

# ***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](mailto:horseguards@brinyengarde.co.uk)

GM Matthias Nitz, eMail: [Matthias.Nitz@helimail.de](mailto:Matthias.Nitz@helimail.de)

## ***Issue 14 – January 1792***

**"... drat that cat!"** Admiral von Schneider on HMS *Sophie* Despite the early hour (the clock had just struck six bells in the morning watch) the First Sea Lord was already behind his desk, dictating letters. Two secretaries, one sure if another failed, wrote as fast as their pens would drive.

"To Mr. John O'Groats, The Grapes, Liberty of Savoy : You are hereby ordered to join HMS *Glenmoranie* and to as a midshipman".

"To the Prince Regent : Your Royal Highness is largely correct in the character of Lieutenant Brock; he has zeal and conduct, and were it not for a certain want of willing submission to his superiors that may be cured by the passage of time I should, exclusive of the interest your Royal Highness has taken in his fortunes, be very glad to do justice to his demands to be put aboard a sea-going ship, were I not precluded from doing so by the number of officers senior to him whose claims must take precedence. I beg leave to assure your Royal Highness that I shall be happy in any occasion to mark the respect with which I have the honour to be  
Your most humble and devoted servant"

"... BOLLOCKS !! Absolute bollocks! Miller, my coach and four – I'm going to sort this out, or my name isn't Clarence!". Half an hour later the Royal coach drew up alongside the wharf where HMS *Richard Lionheart* laid and the Prince Regent himself stormed on deck. He saluted the flag and immediately turned to her captain: "Sir, you will oblige me by being on your way within the hour. Never mind your stores – the wind stands fair for France. Good day to you, Sir!". With these words the Crown Prince turned on his heels and was already halfway towards his carriage when the twitter of bosun's pipes called the men to their duty. Forty-five minutes later HMS *Richard Lionheart* had left the Pool behind her – but not the Ladies her officers had entertained in the gunroom! Among them was Lt. Brock's particular friend Miss Victoria Watson-Holmes, who had in fact not been content to sit and wait for her partner's return but had ventured forth onto the quarterdeck – the holy quarterdeck – and was now talking animatedly with the captain. Several other young ladies had followed suit and their presence, though charming, soon revealed its drawbacks. Lieutenant Brock had just remembered the punch lines of his couplet: "Those Spanish dogs would gladly own / both Gibraltar and Port Mahon!" and was roaring it out in a voice more suitable for hailing the masthead in the South Forties than for genteel company. This so distracted the lookouts that they completely missed the black squall racing towards HMS *Richard Lionheart*. The sudden gust caused the ship to lean over alarmingly and two of her lower deck guns (bloody great 32-pounders, weighting fifty-five hundredweights each) parted their breachings and plunged through the side. Under these circumstances her captain had no choice but to return to London. His report clearly stated that he would assume full responsibility and he will face a court martial next month. On the other hand, he did mention the gallant efforts of his 1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant and TB in particular in rescuing Miss Watson-Holmes (the young lady had gone overboard when the ship leaned over). No doubt the Admiralty will show itself just as grateful as the young Lady herself.

**T**he clock had just struck five bells in the forenoon watch when the swathes of rain drifting eastward parted long enough to show that the chase had altered course. HMS *Waakzaamheit* had been in her wake for three days, running six and sometimes seven knots despite the foul weather and her being close-hauled (never her best point of sailing), and now they were not much above a mile and a half apart. The ship ahead was turning, coming up into the wind, revealing her rows of gun ports. This was the first clear sight they had of her since the look-out had hailed the deck in the growing darkness two days ago to report a ship hull-down on the horizon, one point

