

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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Ghost Hunt

The wide expanse of sea made HMS *Sauve QuiPeut* look like a very small duck in a very big pond, and the iceberg a few miles off positively dwarfed her. The grey-clouded afternoon sky perfectly echoed the colour of the sea and the occasional off-white patches in the clouds found their match in the disturbance of water at the top of each of the waves. She had rounded the westerly tip of the Irish coast two weeks ago in the company of HMS *Enterprise*, both part of a squadron under the command of Baron Robin T Marlowe, Rear Admiral of the Blue Territories. A few days ago the squadron had engaged a French corvette (*L'Armistice* of 18 guns) and retaken her prize, a British merchantman out of Vancouver, and now the whole squadron except HMS *Sauve Qui Peut* was on its way back to England. The action had been brief and the rear admiral had slept through it entirely – Major Adams, his Aide, had obviously not deemed it important enough to wake him, but had assumed the heavy burden of command himself. However, since he had emerged victorious (and with a MiD under his belt) nobody had said anything. Losses had been very slight, but one of those killed was the son of a neighbour of Baron Marlowe. Hence the orders to return to England at once. Or maybe the Admiral (nicknamed "The Scrooge of the Navy") was simply not a man to take any chances where prize money was concerned.

"Three degrees to port and hold our course" came the quiet order from Captain Marvell. "Aye, Aye, Sir." came the reply. Captain Marvell continued on his rounds, pausing only when he came to the prow to talk to the lone figure who stood there and which had not moved for the better part of an hour. "Are you sure you understood the Frenchman right, Major Cunning?" asked the captain, who was fast losing patience with the hunt. "The *Fantôme Noir* sailed out of Cherbourg three weeks ago," replied the Major, "and by now she'll be running back to France after having wrought havoc among the whalers in the northern fishery. A richer prize you could not hope for, had you asked the French to open their treasure chests. My source is reliable but this is no easy task, for she has a long history of evading the Royal Navy in order to line Bonaparte's pockets. *Black Ghost*, she's called in English. But she is as real as the *Sauve Qui Peut*, and we shall exorcise her."

“If you say so,” replied the sceptical Marvell, “But I can give you only two more days. Lord Marlowe’s particular orders, I’m afraid” - “You’d think that our meeting with *L’Armistice* would have made him see reason, but even if he ain’t convinced, I am! What’s more, I’m sure that we will find her today - during the next few hours, in fact. The challenge will then be in the chase.” - “If we find her, we will catch her. Then it’s up to you and your men to board her.” - “You catch and we carry?” smiled Major Cunning, and took up his night glass again. “You’d better,” muttered Captain Marvell under his breath as he moved away to continue his rounds.

The hours went past and with orders to run in silence and, without so much as a single lantern lit, HMS *Sauve Qui Peut* continued her search. “Did you see that?” asked Mr. Duncan Bisquit, who was leaning on the starboard railing of the forecastle. “I didn’t see nothing.” Replied his neighbour, a Marine who had just lost three crowns to Mr. Bisquit in a game of dice, and who now thought he was looking for a way to leave the game and deny him the chance to win it back. “Look over there, that bit of sky is darker than the surrounding bit.” - “Have you gulped down your rum allowance for the whole voyage all in one swig?” asked the soldier incredulously, “or are you just looking for trouble?” - “I’m telling you I know what I saw, I’m going to tell the Major.” - “He’ll not thank you for wasting his time. He’s not one to suffer fools gladly.” - “I’ll take my chance.”

