

The CACHALOT

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHAMPTON MASTER MARINERS' CLUB

No 71

March 2019

Post Captain's Log

Greetings to everyone from my wife Susanne and myself. It has been an honour to serve this club as the club Captain since our SPS in 2018. It is amazing how time has gone by and it is sad to realise that my year in office ended at our SPS this year. It has been a busy year as I have attended all meetings, functions and official invites and visits to our club every Friday throughout the year, with the exception of the invitation from The High Sheriff of Hampshire to attend the Law Sunday Choral Mattins at Winchester Cathedral on the 14th of October but I was pleased that our Staff Captain, Captain Rachel Dunn was able to attend in my place together with her husband Neil Dunn.

10th Nov: Our regular Curry lunch was well attended and a success with excellent food and good company. It would be a great pleasure if more of our members would join us at this smart casual dressed event.

11th Nov: Attended Sunday remembrance day at the Cenotaph in Watts Park where I laid a Wreath on behalf of the club. The weather forecast was terrible but the sky turned blue as we left the Civic Offices in procession and it was a very moving event with the park full.

23rd Nov: Attended the Mariners of Wight Mariners lunch. I travelled over together with several other members and it was a most enjoyable afternoon and a lunch, which was well attended.

1st Dec: attended our Christmas lunch held at the Med Bar and it proved to be a success with excellent food and service and was well attended.

2nd Jan: The year started with the Docklands New Year Service at St James Street Church. The Port Chaplain Jonathan Martin conducted the Service. It was noted that the service location had not been well advertised and it was the opinion of several that it was not an ideal location. There were not many at the service and it is very likely that there will be even less next year if the service is held at this location.

5th Jan: Attended the meeting of past Captains which was chaired by the senior past Captain Chris Phelan (Club Captain in 1978) At this meeting Captain Rachel Dunn was selected as the next Club Captain and Captain Andrew Moll (RN) as the Staff Captain.

10th Jan: Attended our AGM with 21 members present. At this meeting the Captain and Staff Captain were formally confirmed in their posts.

23rd Jan: Attended Burns Night with a full house and regrettable we had to turn some applications down. Gerry Cartwright gave us the Selkirk Grace and Captain Peter Grant the immortal Memory. Captain Lionel Hall gave the Toast to The Lassies and the response was given by my wife Susanne.

Alec Macpherson led the Sings & Clatter which started with a display of the hornpipe by Imogen Smart and the singing was led by Ingrid Bond and may I compliment both ladies for an excellent performance.

8th Feb: Sea Pie Supper was a success with just under 500 guests. Captain Ian McNaught, Deputy Master of Trinity House, was installed as our latest Stowaway and gave an excellent speech.

Finally may I say a huge thank you to all fellow members on the committees who arrange all the events throughout the year and look after our members, the News letter, the Peter Marriott Bursary, the finances, the bar by Liz and Richard in the office, without them the club would cease to exist.

I wish Captain Rachel Dunn and Captain Andrew Moll (RN) the very best and a successful year. Although both are working with busy careers I hope that between them they will be able to attend all the functions and other duties and assure them of my ongoing support.

A successful master is a master who knows his crew. Also my best wishes and a huge thank you to Past Captain Robin Plumley and members who have supported me throughout my year as Club Captain.

The brain booster that was in my June Log was won by Captain Rachel Dunn

Captains Charity: I am pleased to say that it exceeded my expectations with £870 raised, which included generous individual donations from several club members. This will be divided between SSAFA in Gosport & Fareham Branch and the Sunday Lunch Project in Southampton.

Captain Flemming N Pedersen, Post Captain

The New Captain

Rachel Dunn, who has been a Cachalot for 19 years, is the first female member to be Club Captain. She first went to sea in 1984 as a Cadet with Shell Tankers and left them when she was 2nd Officer to be married to a fellow seafarer who is now a Southampton Pilot. She then joined Wightlink Ferries as their first female officer.

Having obtained her Master's Certificate in 1993 she rose to be one of the senior masters in Wightlink before she left in 2010 to become an Admiralty Pilot in Portsmouth Harbour, the first female to hold this position, and became a First Class Pilot for all ships in 2012.

She was awarded the Victoria Drummond Award which is presented to women whose achievements boost the profile of women at sea and she is an Admiralty Compass Adjuster and a Younger Brother of Trinity House. Whilst managing to maintain a full career, she has also managed to bring up 3 girls, none of who has expressed an interest in joining the Merchant Navy.



Captain Rachel Dunn

Boatsteerer's Locker

Fellow Cachalots

The festive season is behind us and all our resolutions made at New Year are forgotten.

Today as I start this Blog out of the window its rain and high wind and tonight its Sea Pie Supper !!

We will be thinking of those mariners out in the Channel peering at the radar and clear view screens while we Engineers will be sitting comfortably in our control room drinking tea and munching sandwiches which have a liberal coating of brown sauce.

Our New Year Dockland Service on 4th January was only attended by four Cachalots as the venue was not quite clear - all will be clarified for next year's service.

Our AGM followed shortly afterwards and 21 members attended to see Captain Rachel Dunn our first lady Southampton Master Mariners Club Captain installed together with the new Staff Captain, Andrew Moll. The Minutes of the meeting have been forwarded to all attendees and a copy displayed on the board in the Club Room.

One of the suggestions made at the meeting was to hold a talk by a Cachalot on a Thursday lunch time as on a Friday much swinging of the lamp and the ghosts of ships fill the room. Already we have two volunteers so don't be shy. One interesting topic which could be discussed is that no UK citizen needs to be carried aboard a ship flying the Red Ensign, all the officers need is a Certificate of Equivalence. Mentioning the Red Ensign reminds me that P&O Dover Ferries are changing to the Cyprus flag and no doubt many of their officers and crew are now looking over their shoulders.

Chinese New Year (the year of the pig) has just been celebrated as was our Burns Night Supper in the Club where we were entertained as well as the various toasts by Imogen Smart doing the hornpipe etc. to the tune of the bagpipes.

The Sea Pie Supper has just been completed and its now two days later I'm starting to put some of the paperwork to bed. We installed Captain Ian McNaught as a Stowaway and his response to the 'Toast to the Guests' was appreciated, especially the closing humour.

We have received many favourable comments but also a few complaints which will be investigated. My personal thanks go to those Cachalots behind the scenes for their help and assistance.

Our next major event is the Shipping Festival Service on Thursday 13th June 2019 at Winchester Cathedral where again a call will be made for volunteers.

Following a kitchen fire at a friend's house which occurred just before Christmas and they are still in a B&B while the house is cleaned, redecorated and new kitchen fitted, (all at insurers expense). I presented the burra-mensahib with my seasonal greetings a fire extinguisher and fire blanket suitably decorated with holly and Xmas wrapping paper – sometimes it's very difficult to please everyone, so keep smiling, it will soon be pancake day.

Ken Dagnall

From the Editor

We are increasingly finding it difficult to maintain sufficient support for some of our functions and to keep them viable. At one time places were restricted to members and spouses only and would be opened to family and guests two weeks before an event, should there be space. Now we struggle to make the numbers, including guests. Other organisations and associations are suffering likewise as they too try to book suitable venues and keep ticket prices reasonable. The SMMC and the SRNOA have long had reciprocal arrangements with regard to our Sea Pie Super and their Annual Dinner but this has been restricted to our Captain and their Chairman. Similar reciprocal arrangements with the yacht clubs have fallen by the wayside as the cost of each invited but non-paying guest must be borne by an ever decreasing number of ticket sales. There is a case for sharing some of the functions between like minded associations and you will see on the opposite page a notice regarding the SRNOA's Annual Dinner to which we are invited. It is hoped this may foster a closer relationship and that Cachalots will be encouraged to support this formal dinner.