on the larboard bow. She was then steering north-east and the general opinion aboard HMS *Waakzaamheit* was that she was either part of a scattered French convoy or an American blockade runner. Now they could see that she was *L'Aigle* of 96 guns, which the Admiralty had last heard of as being somewhere in the Indian ocean. In the silence of the discovery a voice could be heard: "That's a bloody First-rate, mate! We've caught us a right tartar ...!" And behind the *L'Aigle* they could now see another, bigger ship! Aboard HMS *Waakzaamheit* JS shook his head. A fine mess he had landed himself in! There was no way his ship with her 74 guns could take on *L'Aigle* singlehandedly (let alone all three French ships) and nobody would have blamed him for declining the engagement – but for the fact that somewhere in the dim sea behind him were his consorts, HMS *Jupiter* (86) and HMS *Sheik Yassouf* (92). The former had lost a topmast in the last blow (due to the misguided efforts of her latest recruit, Midshipman Kin-Madley) and the latter had a very foul bottom indeed after her spell in the West Indies, but both had responded to his signal to chase; for JS was the most senior captain. They would still be heavily outgunned by their opponents, but it could be done, since the bigger Frenchman (very likely *Marie-Antoinette* of 110 guns) could not open her lower gun ports in this dirty weather – the sea was running too high. No doubt the *L'Aigle* would try to keep her broadside on HMS *Waakzaamheit* and would maul her terribly; but if HMS *Jupiter* came up quick enough she could then lie on *L'Aigle*'s quarter and rake her – a murderous fire right along the length of her decks to which she could make no reply – while HMS *Sheik Yassouf* would engage the French flagship. It could be done ... and it had been done, back in '85, when HMS *Specter* (28) under Commander Evans had engaged a Spanish ship of the line, the *Villa Hermosa* of 60 guns, and carried her. It had been the talk of the service, and under ordinary circumstances JS would have been happy to have such an illustrious guest aboard. This was no ordinary time, however, and he was well aware of Evans, now a post captain quite near the top of the list, standing on the *Waakzaamheit*'s forecastle and watching him and the French in turns. JS considered this for a while, then turned to the midshipman beside him: "Mr – Mr Walker, take a glass to the masthead and see what you can make of our friends". The young man was halfway up the mizzen shrouds before his captain had finished speaking and soon after came his hail: "On deck, sir. *Jupiter* is hull up on the leeward beam. She has fished her ..." – "Report!" was the captain's reply, and "Pass the word for the gunner!". The order had scarcely been given when a black squall hit the ship, rain pelting down so thick the men on the quarterdeck could hardly see the end of their noses. It didn't stop Mr Midshipman Walker from reaching the deck by the sliding down a backstay and he said: "Sir, the *Jupizer* has fished her fore topmast and is setting her inner and outer jib. She's ..." – "Man overboard!!" came the cry from the forecastle, and a black shape (with a glint of gold lace) could be seen in the ship's wake. Not very far away as yet, but there was not a second to lose; the distance would steadily increase while HMS *Waakzaamheit* kept her present course. "Let go the sheets" Helm a-starboard! Blue cutter away!" the orders were given in rapid succession, but Midshipman Walker was already in the water and swimming towards the man, a line clenched between his teeth. Both he and Captain Evans were picked up by the cutter quite soon, but not before HMS *Jupiter* had passed them on the windward side and stationed herself in front of HMS *Waakzaamheit*. And as for the *L'Aigle* and her consort, they had long since resumed their north-east course towards Brest and safety. In his report to the Admiralty JS stated that he would have closed *L'Aigle* but for Captain Evan's going overboard. He also declined any promotion their Lordships may have been contemplating and received a double mention in dispatches instead, while Matthew Walker (who had no such scruples) found himself elevated to the dizzy heights of Brevet Lieutenant.