“Major Cunning? Sir?” - “Yes, Sailor?” - “Sir ...um...I think I’ve seen something ... over there that bit of sky ... is it me ... or is it darker?” The Major turned his night glass to the patch and a slow grin spread over his face. “Well done, Sailor. I will see that you are well rewarded for this. Dismissed.” As the Subaltern returned to the forecassel the Major sought out the Captain. “We have our quarry! Now, can you catch her?” The Captain looked at the shadow on the horizon and gave his orders. “Five points to Starboard. Full Sail ahead. All hands on deck. Preventer backstays to the mastheads. And pray the wind holds ... belay that!” The chase was long and arduous and enough to rattle the courage of most men. Through three watches HMS *Sauve Qui Peut* followed the *Ghost* southeast, steadily making up some of the distance. At five bells in the graveyard watch, she was no more than two miles away, and Captain Marvell (who had remained on the quarterdeck for the whole time) was just about to send a message to Major Cunning when the patch of clouds next to the *Ghost*’s black sails took on a reddish hue and a sound like a million yards of sailcloth ripping was heard from that direction. A few minutes later a huge wave, coming literally out of the dark, caught the *Sauve Qui Peut*. Good thing the guns had not been cast loose yet! At sunrise, the distance between the ships had shrunk to barely three quarters of a mile and a shout from the Frenchman indicated that they had been spotted at last. With the *Sauve Qui Peut* holding the weather gage the French privateer had nowhere to run but, like a cornered rat, she might still turn and fight. And nobody knew better than Captain Marvell that the *Sauve Qui Peut* was sailing “en flute” i.e. with only half her regular number of guns. “I can get you alongside her, Mr. Cunning, but you had best overwhelm her quickly or we may take a trip to Davy Jones locker,” warned the Captain. “We will lay that ghost to rest, never fear. You just keep us intact enough to claim her cargo and return to London to spend it.”

The final stage of the chase was played out. Captain Marvell had ordered grape shot for all guns, and for once they fired high, into the *Ghost*’s rigging. But something was wrong with the Frenchman. His answering fire was uncommon slow, and the number of crew lining the

railing fell far short of what a French privateer usually carried. "There you are, Major. She is still afloat but unless I'm mistaken she is taking in water and will sink before the day is out regardless of our efforts" said Captain Marvell. "They must have sprung a bad leak during the night which they were busy repairing. Probably that's why they didn't notice us earlier. Why don't you step over and have a look yourself?" – "Willco, Captain!" replied Major Cuning with a smile on his face, "this is what we do best. Front and centre. First and second platoon, follow me. Last one to the helm buys a round back in London!" The battle was swift and bloody and Major Cuning raced across the deck with an efficiency and brutality that surprised even Captain Marvell. He was duly mentioned in dispatches for his effort and made more than 1000 guineas in prize money. Captain Marvell's excellent seamanship was noted (MA+1) and he made nearly as much as the Major, but all Duncan Bisquit got was a tot of rum, compliments of Mr. Cuning..

More than a thousand miles to the South, the E.I.C. *Shangri-La* had just sunk the Rock and was making good speed on her way to India. Several passengers had come aboard in Gib, among them a bishop in search for a healthier climate and a colonel on the way to join his regiment. Captain Walker had greeted them in person at the gangway and now they were his guests in the great cabin. The champagne was making its round, and the bishop held them in thrall with a report of curious things happening in various parts of the South of England. "Great Balls of Fire!" shouted the bishop "Screaming down like devils come to fetch the damned. And they all seem to come out of the same patch of sky." A heated discussion followed as to which patch of sky the good bishop meant, its position relative to the tip of the Lion Tower as seen from Threadneedle Street, and sundry details. "But that's impossible" cried the Colonel. I have it on excellent authority - a paper by the Astronomer Royal, published in the latest issue of the Proceedings - that this "patch of sky" is already occupied by the planet Mars. Surely its bulk would stop any number of comets, fiery or not? In fact, the Astronomer asserts that the chances of anything coming from that direction are practically nil - more than a million to one!" - "And would you like to back him up with something more, let's say, tangible?" put in another guest. "A bet, you mean?" replied the Colonel. "By all means. Here's a draft on the Bank of England, for five hundred guineas. Any takers?" - "I will take your offer, sir" said Captain Walker calmly. "Because there are more things between Heaven and Earth than Horatio ever dreamed of ... yes, Mr. Carthew, what is it?" With these words he picked up the paper and stuffed it into his pocket; Then he followed his steward out of the cabin.

Seconds later he was leaning over the starboard rails, looking down. "I won't even pretend to know what this is, and frankly I don't care. It's big and grey, like a finwhale, and there's an opening from which it spouts steam. Quick, fetch me a half a dozen hand grenades!" Captain Walker had been a fast bowler in his youth, and the loss of his eye had not impaired his aim. In quick succession, he lobbed several of the deadly things through the opening, their long fuses sputtering. Then he gave orders to make all possible sail in order to put as much distance as possible between his ship and this curious object. Despite his professed incuriosity, he still stood at the rail when a fountain of water shot up where the mysterious object had been. "There she blows" cried several men. Captain Walker just shook his head and walked down the companionway to rejoin his guests.