An apology, or two

In *Cachalot 70* we reported the death of Ralph Michael Nares Godfrey. We have two Godfreys on our membership list and a certain law dictated that the wrong one would be pulled from the file. The member who went aloft was **Michael Richard Godfrey** and the obituary that appeared is correct for him other than the references to Geest Line and Bishops Waltham. We hope that R M N Godfrey, to whom the two references do apply, is alive and well but we no longer have a contact address for him. He would now be aged 71 and we also hope that if someone says to him, "But I thought you were dead" he will take it in the spirit of Mark Twain in that the reports of his death were greatly exaggerated.

The other apology also involves a mix up with the same names. One David Turner complained that his pre-ordered wines were not on his table. Another David Turner, on a nearby table, sent back a load of wine that he had not ordered. One would have thought that the catering staff might have twigged but Halo, the caterers who we HAD advised that there would be two David Turners present, have held up their hands to the mistake. But we must still have some of the egg on our black tie and we apologise for that to the two David Turners.

And another mystery unsolved

In one of the many annexes to the Collision Regulations, we were urged to remember that 'assumptions based on scanty information may be dangerous and should be avoided'. My assumption, in the previous *Cachalot*, that the *Black Arrow* and the *Shakespeare*, mentioned in the shanty *Blow the Man Down*, were perhaps ships in port may not have been dangerous but may well have been wrong. Our Boatsteerer, who would appear to be an expert on Liverpoolian hostelries, tells me that the *Shakespeare* is a thriving pub in Williams Square, hardly a stone's throw from Paradise Street. So perhaps it and the *Black Arrow* were sailors' haunts rather than their ships. Or maybe the *Black Arrow* was a ship that Maggie had visited and she was off to the pub afterwards. However, I have been unable to find any reference to them as either ships or pubs in the 19th century. Google was always my first port of call for such information but now seems to have been taken over by Tripadvisor and other commercial sites seeking to profit from this particular Jack-ashore's online wanderings.

Plus ça change....



Skittles Evening



at the

SOUTHAMPTON (OLD) GREEN BOWLING CLUB
(The world's oldest bowling green, Lower Canal Walk, Southampton.)

On

Friday, 22nd March

Another popular and relaxed evening and to keep it simple we have decided to stick with

Fish & Chips

again for the main and there will also be a sweet.

Price is **£14** per head.

1900 onwards

Curry Lunches



KUTI'S ROYAL PIER

The next Curry Lunch has been booked at Kuti's again.

Sat 13th April 1200 for 1230

Price is **£17** each to include the gratuity.

Due to the popularity of the Curry Lunches (31 attended the last one in February) we have booked an extra two this year making six in all, so make a note in your diaries:

11th May, 8th June, 10th Aug, 9th Nov

Still excellent value and we hope you can join us there. Friends and family welcome.

Book through the office please.



**SOUTHAMPTON ROYAL NAVAL
OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION**

in concert with

SOUTHAMPTON MASTER MARINERS' CLUB

ANNUAL DINNER

SATURDAY 23rd MARCH 2019

To be held at

Southampton University Officer Training Corps
32 Carlton Place, Southampton, SO15 2DX

Guests: Mayor of Southampton
& Lt Cdr Mike Critchley RN

Rig: Mess Undress or Black Tie and Miniatures

1900 for 1930, Carriages at 2230

Cost £40 per person inclusive of drinks

Street car parking near the venue
- cost £2.00 up to 2000hrs

**Please book and pay through Richard in the office
no later than**

Friday 15th MARCH 2019

Club Supper

Wednesday 22nd May, 1900 for 1930

A supper is to be held downstairs at the Royal British Legion Club, Eastgate Street.

A speaker has been arranged

Judy Theobald

On

'Life – and other problems'

Born and raised in Southampton, Judy Theobald has had a long working life, taking her from walking the streets of London, to being photographed in bed with a man in the middle of a Co-op store and having intimate moments with the Chippendales (and Sooty) in their hotel bedrooms. She is currently a volunteer on the 'Shieldhall'.

Menu

Cream of Asparagus Soup

Breast of Chicken

with a

White Wine & Mushroom Sauce

Lemon Meringue Pie with Cream

Coffee & mints

Price is **£27** per head

There will be a limit in numbers of 42 so early booking (through the office) is advised.

Distinguished Guests at the Sea Pie Supper



Standing: Rev'd Reg Sweet RN, Mr Brian Johnson, (CEO MCA), Mr Alistair Welch, (Port Director, ABP Southampton), Capt John Lloyd (CEO Nautical Institute), Lt Col Paul Eaton MBE (C/O 17 Port & Maritime Reg. Marchwood), Capt McNaught, Capt Chris Clarke MBE (RFA), Dr Stephen Payne OBE MNM, Capt Robert Booth, (Master HCMM), Prof Anthony Hill OBE, (Director, NOC), Rear Admiral John Lang, (president, Winchester Sea Cadets).

Seated: Mrs Amanda Barnes-Andrews, Cllr Stephen Barnes-Andrews, (Mayor of Southampton), Mrs Christine Atkinson, Mr Nigel Atkinson, (HM Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, Stowaway), Capt Pedersen, Capt Dunn, Lady Mary Fagan LG DCVO, (Stowaway), Mr Mark Thistlethwayte, (High Sheriff of Hampshire), Sir Malcolm Edge KCVO, (Stowaway).

Captains and Past Captains



There were 19 Captains and Past Captains also present and the opportunity was taken to capture the picture above.

Standing: Captain Rachel Dunn, Robin Plumley ('17), Peter Grant ('12), Les Morris ('08), Andrew Tinsley ('04), George Angas ('06), John Mileusnic ('09), Ian Odd ('14), Post Captain Flemming Pedersen, Staff Captain Andrew Moll, Seated: l to r, Jeremy Smart ('98), Lionel Hall ('96), Ian Thomson ('91), Ivan Downer ('88, who was 95 on the day), Chris Phelan ('78, Senior Past Captain present), John Noble ('89), Reg Kelso ('92), Terry Hughes ('97), Terry Clark ('00).

More pictures on page 7

Who Goes Home?

There is some bemusement when 'Who Goes Home' is called at the end of the Sea Pie Supper. It is the call that the Doorkeepers make in the House of Commons when Parliament rises. Horace King, who had been an English Tutor at Taunton's School and Headmaster of Regent's Park School, both in Southampton, became MP (Labour) for Southampton Itchen and subsequently the Speaker in the House of Commons in 1965, when that role was still strictly non-partisan. When he retired from that position in 1971 he was installed as Baron Maybray-King of the City of Southampton and in the same year as a Stowaway Member of the Club. He attended most of the Sea Pie Suppers and they must have thought it a hoot when Lord Maybray-King called 'Who Goes Home' at the end of the evening. It has appeared in the Programme from 1975 onwards and since his death in 1986 it has fallen to the Boatsteerer to make the now traditional call when he considers that proceedings have dragged on long enough.

Endorse the port

Lloyd's List Viewpoint 31 January 2019

with kind permission of LL and the author, Cachalot Michael Grey

If you were aboard a bulk carrier bound for the Polish port of Szczecin, you should be counting your good fortune, as this helpful haven has been awarded the accolade as the top performing bulk terminal in the 2018 BIMCO Dry Bulk Terminals Vetting Report. And while awards these days seem to be two a penny, this one reflects the endorsement of the customers rather than the opinions of some sort of "jury" and surely means that much more.

