

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

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Issue 15 – February 1792

"... I owe my soul to the Company Store!" T. Williams, purser on E.I.C. *Sixteen Tons*

Once more the windows of the Admiralty were ablaze with light in the early morning hours. A letter had arrived from HMS *Sheik Yassouf* where a mutiny seemed to have broken out! Written by the ship's chaplain, the letter pointed out that her Captain had taken his mistress aboard and rarely left his cabin, leaving everything to her 1st Lieutenant, who ran the ship on spit-and-polish lines, with a defaulter's list as long as her mainsail yardarm! Bad blood in the gunroom, too – the 1st Lieutenant was not on speaking terms with most of the other inhabitants since the incident of the lamb chops (with the ship riding at anchor off Portsmouth in foul weather a servant had stumbled, dropping a plateful of lamb chops in the 1st Lieutenant's lap. Hearing him curse the man in extremely vile terms both the Chaplain and the Major of Marines had intervened. In the ensuing argument the 1st Lieutenant had stabbed his finger in the direction of the Major's eyes and, taking a step backwards, the latter had slipped on a spot of grease and fallen so unlucky that he broke his neck). In his closing remarks the Chaplain stressed the fact that the men were still loyal and willing, asking only to be given an officer they could respect. What they got was a new Major of Marines who turned out to have been at school with her 1st Lieutenant and who brought his old classmate a reply from the admiralty – a commendation for putting down the mutiny and a draft on Hoare's for 350 Guineas to buy more blacking for the yards!

Meanwhile, HMS *Jupiter* and HMS *Waakzaamheit* had gone for a cruise in the North Sea. Despite the inclement weather WKM stayed on deck and later presented his captain with some watercolour impressions of Helgoland, which the Captain sold

to a Dutchman for 700 Guineas, which he split with WKM. The wind standing fair for the Shetlands, HMS *Waakzaamheit* then asked permission to leave. Arriving at her destination, JS took the ship's slop chest fund and bought up all the woolen sweaters he could get and had them distributed among the hands. This earned him a promotion (which he refused – again!) and a MiD. MW got 300 Guineas (and a bright red scarf with HMS *Waakzaamheit* on it).

Meanwhile, HMS *Mars* was at anchor in the Pool of London and all was quiet aboard – most of her people were enjoying the fleshpots of London and even eager beaver AG was having a good time, dining at his captain's table. Talking shop was usually frowned on but when the Captain came out with a story about the Spanish Armada his officers followed his lead ... until AG innocently remarked: "But HMS *Mars* is just a sitting duck!". Alas, this marked the end of what had been a convivial gathering. The Captain immediately offered the loyal toast, the table was cleared with remarkable speed, the Marines were called out to scour the city and bring back as many of her people as they could round up in sixty minutes. One and half hour later HMS *Mars* was going downstream ... ten days later saw her in the chops of the Bay of Biscay, a French blockade runner under her guns. After the prize was secured the Captain of HMS *Mars* retired to his cabin to calculate his share (more than 400 Guineas) and to write his official letter. The letter was duly printed in The Gazette and the Lords of the Admiralty immediately fell in with the author's suggestion that AG should "get his step" and fill

the vacancy left by the death of HMS *Salisbury*'s commander. At the same time, however, their Lordships made it quite clear (even to the meanest understanding) that a peerage was very much out of the question ...!

Meanwhile ... HMS *Belle Poule* was cruising off Gibraltar and had a good time, moderate winds and very fine weather. FF told his 1st Lieutenant to carry on and settled back in his deck chair, propped up his feet on the gallery and went to read Homer's "Illiad" in the original. JWK did just that, and did it well – he even managed to squeeze 200 Guineas out of a passing fisherman. MAD spent most of the month writing up his encounter with the French when he was in HMS *Swordfish* and made a creditable fist of it. At the same time, HMS *Alexander* was pelting down the Med with dispatches for the British embassy at Smyrna. Passing Crete it came to blow a bit – nothing she couldn't take but JA (who was officer of the watch) espied a galley with a broken mast, floundering and near sinking (impossible to row straight in this choppy sea). Turns out it was Emir Pascha and a selection of Thous on a pleasure cruise! Two short boards brought HMS *Alexander* alongside to take Emir Pascha and his entourage aboard, leaving the crew of the galley behind to fend for themselves as best they could. Her captain did not like it and called Emir Pascha a lot of names (in the privacy of his mind) but changed his tune a fortnight later when the Ambassador at Smyrna spoke the words: "Arise, Sir Enneight!" and handed him a diamond agraffe (valued at 900 Guineas). Two days later JA received a visit aboard from the Keeper of Thous who informed him that a certain young person was pining for him in the Serail. JA knew perfectly well whom he meant – a very comely young thing with red hair and a freckled face that had made eyes at him during her stay aboard. With infinite regret JA explained to the Keeper that the thing was quite impossible ... ship to sail at once ... Blue Peter already set ... and accepted a purse of six thousand Piastres (approx. 1.100 Guineas) instead.