THE NAVAL GAZETTE

Promotions, Purchases and Appointments

HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT

Appointments

His Majesty appointed Admiral Earl Goodman as Prime Minister and titles to Marquis.

The Prime Minister then appointed:

Admiral Earl O'Groats as Keeper of the Great Seal

Vice Admiral Earl Sandwich as Minister without Portfolio

Lieutenant Colonel Baron Attenborough-Davis as Attorney-General

Captain Steel was elected Speaker of the House, with a large majority including Admiral the Marquis Goodman, Captain Viscount Brock, Lieutenant Colonel Lord Attenborough-Davis, and Mr Oates.

No Deputy Speaker was appointed as both Viscount Brock and Lord Attenborough-Davis declined the post.

Promotions, Purchases and Appointments

Midshipman King was appointed Captain's Secretary of HMS Droits de l'Homme

Midshipman Sharp failed to be appointed as Captain's Secretary of HMS Halcyon.

Lieutenant Jackson was appointed Aide to Sir Reginald Glasspole, Vice Admiral of the Blue.

Lieutenant Delaford appointed aide to Admiral Goodman

Rear Admiral Lord Marlowe was appointed as Director, EIC

Captain Viscount Brock was appointed as Director, EIC

Mentioned in dispatches

Master and Commander Fregate of the *HMS Enterprise*

Major Adams of the Royal Marines

Major Cunning of the Royal Marines

Captain Sir Matthew Walker of the *EIC Shangri-La*

London Gazette

Issue 38

Your Reporter,

Miss Edith e'Deadline.

Time fleets in but the twickling of an eye! I know that there is no one currently serving with His Most Majestic Majesty's Most Royal of Navies who will even remember who I am but I one, many moons ago although it feels like on yesterday wrote, under a psudenum, one paragraph of this wonderful publication (I suspect after that introduction I won't be invited back) but still it is a great honour, nay privillage to write her again. In fact I can still see the engraving I did the last time wass here. Sorry I digress on with the news!

At the exclusive **White's Club** *Admiral The Earl* (now my notes say *Earl* but a *Marquis Goodman* supported the appointment of the speaker) *Goodman* and his Dear Countess (is that Marchioness) spent some quiet evenings in the ancient walls following the hullabaloo of the Houses of Parliment. He treated her to fine wine and food, and for once avoided the topic of politics!

The *Pipovitch's* (*Sir Pavel* and *Lady Prudence*) were to found at the **Almanack** with *Mr Baker* in attendance. My notes tell me little of their conversation but is said that *Mr Baker* was very attenditve to his host's every need.

Lieutenant Temple-Smith had the good grace, and good taste, to escort his good lady wife out for a change. They were to be found in *Dolphin Club* enjoy its fine fare and quiet surroundings.

In the **Pit** were *Mr Pike* who caroused with *Miss Flanders* and lost 10 guineas gambling on the roll of a dice and

Lieutenant Trelane and *Miss Briquette*. *Private Starbuck*, of the Royal Marines, was also enjoying his first drink as a member of His Majesty's finest.

The **Opera** proved ever popular in the first week. *Admiral Earl* and *Countess Diana O'Groats* enjoyed both the performance and their perfect lodge, *Lord Miller* and *Miss Ophelia Gollies* (in the week before the week before their wedding) were entertained in their perfect lodge by the knife juggling of their guest *Sir Huw Jorgons*. *Sir Huw* wasn't quite as good as he professed and alas his blood caused a little damage (100 Guineas) in the lodge. *Lieutenant Sum Yun* and *Miss Octavia Marvell* were also present in a good lodge. The theatre was kind enough to provide plenty of water but despite the pleas of several guests they declined the change to juggle a little fire. They were however enetrained by *Sir Huw* and were seen on occasion to stare and wave at their friends, *the Millers*, in the opposite lodge.

Meanwhile **Southside** was the scene of a rather unusual celebration in which *Midshipman Sharp* ensured that *Dr Lake's* evening was **Free** of all fiscal considerations as reward for passing his medical exams. *Midshipman Sharp* also chanced his arm on the tables but left 100 guineas poorer as a result. *Lieutenant Jackson* was also seen to enjoy the company of the girls of Southside.