Gibraltar harbour, and HMS *Belle Poule* was laying at single anchor in the outer road. JWK had just climbed up into the foretop in order to treat himself to forty winks after a particularly rich dinner – a main course of roast pig and three kinds of puddings for afters – when his eyes latched onto a slight nick in the otherwise perfect horizon. A whitish nick – a sail! Could this be the postship they had been waiting for? Without thinking JWK's hand reached out for the backstay and closed around it. Still without thinking he shifted his not inconsiderable weight preparatory to leaning out and sliding down. Long practice had taught him to do this blindfold if need be, and it had also inured his hands against the rasp of the rope. Sliding down, he mused upon the probability of new orders from the Admiralty and the chances of a letter or two from home. Suddenly he stiffened, his hands grasping the rope tighter in order to slow his descent – surely this had been a gun? It was, and soon after a still louder report reqached him – a well-aimed broadside. Whoever was out there, he was not alone. "All hands! All Hands!" roared JWK and while he made his way to the cabin HMS *Belle Poule* got under way, picking up her anchor, gathering speed, making a short board and heading straight for the harbour exit, the wind one point free. In his cabin, FF had of course heard the guns but he also had been napping. Upon hearing JWK's report, however, he immediately came on deck. There he stayed and watched the drama unfolding not five miles in front of him. The postship had obviously met with some mishap earlier – her mizzen topmast was missing and she seemed to swim deeper in the water than usual – and in these light airs she could command no great turn of speed anyway. Her captain, however, had had the good sense to veer out cables fore and aft, giving her the ability to keep her broadside turned towards her opponent. This was most fortunate since she was facing one of those big galleys which are usually commanded by Barbary Coast Pirates. Like all of her kind, this galley carried a single big gun amidship, but her captain was clearly of the opinion that one more well-placed shot would rob him of his prey. Instead, he confined himself to darting back and forth, always seeking an opportunity to board. Both ships were so much taken up with the evolutions of this deadly game (no quarter given or received on both sides) that none noticed the approach of HMS *Belle Poule* until she made an elegant

quarter turn, presented her port row of guns to the galley and hit her with a well-aimed salvo from fifty yards distance. Hit her deep, twixt wind and water, and had the satisfaction of seeing that the galley started to sink at once. Meanwhile, MAD had lined up his Marines and they kept up a fine musketry fire picking off individual swimmers after the galley had gone down. FF then gave orders to take the postship in tow and to sent half his crew over to help man the pumps. Three hours later both ships were back inside Gibraltar harbour. On their way back they passed HMS *Swordfish* whose new captain had made a complete cock of a simple maneuvre and – almost incredible, but true – had managed to loose his figurehead! “Court martial for him, and it’s a good thing Commander Sandolls isn’t around to tear him to pieces!” was MAD’s only comment. Not surprisingly, the Royal Mail did the decent thing by them - FF received a purse with 1000 Guineas and JWK another purse with half that much, while MAD was given 300 Guineas to buy new powder for his Marines.

Funchal harbour, and a bright, sunny day, the wind SSE and HMS Alexander just passing the mole, outward bound for a day’s cruise, at six bells in the forenoon watch. A major breakout of dysentery had forced her captain to send most of his regular crew to the hospital and to replace them with what he could beg from other ships – some hard cases and several lunatics among them, barely able to pull on a given rope under supervision. JA, her acting pilot, had also gone ashore (something to do with maps), which might account for the fact that her captain hadn’t been told about the shark which had taken up his station just under her larboard counter soon after the cook had thrown out the usual pail of refuse. Completely ignorant of this state of affairs, the captain stepped out onto his gallery and jumped down from there. He could be seen for a moment, swimming and laughing, until his body suddenly reared halfway out of the water and was shaken with appalling force by the dark grey shadow below it. Too late the crew of HMS *Alexander* ran for muskets, boat hooks, whaler’s lances ... by the time they returned and lined the railings the shark was long gone! Upon their return to Funchal, a visibly shaken first Lieutenant made his report and behaved so badly that the Adsmiral changed his mind about appointing him and gave her to the former Commander of HMS *Salisbury* instead.

