh, incidentally, I think there are some hyenas out as well - their cage is empty." You could have heard a pin drop. The Boatswain broke the silence "If them b's is out they'll make for the galley!" After more question and answer sessions – with me at the receiving end of both – we had established that the foredeck was under the control of three leopards and that the hyenas were probably the animals seen on the after deck by the 12-4 greaser. The Purser reported that the 19 terrified passengers were huddled in a stifling Lounge as a captive audience for "The Major" whose latest gem of advice was "Never turn your back on a wild animal" – a view not universally shared aboard "Good Hope Castle", least of all by me.

My watch was drawing to an end but sleep was out of the question. The "standby man" was adamant that he was not going along the after deck to call the 4-8 and the lookout emphatically said he was quite happy to stay where he was –on monkey island. The Chief Officer rang the Engine Room to be told that the 4-8 watches had not been called, nor would they be, and that the weather doors to the crew's quarters had been closed and "dogged down".

A scouting party was sent out and I carried the battery for the aldis signal lamp held by the Chief Officer. The Boatswain had taken the small axes out of the lifeboats and we armed ourselves with these. We scanned the after deck first but nothing was seen and we moved along the Promenade Deck to the forward end overlooking the fore deck. I pointed to the area under the ladder where I had seen the leopards and we shone the aldis lamp. The area was empty. After some discussion we went to the monkey island (atop the Bridge) and started to scan the foredeck. The pencil of bright light travelled slowly, lighting up the cages as it did so. The empty hyena cage was quite visible but the leopards' cage was hidden by the monkeys who were wide-awake and very excited about something.

I had a feeling that nobody believed me then, quite suddenly, the lookout man shouted "What's that by the mast-house?" and there they were – the mother facing the light with

her yellow eyes clearly visible and the two cubs pressed close to her body. Nobody spoke and as we watched the trio walked slowly forward towards the forecandle head. In preparation for a transit of the Suez Canal, and in order to reduce canal charges, the storage area under the forecandle had been emptied and its contents now occupied both sides of the fore-deck abreast of No.1 Hatch. We watched in silence as the leopards –still illuminated by the aldis lamp - walked slowly and deliberately to the starboard entrance of the forecandle space and disappeared inside.

To meet the requirements of the tonnage regulations the entrance to the forecandle space was sealed by fitting heavy wooden slats into steel grooves – starting from the top and sliding them down to form a barrier atop the weather step. The wooden slats were piled neatly by the entrances.

Dawn was breaking over a hazy Red Sea and it was decided to wait for more daylight before taking further action. With the ship stopped there was not a breath of wind and the heat was intolerable. The Purser had opened the passenger bar and was serving coffee and brandy. Mercifully, "The Major" had fallen asleep in a chair and nobody woke him for refreshment. The hyenas were still missing and we pondered on their whereabouts. They could be in a mast house or in the forecandle space – or they could be lurking amongst the cages on the afterdeck.

Daylight came and with it a sinister sight – the dorsal fins of sharks were clearly visible on both sides of the ship and they seemed to be just cruising around with an air of expectancy.

It was agreed that the only course of action was to go forward and fit the weatherboards in the entrances to the forecandle and thus contain the leopards. The Chief Officer, the Boatswain, an Ordinary Seaman called Jerry and the two zoo men made their way forward armed with boat axes and a long boathook and, after a brief check of the area, they dropped the boards into place.

The leopards were now restrained, but how had they escaped? The zoo keepers said that it was probable that the hyenas had used their powerful jaws to break out first. There appeared to be teeth marks on the leopards' cage and large chunks of wood had been torn out in way of the door. Hyenas and leopards are natural enemies and the only reason they could give for this strange action was that the hyenas were trying to get at the cubs. But where were the hyenas? The next problem was to get the leopards' cage forward to try to fit it hard against an entrance to the forecandle head. If we could do that and then remove the slats the animals might just seek the familiar surroundings of their cage and we could close the door on them. It took three hours to get the cage in position and it was heavy work in searing heat – and with the constant worry about the whereabouts of the hyenas. The crew had been reassured about the leopards – we played down the hyena side – so they emerged from their cauldron and helped with rigging derricks and moving cages. About 10.00 all was in readiness. Chippy had repaired the cage and altered the door to a "drop down" one and, on the advice of the zoo men, the cage had been strengthened. We lifted out the slats on the port entrance, fitted the cage door hard against it - and waited. Nothing happened.