When BIMCO started to question its members and more importantly, those aboard their ships about the performance and behaviour of dry bulk terminals, there was a certain nervousness about what might transpire. The shipping organisation did not embark upon this policy because of idle curiosity, but because there were real concerns being expressed about the sometimes less than co-operative behaviour of those operating these terminals. Ships were being damaged by inappropriate use of grabs and "shakers" used to shift clinging cargo in discharge berths. There were reports of terminals ignoring the ship's cargo plans and risking structurally damaging the vessels, unreasonable demands about ballasting and trimming and getting very shirty, even to "blackening" the vessels or threatening the senior officers when they raised objections. There were places where ship and shore had no common language and communication was next to nigh impossible; others where any requests from the ship to land wastes, or other perfectly normal needs, were ignored or rejected.

But there were plenty of excellent and co-operative terminals around the world and when BIMCO began this excellent scheme, it was designed more to promote and encourage best practice and to recognise the best performing places, rather than to finger the worst. It was hoped that this accolade would be a springboard to better things and point out to those who needed to improve that this was something worth doing.

Even so, there were fears that masters of ships would be reluctant to report on the performance of a bulk port they had just left, particularly if it was run by the organisation that had chartered their ship, or if they felt it might prejudice their treatment on a subsequent voyage. You don't have to be a shipmaster for long before you realise that the words "fair" and "reasonable" are often open to a lot of interpretation in our industry. So there has been a relatively slow start to the process although the 2018 Report shows an encouraging 52% increase in the number of reports being submitted. This report has been compiled from 144 ships covering their visits to 381 terminals. BIMCO points out that ideally they would like to have the numbers of participating ships increasing to 1000, so we must hope that the trend increases.

The top five ports in the latest report are, Szczecin, Quebec, Newcastle NSW, Gladstone in Queensland and the Colombian terminal of Cienaga. Let us hope they make the most of their triumphs and advertise them widely. It is the sort of reputation that can only be to the benefit of both ship and shore and ought to help others raise their game.

There is a lot more to this issue of terminal and ship co-operation than often meets the eye. The efficiency, let alone the safety and general happiness of all, is clearly hugely improved when the ship and terminal staff work harmoniously together. BIMCO mentions the matter of language, which can be a real burden and the cause of much misunderstanding and ill-feeling and it must be realised that it may well be the ship that is at fault.

It is reported by many ships that waste handling and disposal at a reasonable price is sometimes an issue, while in some ports it is almost impossible to safely land a gangway or brow, making access difficult or dangerous. You see occasional pictures of what some terminals consider are reasonable means of access and they are terrifying. In some parts of the world mooring and keeping the ship safely alongside as cargo is poured at huge speeds is sometimes a real problem. But in most areas of ship-shore relations it is all about seamanship and common sense.

It must be noted that while the average rating shows some improvement from the previous year's report, the 144 ships reporting on 381 terminals constitute a relatively small proportion of both the world bulkship fleet and the ports they visit. It would be good to see this scheme expanded; that more masters felt confident to report on their experiences and the light shone more brightly on practices all around the world. Those ports which saw their performance endorsed positively deserve congratulations, but if ten times the number of ships reported on ten times the number of terminals, the whole project would be given far more weight in the world of bulk handling and terminal management.



Days of Yore

In 1942 I was a Leading Seaman in T.S.Enterprise (the Londonderry unit of the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps), one of the four such units in Northern Ireland. At that time the port of Londonderry was a vital link in the Battle of The Atlantic and it was not unusual to have as many as fifteen warships (corvettes and destroyers) berthed (three abreast) alongside and others berthed alongside the bunkering tanker "San Ubaldo". The small commercial port had been converted into a naval base (H.M.S Sea Eagle) shortly after the outbreak of war in 1939 but the name was changed to H.M.S Gannet about 1941 when pasture land in nearby Eglinton was developed as an airfield for the Fleet Air Arm and claimed the name H.M.S. Sea Eagle. The airfield adjoined our farm - Doneybrewer - and when an aircraft took off from No.1 runway it was not unusual for the vibration to dislodge ornaments - and awaken the sleeping occupants. We remained there until about early 1942 - when a Westland Lysander crash landed in the orchard (pilot unhurt) and my father decided to give up the uneven struggle -and we moved to the other side of Londonderry. The Sea Cadet Unit enjoyed a very close relationship with the Royal Navy and we were frequent visitors aboard many of the warships. The names "Skate", "Scimitar" "Saladan" "Venemous" and "Lincoln"(an ex US Navy lease-lend destroyer with four funnels) bring back many happy memories. On several occasions when the ships were operating within the confines of the Lough Foyle some of us would be invited aboard and allowed to participate in many of the basic tasks being undertaken by crew members. One one memorable occasion a destroyer carrying out engine trials in Lough Foyle received information that a U-Boat had been sighted just off Moville (in the Irish Republic) and she was instructed to investigate. The four Sea Cadets were incarcerated in the Wardroom until the emergency was over but they all had exciting stories to tell when they disembarked.

In 1943 I was one of four Sea Cadets from Northern Ireland selected to become Unit Physical and Recreational Training Instructors (P&RTI) and to achieve this accolade we were required to travel to Portsmouth Royal Naval Base (HMS Excellent ?) for the requisite training. Thus it was that one cold and wet February morning I bid adieu to my anxious parents at Londonderry railway station and boarded the train for Belfast - in full uniform. The train was crowded with servicemen going on leave or on postings and my "NLSCC" shoulder "flash" aroused a deal of interest - and humour. At Belfast I changed trains for the port of Larne where I - and many "other ranks"- would pick up our ferry to Stranraer. Wartime travel demanded that commissioned Officers used the Belfast - Heysham route but the lesser mortals used Larne -Stranraer. On arrival Larne, in the early afternoon, we were taken to a dockside shed to await the arrival of "the next boat" - and nobody seemed to know when that might be. After what seemed an eternity - and a mug of tea and a roll from a Salvation Army canteen lorry - we realised that our ferry had berthed and we were instructed to board. Now - our numbers had increased twofold but I soon found the other three Sea Cadets - two from Belfast and one from Bangor -and a friendship that was to last for several years was established. We sailed out into the Irish Sea in total darkness -and almost immediately started to roll and pitch alarmingly. The passenger complement comprised many WRNS, ATS and WAAF's and many of them quickly succumbed to the weather conditions but, they were not alone, and many sailors, soldiers and airmen joined them at the shipside rail ! On arrival Stranraer we boarded a waiting train - again overcrowded - and headed for London. By this time I had been travelling for almost 24 hours and my only food had been the Salvation Army "tea and a bun" in Larne. We had cat-napped on the ferry but tiredness was creeping in. We parted company to look for seats and I was fortunate to find a window seat in a carriage designated as "First Class". It seated eight and one of those was a young U.S Army Officer who expressed interest in my uniform - and age. It transpired that he had delivered an aircraft to "Sea Eagle" a few days before and he remembered our farm buildings ! Our train rumbled South and stopped at darkened stations (with names obscured) but I clearly recall one called "Bank B.Q" where we stopped for a while -and the bangs and flashes indicated that an air-raid was in progress nearby. By this time my hunger was intense and when I told my new friend that I had not eaten for many hours , he reached into his kitbag , produced a bar of "Hersheys" chocolate and gave it to me. Never will I forget the delight afforded my by his kindly action ; a large bar of milk chocolate in wartime England was a rarity ! Euston Station saw us part company and I rejoined my fellow Cadets to journey to Waterloo Station for the Portsmouth train. At Waterloo we found a cafe and ate a huge meal of fish and chips washed down with mugs of tea and a lump of Madeira cake before boarding the Portsmouth train where we arrived about two hours later - after a long stop "somewhere". At Portsmouth we saw several other NLSCC cadets and we joined forces to ask a naval rating (wearing an armband marked RTO) how to get to H.M.S.Excellent. He told us to wait and after about half an hour (and tea and a bun from a WVS van) a naval bus appeared and we were whisked to the Naval Base where we met more Sea Cadets. An Officer appeared and told us that we would be berthed aboard a ship called H.M.S Foudroyant and that he would take us to "Unicorn Steps" to board a launch that would take us to our new home. Another naval bus appeared and our group (which now numbered about 20) was taken to the dockyard and deposited, with our baggage, beside steps leading down to an empty pontoon. Time passed but eventually a pinnacle came alongside and we made the short journey to our accommodation ship - the likes of which I had seen only in history books. It was now pitch dark and the "wooden wall" was very dimly lit and we climbed the accommodation ladder with a great deal of apprehension which marginally disappeared when we smelt cooking ! An hour later, having eaten an unrecognisable meal of vegetables and a piece of grey meat, mastered the intricacies of slinging a hammock and cleaned our teeth in very cold water - we donned our pyjamas, said our Prayers, and fell into a deep sleep. Almost immediately, or so it seemed, a bugle sounded and a uniformed Petty Officer walked amongst the hammocks, hitting each one with a long stick and shouting mild obscenities. It was now that most of us learnt how NOT to get out of a hammock and as we picked ourselves up from a cold wooden deck -and nursed our bruises - our Petty Officer friend offered some VERY obscene advice ! After a very cold shower, dressing and being shown how to "lash and stow" we were taken to the Mess Deck for a mass of cold dried egg, aged toast and margarine and a mug of weak tea without sugar. It was now just after 7.0 a.m. and I was beginning to wish that I had joined the Air Training Corps !