Untroubled by all this, EIC *Shangri-La* completed the second leg of her return journey in a stately fashion. Blue water sailing, the braces untouched day in and day out, the hands untroubled by frequent exercising the great guns (or anything else in the line of exercise), because her captain was a fat and lazy man. And a right miser, too – upon reaching Sierra Leone he drove a very hard bargain with the local chief (who had come aboard with some ceremony) for fresh water and vegetables – at one time he actually ordered a broadside fired in the direction of the village! No ball hit the mark but the chief was much impressed by the thunder and smoke and prices dropped accordingly – which allowed her 1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant to make just under 1,600 Guineas for himself and even her Midshipman was able to walk off with 200 Guineas in his pockets. In that port EIC *Shangri-La* also picked up a passenger: Jervis Fregate, son of a local farmer and eager to go to sea. For some reason the young man seemed to be rather in a hurry! Well, once out of the gulf chances were they would meet a postship and these were fast sailers – Mr. Fregate could be in London by the end of the month! Upon crossing the Line (albeit in the wrong direction) the captain ordered a half-holyday, with singing and dancing on the forecastle. TOM and PC entranced their shipmates with a Punch & Judy show, that had them in stitches! In addition, PC took part in a sweepstake for naming the next Company ship (to sail from London on March 1<sup>st</sup>) and cleared 800 Guineas for himself by guessing the right name: EIC *Savage*.

# *The London Gazette*

Issue 11      by J.C. (and the Scary Skellington)

The editor of the London Gazette looked at the apprentice in front of his desk. “What do you say, J.C. is not at his desk?” he growled. “Which he sent a note, your worship” the apprentice quavered “saying his family’s caught the measles and the Doctor ordered him to stay at home because of the Tea ladies here, they being from the South Seas where people die horribly if they catch it. But I did find this ...” the boy continued, placing a couple of closely written pages on the editor’s desk. “Ah, he seems to have made a start, at least. Let’s see ...”.

On the first day of the new year at five bells in the forenoon watch DD had an appointment with the secretary of

Lloyd's and returned home with a broad smile on his face and a brand new membership card in his wallet. He had hoped to meet AG there but the latter had cried off at the last moment and asked the secretary of Lloyd's for a meeting later in the day. Rumour has it that AG spent the whole morning with his man of business and that he was smiling broadly even before he was shown into the secretary's office. He, too, received his membership card and the secretary's felicitations with a smile on his face. Unlike JOG, who didn't move a muscle upon being handed his membership card of The Pit but who went and placed a large order with his tailor. Uniform coat of fine broadcloth, Kerseymere west and trousers, even silk stockings!

Events Week 1 : With so many men away fighting Buonaparte and news of them few and far between, those who remain in London sometimes find it difficult to make a party really swing, particularly if there is just a handful of guests. The guests were DD with Sophia on his arm and JOG, but AG and Rebecca received them with warm smiles and a firm handshake. Mulled wine to greet the guests and Rebecca Morrison (who is, after all, the daughter of the late and lamented Jimmy Morrison) put them in a partying mood by singing songs while AG accompanied her on the pianoforte. Singing stopped, of course, with the arrival of supper (and a very good one, Lloyd's having a reputation to maintain) but later in the evening DD launched himself into "Ladies of Spain" which they all joined. A very good time was had by all apparently, but for whatever reason DD and Sophia quarrelled bitterly on their way back.

Events Week 2 : Having ditched Sophia DD went a-courting the lovely Ophelia and fell lucky, while AG took fencing lessons and JOG sought out a well-known house in Bedmaid Lane.

Events Week 3 : JOG's visit didn't seem to have answered since we see him follow DD's example and woo Diana Villiers this week. Flowers, of course (and they must have cost a fortune at this time of year) but he also hired a few urchins to sing under her window. AG continues to take fencing lessons and the footman at Lloyd's was forced to inform DD (with Ophelia on his arm) that Mr. Goodman was not in the way.

Events Week 4 : Content with his amorous exploits JOG went to practice with his rapier while AG and Rebecca regaled themselves with a visit to the opera. They watched a first-class performance of Gluck's "Orfeo" with the public demanding no less than six encores! Exhausted from clapping like mad AG and Rebecca went to Lloyd's for a nightcap and were informed by the footman that DD had been asking for him in vain these two weeks!