In other matters the Navy Academy was visited by both *Lieutenant Delaford* and *Subaltern Scarlett*. While a number of you, my readers, took the time to hone their skill at arms: *Lieutenant the Honourable Richard Warwick* with rapier; *Mr Allard*

with Sabre at Thames Water; while *Midshipman King* and *Captain Champion* practiced the pugilistic arts.

Over at the docks three gentlemen of note undertook their duties along side the rest of the navy: *Mr Trelawney*, *Mr Dupp* and *Mr Baker* (although how he managed to be on duty and carousing with the Pipovitch's I can only guess).

A number of gentlemen felt the desire of the fair ladies of London – well two ladies in particular. Miss Murriel Merryweather's doorstep was the meeting place for two gentlemen, neither of who stepped aside for the other, and *Vice Admiral Sandwich* and *Duncan Dizzodly* have cause for a duel come the new month.

Miss Moll Flanders was the other of London's popular ladies with *Lieutenant Smith* and *Mr Parker* calling on her before calling each other out. Matters are further complicated by the fact that Miss Flanders is currently courting *Mr Pike* who now has cause with both gentlemen. On another side of town *Mr Cornwall* purchased a house and *Captain Sir Ben Dover* purchased a fine house.

And that is that for Week 1! Quite a full kettle of fishes, so to speak for that week.

Week 2 had *Admiral Goodman* and Marchioness Rosemary back at **Whites**.

Over at the **Almanack** *Sir Pavel* and *Lady Prudence Pipovitch* treated...well themselves...to a spring party. It followed the traditional Czech way with the Prudence dressed in a long dress with flowers in her hair. They served the fruits and vegetables of the season and a small band played folk songs for *Sir Pavel* and *Lady Prudence* to dance to before the heavy drinking put pay to that.

At **Button's** Admiral Blunderville was ignoring his guests and shouting at the management. He was arguing over the provisions they had made for his sporting competition.

"I said I wanted a BOXING ring not a crime ring...get your staff out of these stupid costumes and entertain my guests...and I expect this ALL to be on the house!"

Blunderville then turned to greet the assembled men and their good ladies.

"I am sorry but it appears that the manager thought it was a theme party not a boxing competition. Therefore I am forced to delay the contest until September, at which time, I am sure you will all have trained and made your name in the coming campaign. However, our gathering will continue. Drink and be merry – after all the Button's club are footing the bill."

The list of those attending was notable by its number and their level of disappointment:

Captain Viscount O'Malley

Colonel Albytross, RM

Captain Sir Ben Dover

Captain Champion, RM

Captain Steel, RM, MP

Captain Barry

Lieutenant the Honourable Richard

Warwick

Lieutenant Sum Yun

Lieutenant Blowhard

Lieutenant Smith

Midshipman Dizoddly

Midshipman King

Subletern Scarlet

Mr Trelawney

Mr Wellingborough

Mr Sharp

Mr Oats

Mr Parker

Mr Reefer

Mr Westcott

Meanwhile at the **Dolphin Dr Lake** toadied to *Captain Sir Huw Jorgens* and *Lady Elizabeth Doolittle* while *Lieutenant Jackson* drank alone.

At the Pit *Mr Pike* caroused with Miss Flanders and lost 10 guineas gambling. *Lieutenant Trelane* and Miss Briquette spent as quite evening content only with each others company.

The opera was quiet this week. The only notables in attendance were *Lord Miller* and *Miss Ophelia Goolies* who returned to catch the show that they missed in part in week 1 due to their guest's juggling routine.

Southside saw *Vice Admiral the Earl Sandwich*, *Mr W S Baker* and *Mr Allard* all enjoying the ladies attentions. Unfortunately for *Mr Allard* the Press Gangs barred his progress home and he joined His Majesty's Blockade Fleet!

At the Briny Max *Admiral O'Groats* practised his rapier. While the academy welcomed *Lieutenant Delaford* and *Mr Dupp* was welcomed by his fellow crew members to do his share of duty. *Private Starbuck* undertook a week's hard training with his cutlass.

Cupid's aim was poor again this week (either that or he has the desire to see a good fight over love) because he led *Mr Cornwell* to Miss Williams' Door and therefore set up cause with her current beau *Mr King*.

So week two end with unrequited love, who could ask for more...Oliver put your hand down it was a rhetorical question.....