CRK 8/11/18 (To be continued if the Editor permits)

The Editor is only too pleased to include such memoirs, especially from our esteemed President who has been a major contributor to this journal over the past 70 editions.

More scenes at the Sea Pie Supper



Newly installed Captain Rachel Dunn and now Post Captain Flemming Pedersen



Captain Dunn has expressed reservations about being called the 'first lady, or first female, or first woman, Captain of the Club' feeling it can be a bit patronising or condescending. She prefers to be just the 'new' Captain instead and we respect that wish. Above, the first Stowaway to publicly receive a kiss from a Captain after being installed.

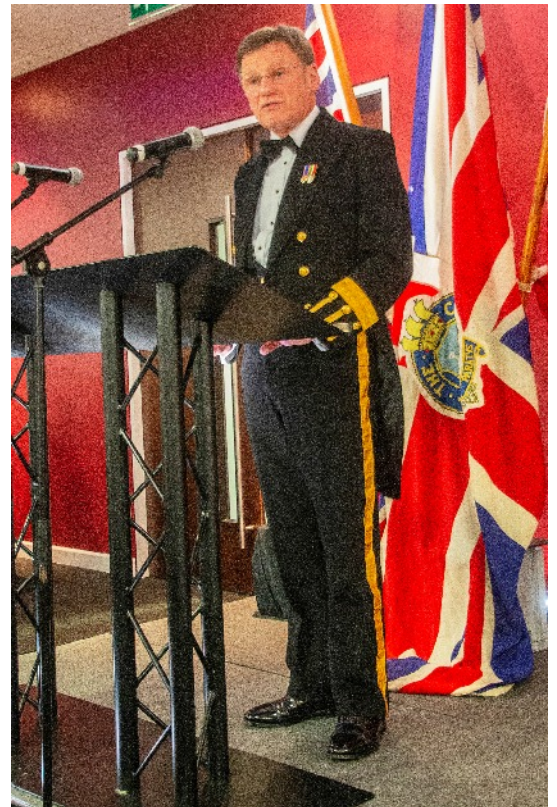
Sea Pie Supper 2019



The 'Ansome Cabin Buoys

Shep Woolley, on the right, ruefully admitted that the name might breach the Trade Descriptions Act, but their act didn't breach any of our requirements, even delivering the shanties as printed and 'our' traditional version of Spanish Ladies.

The hat was a prop for one of their own numbers and when doffed we all had to holler 'He Did!' Great fun at that time of the night.



Captain Ian McNaught CVO MNM FNI

In his response to the Toast to the Guests, the new Stowaway gave a thoughtful and well received speech outlining some of the problems besetting the present Merchant Navy, particularly with training, examination and authorisation.

More pictures on page 10

Peter Marriot Bursary

The Southampton Master Mariner's bursary is exclusively geared towards Southampton and Winchester Sea Cadets, the two units that have in the past and continue to support the club at various functions. The bursary is only applicable towards offshore training onboard the brig TS Royalist and the motor vessels TS Jack Petchey and John Jerwood. In all cases the bursary has been used as a part payment for the trip with the individual cadets raising the remainder by numerous other means. Applicants for the bursary are recommended by the Commanding Officers of the units. The request is then reviewed by the Club Captain of the year, Boatsteerer, Storekeeper and Bursary Officer before approval is given.

In July Southampton cadet David Tipper sailed onboard TS Jack Petchey on a voyage from Plymouth to Penzance via the Scilly Islands. A successful voyage gaining his Offshore Hand (Power 1) and completing parts of his (Power 2) qualification.

During a much cooler October Winchester cadet James Gallimore sailed onboard the TS Royalist on a voyage from Gosport to Weymouth sail training in the Solent/Channel. James has indicated that he wishes to follow a career at sea.

John Mileusnic, Bursary Officer

T.S. Royalist

Saturday 20th October – Friday 26th October 2018

Report by Cadet 1st Class James Gallimore

The following report describes an amazing experience of a week's sailing on board T.S. Royalist.

Saturday 20th October 2018

When we got there, we were told where our bunks were, and we settled in. After changing into Number 4s we were ordered on deck where we were issued our foul weather gear, harnesses and received a full briefing on all aspects of life on board, as well as instructions of how to wear our life jackets and harness properly. We were also allocated our watches. This voyage was made up of 24 Sea Cadets. The Staff included two serving Royal Navy Officers, the Captain, the Bosun, the Coxswain, an Engineer, a Chef, two Training Instructors, and a Sailing Master. After dinner we had some free time and lights out at 10.30 pm.



Sunday 21 October

Early start! Woken up at 6.30.

The two Forward watches (this included me) were instructed to clean the upper deck before having breakfast, we then swapped duties with the two "aft" watches. Colours were carried out in the morning (as they always were when moored up). We were then given the terrifying but exciting task of learning how to climb the mast up to the "course" sail, which we had to do to help us get used to this essential task. At midday we set sail and were put to our Harbour stations. I was given the task of tidying up the spring line, ready for the voyage to begin. During the voyage to Cowes, we were taught about bracing stations, sail handling stations and sail setting stations. After mooring up we were given dinner and then we had some Trafalgar Day games and songs. We went to bed about 10pm.

Monday 22 October

Another early start!

Forward watches had second breakfast, we had the job of peeling potatoes and cleaning the decks. We set sail at midday doing tacks (including going to bracing stations, sail handling and setting stations). We moored up at Lymington, we had shore leave and spent the afternoon in Lymington. We set sail again and went back to Poole for the night. We had dinner and

the Bosun told some gruesome bedtime stories, we then had showers and an early night.

Tuesday 23 October

6.30am start. We set sail to refuel and sailed to Gosport Quay. During this time, we did tacking. My watch leader gave me instructions to give orders to handle and set the top sail and top gallant, as well as hoisting the jib and fore staysail. We had shore leave after dinner and had showers and bed.