## *The Ladies*

	SL	Attributes	Current Suitor
<i>Lady Isabella de Courcy</i>	18	B I	
Rosemary Stilton-Major	17	W	
Prudence Petterson	16		
<i>Lady Elizabeth Doolittle</i>	16	B I	JS
Muriel Merryweather	15		
Caroline Cadger	15	W	
Jennifer Usher	14	I	
Victoria Watson-Holmes	14		TB
Flora de Bries	13	B W	
Harriet Hilfinger	13		
Ophelia Goolies	12	B	DD
Pamela Huntingdown-Jones	12	W I	FF
Rebecca Morrison	11		AG

## Alice Wonderland

<b>11</b>			
<b>Joan Fullins</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>B</b>	
<b>Doris Open</b>	<b>10</b>		
<b>Sophia Williams</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>B</b>	
<b>Diana Villiers</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>B</b>	<b>JOG</b>
<b>Rebecca Dorrit</b>	<b>8</b>		
<b>Betty Grapples</b>	<b>8</b>		
<b>Moll Flanders</b>	<b>7</b>		
<b>Sue Briquette</b>	<b>7</b>		
<b>Emma Woodhouse</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>B</b>	<b>WKM</b>
<b>Gwendolyn Hotspur</b>	<b>5</b>		<b>JWK</b>
<b>Mary Lamb</b>	<b>5</b>		
<b>Sara Pati</b>	<b>4</b>		
<b>Agnes Nutter</b>	<b>3</b>		<b>JA</b>

## The Guilty Parties

ID	Name		Abb.	Weal. SL	NA	SP	Club	App.	Rank	
008 <i>Sir Fernando Feghot</i>	FF	wealthy	11	7	S	Dolph	-	Captain HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>		
012	Jack Sandwich		JS	ok	11	5	S	Dolph	-	Captain HMS <i>Waakzaamheit</i>
009	Tyler Brock		TB	ok	11	6	S	Dolph	-	---
006	Dae Dastardly		DD	poor	7+	5	25	Lloyd's	-	---
002	Andrew Goodman		AG	comfy	7+	9	24	Lloyd's Ship's Adj.	Lieutenant HMS <i>Mars</i>	
001	Wayne Kin-Madley		WKM	comfy	6	4	S	Pit	-	Midshipman HMS <i>Jupiter</i>
016	Miles Attenborough-Davis		MAD	ok	6	6	S	-	-	Lieutenant RM, HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>
000	Matthew Walker		MW	ok	5	5+	S	-	-	Brevet Lieutenant HMS <i>Waakzaamheit</i>
013	Josiah W. Kerr		JWK	comfy	4	9	S	Pit	-	Lieutenant HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>
010	Jonah Albytrass		JA	comfy	4	6	S	Red C.	Lieutenant RM, HMS <i>Alexander</i>	
011	John O'Groats		JOG	comfy	4+	5	31	-	-	Midshipman HMS <i>Glenmoranie</i>
018	Thomas O'Malley		TOM	ok	3	9+	E	-	-	Sailor EIC <i>Shangri-La</i>
019	X123		X19	poor	3	6	new	-	-	---
017	Pete Cuning		PC	comfy	1	8+	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

<b>The King</b>	Albert George III. of Hannover-Pumpnickel	
<b>The Queen</b>	Victoria Zephyra	
<b>The Crown Prince</b>	Charles William	
<b>Prime Minister</b>	Sir Havelock Brindle, Earl of Doomsday, KCB	NA 7
<b>Chancellor of the Exchequer</b>	---	

Minister of Justice

---			
Minister of War	---		
Commissioner of Public Safety	Sir Julian Parselmouth, KCB NA 1		

The Admiralty

The First Sea Lord			
N6			
1 <sup>st</sup> Lord of the Admiralty	2 <sup>nd</sup> 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 <sup>st</sup> Class	Ferocious SoL 1 <sup>st</sup> Class Richard Lionheart SoL 1 <sup>st</sup> Class Being back repaired in May <b>Sheik Yassouf</b> SoL 2 <sup>nd</sup> Class	
Post Captain	N4	N6 -- N7	
1 <sup>st</sup> Lieutenant	N6	--	
2 <sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant	N3 N7 * -- N5		
3 <sup>rd</sup> Lieutenant	N1		
4 <sup>th</sup> Lieutenant			
5 <sup>th</sup> Lieutenant			
Midshipman			
Master's Mate			

