

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

GM Matthias Nitz, eMail: Matthias.Nitz@helimail.de

Issue 11 – October 1791

"It's another manic Monday ...!" Joshua Bangles, Captain's Clerk in HMS *Admiralty*

The rumour spread through the City like wildfire. "The Dutch can turn lead into gold ...!"

It buzzed through the fetid air of the Alchemists' quarter, where they had been trying to do the same thing for centuries without much success but were certain that they'd crack the problem by next Thursday, or at least the end of next week, guaranteed.

It seared into the scarred, caulflowered, and sometimes missing ears of the members of the Thieves' Guild, where people started to put an edge to their crowbars – who cared where the gold came from?

It reached the cold but incredibly accurate ears of the Chairman of the East India Company, and it did that fairly quickly, because you didn't stay head of a global player type organisation for long if you were second with the news.

It reached the ears of the Dutch. "Can we?" – "Damned if I know. I can't." – "Yeah, but if you could, you wouldn't say. I wouldn't say, if I could." – "Well, can you?" – "No!" – "AHA!!".

Eventually, the rumour penetrated the thick walls of the Admiralty (and the even thicker skull of the First Sea Lord) and resulted in a hasty reshuffle of the ships available and new orders went out to them at once. The first ship to receive hers was HMS *Droits de l'Homme*, still in the Pool. Fresh out of the dockyard, his Lordship reckoned she would best be employed cruising up and down the Dutch coast – just to keep an eye on those cheesemongers! Which she duly did but nothing came of it. Evidently, the Dutch were busy with something else! However, her 1st lieutenant took the opportunity to draw a number of sketches showing views of the coast and the skyline of several Dutch ports, which pleased the Admiralty so much that they promoted him on the spot and sent him off to HMS *Salisbury*.

HMS *Indomitable* and HMS *Berwickshire* had been ordered to station themselves in the vicinity of the Orkneys and the fog up here was even thicker than around Land's End. However, the captain of HMS *Indomitable* kept firing his bow chasers every five minutes and this earned him a present of 400 Guineas from a Danish herring-bus who barely managed to avoid getting entangled in her bowsprit netting. In due time the incident was reported to and noted by their Lordships and led to her 3rd lieutenant being promoted. Not to be outdone by her sister ship, HMS *Berwickshire* reported a brief encounter with a Prussian galliot that had crossed her unprotected stern at the precise moment when the Prussian ship had fired a couple of guns to warn any other ship that might be nearby. Being unsure of the nature of the action the captain of HMS *Berwickshire* had at once called up both watches to man the guns and to repel boarders, which earned him a glowing mention in dispatches ... oh, and a purse of 400 Guineas.

HMS *Sauve Qui Peut*, HMS *Swordfish*, and HMS *Belle Poule*, had received orders to guard the approaches to Heligoland harbour, which they duly did. Nothing much happened in large amounts and GS, FF and JWK spent most of their time playing three-handed whist and drinking hot toddy. This happy state of affairs lasted until FF decided to take a closer look at the island's most famous landmark, the "Lange Anna" and took his ship so close to the rocky base that a falling stone killed his 1st lieutenant. R.I.P.

HMS *Alexander* had been ordered to cruise up and down the Frisian coast. Unfortunately, her captain had a brother who had married a girl on Norderney and opened a pub there (the "Windjammer"). Lobsouse is a great dish but unlike Haggis it doesn't mix well with Single Malt whisky, of which both the captain and his brother

were inordinately fond! HMS *Alexander* had barely left the harbour of Norderney when her captain lurched up the companionway ladder and leaned over the side, retching. He still stood there, clutching the gunwhale as best he could, when a huge wave appeared out of nowhere and swept him off. R.I.P. Her 1st lieutenant immediately sent off a report and a week or so later an admiralty cutter brought a new captain: Captain N8 formerly of HMS *Salisbury*.