Wednesday 24 October

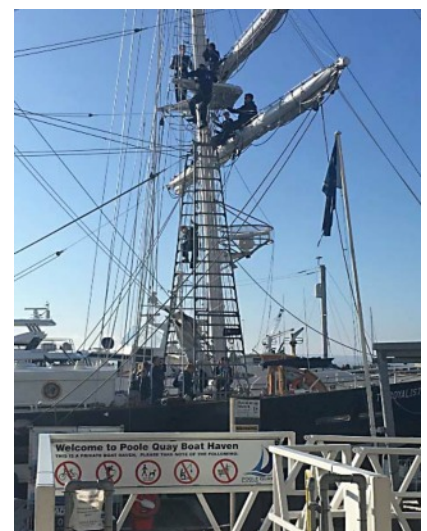
Up by 6.30am. After breakfast we set sail for Weymouth. We tacked again and went to bracing stations, sail setting and handling stations. During the voyage I went aloft to the fore topsail. On arrival at Weymouth we moored up and had a couple of hours free time. Then back for showers and bed.

Thursday 25th October

Up by 6.30am. After breakfast we set sail and explored the coast line. After a whole day of sailing we went back to Weymouth, we had to tidy our bunks and pack for our departure the next day. After an inspection of our berths, which we passed (phew !!) we were given dinner and permission to go ashore. We had a shower ashore and went back to the ship for bed.

Friday 26th October

We were up early, cleared our bunks and after breakfast we cleared and prepared the ship for the next voyage. We said our goodbyes and walked to the Weymouth train station. It was an exhausting week, but such a great experience and I can't wait to go again.





TS Jack Petchey

VOYAGE PLYMOUTH TO PENZANCE

14TH – 20TH JULY 2018



Cadet Tipper
Southampton Sea Cadets

Getting Started

Mum drove me to Plymouth as she was nervous about me getting there on my own. I was not at all nervous and very excited about the trip. When we got there we found the ship easily, moored on the pontoon in Plymouth Harbour. We went to the ship and were met by the Coxswain, who showed me to my berth. My berth was no 6 and it was a top bunk.

First job was to get the bunk made up and then I met some of my shipmates. They were all really nice and friendly and we immediately bonded as a team.

We were introduced to the crew and we ran through the plan for the next day. After dinner (which was really nice) we chatted for a bit then went to bed.

Plymouth to Helford

We were all woken up at 7am, got into our fours uniform, had breakfast and mustered for the Captain's brief. Captain Tate explained the day's sailing and what we needed to do. Then we had some lessons about life jackets and Navigation. We then cast off and headed for Helford, Falmouth. The weather was nice and the sea calm, and we anchored. During the sail, we were allocated into three watches red, white and blue – I was part of blue watch. These watches went onto the bridge for two hours and then swapped. On the bridge we had one helmsman, two lookouts, and one navigator plus the Captain or duty officer, plus an adult supervisor. Each of them swapped every 15 minutes (except the Captain!).

Once we had anchored, we had more lessons which were buoyage and rope work, which I enjoyed. After dinner we chatted again and then turned in for the night. Two people were selected to do 2 hour shifts of anchor watch, through the night. As the youngest I got allocated the first watch which was 8pm-10pm. To do anchor watch we had to make sure that the anchor was not slipping, by checking that between the ship and the point the anchor had dropped was no more than 200 feet.

Helford to the Isles of Scilly

We sailed from Helford towards the Isles of Scilly. The weather was bad and it was rough seas and everyone apart from me and two others were sick.

I had engine duty, which meant that I did pre-start checks in the morning, and during the sail we checked that nothing was leaking from the engines. I was shown what to do by "Engines" the engineer.

When we got to the Islands we anchored in New Grimsby Bay, by Hangman's Rock and updated our booklets, and started anchor watch.

Next day we sailed around the Islands, did "man overboard" drill and anchored off St Agnes, off Beady Pool. We waited for the Scillonian to sail at 3pm before we moved into St Mary's harbour and moored against the sea wall.

We went on shore and had a barbecue on Old Town Beach. After the BBQ we had shore leave. As I had been to Scilly less than a year ago, I was able to take my shipmates on a walk all around the Garrison, the fortifications were interesting and the views were lovely.

Back to Penzance and homeward bound.

We sailed back to Penzance in steady seas and arrived back on Wednesday evening, mooring just a little bit outside the harbour, so we could go swimming off the ship and Engines dived off the bridge. We weren't allowed to dive from the bridge – just jump from the sides. We moored in Penzance Harbour. Next day we did cleaning duties and I got the heads! We handed in our updated books for sign off and waited to see if we had passed our seamanship levels. That afternoon we went on shore leave to swim in the lido which was great fun. In the evening we chatted and relaxed, and went crabbing.

On Friday we got up early (6.50am) and walked to catch the 9.00 train to London. I was pleased that some of my shipmates were joining me on the journey, although sad as they all got off before me. After 6 ½ hours on the train (including a change at Reading), I was finally home – tired but happy.

Summary

My experience on TS Jack Petchey was great fun and I learnt a lot. I gained my Offshore Hand (Power 1) and got some of the Power 2 level signed off as well. I also made some fabulous new friends, who I will keep in touch with.

Highlight of the week was: mooring in High town and shore leave around the Island, with all my friends.

Lowlight of the week: There wasn't one.

Food – plentiful, some I loved, some not so much!

I'd rate it 6* out of a maximum of 5*!





The winner receives the prize from the Captain, overseen by the new Master of ceremonies, Richard Wilson OBE.

Record Sum raised by the Prize Draw

£4104.20

was the final count after all the envelopes had been emptied after the Prize Draw, the first time that the 4K figure had been breached (£3825 last year). That sum was shared equally between the **Mission to Seafarers, The Apostleship of the Sea** and the **Sailors' Society**.

Our thanks to the generosity of **The Southampton Shipowners' Association** who had once again donated the prize, a top of the range iPad Thingi.

Ashley Jenkins, of the SSA, nominated **Amanda Travers** and her daughter **Carol Tanti**, from the **Whitakers'** table, to draw the lucky place card and the winner was **Richard Broadribb** who was with our long term supporters **Lester Aldridge Marine**.

Cachalots awarded the Merchant Navy Medal



Two Cachalots were among the 19 recipients of the Merchant Navy Medal for Meritorious Service in 2018 and were awarded their medals by the Princess Royal at a ceremony at Trinity House on the 26 September. They were Lt Cdr David Carter, top right in the picture, above left, (*for services to the careers of young seafarers and seafarer welfare*) and Mr Michael Morley, third left in the photo, next to HRH, (*for services to a maritime charity*).

Mike Morley joined previous recipients for the picture, above right, taken at the Sea Pie Supper. President of the Club, Captain Reg Kelso, (*in 2017, for services to the shipping industry and sea cadets*) and Captain John Hughes, (*also in 2017, for services to environmental protection at sea*). Captain Ian McNaught, our new Stowaway, was awarded the medal in 2013, (*for services to the Corporation of Trinity House and the maritime industry*).

Lt Cdr Carter was also at the SPS, as was Captain Nick Jeffery, General Manager of UK Towage Operations at Solent Towage, who received the medal in 2016 (*for services to the promotion of Merchant Navy careers*), but neither of them could be located in time for the photo opportunity.