Crew				
<b>Red Squadron</b>				
	Indomitable SoL 2 <sup>nd</sup> Class	<b>Jupiter</b> <b>SoL 2<sup>nd</sup> Class</b> Fiddler's Green SoL 2 <sup>nd</sup> Class	Swiftsure SoL 3 <sup>rd</sup> Class	
( Post ) Captain	N6	<b>N5</b>	N4 N4	
1 <sup>st</sup> Lieutenant	N2 <b>N3</b>	N5*	N2	
2 <sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant	N5			
		N8*		
3 <sup>rd</sup> Lieutenant	N5			
4 <sup>th</sup> Lieutenant				
5 <sup>th</sup> Lieutenant				
Midshipman	<b>WKM</b>			
Master's Mate				
Crew				

<b>Blue Squadron</b>				
	<b>Waakzaamheit</b> <b>SoL 3<sup>rd</sup> Class</b> Berwickshire SoL 4 <sup>th</sup> Class	Bellerophone SoL 4 <sup>th</sup> Class	Mars SoL 5 <sup>th</sup> Class	
Captain	<b>JS</b>	N9	N3	N4
1 <sup>st</sup> Lieutenant	<b>N5*</b>	N2 N3	AG*	
2 <sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant	<b>MW</b>			
3 <sup>rd</sup> Lieutenant			***	
4 <sup>th</sup> Lieutenant	***	***	***	
Midshipman	<b>MW</b>			
Master's Mate				
Crew				

<b>Yellow Squadron</b>				
	Glenmoranie SoL 5 <sup>th</sup> Class	Halcyon SoL 5 <sup>th</sup> Class	<b>Belle Poule</b> <b>SoL 5<sup>th</sup> Class</b>	<b>Alexander</b> <b>SoL 5<sup>th</sup> Class</b>
Captain	N4 N8	<b>FF</b>	<b>N8</b>	
1 <sup>st</sup> Lieutenant		N5	<b>JWK</b> <b>N1</b>	

2 <sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant				
Midshipman	JOG			
Master's Mate				
Crew				

***Blockade Squadron***

	<b>Salisbury Sloop</b>	<b>Sauve Qui Peut Sloop</b>	<b>Surprise Sloop</b> Swordfish Sloop Being back repaired in March	
<b>Master&amp;Commander</b>	<b>N5</b>	<b>N6</b> <b>N4</b> --		
<b>1<sup>st</sup> Lieutenant</b>		<b>N5</b>	--	
<b>2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant</b>				
<b>Midshipman</b>				
<b>Master's Mate</b>				
<b>Crew</b>				

\*=Ship's Adj.

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

Bold = at sea.

## ***The Royal Marines***

General	N7
Lt-General	N4
Brigade General	
N4	

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

\*= Reg.Adj.

Bold = at sea.



## *The Honourable Company*

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

<b>Shangri-La</b>	<b>Captain N6</b>
(sailed September 1 <sup>st</sup> 1791) <b>1<sup>st</sup> Lt.:</b>	
(expected back February 29 <sup>th</sup> 1792) <b>2<sup>nd</sup> Lt.: N4</b>	
<b>3<sup>rd</sup> Lt.: N5</b>	
	<b>Mids: N3</b>
<b>Crew: TOM , PC</b>	

<b>La Poubelle (LP)</b> <b>Captain</b>	
(will sail March 1 <sup>st</sup> 1792) <b>1<sup>st</sup> Lt.:</b>	
	<b>2<sup>nd</sup> Lt.:</b>
<b>3<sup>rd</sup> Lt.:</b>	
	<b>Mids:</b>
<b>Crew:</b>	

## *The Patriotic Fund*

<b>Chairman Patriotic Fund</b>	The Right Honourable Sir Ezram Blazentoe	
<b>Committee Mem. Patriotic Fund</b>	---	