So what had week three to offer?... Well there was one even to be seen at (or to avoid) – *Captain Lord Andrew Miller's Stag Do.*

The staff of the Almanack had played a big part in the preparation of Lord Miller's house for his Stag Do and when the guests arrived people in uniforms similar to those of this venerable establishment greeted them at the door. The serving staff and the Concierge were polite and highly formal in their approach to all the guests, calling them by name and showing them towards the bar. A fine array of wines, beers and spirits, plus fresh juices and ice imported especially from the Alps, were on offer to the men of London served by a bar keep of extraordinary knowledge and skill. This room was rather plain, and the grey curtains that protected the walls made it a rather sombre and formal event. All those gathered followed the somewhat stiff nature of the do and many wondered when they could escape and return to the lives and mistresses that they had left behind. Lord Miller was seen to move amongst his guests and he thanked each of them in turn for attending and promised them an evening they would not forget.

The drink was good and the company diverse yet something was missing. When the Concierge arrived with a small gong, which he proceeded to strike, everything changed. The curtain was dropped to reveal the party!

The dinning room was literally decked out. It had been modelled on the gun deck of the Droits de l'Homme yet the guns were missing and in their place was a rich buffet of food and huge array of games: cudgels, ninepins, shovel-board, stow-ball, ring of bells, quoits, and pitching the bar. Beyond in the garden, through the garden doors, were areas set aside for running, cricket, football and wrestling. There were card

tables set up with croupiers and small stakes of wooden tokens to act in the place of money while waitresses ensured that every man had food and drink aplenty. Dressed in black, their faces hidden behind masks, were men with one simple instruction – no political debate. Any man who raised the matter of politics would be politely asked to leave and should he refuse he was removed with as little force as was required. Yet none broke this rule - although Captain Steel looked set to begin a speech before he remembered himself and gave a toast to the Groom - and all were said to have a great evening.

The list of those attending was quite impressive:

Admiral O’Groats
Colonel Albytross, RM
Captain Sir Huw Jorgens
Captain Sir Ben Dover
Captain Champion, RM
Captain Steel, RM, MP
Lieutenant the Honourable Richard
Warwick
Lieutenant Sum Yun
Lieutenant Templeton-Smythe
Lieutenant Jackson
Dr Lake
Lieutenant Delaford
Lieutenant Smith
Lieutenant Trelane
Midshipman Dizoddly
Midshipman King
Subletern Scarlet
Private Strabuck
Mr Trelawney
Mr Dupp

Lieutenant Sum Yun was seen to discreetly give Miller a small volume of Chinese, erm, "domestic secrets." Apologize that it's written in Chinese but perhaps the pictures will be informative enough.

Elsewhere the **Almanack** was once more the home of *Captain Sir Pavel and Lady Prudence Pipovitch*. The threshold of **Red Coats** was impassable by Mr Parker who had turned up to meet *Captain Steel* was was at the Stag Do. **The Pit** welcomed back the gambling and carousing Mr Pike with the lovely *Miss Flanders*. Mr Pike was seen to lose again on the house tables.

It pleases me no end that, along with *Mr Sharp* and *Mr Baker*, the *Honourable Midshipman Oates* also turned up to complete his ship’s duty. Nothing, it seems is below this MP.

Reconciliation was the name of the game at the Attenborough-Davis mansion. *Lieutenant Colonel Lord Attenborough-Davis* courted his estranged wife Lady Isabella. It is rumoured that Isabella waited for her husband’s courting with mixed emotions; she knows she made wrong decision last month and that *Sir Tyler Brook* had no real interest in her and in the end she is happy that her husband is not unforgiving.

Mr Cornwall courted Miss Open while her beau, Midshipman Dizoddly, was at the stag night. She took his gifts politely, then showed him the door. Cause for a duel I feel!

Admiral Marquis Goodman’s Mansion was a hive of activity as it was prepared for Lord Andrew Miller’s wedding in week 4. Admiral the Earl and Countess Rosemary Goodman took time away from their work to entertain *Vice Admiral Earl Sandwich*.

Southside, for the first time that I can remember outside of the summer campaign season had no visitors!

So week three so a good sending off and a reunion. What would week 4 provide? Week four began in sunshine and ended with a couple of court marshalls.

Admiral Marquis Goodman and Marchioness Rosemary would host the wedding reception at their mansion but before that could occur there was a wedding to watch – and I do like a good wedding.

