

BRINY EN GARDE!

***Being in the Main a Game of the Life of a Gentleman
Seeking Fame & Fortune in the Royal Navy at the Time of
the Napoleonic Wars, and his Several Companions***

GM "Red"HaJo Schlosser, eMail: horseguards@brinyengarde.co.uk

Issue 04 – March 1791

"... a chap doesn't tell a chap what a chap ought to know!" Chap aboard *HMS Huntingdon*

On the 1st of March, the Naval College at Greenwich opened its doors – and WKM stood outside, waiting to enroll, a huge grin on his face and a heavy purse in his pockets. The roll of parchment under his arms bore the inscription: "A brief history of time and tide ...!"

Off the French Coast *HMS Mars* was hunting for prey – and hunted in vain. The crew had a trying time because their 2nd Lieutenant ruthlessly (and, some say, mercilessly) exercised them at the great guns. In his zeal Lt. Goodman went so far as to promise a reward if they could fire five rounds in under four minutes by the end of the month, and this had the desired effect. However, when the reward proved to be just a half-day without further exercise there was some serious talk belowdecks of rolling shot!

Two ships left the stocks on their maiden voyage this month: *HMS Excalibur* takes the place of *HMS Sheik Yassouf* in the White Squadron, and *HMS Fearless* will fill the gap in the Blue Squadron left by *HMS Bellerophon*. Huge crowds cheered both ships as they left the Pool. The Lords of the Admiralty have not agreed on any appointments yet.

Off Ireland's West Coast *HMS Berwickshire* found a French gun runner and captured her. 3rd Lieutenant Ferdinand Feghorn earned himself some plunder (400 Guineas), a mention in dispatches ... and a promotion: Starting next month he will be the Master and Commander of *HMS Surprise*!!

In the foretop of *HMS Swiftsure* GS softly crooned: "Nothing ever happens to me ...!" and how right he was. This month's cruise was as uneventful as a bishop's garden party.

New boy on the block, serial number X014 seems to have invented the everlasting gobstopper (other explanation: he is terminally shy). Anyway, he has mumbling down to a fine art and as yet nobody has caught his name. Despite this handicap he gets appointed into *HMS Glenmoranie* and proceeds to buy a lieutenantcy. He is dining at Fladong's when an Admiralty messenger hands him his orders, clearly superscripted: "X014, appointed 2nd Lt. *HMS Surprise*!".

The London Gazette

Issue 1 by J.C.

Lock up your Daughters!

The Fleet's in, and from Tilbury to Queenhithe Dock the our jolly Tars are once again attempting to find their land legs – amongst other things!

It is said that when the Navy returns to port there are always two things to be found – Temptation and Trouble. Traders of all sorts have been flocking to within spitting distance of Old Father Thames in an attempt to cash in on the fact that there is nothing to spend your hard earned sovs on at sea, and that with some of the crews only having a few short weeks shore leave whilst their gallant sea-borne steeds are refitted and provisioned, ready to tackle those dastardly Frenchies once more for King and Country, there is no better time to make a quick sale or two. The taverns, Gin shops and ale houses of Silvertown and Custom House ring with the voices of crews eager to sample all the simple pleasures that they have been missing whilst at sea – and where crews from differing vessels meet at the same inn, trouble is never far behind.

Those of a more discerning nature, however, head farther west, into the great and glorious metropolis that is the City of London today. Those who seek pleasures other than the common East End wench and a tankard of Grog, those for whom shore leave is more than a simple excuse to run riot and settle a few old scores. I am talking about the Gentlemen that are the lifeblood of our great capital. The Officers and Men of our glorious Royal Navy, whose mere presence in town set tongues wagging, and hearts a-flutter. A special breed for who glory and honour is more than just a motto – it is a way of life.

Then again – spending months on end on a ship with a bunch of smelly, hairy, sweaty and generally downright disgusting sailors can make you see things in a different light entirely!

It must be said that I was expecting things to get off to a noisier start this month – the first of a new year, but I was wrong. Maybe too many sore heads or resolutions being adhered to for riotous assembly to take place immediately I suppose. But not withstanding the fairly quiet first few days there was a new blade seen strutting up and down Cheapside, cane in hand, determined to make an impression on his fellow gentlemen of the city. Josiah Kerr was his name, and he made sure that

everyone knew it. He seemed to simply appear in our midst and headed straight for the Pit in order to drink his own health with any who would join him.