Meanwhile ... E.I.C. *Shangri-La* was anxious to complete the final leg of her journey and to drop anchor in the Pool. She had not made a good landfall, arriving just off Plymouth, and now adverse winds had her creeping past the South coast. Her captain was still recovering from a bout of dysentery (blue pills and a bolus thrice a day) and the ship was essentially in the hands of her 2nd Lieutenant, who coaxed her past Bournemouth, Portsmouth (and the Isle of Wight) and Brighton and was awarded a MiD for his efforts. In his report he allowed that TOM (who was a dab hand with a sextant) and PC (who had exceptionally good eyesight and an encyclopaedic knowledge of this coast) had done most of the work (both N.A. +1). He was roaring drunk at the time, of course, because all the ship's paperwork (and what an amazing lot it was) had been stowed in the lowermost tier of her hold. When the purser (anxious to do his sums) had them roused out a couple of barrels got knocked about and some stove in – among them three of TOM's private sherry casks! TOM wasn't too happy about that but PC said something about the law of diminishing returns which made them both laugh and they sold the rest to a passing Man of War (bound for the West Indies) for no less than 1.300 Guineas!

----- FIN -----

The London Gazette

Issue 12 Your Reporter - J.C. (Feeling much better, Thank you)

Back to Business

It's always the same isn't it – you're away from work for a few days and when you get back nothing's as you left it and it would seem that brigands have been in and ransacked your desk. My favourite pens, inkwell, and vellum stock are all missing, with no one here apparently aware of where it all could have possibly gone! Thieves in the night they say – funny how it was only my desk that they seemed to be interested in. I assume it was them that also moved my stool into the stable yard where I found it being used by the lads there instead of the usual bales that they have to sit on. Colleagues now say that this end of the office smells of horses. I bet they don't have to put up with this at *The Clarion*. Rant over – on with the report.

The manager of The Pit must be a happy man this month with no less than three new members on his books - Robin Timothy Marlowe, Pavel Pipovitch and Wesley Silver have all made their mark on the line and signed up to what would seem to be one of the busiest gentlemen's establishments in the City. Tyler Brock on the other hand has, it would seem, already tired of Lloyds and has moved on to The Singapore Sling. It would seem that Tyler tires of most things very quickly indeed – but more of that later. Robin decided to celebrate his arrival in London by hosting the first party of the month at his new club, and inviting his new friends Pavel and Wesley along to join in the festivities. Quite a raucous time was had by all – all three toasted each other and Robin and Pavel raised several tankards to their new postings upon *HMS Berwickshire*, before Pavel entertained all with singing some very catchy folk songs from his homeland. Not long after, John O'Groats was seen entering through the rather dense cloud emanating from Pavel's rather strange smelling cigarettes along with his new lady Diana Villiers and his constant companion Jock. It was a welcome return for John at the Pit and all the regulars were eager to hear of his exploits in foreign climes first hand, with Jock adding a dash of peril at the appropriate moments whenever it seemed that they were all “doomed”. John ended the first series of his tales letting the patrons know that there were yet more exploits to be heard over the coming weeks - I think his exact words were “Thank you, we're here for two more weeks – tell your friends. Don't forget to tip your waitress”. A strange phrase but I expect it is one that he picked up on his travels.