WINCHESTER
CATHEDRAL

THE SHIPPING FESTIVAL SERVICE

Thursday 13th June 2019

7.15 for 7.30 pm

A Shipyard Apprenticeship Part Two

Cat and Mouse, and "Gimme ver board," and Student Nurses,

Surprisingly, I do not remember getting particularly dirty in the shipyard - except when I was on ship repair work. That was quite dirty. New building work was comparatively clean. Obvious, I suppose - there was never any oil in the bilges of new ships. No rats, no cockroaches, no sooty exhaust uptakes, no steam bugs, no oil leaks, no carbon dust in electrical rotating machines. But, I already digress; I intended to describe as briefly as possible what working conditions were like in the Belfast shipyards over sixty years ago.

So, in two words - primitive and crude. Worker welfare was practically nonexistent. Life and limb were regarded as cheap, and always had been, by the Company.

Oh, yes, there were first aid rooms dotted around the yards, and, by any standards, they were needed. I can fully understand just why the Health and Safety at Work Act of 1974 was deemed necessary - employers were simply not to be trusted without force of law. And Harland and Wolffs Belfast Shipyard was, sadly, a very typical bad example. But the Company did sponsor and encourage a St John Ambulance Brigade Division, of which I became an active member.

While it was not quite an everyday occurrence, the accident rate was high and deaths were not unknown. Workers had to be constantly aware of danger. And, frankly, that was not surprising because there was no obvious evidence of risk assessment. There was no safety awareness training. No hard hats. No protective clothing.

Consequently, there were no communal washrooms or changing facilities - they were not necessary. Everyone arrived and went home wearing their working clothes, traditionally bib-and-braces overalls for the labourers, the "blacktrades," the shipwrights (more commonly known as ... *well, never mind, there are ladies present*) and the wood butchers and the hedgerow carpenters, blue or brown boilersuits for the higher orders - the electricians and the engine fitters.

Oh yes, we were all quite partisan about our various occupations, and occupational demarcation was total. There has been much criticism about demarcation, but, if you think about it, there was *some* logic to restrictive practices - after all, men trained and skilled in woodwork make good carpenters, while those trained in engine building tended to make good engine fitters, etc etc fitters, etc. But I will not deny that restrictive practices were conducted to ridiculous extremes by the workforce.

But I am becoming very serious and in grave danger again of becoming too political, so, I'd better lighten up.

An important visitor to the Belfast shipyard was being shown round by one of the company's directors. Clearly impressed by the size and scale of the place the visitor asked, "How many men work here?" "Oh, I'd say less than half of them," The director said. (Ah, sure the old ones are always the best!)

But, with something in excess of 40,000 employees there was probably a lot of truth in the director's reply.

All activities were controlled and supervised by Chargehands, Foremen and Ship Managers. The Chargehands were the NCOs, the Foremen the Warrant Officers and the Managers all seemed to think that they were the personal representatives on earth of the Lord God Almighty!

As symbols of their authority and status, and probably to afford some measure of cranial protection, the Foremen and Managers always wore bowler hats, because of which they were collectively known as "Blocker Men." Everybody else, the Chargehands and the workers, all wore flat caps. I don't ever remember any other form of headgear.

And that brings me to the Cat and Mouse business and the dreaded phrase, "Gimmee yer board."

Thinking back, I cannot really understand the shipyard timekeeping system. Each man was allocated a "board," which was stamped on one edge with a four-figure number - and that is the part I don't understand - with over 40,000, why only four figures? I suppose the numerous time huts were the answer.

Each morning the men went to the time huts before a hooter sounded, called their numbers at a pigeon hole and were given their boards. When the horn sounded, the timekeepers slammed the shutters down and anyone who was late had the stark choice of either going home and losing a day's pay or seeking out his Foreman who would - or often arbitrarily would not - give a note permitting the timekeeper to give the latecomer his board - against a pay deduction, of course.

After my first encounter with a condescending and caustic Foreman, I would simply turn round and go home again on the rare occasions when I was late.

There is a story about a policeman who stopped a shipyard worker one morning on the Queen's Road for some minor traffic bye-law infringement involving his bicycle and the pavement,

"Aw, look, I'm going to be late." The man pleaded.

"Serious, see. Gotta book you, boyo." The policeman insisted. (He must have been Welsh.)

"Please. I been late twice this week. I'll get the sack. You wouldn't want that."

"Mmm . . . Well..." The Welsh policeman must also have been a rookie. He was weakening.

"Look, take my name. You can ask for me at the shipyard. Everybody knows me there."

"All right. What's yer name?"

"Snoozebreak." Said the man. "Everybody knows me. Honest."

"How do you spell that?"

The worker obliged as the policeman laboriously wrote the spelling in his notebook.

"OK. Off you go."

Half-an-hour later, the policeman presented himself at one of the shipyard time huts. "Er. D'u have a Snoozebreak here?"

"A what?" The timekeeper asked and cupped an ear. The policeman consulted his notebook. "Snoozebreak. Do you have a Snoozebreak here?" He repeated.

The timekeeper grinned. "A Snoozebreak? Hell, no, Constable. We don't even have a bloody teabreak."

Cat and Mouse

Actually, the timekeeper was telling the truth - the Company did not allow its employees to have tea breaks - not even the office staff. The result was perhaps predictable. The men simply took unofficial, uncontrolled tea breaks whenever they felt like it. On ships being built or fitted out, it was easy for groups of men to find hiding dens, while the foremen and the managers expended much time and energy trying to root them out.

But if that was a permanent cat and mouse game, the constant running battle between the managers and the apprentices was more like an ongoing Tom and Gerry cartoon.

There was a surprising amount of hot riveting necessary on the ships even during the fitting out period, and, until Frank Mac and I solved the problem using technology, the only sources of heat for the boiling of water were the numerous riveters' coke fires out on the open decks.

It was the accepted practice that the tradesmen provided the necessary tea and sugar and condensed milk, in sticky grease-proofed paper twists, while the apprentices foraged for water using fire-blackened tin cans with twisted wire handles. So the foremen and managers mounted occasional watch on the fresh water taps and occasional watch on the riveters' fires, while the apprentices mounted permanent watch on the foremen and the managers.

Each apprentice would have at least three cans to boil up, and the tin cans were placed on and removed from the rivet fires by means of welding rods with their ends bent into hooks.

"Gimme yer board"

One morning, intent upon balancing five tin cans of scalding hot tea, I missed an urgent warning signal and ran into the path of a marauding manager.

I regret to say it, but he and I shared the same surname, Hunter, although my nickname was either *"Professor"* or *"The Reverend Through-other"* depending upon friend or foe, while the manager, Mr Hunter, had no friends and was universally known as *"The Protestant Pope."*

"Gimme yer board."

I put the cans down and fished about in my many pockets for the board, while the Pope kicked over the cans and squashed them under his feet. Now that was just vindictive!

Parting with my board and possible suspension was bad enough - but I also had to face the wrath of the men whose cans had been ruined. Some men claimed to have had their tea cans for years, although I doubt the validity of such claims. Depends how vigilant the tea boys were, I suppose, and the quality of the tin of which the cans were made.

And I had another problem, which became more worrying as the day wore on. I knew I was in for a week's suspension, that was only to be expected, but it was a Friday, payday, so I needed my board to hand over at the time hut window in exchange for my pay-packet. To make matters worse, I had a date that evening with a very pretty girl, a bank manager's secretary called Barbara, and I was stony broke.

Eventually, I could stand the uncertainty no longer. I sought out my chargehand, Hope Ferguson. Yes, that really was his name. Legend had it that he had two sisters called "Faith" and "Charity" - but I have no means of verifying that.

Hope glared at me as I approached. "What's the matter with your face?" He asked.

"Er. Hope? Have you got my board?"! Began.

"Now, why should I have your board?"

"Well, er." I swallowed nervously. "That manager, the ah ... the Pope, he took it."