## *The Politicoes*

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

## *The Blue Peter*

December	January	February
<i>HMS Sheik Yassouf</i> <i>HMS Sheik Yassouf</i> <i>HMS Sheik Yassouf</i>		
<i>HMS Jupiter</i> <i>HMS Jupiter</i> <i>HMS Jupiter</i>		
<i>HMS Waakzaamheit</i> <i>HMS Waakzaamheit</i> <i>HMS Waakzaamheit</i>		
<i>HMS Belle Poule</i>		
<i>HMS Alexander</i> <i>HMS Alexander</i> <i>HMS Alexander</i>	<i>HMS Belle Poule</i>	<i>HMS Belle Poule</i>

## *Who's Who*

ID	Name	E-Mail			
019	Mark Robinson	<a href="mailto:mark@portwaygames.co.uk">mark@portwaygames.co.uk</a> X19	X19		
018	Undine Johnke	<a href="mailto:cinelunni@t-online.de">cinelunni@t-online.de</a> TOM	Thomas O'Malley		
017	Thomas Johnke	<a href="mailto:TorfkoppTJ@web.de">TorfkoppTJ@web.de</a>	PC	Pete Cunning	
016	Jürgen Hossfeld	<a href="mailto:J.Hossfeld@t-online.de">J.Hossfeld@t-online.de</a> MAD	Miles Attenborough-Davis		
013	Toby Whitty	<a href="mailto:yaledor@yahoo.com">yaledor@yahoo.com</a> JWK	Josiah W. Kerr		
012	Greg F.	<a href="mailto:onasilverwind@yahoo.com">onasilverwind@yahoo.com</a> JS	Jack Sandwich		
011	Terry Crook	<a href="mailto:webmaster@brienyengarde.co.uk">webmaster@brienyengarde.co.uk</a>	JOG	John O'Groats	

010

	John Cosgrave	<a href="mailto:JACKAL@jcosgrave.reserve.co.uk">JACKAL@jcosgrave.reserve.co.uk</a> JA	Jonah Albytross	
009	Christian Schotmann	<a href="mailto:Christian@Schotmann.de">Christian@Schotmann.de</a>	TB	Tyler Brock
008	Wayne Rutledge	<a href="mailto:Wayne100@emirates.net.ae">Wayne100@emirates.net.ae</a> FF	Fernando Feeghoot	
006	Neil Kendrick	<a href="mailto:HuwJorge@adol.com">HuwJorge@adol.com</a> DD	Dae Dastardly	
005	James Campbell	<a href="mailto:grevera@apexmail.com">grevera@apexmail.com</a>		
002	Matthias Nitz	<a href="mailto:Mattias.nitz@helimail.de">Mattias.nitz@helimail.de</a>	AG	Andrew Goodman
001	Tony Brooks	<a href="mailto:tony@brookst2.fsnet.co.uk">tony@brookst2.fsnet.co.uk</a>	WKM	Wayne Kin-Madley
000	"Red"HaJo Schlosser	<a href="mailto:redhajo@adol.com">redhajo@adol.com</a> MW Matt hew Walker		

*Court martial*

Post Captain N3, Post Captain of *HMS* Richard Lionheart, will face court martial in February, upon the charge of the 23<sup>rd</sup> Article of War.  
Master & Commander N2, Master & Commander of *HMS* Waakzaamheit, will face court martial in February, upon the charge of the 23<sup>rd</sup> Article of War.  
The court finds that Captain N4, Captain of the Marines, has been grossly derelict in his duty. Sentenced to be stripped of all rank and kicked out of the Marines!

## *Duels*

None

## *Announcements*

AG asks his Captain for sailing to the front.  
Applications for Capain's post of EIC La Poubelle are welcome.

## *Letters*

Welcome to Mark Robinson.

*GM Waffle (Part One):*

*GM Waffle (Part Two):*

**DEADLINE : August 13<sup>th</sup>, 2004**