The morning dawned fair and there were two squadrons of honour guard out early on two different parade grounds to practice the manoeuvres that they would employ to honour the happy couple. Both guards departed on time to different locations; the first to the house of Mr and Mrs Goolies where the beautiful bride waited and the second to the home of the Groom, Captain Baron Andrew Miller.

The Marines, resplendent in full dress uniform and led by Colonel Albytross, awaited the Bride who departed her father's home, a little late as tradition dictated, wearing a dress with a full skirt of ivory silk pure taffeta, old lace and hand embroidery incorporating pearls and sequins. Once Ophelia was seated next to her father the marines formed an elegant guard around the carriage and began the slow walk to the ceremony.

The sailors of the Droits de l'Homme, under the watchful eye of Lieutenant Sum Yun Gai, were clearly determined to give their commanding officer the send off that he deserved. Every inch of metal shone like the morning sun and there was not a crease in sight. Baron Miller of Tresco and his best man Admiral Marquis Andrew Goodman were resplendent in full dress uniform – the Admiral's by far the dressiest – and they took the short walk to the small church very much at ease surrounded by the men of Droits de l'Homme.

The guests who witnessed the wedding were a mere handful compared to the throng that gathered at the stag-do but the invite had only gone out to very cream of London Society. Lord Miller stood as straight as a mast at the front of the church, refusing to break with ceremony until the wedding march was sounded on the church organ. He took this as his cue and turned to see his bride as she started the slow walk down the Aisle. It was reported later that Baron Miller's face lit up and a huge smile formed; a smile that did not leave his face for the rest of the day. The Very Reverend James Hall conducted the service with the right balance of light humour and solemn veneration and soon the happy couple were married and bound for the home of Goodman's and the ball that was given in their honour.

The guest are noted below:

**Admiral the Marquis and Marchioness
Rosemary Goodman**

**Admiral the Earl and Countess
Diana O'Groats (The Countess looked
elegant in a new dress and they brought
a canteen of silver cutlery and crystal
decanter for the Millers)**

Vice Admiral Sandwich

**Colonel Albytross, RM, (who lead the
Marine honour guard but not invited to
the reception)**

**Captain Lord Miller and Lady Ophelia
Miller**

**Captain Sir Pavel and Lady Prudence
Pipovitch**

**Lieutenant Colonel Lord and Lady
Isabella Attenborough-Davis
(RM)(who bought a tea service)**

**Lieutenant Sum Yun, leading the Naval
Honour Guard, with Miss Octavia
Marvell**

**(Gave them a punchbowl glazed in red
with golden carp painted on it.)**

**Captain Sir Huw Jorgens and Lady
Elizabeth Doolittle attended the service
but were refused entry to the reception
due to lack of social distinction.**

At the **Almanack** *Sir Tyler Brook* was due to entertain *Lieutenant the Honourable Richard* and Mrs Warwick and *Lieutenant Jackson* but they waited along time in the cold only to be informed of his current abode at the Tower of London.

Over at the **Dolphin**, *Midshipman Dizoddly* and Miss Open enjoyed the club to themselves. While at **Lloyds** *Lieutenant Delaford* and Miss Wonderland treated themselves to lobster and French Champagne (captured French Champagne – I do find it tastes better when the French were forced to give it up rather than selling it to us...don't you agree?).

At the **Pitt** the same scene was played out with Mr Pike losing on the tables before carousing with Miss Flanders.

The **Opera** proved a draw for *Sir Ben Dover* who sat alone in his Perfect Loge spellbound by the performance.

Southside saw a rise in the number of visitors with *Mr Dupp*, *Mr Cornwall*, *Private Starbuck* and *Mr Paker* enjoy the wares.

Ship's Duty was completed by *Lieutenant Smith* who returned to HMS Berwickshire as her captain is ill on board ship. *Lieutenant Templeton-Smythe* who took the press-gang out and Mr Baker.

Matters military were improved by *Midshipman Oates, MP* who practices sabre aboard ship, *Dr Lake* who practices sabre aboard HMS Waakzaamheit and *Subletern Scarlet* who visited the Royal Naval Academy.

Lastly *Harry Sharp* (with *Lieutenant Trelane* as his witness) and *Midshipman King* (with *Mr Trelawney* and *Captain Champions* as his witnesses) were tried and found not guilty. . Rumour has it that *Captain Miller* influenced Admiral Blunderville on Mr King's behalf.

Fin.

Political Editorial

Issue 38

Your Reporter: Colonel Gallop.