Others seeking to better themselves this year included Wayne Kin-Madley, who was seen leaving the Naval College at Greenwich with an enormous stack of books under his arm – not sure how Emma will take the news that he is going to be spending his time studying some slightly different tactics and manoeuvres from now on. Also attempting to improve his standing (or simply so he can sit a little higher) was John Doe, the proud new owner of a striking grey horse. Although he did look at a bit of a loss as to what to do with it. Just make sure you're facing the end with the ears, dear boy.

As I said at the beginning of this report "Lock up your Daughters", and with some chaps on shore leave for only

a short time many a fair maid found her doorstep occupied this month. First up the steps was Jonah "Lucky" Albytross, paying a visit to Agnes Nutter almost as soon as the *Droits de L'Homme* docked. Agnes was delighted. She is rumoured to be have an uncanny knack of predicting the future, so maybe she can see something under Jonah's slightly shabby exterior that we've all missed. Then again, both Agnes and Jonah headed to the pit for a cosy little foursome with Wayne and Emma the following week, but somehow failed to spot Wayne's coach pull up outside and then managed to completely miss them in the crowd, so maybe her foresight isn't that good after all.

Puisee D'Assinute, however, decided that a society lady of slightly higher standing was more to his liking and strode purposefully over to see Diana Viliers, only to have the door slammed in his face and be called a cheapskate. When her door was knocked on again the following week she was ready to again repel all boarders until she spied that it was not Puisee trying his luck a second time, but Tyler Brock, laden down with gifts. They say, "faint heart never won fair maid", but a sizable purse goes quite a long way I can tell you. And I am sure that Tyler would agree as he was seen stepping out with the fair Diana later in the month. Beautiful she may be, inexpensive she is not. Fortunately for him, Puisee was practising with his cutlass at the time, so an unnecessary scene was avoided.

Josiah Kerr, seeing that the done thing was to be seen stepping out with a society beauty decided to try his luck with Gwendolyn Hotspur, swaggering up to her abode and attempting to win her heart with a poetic and lilting "get yer coat love, you've pulled". Gwendolyn politely refused but was left slightly bemused at Josiah's parting words "One day soon you'll regret the moment that you let a catch like me slip through your fingers I can tell you". Only time will tell, Gwendolyn, only time will tell.

John O'Groats decided that socialites were not what he wanted to be around this month and made his way to a particular establishment south of the river for *other* pleasures. When asked by *The Gazette* for his opinion on the subject his reply was "well whossa point of spending yur cash on trinkets and the like then getting a door in the face? Nah, mate – I know where me money's goin' and I makes damn sure I get every penny's worth!". Either way it would seem that the extra practice that he had been putting in with his '*ahem*' other weapon had not gone unnoticed as the usual roughs that hang around ready to pounce on those returning north decided to look elsewhere for their sport.

John Doe on the other hand didn't bother seeking any sort of companionship on either bank of the river – he spent it with his horse. People will start to talk you know.

The last hurrah of the month was held at the Pit, with (Yes, it's that man again) Josiah Kerr inviting all and sundry to sample his hospitality. John O'Groats was the first to the bar, closely followed by Jonah Albytross and John Doe, as Josiah attempted to set up a gambling table – only to find no croupier available. "More drinking time then" said John O. Later that evening Tyler Brock accompanied by the delightful Diana swept in, and spotted John Doe over in the corner. But Tyler decided that it would probably be for the best if he didn't introduce her to 'one of the other chaps from the Sheik Yassouf', as he was at that time having a tankard poured down his throat by John O'Groats, and smelled rather too strongly of horses. They instead found a more private booth, where they spent the rest of the evening.

As the evening drew to a close, John D, John O and Jonah drank a toast once more to Josiah (is this an alphabetic conspiracy?), the 17th of the evening, and staggered out into the night. Well, John D and Jonah staggered, carrying the incoherent John O between them, as Josiah attempted to settle the bill. Upon being presented with what he considered to be an overly inflated price (note to self – don't invite the Marines again) he decided that he needed to clear his head before checking the house prices and stepped out back for a breath of air and to relieve himself, only to find himself at the hands of a press gang! Before he could focus he was coshed and bagged – headed for the docks. The landlord of the Pit, suspicious of the length of time that Josiah had been gone, stepped out into the alley to look for him, only to find his cane lying where it fell in the gutter. He is now holding this cane as a deposit and will return it to Josiah if and when he returns – assuming that he pays his bill of course!