I know that I have only been away from City proceedings for a short while but I have already lost track of Tyler Brock's romantic liaisons. The London lothario has been seen on numerous occasions this month – the first time leaving the abode of Rebecca Morrison with a spring in his step and a small embroidered pouch in his hand. The contents of said pouch were unknown, but Tyler was seen to kiss the bag before tucking it into his belt and going on his merry way. I thought that maybe I could ask Rebecca exactly what brand of oriental wizardry Tyler had employed this time, having already shown his mastery of several arts from the East, but from where I was standing I could see Rebecca sitting by an upstairs window gazing wistfully at the clouds. I decided that maybe now would not be the best time to broach the subject – maybe later; but as it would seem, Tyler does seem to be having quite an effect on the society ladies as Rebecca employed a boy to take a letter to Queenhithe Dock where it would be delivered to Andrew Goodman aboard *HMS Mars* that very afternoon. One thing that Rebecca probably did not know is that most of the runners in the city are more than willing to divulge the contents of letters such as this to members of the press for a small consideration – we all have to make a living. I would not be so coarse as to relate the contents in their entirety but suffice it to say Andrew was informed that his services were no longer required. The Ward of Queenhithe is three districts over from *The Gazette* office here in Farringdon Without (Farringdon Within and Castle Baynard being in between), but I fairly thought that I heard the shouting from here. I sent a message to the *Sports Supplement* writer informing him that his services would probably be required come next month.

Elsewhere this week it was Pavel's turn to act as host at the Pit, again with Robin Timothy Marlowe in attendance, where they simply continued exactly where they left off the week before – only difference being that Wesley Silver decided to abstain in favour of some rigorous weapon practice. Dae Dastardly was likewise engaged with ship-board duties in his new appointment as Master's Mate *HMS Ferocious*. But staying with the Pit, John O'Groats and Jock seemed to be drawing an even bigger crowd than last week – word must be spreading. Not only were the tales getting more exciting and dangerous (even more "doomed" moments from Jock), but John tantalized the patrons with a new drink that he had created whilst on his travels: A blend of rum and the liquid found inside large nuts found growing freely on some of the islands he visited. This rum and coconut mix he had originally named "Mariners Brew" as it proved very popular with the crew – but the name was shortened by the natives to "Maribrew" and this is how John introduced it to London society.

Our three new faces finally managed to drag themselves out of the Pit on the third week of the month and even though they went their separate ways they all had the same thing on their minds – romance. Robin gathered up a small collection of gifts (the shop owners decided to be discrete and not pass on details of exactly what he bought) and headed over to see Moll Flanders. Implying that she was special enough to catch the eye of a chap who had only been in town for a few weeks was enough to win Moll over and Robin was seen walking out with her that very afternoon. A different approach was used by Pavel when he called upon Alice Wonderland – singing a haunting Czech love ballad and then translating as best he could in his enchanting accent while presenting Alice with a traditional woven Cape brought with him from Prague quite simply swept her off her feet. Very stylish! I think it is a close run thing between Pavel and Wesley for the most romantic approach of the month. Wesley visited Sue Briquette bearing gifts of flowers, chocolates and jewelled earrings, but as he presented each in turn he stated that Sue's attributes far outstripped the merits of such baubles – "The bouquet of these flowers fades compared to the delicate perfume of your hair, the sweetness of these chocolates is but naught to the sweetness of your smile and the shine of these earrings cannot compete with the dazzling sparkle of your eyes". I do believe that Sue fairly swooned against the doorframe and Wesley played the perfect gentleman and helped her to a chair.

As I said earlier, Tyler Brock does seem to tire easily of things these days and it was with some surprise that I saw him stepping out of a ladies doorway with that same spring and that same little pouch a week to the day since his first liaison this month – only difference being that it was a different door! I stepped back to the other side of the street and looked at the upper windows this time to see Ophelia Goolies with that same wistful look gazing at the sky. As Tyler deftly tripped off down the road I called to a nearby urchin, instructing him to stay nearby as I had the feeling that another letter would soon be winging its way towards *HMS Ferocious* and there would be a coin or two in it for him if he relayed details on to me afterwards. It was only a matter of a few hours later that one of the clerks informed me of a young visitor in the yard of *The Gazette* office. Stepping out back I spotted that very urchin that I had spoken to earlier on who informed me that I had been correct and he was required by the fine lady whose house we had been standing outside to take a letter to the docks and deliver it to a Mr Dastardly. I asked the boy to report as best he could Dae's response – "Brock again! He's doing this on bloody purpose! Of well, Hampstead Heath again I suppose". He even made a rather good go at the accent. On my way back to my desk I made a point of informing our *Sports Supplement* writer that he would need to take a bigger pad with him.