"Did he, now? I expect he had a reason. Boiling cans o' water, was it?"

"Er, well, yes," I confessed. "But, you see, it's ... it's Friday."

"So?"

"Er, well, so, I need my board to collect my pay ..."

"Pay. Pay?" Hope's chin jutted towards me. "Do ye think yer worth any bloody pay?"

I was struggling to find an answer to Hope's rhetorical question when he produced my board from his jacket pocket and gave it to me. I took it quickly before he changed his mind.

"Just don't get caught again. Understand?"

Thinking back, that was interesting - and I did understand. Hope had said, *"Don't get caught again,"* and not, *"Don't do it again."*

And, because it was a first offence, I escaped the customary suspension without pay.

On the down side - Barbara stood me up! She went off with some fellow from the bank, who didn't spend most of his spare time at evening classes and studying.

Another down side - I spent so long in night classes that I can't count during the day. It's a bit of a bugger, that - I don't know how often I've been short-changed in shops.

Student Nurses

Actually, I wasn't too upset about being stood up by Babs that Friday evening. I mean, I couldn't really blame the lass. It wasn't much fun for her trying to keep company with an ambitious and compulsive bookworm who attended evening classes four times a week and studied most of the remainder of the time.

And so, like many other apprentice/evening class students I soon discovered that Student Nurses made the best girlfriends - provided one didn't expect even the slightest sympathy when afflicted by burns, cuts or abrasions, colds, headaches, or any other human ailment short of life-threatening, that is. But they did understand the demands of studying, exam cramming and long hours. And, with their split shifts on the Wards, Student Nurses were often ready to come out to play when all the other girls were thinking of going home to bed. So, in retrospect, life wasn't all bad for the hard-pressed apprentice/student who knew the score.

One disadvantage of the Student Nurse girlfriend was that many of them were very religious, and off-putting words like "redeemed" and "saved by Grace" featured largely in the vocabulary they used while earnestly trying to convert heathens like me. Then again, don't the ladies always try to change us and make us into something we patently are not? (Oops- that's me in trouble!)

Anyway, shortly after she left me for her bank clerk, I met a Student Nurse and soon forgot all about Babs, until she invited me to her wedding some months later. Fast worker, that lad from the bank - I expect cheap mortgages had something to do with it - I don't think there was any other reason, not in Belfast, and certainly not at that time.

From now on I shall call my Student Nurse simply "SN" on the usual grounds of no names, no pack drill. She was presently to add the initials "SRN" after her name anyway.

Despite being one of the more religious of her sisterhood, SN had been keeping company with a shipyard electrical apprentice and general no-good ratbag called Peter Potter, until, one miserable cold and wet October night, he suddenly walked off in the middle of a heated argument and left her standing, shocked and distressed, on the steps of the Technical College. Knowing that rotter Potter, even in Belfast and even at that time, I had a fair idea about the subject of the argument.

I had been waiting for the rain to ease off and so witnessed the incident. SN was clearly very upset and began to cry. Cursing Potter under my breath, I walked over and offered a clean handkerchief and some kind words, none of them complimentary to Potter, of course. I soon had her smiling through her tears, then, mentioning that St Patrick obviously hadn't managed to banish all the snakes from Ireland after all, I had her laughing. Like most Irishmen, I can talk the hind leg off a horse, and be dangerously persuasive when I put my mind to it.

Then I gallantly offered to escort her the mile or so along the Lisburn Road to the Samaritan Hospital. As we walked we talked, of course, and despite my obvious kind nature SN detected in me another Sinner in need of Salvation. So, rotter Potter apart, it could be said that it was her religion that brought us together - and it was my persistent rejection of said religion that separated us a year or so later, but not before SN had exhausted her missionary zeal trying to persuade me to turn from my many-fold sins and wickedness.

To the envy of my fellow night school students, and the chagrin of Potter, SN met me each night after classes. We would then walk along the Lisburn Road as far as the Botanic Park. Although the park was officially closed at sunset, there were neither gates nor railings as they had been ripped up and removed during 1943 for war production. If it was raining we would shelter under SN's umbrella behind some bushes against the end wall of the old hothouse, where it was always warm, even in winter. I would spend an hour or so with her, until it was time to rush to the Nurses' Home before the formidable main door was closed and locked at 23:00, in accordance with the strict notice which ended with the chilling words "by Order. HOME SISTER."

Occasionally we did not get there in time and I would have to assist SN to climb in through a rear window left unlocked by the residents for just such emergencies. Sometimes there would be there or four other boyfriends helping their locked-out girlfriends to climb in. (I found out years later that the Home Sister knew all about the window, had used it herself when she was a Student. Can't really explain why, but for some reason I like knowing that.)

Better not say any more on that topic - when you're in a hole -stop digging!B

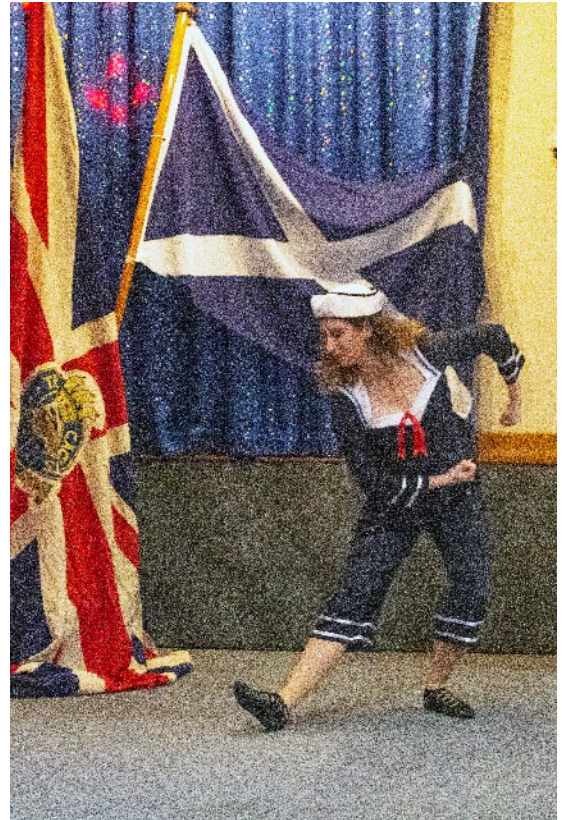
But it was all very innocent really - I mean, *Belfast in 1948* - it really was a hot bed of celibacy in those days.

After seeing SN safely home, I would then catch a late-running tramcar for the thirty-minute journey home, during which time I read through my class notes in preparation for doing any homework before going to bed well after midnight. Long day!

To be continued



Burns Supper 2019



John Noble addressed the haggis, or some higher being, and Lionel Hall gave the Toast to the Lassies in his singular style. Susanne Pedersen gave a spirited response and was rewarded with a bouquet. Imogen Smart gave an energetic display of the hornpipe, even after all that 'haggis, clapsaw and roastit beef with trimmings'. Lionel and daughter Ingrid, accompanied by Alec Macpherson on the pipes, led the 'sangs' and what was missing in tunefulness by the company was made up for in enthusiasm. Gareth Malone, where are you?

A flag for your convenience

Lloyd's List Viewpoint 14 February 2019

with kind permission of LL and the author, Cachalot Michael Grey

The ensign flown by a ship used to be more than a bit of bunting. It denoted the nationality of the vessel, carried with it all sorts of legal and regulatory connotations and probably a bit of sentimental baggage too, Josef Conrad's fictitious master of the steamer *Nan Shan* found it very odd as a British citizen, to be commanding a ship flying an elephant on its ensign, but it would have reflected the reality of their times. When a couple of ships flying the Red Ensign passed in close proximity, entering or leaving port, some wag in the crew of one of them was sure to yell out the question - "Any Geordies on board?" Today, such an inquiry would be unimaginable and anyway would be greeted with bewilderment and incomprehension.