-- FIN --

The Guilty Parties

ID	Name		SL	NA	
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012

Greg F.	JS	10	4	5 th Lieutenant HMS <i>Droits de L'Homme</i>	
008	Fernando Feghoot	FF	9	5	Master & Commander HMS <i>Surprise</i>
009	Tyler Brock	TB	6	3	Master's Mate
001	Wayne Kin- Madley	WKM	5	2	Masters Mate, late off HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>
015	Jack Tarr	JT	5	3	
000	Guy Sandolls	GS	4	5	Midshipman HMS <i>Swiftsure</i>
014	X014		4	4	Lieutenant HMS <i>Glenmoranie</i> seconded HMS <i>Surprise</i>
006	Puissee D'Assinute	PDA	3	4	Midshipman HMS <i>Fiddler's Green</i>
013	Toby Whitty	X013	3	4	Sailor HMS <i>Surprise</i>
005	John Doe	JD	3	2	Private RM
	Jonah Albytross	JA 3	3		Subaltern RM, HMS <i>Droits de L'Homme</i>
002	Andrew Goodmann	AG	2	4	2 nd Lieutenant HMS <i>Mars</i>
011	John O'Groats	JOG	2	3	Master's Mate

The Ladies

010

	SL	Attributes	Current Suitor
<i>Lady</i> Isabella de Courcy	18	B I	
Rosemary Stilton-Major	17	W	
Prudence Petterson	16		
<i>Lady</i> Elizabeth Doolittle	16	B I	
Muriel Merryweather	15		
Caroline Cadger	15	W	
Jennifer Usher	14	I	
Victoria Watson-Holmes	14		
Flora de Bries	13	B W	
Harriet Hilfinger	13		
Ophelia Goolies	12	B	
Pamela Huntingdown-Jones	12	W I	FF

Rebecca Morrison			
Alice Wonderland	11		
Joan Fullins	10	B	
Doris Open	10		
Sophia Williams	9	B	
Diana Villiers	9	B	
Rebecca Dorrit	8		
Betty Grapples	8		
Moll Flanders	7		
Sue Briquette	7		
Emma Woodhouse	6	B	WKM
Gwendolyn Hotspur	5		
Mary Lamb	5		
Sara Pati	4		
Agnes Nutter	3		

Government

The King	Albert George III. of Hannover-Pumpernickel	
The Queen	Victoria Zephyra	
The Crown Prince	Charles William	
Prime Minister	Sir Havelock Brindle, Earl of Doomsday, KCB	NA 7
Chancellor of the Exchequer	---	
Minister of Justice	---	
Minister of War	---	
Commissioner of Public Safety	Sir Julian Parselmouth, KCB NA 1	

The Admiralty

The First Sea Lord		
N6		
1 st Lord of the Admiralty 2 nd Lord of the Admiralty 3 rd Lord of the Admiralty		
N2		

White Squadron			
Red Squadron	Blue Squadron	Yellow Squadron	
Admiral	Admiral	Admiral	Admiral
Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral
	Sir Louis Beanpole, Baron of Whitefriars, NA 3		
Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral
N3 Sir Rodney Battersa, Marquis of Mayfair, NA 5	N1		N5

The Ships

White Squadron				
	Droits de l'Homme	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	Excalibur
Post Captain	N6	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
1 st Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
2 nd Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
3 rd Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
4 th Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
5 th Lieutenant	FF	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Midshipman		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Master's Mate		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Crew		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	

Red Squadron				
	Indomitable	Jupiter	Fiddler's Green	Swiftsure
Post Captain			N3	N2
1 st Lieutenant				
2 nd Lieutenant				
3 rd Lieutenant				
4 th Lieutenant				
5 th Lieutenant				XXXXXXXXXXXX
Midshipman			PDA	GS
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				

Blue Squadron				
	XXXXXXXXXXXX	Berwickshire	XXXXXXXXXXXX	Mars
Captain	XXXXXXXXXXXX	N6	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
1 st Lieutenant	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	
2 nd Lieutenant	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	AG
3 rd Lieutenant	XXXXXXXXXXXX	FF	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
4 th Lieutenant	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX
Midshipman	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Master's Mate	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Crew	XXXXXXXXXXXX		XXXXXXXXXXXX	