For the Royal Marines, this turned out to be the most uneventful month for a long time. Well, for most of them. JA aboard HMS *Sheik Yassouf* did keep his uniform spotless and his musket in good order, but most of all he kept out of the way. On the other hand, the RM Colonel aboard HMS *Droits de l'Homme* seemed to labour under the impression that her 1st lieutenant did his sketching only as a pretext to spy on him and his men. He promptly challenged the offending officer for a duel and when that worthy declined (as he was duty bound to do) the colonel went and wrote a complaint to their Lordships ... and was arrested by a file of Life Guards as soon as the ship had returned. He will be court-martialled next month. The charge is based on the 23rd Article of War: "If any officer, mariner, soldier or other person in the fleet shall quarrel or fight with any other person in the fleet (...) he shall, upon being convicted thereof, suffer such punishment as the offense shall deserve and a court martial shall impose".

Meanwhile, the good ship EIC *La Poubelle* had long since rounded the Cape northbound and everybody was looking forward to their next landfall – the island of Sao Tome at the entrance of the Gulf of Guinea – because a number of water casks had sprung leaks. With the wind from nearly West they had no hope to reach Brazil, and this was their only chance to replenish their water ... but here's an excerpt from JOG's diary itself:

Day Ninety two

Dropped anchor at an island for fresh water and a look around. Very hot, we went to look for fresh water did not find any only some monkeys who threw some sort of big nuts at us. We left before they found some thing else to throw!

Day Ninety Five

Stopped at another island, this one looked bigger and had lots of trees, so we were convinced that there must be some water about.

We trekked through the trees and after about 10 minutes found a pool, with a water fall, very nice, water was fresh and cool. Started filling the barrels and humping them back to the ship. We left Robbie and Douglas to keep watch while we took the filled ones back to the ship.

On our return there was no sign of either of them, we looked around and could not find neither of em! The Bosun said we had better return to the ship smartish so we did - well, sort'a run to the ship really - and informed the captain.

The Capt'n went mad and called them deserters and said we had to go back and look for them, which as far as I was concerned a mite stupid, if they was gonna run away I would have picked a port to do it! Jock was shouting again "we're all doomed, I tell ya doomed".

We set off six of us with the Bosun in charge, we had all taken a knife and some of us had the pins off the ship to use as clubs. It was fair scary I can tell ya, as we approached the pool again. Some one spotted a sandal over in the trees and bushes and another recognized it as Douglas', now we was really scared, no one would leave a sandal behind if they wanted to walk through this lot - it was far to prickly. We searched for about 5 hours with no luck, so we returned to the boat and the ship. The capt'n said he would have us try again in the morning and told us to get some food and rest.

Day Ninety Six

What a night! It was about four bells in the graveyard watch when I heard an almighty racket on deck, I and the other ran onto deck to find a whole bunch of coloured men fighting with the watch and others. I grabbed a marlin pin and laid into the nearest one, laying him flat. Others were fighting for their very lives, I saw a midshipman being thrown over board by 2 of em and then there was a shot! One of 'em fell to the floor and the other looked like he had just been struck by lightning he was rooted to the spot! Jock clubbed him to the ground there and then. The other 10 or so coloured men all stopped and looked to the sound of the shot; there was the Capt'n in his uniform with a smoking pistol in his hand. While they were doing that we went round and clubbed and knifed them to the ground. Looking over the side I saw a bunch of canoes with a couple more of those them folk in them trying to pull the gunner in to one of the canoes. I and Jock dived over the side and went to help him, as we surfaced there was another shot and one of them toppled into the water and I grabbed the other and pulled him into the water.

We fought like mad and he was a good swimmer I thought I was gonna drown until I managed to poke him in the eyes with me fingers he soon let go then!

As I surfaced so did he to be met by a paddle across the back of the head from Jock, which spilled his brains out and he sank like a brick in the water. I pulled my self into the canoe next to Jock and found the frightened Midshipman there as well, I quickly pulled me self into the canoe. To cut a long story short, we found some

items of both Douglas and Robbie's with some sort of meat in a sack, which lead the Capt'n to believe that they were cannibals and had eaten the two unfortunate sailors!