Final week for John O'Groats and Jock at the Pit and the crowd showed no sign of subsiding, although I was

starting to get the impression that Diana was starting to flag a little. I did manage to get a word with the manager of the premises who seemed delighted in the way things had gone; in fact he informed me that he thought he might ask his stars to reprise their story telling roles another time – “That Scottish bloke has gone down an absolute storm here, and what with Mr O’Groats’ new drink pulling in the crowds I can see a future for this type of establishment. Yes, I think that fancy drinks and tales of peril related by a dour Scott will be all the rage in the future – I think that I’ll name it after the lad and his stories, a ‘Jock-Tale Bar’. I can see it now”.

So it was in the beginning and so it shall be at the end. The month concluded exactly as it started with Robin, Pavel and Wesley back at the Pit – no doubt to update each other of their successes the week before. I know that the place did seem rather empty compared to the way it had been most of the month, but our now well established threesome still commanded attention as they relayed their own tales and toasted their new ladies. As we are on the subject of ladies I decided to tread the cobbles of the city and keep an eye out for Tyler Brock and his magic bag this week as I had the feeling that he could be out and about again – and as it turned out I was proven right! The surprise for me though was exactly where I found him – Back at the home of Jennifer Usher, his old mistress! As I was minding my own business there admiring one of the laurel trees close by I did overhear Tyler lamenting the error of his ways on the doorstep: “I made many mistakes and had many women, but I was always thinking of you, Jennifer – please give me a second chance”. Her heart melted and Tyler was invited inside, removing that small embroidered pouch from his belt as he went. I think I may have to offer a reward to the person who manages to discover the contents!

Tyler’s further liaisons will, of course, be reported in *The Gazette*.

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	TB
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	11		
Alice Wonderland	11		PP
Joan Fullins	10	B	
Doris Open	10		
Sophia Williams	9	B	
Diana Villiers	9	B	JOG
Rebecca Dorrit	8		
Betty Grapples	8		
Moll Flanders	7		RTM
Sue Briquette	7		WS
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
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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	29	Sing. S.	-	---
006	Dae Dastardly	DD	poor	7	5	21	Lloyd's	-	Master's Mate HMS <i>Ferocious</i>
002	Andrew Goodman	AG	comfy	7	10+	S	Lloyd's	-	Master & Commander HMS <i>Salisbury</i>
001	Wayne Kin-Madley	WK M	comfy	6	5+	S	Pit	-	Midshipman HMS <i>Jupiter</i>
016	Miles Attenborough-Davis	MAD	poor	6	7+	S	-	-	Lieutenant RM, HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>
020	Robin Timothy Marlowe	RTM	poor	6+	3	19	Pit	-	Lieutenant HMS <i>Berwickshire</i>
021	Pavel Pipovitch	PP	poor	6+	6	23	Pit	-	Lieutenant HMS <i>Berwickshire</i>
000	Matthew Walker +	MW	comfy	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 Albytross	JA	comfy	4	6	S	Red C.	-	Lieutenant RM, HMS <i>Alexander</i>
011	John O'Groats	JOG	comfy	5+	5	29	-	-	Lieutenant HMS <i>Glenmoranie</i>
022	Wesley Silver	WS	ok	4+	5	16	Pit	-	---
018	Thomas O'Malley	TOM	comfy	3	10+	E	-	-	Sailor EIC <i>Shangri-La</i>
019	X19	X19	poor	3	6	F	-	-	---
017	Pete Cuning	PC	comfy	1	9+	E	-	-	Sailor EIC <i>Shangri-La</i>

Wealth Level: poor= 0-250 Guineas, 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	N6
N7	
N3	

The Ships

White Squadron

	Droits de l'Homme SoL 1 st Class	Ferocious SoL 1 st Class	Richard Lionheart SoL 1 st Class	Being back repaired in May Sheik Yassouf SoL 2 nd Class
Post Captain	N4	N6 -- N7		
1 st Lieutenant	N6	--		
2 nd Lieutenant	N3 N7 * -- N5			
3 rd Lieutenant	N1			
4 th Lieutenant				
5 th Lieutenant				
Midshipman				
Master's Mate		DD		
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	N2 N3	N5*	N2	
2 nd Lieutenant	N5	N8*		
3 rd Lieutenant	N5			
4 th Lieutenant				
5 th Lieutenant				
Midshipman	WKM			
Master's Mate				
Crew				

Blue Squadron

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

Yellow Squadron

	Glenmoranie SoL 5 th Class	Halcyon SoL 5 th Class	Belle Poule SoL 5th Class	Alexander SoL 5th Class	
Captain	N4 N8	FF	Sir N8		
1 st Lieutenant	JOG	N5	JWK N1		
2 nd Lieutenant					
Midshipman					
Master's Mate					
Crew					

Blockade Squadron

	Salisbury Sloop	Sauve Qui Peut Sloop	Surprise Sloop Swordfish Sloop Being back repaired in March	
Master&Commander	AG	N6 N4 --		
1 st Lieutenant		N6*	--	
2 nd Lieutenant				
Midshipman				
Master's Mate				
Crew				

*=Ship's Adj.