Flags sometimes matter. I recall the rage of an American pilot when one of our apprentices carelessly dropped the US courtesy ensign on the deck when it was lowered at sunset, passing through the Panama canal – then a US-run operation. It also matters in an unstable world in dangerous places and is helpful if the flag the ship flies carries brings with it some heavy diplomatic weight. I recall the Iran-Iraq war and the ships re-registered in the UK, so they could tag onto an escorted convoy when going up the Gulf and dodge the combatants' heroic aviators and their bombs.

But most of all, these days a flag is a convenience. It is flown for tax advantages offered by nations which, for various reasons, are trying to burnish their maritime credentials or just trying to earn a bit of foreign exchange and attract ships onto their register. It would probably help if the flag was regarded by other regulatory authorities as "respectable", featured on "white lists" compiled by the US Coast Guard. It also seems to be enormously attractive if the flag is seen as "flexible" in its interpretation of conventions and regulations, without any onerous requirements about the nationality of the crew or even the location of the owner. A flag authority that is too robust in its regulatory enforcement; too liberal with its detentions, may find its customer base eroded.

Increasingly, it seems to be all about money and the ability to register your ship, with the minimum of fuss and at the lowest possible cost. For some reason it also seems to be important to have the authority responsible for the flag open all hours, like a corner shop, so that if there is a need to register a marine mortgage at 3 o'clock on Christmas morning, there will be someone on duty to take your call. But to a shipping industry that is struggling to keep its heads above water, it is the cost that matters most, hence the appearance of some very strange flags, along with ports of registration which require a perusal of a very large atlas to locate. To owners really struggling, low cost clearly matters more than respectability in the choice of a flag and it is nonsensical to suggest that some of these newcomers to the wonderful world of international ship registration, with their curious flags are capable of properly exercising regulatory authority over these faraway ships. For their users, it matters less than their price.

But to many flag states, it is important that the fleet is not allowed to wither away, and the government of a one-time "maritime" nation doesn't like to be accused by the opposition of accelerating the loss of tonnage. Hence, in recent years, there has been something of a renaissance in the size of the UK merchant fleet, with the government seeing its growth as a positive matter, and one to be encouraged with a number of incentives such as the Tonnage Tax scheme, notable elasticity about the nationality of crews and beneficial ownership and regulators "here to help" those who wish to fly the flag. It has to be commercial and competitive, as well as competent.

Now, with Brexit upon the threshold, and a good deal of uncertainty about the UK's future relationship with the EU, there has been something of a slide towards an exit from the UK flag. The news that Maersk is no longer going to take British cadets is a considerable blow, although it is by no means sure that it is Brexit that is responsible, as much as an excuse to go somewhere cheaper. The P&O ferries move to the Cyprus flag ought not to produce any material changes for those employed. But it is still something of a blow, to a hard-working team in Southampton trying to build the register and attract more international customers.

Whether the UK is in the EU or not, all of its "sales" material is surely still valid. The red ensign remains a respectable, efficient, white-listed flag, competitively priced and open for business. One cannot believe that the relationship of its professional officers with those of the principal EU maritime states is going to alter too much, even if the politicians snipe at each other. But if companies like Maersk are to eschew British cadets, it is the responsibility of the government to encourage others to take them onwards with their careers, whatever flag they may eventually sail under. One's career as a highly trained, professional merchant navy officer jolly well shouldn't suffer because of the flag.



New Members

Graham Bishop is Port Manager at Svitzer Marine in Southampton. He has a Masters Degree MBA as a Harbour Master with the qualifications and accreditations suitable to that role and others in marine management. He joins us 'to socialise with like-minded individuals sharing common life experiences and to offer my experience to assist other members as needed'.

Neil Dunn is a Master Mariner and a Southampton Pilot, First Class, and rejoins us after a brief spell, having originally joined in 2004. He lives in Alverstoke with his wife, also a pilot, who is currently the Club Captain.

Robert George Ide is a lecturer in Maritime Training at Solent University with an HND in nautical science. He is a qualified MCA 11 /2 Master Unlimited with an NVQ 2 in marine engineering. His nearly forty years of experience at the sharp end of the industry started with two years as Bosun with the Ocean Youth Club and four years as an AB (R) with the RN. He served 13 years as crew member in the Poole and Amble lifeboats, nine of them as Boat-mechanic. After four years as a tug skipper he worked his way from AB to Chief Officer on Emergency Response and Rescue Vessels and Platform Supply Vessels with spells on car carriers and general cargo vessels. Latterly he was Master on Crew Transfer Vessels. His leisure interests include marlin-spike seamanship (fancy rope work) and he joins us for social and general interest.

Bruce Thomas is a Master Mariner and First Class Pilot in Southampton. He went to sea as a cadet with Furness Withy in 1986 and subsequently sailed on bulk carriers, container vessels and tankers as 3rd/2nd Mate. He moved to London & Overseas Freighters in 1993, serving on Panamax tankers up to Chief Officer. From 1998 to 2004 he was with P&O Ferries Portsmouth, working as 2nd Mate to Master on the Portsmouth Express. He joined ABP as a Pilot in 2004 and is now a container specialist. He wants to become more involved in the wider maritime community.

Gordon Thornton is another re-joiner who was first with us in the early 1970s. He went to sea with B.I. on the India run and after obtaining his Master's certificate he became a Trinity House Pilot with the Southampton & IOW District, retiring in 2001. He returns to try and keep abreast of the changing shipping scene.

Officers of the Club and Office Holders for 2019

CAPTAIN	Capt. Rachel Dunn
STAFF CAPTAIN	Capt. Andrew Moll RN
BOATSTEERER	K. Dagnall MBE
STOREKEEPER	Capt. I. Odd
POST CAPTAIN	Capt. Flemming Pedersen
Hon. PRESIDENT	Capt. C.R. Kelso MBE MNM
Hon. MEMBERSHIP OFFICER	Captain D. Gates
Hon. EDITOR	Capt. T.E. Clark
Hon. FUNCTIONS OFFICER	Capt. P. Grant
Hon. BURSARY OFFICER	Capt. J. Mileusnic
Hon. CHAPLAINS	Rev'd J. Attenborough
	Fr. P. Morgan
HARPOONERS:	G. Cartwright, T.E. Clark, D. Gates, P. Grant, J. M. Noble, J.C. Smart

The CACHALOTS

The Southampton Master Mariners' Club

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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. There is no catering on site but there are many sandwich outlets within easy walking distance.

Suggestions for events, for improvements, offers of help, articles and anecdotes for inclusion in this newsletter will all be received with pleasure. We are even prepared to receive complaints if they are constructive.

Dates for your Diary

Fri	22 Mar	Skittles Evening, So'ton (Old) B.C.
Sat	23 Mar	SRNOA Annual Dinner, SUOTC
Sat	13 Apr	Curry Lunch, Kuti's Royal Pier
Sat	11 May	Curry Lunch, Kuti's Royal Pier
Wed	22 May	Club Supper, RBL
Sat	8 Jun	Curry Lunch, Kuti's Royal Pier
Thu	13 Jun	Shipping Festival Service, Winchester

The cut-off date for the next edition will be

17th May 2019

250 Club		
Nov	I B Thomson	A J Townshend
Dec (£100)	R Plumley	Edwina Smart
Jan	J Noble	M L Oakley
Feb	K Dagnall	Margaret Grant