The rest of the crew on hearing this went wild and tied up the few cannibals who we had captured and threw them into the sea to drown. The captain ordered us to throw the dead ones over board as well. All in all we were lucky, if it had not been for the fact they trod on the ship's cat and it made a scream and alerted the watch we would have been done for. We had a few cuts and bruises from the fight but only lost Robbie and Douglas, so we were very lucky. The Capt'n held a short service for Robbie and Douglas, after which we were all given a double of grog and thanked for our actions by the Capt'n.....

Day Ninety-Seven

Today we went back to the island and explored it properly. Lo and behold, there was a friggin stone temple in the middle of the jungle! We took all the trappings and even carried a number of statchoos back to the ship, our 1st says as there's gents to pay handsomely for them ...

Just a brief note to round things off – JOG did extremely well out of this and his share of the spoils is said to be close to 2.100 Guineas. I'm sure we all look forward to see him and the whole ship's company safely back in London at the end of next month.

Still on the outward-bound leg of her journey, EIC *Shangri-La* was beset by a bunch of Portuguese pirates while she was at anchor off the Brazilian coast. Luckily, the wind did not die on her as the enemy rowed out in numerous boats to board her and the ship's company, ably led by their gallant officers, displayed such fight that the pirates did not manage to get a foothold aboard her. TOM could usually be seen where the fighting was thickest, but while the battle was at its height PC coolly slipped into the pirate captain's cabin and appropriated his secret papers! Upon reaching the Cape the captain took PC to see the port admiral and the great man thanked him effusely; More to the point, he also paid him 700 Guineas out of his own pocket.

The London Gazette

Issue 7 by J.C.

A Tale of Two Parties (or should it be three?).

It is a rather bleary eye that I cast upon the great and good of our fair capital this month, dear reader, as a fair few parties were held – some larger than others, and some certainly more successful than others. You may rest assured, however, that if there is a social event to be seen at, *The Gazette* will be there with a spring in its step and a pencil in its hand to record all - from the most sociable of socials held by the cream of society all the way to the drunken extravaganza favoured by “the lads from below decks”. I like to think of my role as vocational rather than simply a job – something for the good of the city as a whole. But I digress, on with the festivities...

My first port of call was another party held by Miles Attenborough-Davis who is rapidly making the first week of the month his very own. Opting this time for Red Coats as the venue (possibly to avoid the wrath of Andrew Goodman over cleaning up afterwards), he warmly welcomed Jonah Albytrass and Andrew for a very sociable evening. Our chaps seem to have eased their way back into the easy manner of being back on dry land and the proceedings progressed and a much more leisurely

pace than the party that Miles held last month on board HMS Mars. Or maybe it was simply because Wayne “life and soul of the party” Kin-Madly wasn't there.

As we are on the subject of Wayne Kin-Madly, news has reached *The Gazette* that he was called away on business back to the family estate – we wish the whole Kin-Madly family well.

You may recall last month my reporting of Jack Sandwich attempting to woo Lady Elizabeth Doolittle but to no avail. Well, Jack is nothing if not persistent and took the earliest opportunity to visit her again and make his feelings known for a second time – Lady Elizabeth was delighted, and I am sure that the multitude of gifts were in no way responsible for her reassessing his merits. Speaking of romance I am assuming that Tyler Brock was also enjoying a quiet month with Ophelia Goolies as they were only seen fleetingly travelling to and from The Dolphin by coach. His usual charm and flair was obvious by its absence at the various social events this month. I'm sure that Ophelia may disagree with me on this point though.

Moving on to the second week of the month it was the turn of Jack Sandwich, now accompanied by the beautiful Lady Elizabeth, to act as host for a party at The Dolphin. Again a very respectable evening with admittedly a rather small turnout – only Dae Dastardly arrived (accompanied by Sophia), but sometimes parties can seem too overcrowded and I am sure that the two couples had a very enjoyable time.