An hour passed and it was obvious that nothing WAS going to happen. Food and water had been placed by the cage door but the zoo men felt that the animals were unlikely to emerge into daylight. It was decided that we would have to try to force them out using a hose (we had nothing else) and the engine room was asked to give maximum pressure on the

fire and washdeck line. The Glaswegian zookeeper said he would direct the hose, supported by the Chief Officer and the Boatswain, Jerry, the Ordinary Seaman had the aldis lamp and I carried the battery –wishing that the electric lead was a great deal longer than it was! When all was in readiness we lifted out the slats in the starboard entrance and peered into the darkness. Jerry directed the bright light slowly along the shelves that usually housed the spare mooring ropes and – there they were! The mother snarled silently in our direction then, suddenly, the hose burst into action and a strong jet of water hit her full on the chest. She let out an angry roar and retreated forward. The hose party followed gingerly and slowly we drove the leopards to the port side. Now we had to get them aft and into the cage. Suddenly the mother leapt from the shelving and prostrated herself on the steel deck, snarling and tossing her head. She was very angry. The cubs seemed to be bewildered and they too were snarling. Now, the hose party had to turn aft to drive them into the cage and as they did so the hose "kinked" and the strong jet diminished to a trickle. The Boatswain shouted and Jerry kicked the hose but before the jet could be restored to full power the mother leopard lashed out and slashed the Glaswegian zookeeper's trouser leg to ribbons. The jet drove the mother back and then, quite suddenly, all three ran into the cage and the door was dropped. Immediately, they rushed around the cage desperately trying to break their way out and we gave thanks for Chippy's craftsmanship. It was just after noon.

Despite ruining his trousers the zookeeper did not sustain a single scratch but later he told us that had the animal been an inch closer he would have lost his kneecap.

The hyenas were never seen again and we decided that they had probably jumped overboard very shortly after the 12-4 greaser had seen them on the afterdeck. Later, it was agreed that this probably had some bearing on the close attention of the sharks that were seeking another meal.

We reached Hull some two weeks later and as the dockers were unloading a cage containing seven monkeys they crushed it and the monkeys escaped. Soon they were swarming over derricks and swinging from guy ropes and cargo working ceased. Despite the dire warning from the Boatswain "They'll never catch them b's" they did – three days later - but THAT is another story.

CRK 12/09



The Macmillan Coffee morning on Friday 11th October raised another magnificent total of £597.82. To that sum can be added a further £90.25 in Gift Aid, making a total of £688.07 going to that cancer support charity, just pipping last years total of £681.

Thanks to the industrious efforts of the Ladies of the Club there was a grand selection of tasty tabnabs to be sampled or purchased.

A 'guess the number of coffee beans in the jar' scratch board raised around £90 and Joanne Thompson generously donated her winning 50% share straight back into the fund.

A similar sweepstake to guess the number of milk bottle tops in a bag was organised by Lionel Hall and the 50p stakes raised £17. The lucky winner was David Stocks and his perspicacious assessment of 31 earned him –  
31 milk bottle tops.

Barbara Winsborough's popular sale of Christmas cards raised a further £50 into the pot.

Thanks to Lesley Odd who organised the event this year, ably supported by Margaret Grant.

## **A Proposal for consideration at the AGM**

Further to the Captain's report on the recent EGM it has become clear that although members were prepared to approve the amendments to the structure of the Management Committee, many were less than happy with the name change that came with the new rules.

Also, Captain Kelso was at pains to point out that under the new rules, as indeed under the old, as an Honorary Life Member, he was technically precluded from voting at an AGM.

To address these two niggles, a motion has been proposed for consideration at the AGM:

To approve the following amendments to the Rules:

1. Rule 1. Amend to read, 'The name shall be "The CACHALOTS", **also** known as "THE SOUTHAMPTON MASTER MARINERS' CLUB".'

2. Rule 11. Amend to read, '.....and all Cachalots **and Honorary Life Members** shall be entitled to attend and to vote, but no **Cachalot** shall be entitled to vote.....' etc.

'1' will allow members to use such title as they deem appropriate, '2' will hopefully encourage our senior HLM to continue to participate in the democratic processes of The CACHALOTS/Club.

Terry Clark

# Rope Ends

## New Members

**Scott Baker** is Senior Marine Superintendent with Serco Marine Services and holds a HND in Nautical Science and a Diploma in Marine Surveying. He is also an accredited Surveyor under the MCA award scheme and an Associate Fellow of both the Nautical Institute and the Royal Institute of Navigation. He is a member of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners and joins us to increase local professional dialogue and further his involvement in the local marine community.