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

Bold = at sea.

The Royal Marines

General	N7
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Lt-General

N4	
Brigade General	N4

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

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

La Poubelle (LP)	Captain: N4
(will sail March 1 st 1792) 1st Lt.:	
	2nd Lt.:
	3rd Lt.:
	Mids:
	Crew:

<i>The Patriotic Fund</i>			
Chairman Patriotic Fund	The Right Honourable Sir Ezram Blazentoe		
Committee 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	March	April	May
<i>HMS</i> Sheik Yassouf	<i>HMS</i> Ferocious	<i>HMS</i> Ferocious <i>HMS</i> Ferocious	
<i>HMS</i> Jupiter	<i>HMS</i> Mars	<i>HMS</i> Mars <i>HMS</i> Mars	
<i>HMS</i> Waakzaamheit	<i>HMS</i> Halycon	<i>HMS</i> Halycon	<i>HMS</i> Halycon
<i>HMS</i> Belle Poule			
<i>HMS</i> Alexander			
<i>HMS</i> Mars			

Who's Who

ID	Name	E-Mail		
022	Thomas Rösler	belrain@lycos.de	WS	Wesley Silver
021	Michael Struck	faithnightwish@web.de	PP	Pavel Pipovitch
020	Stefan Rösler	churasis@t-online.de	RTM	Robin Timothy Marlowe
019	Mark Robinson	mark@portwaygames.co.uk	X19	X19

018	Undine Johnke	<a href="mailto:eineU
nni@t-
onlin
e.de">eineU 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:webm
aster
@bri
nyen
garde
.co.u
k">webm aster @bri nyen garde .co.u k	JOG	John O'Groats
010	John Cosgrave	<a href="mailto:JACK
AL@j
cosgr
ave.fr
eeserv
e.co.u
k">JACK AL@j cosgr ave.fr eeserv e.co.u k	Jonah Albytross	
009	Christian Schotmann	<a href="mailto:Chris
tian
@Sch
otma
nn.de">Chris tian @Sch otma nn.de	TB	Tyler Brock
008	Wayne Rutledge	<a href="mailto:Way
ne100
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rates.
net.ae">Way ne100 @emi rates. net.ae	FF	Fernando Feeghoot
006	Neil Kendrick	<a href="mailto:Huw
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ol.co
m">Huw Jorge ns@a ol.co m	DD	Dae Dastardly
005	James Campbell	<a href="mailto:greya
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apex
mail.
com">greya rea@ apex mail. com		
002	Matthias Nitz	<a href="mailto:Matt
hias.
nitz@
helim
ail.de">Matt hias. nitz@ helim ail.de	AG	Andrew Goodman

001	Tony Brooks	tony@brookst25.fsnet.co.uk	WKM	Wayne Kin-Madley
000	"Red"HaJo Schlosser	redhajo@anol.com	MW	Matthew Walker

Court martial

The court finds that Post Captain N3, Captain of *HMS* Richard Lionheart, has been grossly derelict in his duty. Sentenced to be stripped of all rank and kicked out of the Navy!

Duels

AG vs. TB for pinching RM week 2
DD vs. TB for pinching OG week 3

Announcements

Applications for officers' posts and crew of EIC La Poubelle are welcome.
TB applies for *HMS* Droits del' Homme, *HMS* Ferocious and *HMS* Sheik Yassouf.

Letters

GM Waffle (Part One):

Welcome to our new players!

GM Waffle (Part Two):

I'll second that motion! And another bit of good news is that Mr. C (our London Gazette correspondent) seems

to be nothing the worse for his stay in hospital if the speed with which he handed in his report is anything to judge by. All's well as ends better and Briny would not be the same without his input. May he live long and prosper! Incidentally, somebody reminded me the other day that I too must cut another notch in my belt and that I'm next in line for an appointment with a Five-O branding iron. Looking back, I'd say that this year has been a mixed crop and I hope to do better next year – scheduled highlights include a trip to Spain (my first) and to the SF-World Con at Glasgow. See ya there!

DEADLINE : September 10th, 2004