Almost everyone else seemed to make this the week for honing their skills ready for their return to action, so the only face that I saw on a regular basis was Jonah Albytross, frantically checking the final arrangements for his party the following week. “They’re all building up their stamina” he said when I mentioned the numbers in training. “They’ll need it too – the drink’s just arrived,” he said pointing to a cart laden with barrels bearing the title ‘Creepholes’ Old Deplorable’. “Had it sent up from Taunton” he went on to explain. “Apparently they were held up near Yeovil – happens to them all the time. All they did was hand it over and wait half an hour then follow the groaning noises. Got it back without any problems – took a few guineas off the bandits too so they were pleased about that. Apparently they always carry an extra barrel just for that purpose. Next week’s going to be something to remember – or rather something no one will remember!” With that he hurried off.

I am very sorry to report that Jonah’s statement about the following week being ‘something to remember’ was startlingly accurate, but for entirely the wrong reason. Everything was prepared – “Old Deplorable” ready to be poured, Jonah himself wearing a hat shaped like a palm tree – complete with parrots, and several chamber pots on standby at the door for those attempting to enter without a silly hat. Unfortunately that was as far as the evening went – apart from the host, your *Gazette* correspondent, and the staff and regulars, that was it for the evening. No one else arrived. Jonah was still sitting dejectedly on top of one of the barrels when I made my excuses and popped over to the Dolphin to see if Jack Sandwich had a better turn out for his second week as host there. He had actually doubled his numbers as Dae Dastardly was in attendance for a second week and Miles Attenborough-Davis was there also. I did return to The Pit later in the evening to see if any of the invited guests had arrived. Jonah had received a letter from Andrew Goodman apologising for his absence, but that was all. “Shame John O’Groats is on the far side of the world, or we’d have been half way through his lot by now. Also Josiah Kerr told me he was coming then his ship sailed. Told me he’d got his hat as well – says he’s going to wear it when he’s on watch. Still – chin up, eh? I’ve challenged the barman to a race drinking “Old D” from a chamber pot!”

The last motion of the month was once again down to Miles Attenborough-Davis at Red Coats. Although I wonder if London was starting to feel a little “partied out” by this time (I know I certainly was) as only Andrew Goodman arrived. Others were spending time quietly at their clubs, or as I suspect in Jonah’s case – recovering from the chamber pot race. I think That Miles summed up the month rather neatly with a little song that he treated that patrons of Red Coats to at the end of the evening that went something along the lines of...

"I'm up and I'm leaving - getting out of this place - gonna get on the blue line of fortune

I'm up and I'm leaving - gonna spread my wings - gonna get out of this country to reach fame..."

A sentiment that I would like to pass on to Jack Tarr – who has moved on from his post here in London. We wish him well and hope that he will be able to return to us all when the times suit him better.

I am sure that all his friends with him well too.

If we do hear of any further developments from Jack they will, of course, be reported in *The Gazette*.

<i>The Ladies</i>			
	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	JS
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	TB
Pamela Huntingdown-Jones	12	W I	FF
Rebecca Morrison	11		
Alice Wonderland	11		
Joan Fullins	10	B	
Doris Open	10		
Sophia Williams	9	B	DD
Diana Villiers	9	B	
Rebecca Dorrit	8		AG
Betty Grapples	8		
Moll Flanders	7		
Sue Briquette	7		
Emma Woodhouse	6	B	WKM
Gwendolyn Hotspur	5		JWK
Mary Lamb	5		
Sara Pati	4		
Agnes Nutter	3		JA

The Guilty Parties

ID	Name			Abb.	Weal. SL	NA	SP	Club	App.	Rank
008 <i>Sir</i> Ferna ndo Fegho ot	FF	comfy	11	7	S	Dolph		-	Captain HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>	
012	Jack Sandwich		JS	ok	11+	5	34	Dolph	-	Captain HMS <i>Waakzaamheit</i>
009	Tyler Brock		TB	ok	9+	6	27	Dolph	-	Midshipman HMS <i>Richard Lionheart</i>
001	Wayne Kin-Madley		WK M	comf y	6	4	F	Pit	-	
000	Guy Sandolls		GS	comf y	5	5	S	Pit	-	Brevet Master & Commander HMS <i>Swordfish</i>
016	Miles Attenborough-Davis		MAD	ok	5	6	17	Red C. -	Subaltern RM, HMS <i>Mars</i>	
006	Dae Dastardly		DD	poor	5+	5	27	Pit	-	
013	Josiah W. Kerr		JWK	comf y	4	8	S	Pit	-	Lieutenant HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>
010	Jonah Albytross		JA	comf y	4	5	8	Pit	-	Lieutenant RM, HMS <i>Sheik Yassouf</i>
002	Andrew Goodman		AG	comf y	4+	9	37	-	-	Lieutenant HMS <i>Mars</i>