**Sally Redfearn** is a retired Assistant Purser who sailed with Cunard for more than 23 years, from 1973 until 1996. She still has a great interest in marine concerns and has attended several of our functions as a guest. She joins us to further her participation in club matters and the local shipping scene.

### Captain G. Draysey RD

Cachalot Gerry Draysey was awarded the **RNLI Bronze Award** in May, for over 20 years branch service.

He was Press Officer from 1996-2011, Sea Safety Advisor, 1999-2009, and has been a committee member since 1995.

The Award was presented at the Hythe Raft Race in August.

### Our newest Master Mariner

It was a pleasure to see Cachalot **Mike Smith** in the club room on Friday 8th November. Mike was the winner of the Club's bursary in 2010 while studying for his Mates'. He had come to the club to announce that he had just gained his Masters' Certificate the day before.

Well done to Mike, who now works for the Northern Lighthouse Board and enjoys the level of seamanship that such a job demands.

Mike lives in Chichester with his wife and we hope to see more of him in the club as his work regime allows.

### Reverend Andrew Hockett

We have learnt, with sadness, that the Club's Honorary Chaplain, Andrew Hockett, will shortly be retiring from his position as Principal Port Chaplain for the Port of Southampton and Principal Chaplain for the Southampton Seafarers' Centre.

Our happy association with Andrew started when he came to Southampton some years ago after a lengthy spell as The Mission to Seafarers Chaplain in the Medway/Thames. He is also Chaplain to The Church of the High Seas and to the HMS Cavalier Association.

During his service in the port Andrew has made many friends and he is a popular and respected figure in "dockland" and aboard many of the visiting ships.

The Club extends its thanks and gratitude to Andrew for his services, over many years, to seafarers and to the Shipping Industry coupled with every good wish for a long and happy retirement.

## Burns Supper

The time is coming round again for our annual attempt to do justice to the Scottish Bard, but what can we come up with this time?

We've done 'Tam O'Shanter' and 'To a Mouse' and 'To a Louse' and would need a real vernacular spectacular to improve on last years renditions by the carrot tops. Whatever, be assured that the menu will still feature Haggis & Clapshaw and, so far as the entertainment is concerned, you can look forward to much of the same, **only different!**



King's Court on

**25th January**

1900 for 1930

Black Tie & Miniatures

Price held yet again at **£30** per head

## Kindle Cachalot

Did you know that you can read this newsletter on your Kindle device, if you have one?

Each Kindle has a unique e-mail address which you can find by going to the menu and selecting 'Settings'. It will end with @kindle.com.

To be able to receive documents on your Kindle, you need to approve the e-mail addresses from which they are sent.

Go to [Amazon.co.uk](http://Amazon.co.uk) on your computer and select 'Kindle' in the left hand box, then 'Manage Your Kindle' in the expanded one. Again, on the left of the next page, select 'Personal Document Settings' from the 'Your Kindle Account' box. Under 'Approved Personal Document E-mail List' there should already be an entry: the e-mail address you used when registering your Kindle. You can add more sender addresses as necessary.

Using this e-mail account you can now send documents, as attachments, from your computer to your Kindle. This includes, of course, the Cachalot files that we send to you in pdf format.

If you cannot be fuffed with all the above you can have *The Cachalot* appear miraculously on your Kindle as a new file every quarter when it is published. You will still need to enter my 'editor@cachalots.org.uk' address in the list of approved senders, as above, and let me have your own '@kindle.com' address so that I know where to send it.

Although all of the above can be achieved on the original Kindle devices, it is much easier to read on the newer generation of tablet Kindles such as the Kindle Fire and later models. Not only are they in colour but the touch screens allow for a much more flexible manipulation of the pages so they can be quickly expanded and moved around.

I must confess that I don't get along very well with the touch pad on my laptop, but am coming quite adept at finger play on my Kindle Fire, and have graduated from being a 'poker' to a 'stroker'.

*Editor*

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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

Sat Dec 7 Christmas Lunch, Club room  
Sat Dec 14 Christmas Dinner, Kings Court  
Fri Dec 20 Last Club open day before Christmas  
Thu Jan 02 Docklands New Year Service 0930 SSC  
Thu Jan 02 Club Room reopens.  
Thu Jan 16 AGM Club Room 1830

The provisional programme for 2014 is included with this newsletter.

The cut-off date for the next edition will be

**14th February 2014**

<b>250 Club</b>		
Sept	I E G Downer	J J Jones
Oct	G B Angas	J M M Noble
Nov	S R Dyer	Mrs M Grant