Yellow Squadron				
	Glenmoranie	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	Alexander

Captain

	XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX		
1 st Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
2 nd Lieutenant		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Midshipman		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Master's Mate		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	
Crew		XXXXXXXXXXXX	XXXXXXXXXXXX	

Blockade Squadron

	Salisbury	Sauve Qui Peut	Surprise	Swordfish
Captain			FF	
1 st Lieutenant				
2 nd Lieutenant			X014	
Midshipman				
Midshipman				
Crew			X013	

The Royal Marines

General	
Lt-General	
Brigade General	

Colonel : XXX		
Lieutenant-Colonel :	Major :	Major :
Captain	Captain :	Captain :
Captain	Captain :	Captain :
Lieutenant	Lieutenant :	Lieutenant :
Lieutenant	Lieutenant :	Lieutenant :
Lieutenant	Lieutenant :	Lieutenant :
Lieutenant	Lieutenant :	Lieutenant :
Subalterns : JA (Droits de L'Homme)		
Privates : JD (Sheik Yassouf)		

The Honorable Company

Chairman East India Company	---	
Director East India Company	---	

The Patriotic Fund

Chairman Patriotic Fund	---	
Commitee Mem. Patriotic Fund	---	
<i>The Politicoes</i>		
Naval Estimates Spokesman	---	
Chairman Impress Service	---	
Naval Yards Supervisor	---	
Ordnance Board Supervisor	---	
Victualling Board Supervisor	---	
Port Admiral London	---	
Port Admiral Portsmouth	---	

The Blue Peter

February 1791	March 1791	April 1791	May 1791
HMS <i>Droits de L'Homme</i> HMS <i>Droits de L'Homme</i>			
HMS <i>Berwickshire</i>			
ALL SHIPS HMS <i>Swiftsure</i> HMS <i>Swiftsure</i> HMS <i>Swiftsure</i>			
HMS <i>Glenmoranje</i> HMS <i>Surprise</i>			
HMS <i>Mars</i> HMS <i>Mars</i> HMS <i>Mars</i>			

Who's Who

ID	Name	E-Mail		
015	Paul O'Connor	pauloconnor@adelphia.net	X015	X015
014	Craig Spence	craig@spence81.teeserve.co.uk	X014	X014
013	Toby Whitty	yaledor@yahoo.com	JWK	Josiah W. Kerr
012	Greg F.	onasilverwind@yahoo.com	JS	Jack Sandwich
011	Terry Crook	toppers@clara.co.uk	JOG	John O'Groats

010	John Cosgrave		JACKAL@jcosgrave.free serve.co.uk JA	Jonah Albytross
009	Christian Schotmann	Christian@Schot mann.de	TB	Tyler Brock
008	Wayne Rutledge	Wayne100@emira tes.net.ae	FF	Fernando Feeghoot
006	Neil Kendrick	HuwJorgens@aol. com	PDA	Puisee D'Assinunte
005	James Campbell	greyarea@apexma il.com	JD	John Doe
002	Matthias Nitz	mattesn@01019fre enet.de	AG	Andrew Goodman
001	Tony Brooks	tony@brooks25.fs net.co.uk	WKM	Wayne Kin- Madley
000	HaJo Schlosser	redhajo@aol.com	GS	Guy Sandolls

Announcements

GM Waffle:

Right ... this is it. The ultimate lee shore. I've hoped to avoid it, but facts keep staring me in my face. Turns get done later and later. And the rules are a shambles. Looks like I'm not GM material, after all. HMS Briny En Garde requires a few drastic changes if she is to keep up with my ideas (and your expectations). Dunno whether I'll find the time. If somebody wants to help, just shout.

Ironically, most of you were on time, but for the fact that I had put a different headline in some order sheets. Never mind, I finally got things straightened out and settled down to do the adjudication. Then I sent the London stuff to John, who got back with his report within days. We haggled over a few words, but within a week the final version was ready – if I could find the time to make a few last-minute adjustments before Xmas. A brief stay in hospital shattered all hopes of that. I'm back home now, but things look grim and I may not be able to bind myself to a tight schedule in the future.

All in all, it has been great doing *Briny En Garde*. I owe more than I can express in words to Terry Crook, webmaster par excellence and a thoroughly decent chap. It has been a rare privilege to work with him. I wish I could say the same about me.

DEADLINE for ISSUE 005 : NONE