018									
Thomas O'Malley	TOM	poor	3	8+	E	-	-	Sailor EIC <i>Shangri-La</i>	
011	John O'Groats	JOG	comfy	2	5	E	-	-	Sailor EIC <i>La Poubelle</i>
017	Pete Cuning	PC	ok	1	7+	E	-	-	Sailor EIC <i>Shangri-La</i>

Wealth Level: poor= 0-250 GC, ok up to 1.000, comfy up to 5.000, wealthy up to 10.000, rich up to 25.000 and filthy is 25.000+
SP: S = at sea, E = east India ship, F = floated,

Government

The King	Albert George III. of Hannover-Pumpnickel	
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		
N7	N8		
Admiral		Admiral	
White Squadron	Red Squadron	Blue Squadron	Yellow Squadron
N3		N7 N4	
Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral	Vice Admiral
N3	Sir Louis Beanpole,	Baron of Whitefriars (NA 3)	N8 N7
Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral
N5 N7 N3	N6		

The Ships

White Squadron

	Droits de l'Homme SoL 1 st Class	Ferocious SoL 1 st Class	Richard Lionheart SoL 1 st Class	Sheik Yassouf SoL 2 nd Class
Post Captain	N4	N6 N3 N7		
1 st Lieutenant	N6	N6		
2 nd Lieutenant	N3 N7 * N5			

3 rd Lieutenant	N1				
4 th Lieutenant					
5 th Lieutenant					
Midshipman			TB ¹		
Master's Mate					
Crew					
Red Squadron					

Indomitable SoL 2 nd Class Jupiter SoL 2 nd Class	Fiddler's Green SoL 2 nd Class	Swiftsure SoL 3 rd Class		
(Post) Captain	N6	N5	N4 N4	
1 st Lieutenant	N1 N3	N5*	N2	
2 nd Lieutenant	N4	N8*		
3 rd Lieutenant	N4			GS
4 th Lieutenant				
5 th Lieutenant				
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				

Blue Squadron

	Waakzaamheit SoL 3 rd Class Berwickshire SoL 4 th Class	Bellerophone SoL 4 th Class	Mars SoL 5 th Class	
Captain	JS	N9	N3	N4
1 st Lieutenant		N2 N3	AG*	
2 nd Lieutenant	N5*			
3 rd Lieutenant			***	
4 th Lieutenant	*** ***	***		
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				

Yellow Squadron

	Glenmoranie SoL 5 th Class	Halcyon SoL 5 th Class	Belle Poule SoL 5 th Class	Alexander SoL 5 th Class
--	--	--------------------------------------	--	--

Captain

N4 N8	FF	N5	
1 st Lieutenant		N5	N4 N1
2 nd Lieutenant	JWK		
Midshipman			
Master's Mate			
Crew			

Blockade Squadron

	Salisbury Sloop	Sauve Qui Peut Sloop	Surprise Sloop	Swordfish Sloop
Master&Commander	N8	N6 N3 GS		
1 st Lieutenant	N5		N2	
2 nd Lieutenant				
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				

*=Ship's Adj.

Character in *italic* have a commission on another ship.

Bold = at sea.

¹=Captain of the Top

The Royal Marines

General	N7
Lt-General	N4
Brigade General N4	

Colonel (DH) : N2		
Lieutenant-Colonel (FE) : N6	Lieutenant-Colonel (RL): N4	Major (SY): N2
Major (IN): N7 Major (JU): N4 Major (FG): N2 Captain (SW): Captain (WA): N4 Captain (BS): N4 Captain (BE) : N5 Lieutenant (MA): N6 Lieutenant (GL): JA Lieutenant (HA): Lieutenant (BP): N5 Lieutenant (AL):		
Subalterns : MAD (MA)		
Privates :		

*= Reg.Adj.

Bold = at sea.

The Honourable Company

Chairman East India Company	Sir William Weatherwax	
Directors East India Company	Sir Guthrie Featherstone Mr. Peshawar Cannings Mr. John Mortimer	

La Poubelle (LP) Captain N6	
(sailed June 1 st 1791)	
1st Lt.: --	
(expected back November 30 th 1791)	
2nd Lt.: N10	
	3rd Lt.: N7
	Mids: N6
Crew: JOG	

Shangri-La	Captain N6
(sailed September 1 st 1791)	
1st Lt.: N3	
(expected back February 29 th 1792)	
2nd Lt.: N3	
3rd Lt.: N5	
Mids: N2	
Crew: TOM, PC	

The Patriotic Fund

Chairman Patriotic Fund	The Right Honourable Sir Ezram Blazentoe	
Committee Mem. Patriotic Fund	---	

The Politicoes

Naval Estimates Spokesman	---	
Chairman Impress Service	---	
Naval Yards Supervisor	---	
Ordnance Board Supervisor	---	
Victualling Board Supervisor ---		
Port Admiral London	---	
Port Admiral Portsmouth	---	

The Blue Peter

November	
December	
<i>HMS</i> Droits de L'Homme	
<i>HMS</i> Indomitable	
<i>HMS</i> Berwickshire	
<i>HMS</i> Belle Poule	
<i>HMS</i> Alexander	

Who's Who

ID	Name	E-Mail			
018	Undine Johnke	<a href="mailto:cineU
nni@t-
onlin
e.de">cineU nni@t- onlin e.de TOM	Thomas O'Malley		
017	Thomas Johnke	<a href="mailto:Torfk
oppT
J@we
b.de">Torfk oppT J@we b.de	PC	Pete Cunning	
016	Jürgen Hossfeld	<a href="mailto:J.Hos
sfeld
@t-
onlin
e.de">J.Hos sfeld @t- onlin e.de MAD	Miles Attenborough-Davis		
013	Toby Whitty	<a href="mailto:yaled
or@y
ahoo.
com">yaled or@y ahoo. com JWK	Josiah W. Kerr		
012	Greg F.	<a href="mailto:onasi
lverw
ind@
yaho
o.com">onasi lverw ind@ yaho o.com JS	Jack Sandwich		
011	Terry Crook	<a href="mailto:toppe
rs@cl
ara.c
o.uk">toppe rs@cl ara.c o.uk	JOG	John O'Groats	

010	John Cosgrave	JACKAL@jcosgrave.freemove.co.uk JA	Jonah Albyttross	
009	Christian Schotmann	Christian@Schotmann.de	TB	Tyler Brock
008	Wayne Rutledge	Wayne100@emirates.net.ae FF	Fernando Feeghoot	
006	Neil Kendrick	HuwJorge@adolco.com DD	Dae Dastardly	
005	James Campbell	grevera@apexmail.com		
002	Matthias Nitz	Mattias.nitz@helimail.de	AG	Andrew Goodman
001	Tony Brooks	tony@brookst2.fsnet.co.uk	WKM	Wayne Kin-Madley
000	"Red"HaJo Schlosser	redhajo@adolco.com GS	Guy Sandolls	

Court martial

Colonel N2, Colonel of the Royal Marines will face court martial in September, upon the charge of the 23rd Article of War.

Duels

None

Announcements

None

Letters

Gentlemen,

first of all, I'd like to thank all who showed up for my party last month and made it a smashing success. Second, I want to invite you all to my party this month. The party will be held in week 1 at my club in order to celebrate the good conduct ribbon I earned during the summer campaign! If you've been at my first bash, you know what to expect. If you weren't, come and see!

Be there or be a Rectangular Thing!!

Miles Attenborough-Davis
Subaltern Royal Marines

Dear Mr. Attenborough-Davis,

many thanks for your invitation. I will attend to your party to check whether the evil reputation of the Royal Marines ashore is only rumour or not.

Be there

Andrew Goodman
Lieutenant *HMS* Mars

Friends and shipmates,

I'll be leaving for the front at the end of this month and would like to announce a farewell party, week 4 (31st October) at my club (the Red Coats - right next to the harbour). If you know me, you know what to expect. If you don't, come and find out.

Three .. Two ... One ... Down the hatch she goes!

Miles Attenborough-Davis
Subaltern Royal Marines

You open your door to an older sailor, who pronounces in far too loud a voice, "Captain Jack Sandwich requests that you join him for a casual party held the second and third weeks of the month at the Dolphin".

You tell the man you would be delighted to come if your time is not committed elsewhere. The old sailor drops his voice and whispers, "By casual the Captain means buy your own, if you know what I mean". And in a louder voice, "Ladies are welcome too"
Party Weeks 2 & 3 at the Dolphin, ladies welcome, SL 4 and up. Drinks paid for SL 7 and up.

Right you lot

It's about time that we had a roister the type of which London has not seen in a fair old while.

So - Party at the Pit, week three. And you will be deemed not to be taking part fully if by the end of the evening you can lay on the floor without holding on!

Special beverages will be arriving from the South West, so brace yourselves!

Comedy headgear is compulsory - the more ridiculous the better. Anyone wearing a sensible hat (or turning up without one) will be forced to wear a chamber pot. It may not be emptied first either.

Please do not bring mistresses, as I am confidently expecting wall to wall vomiting (prizes may be awarded for the furthest distance / greatest accuracy).

Please ensure that you reserve the following week for recovering!

Jonah Albytross

A seagull lands at JA's window with a message attached to its leg. It reads....

Can't make it this time....stop Hope to have a do may self on my return....stop Weather luvly, jock is happy, cya soon...stop

JoG

Dear Mr. Albytross,

I'm sorry for my fail to appear. I promised my shipmate Mr. Attenborough-Davis to visit his party a week later and your invitation promised a boozing party. I promise to come to your next party.

Happy carousing

Andrew Goodman

Sir Feghoot,

Local papers reported rumors about you being seen in the vicinity of my fiancée Ophelia. I trust you will do everything in your power immediately to convince me of the wrongness of those accusations, if you don't want to find yourself swimming face-down in the harbor one morning.

I am understood?

Tyler Brock

Midshipman HMS Richard Lionheart

Aloha, fellow members of the strongest fleet in the world!

All diligent social climbers are warmly invited to my Club-Warming Party in "The Dolphin" in weeks one and two. To keep the rubble out, there will be an entrance fee of 25 Guinees for each week.

Ladies are free of charge, of course.

Your money will be well spent:

- finest ambience
- a selection of the best British and Cantonese dishes
- a massage from my Chinese female servants
- selected alcoholic beverages from all over the world, among others a choice of 88 beers.
- finest cigars from Havanna and opium from Canton
- music from "The Bugs", an upcoming band out of Liverpool hired exclusively for this London gig.

Now THIS is going to be a party. Don't miss it.

Tyler Brock

Midshipman HMS Richard Lionheart

Oh Captain my Captain!

Thank you for your trust in me. I can assure you that you made the right choice. I am proud to serve under you on His Majesties finest vessel, Richard Lionheart. Three Cheers!

Tyler Brock, Midshipman

GM Waffle (Part One):

Hi folks! The bad news is that James Campell (JT) has retired from the game for the time being because of overwork. He hopes to return when life is back to normal. Hurry up James, we miss you!

GM Waffle (Part Two):

Well, the new rules are slowly taking shape! For example, I intend to create "mixed" squadrons, each with a flagship and several smaller vessels. I'm also working on a brief description of each ship in order to help you develop your own story lines. In addition, each squadron will be based in a different port (London, Portsmouth, Gibraltar). Other changes include visits to the Opera (buy a seat in the stalls or spend big time on a box), battle results (no spoils on a result of 5 and 6, and the nemesis of officers aspiring to flag rank ... being yellowed (promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral but without distinction of a squadron)! And I'll certainly take a good look at the drinking problem!

DEADLINE for ISSUE 012 : May 7th, 2004