First let me introduce myself I am Colonel Horace Gallop of the 17th Lancers and the Royal Society. I have been kept on to write the few political notes that make it to this fine editorial. So first up we have the election of the Speaker of the House, I must say I expected a fierce fight for this position but in the end it went to Captain Steel in a straight vote. However the Deputy Speaker was turned down by both Viscount Brock and Lord Attenborough-Davis both turned it down!

So that being the main start of Parliament we now progress to the actual meetings of the House.

The first week saw the following MPs in attendance:

Admiral the Earl Goodman
Lieutenant Colonel Lord Attenborough-
Davis (RM)
Captain Steel (RM)
Midshipman Oates

Midshipman Oates tried to get a vote started that said Fleets for the Blockade should have both seasoned Officers & Vessels from the Regular Fleet on a voluntary basis to beef up any & all future Blockades. However no one was sure if he was proposing or seconding this issue as it seemed a bit vague?

The second week saw the following in attendance (though a much poorer turn out than the first week):

Admiral the Earl Goodman
Lieutenant Colonel Lord Attenborough-
Davis (RM)

Lieutenant Colonel Lord Attenborough-Davis (RM) rose and gave his inaugural speech to the house, it is reprinted below:

I have a dream.

As representative of the borough of Southwark I would like to put the development of London on top of our to-do-list. It is a shame on all of us to recognize in which poor condition many citizens of London have to live in. A few buildings are next to ruins; there is not enough room left to shelter all people from ice and snow; families with and without children eek out a miserable existence; lanterns are damaged or not built up; streets are filled with litter, excrements and others that I would not name in that bad condition, it leaves everybody breathless – even in winter. In summer smell it is beyond description. This odor is basis of illness, diseases and epidemics. And this situation is not only seen in Southwark, gentlemen. You can see such impressions in Hackney, Camden and Islington in smaller numbers. Even now one can find some places in Tower Hamlets, too. I know what I am talking about, because I lived in each of those boroughs I mentioned since my arrival in London in summer 1791.

Gentlemen, please recognize the rumor and riots in London last month. These rumors were situated in Southwark, Hackney and Camden – boroughs of really

ill living conditions. Today we can stop those riots immediately by increasing the living conditions of all citizens in London. Let us start in these poor boroughs.

Gentlemen, I have a dream of a 5-point plan:

- Inspection of houses / flats and streets*
- creating more and new jobs (expansion of fleet, arsenals, etc) to raise income and supply with food and fuel*
- Lightning of all streets (reduces criminal rates too)*
- building up of a mobile collector-services on a regular basis for litter, excrements and other waste and dump*
- cleaning and repairing of houses and streets*

If anybody is in question of the reason why, gentlemen, please remember when London was last infected area. Epidemics do not decide who's rich and who's poor. Epidemics kill everybody who gets in touch. But no one is able to recognize epidemics before someone is ill and symptoms appear visible or hearable and then it is too late.

Invest in health of your family –your children's children's children will thank you for your wise action of today.

Thank you for listening.

It was a jolly fine speech and I am sure well intentioned, but I think it may fall by the way side after all who is going to pay for all this? The poor? Certainly not and until they come up with where the money is coming from I see it as dead in the water, but a good speech any way.

The third week was empty due to the stag night being held.

However week four saw the newly elected speaker make his inaugural speech to the Hose and what a piece it was. It was so impressive I forgot to write it down!! However Captain Steel's efforts won him some political supporters in the house which I am sure he will find handy in the future when votes become tight!

The London Gazette Sports Supplement



Welcome to the 11th edition of the London Gazette sports supplement, in this section of *The Gazette* we will bring you the latest news of any and all contests and sporting events taking place within the City of London and environs.

As you all know, the taking of matters into one's own hands is something that is frowned upon in this country – and so well it should be, but that is not to say that two gentlemen of good standing cannot settle their differences in the manner of a sporting contest, and it is with that in mind that we at *The Gazette* have decided to publish reports of such events for the information of our readers.

Disclaimer – The report contained within these pages was viewed by our reporter as a sporting contest and The Gazette accepts no responsibility if it was actually a duel. We will not be held accountable for encouraging such illegal activities, and we strongly endorse the work of the Admiralty in discouraging such events

Lieutenant Colonel Lord Attenborough-Davis and Captain Viscount Brock

The meeting place was a pleasant leafy glade in a discreet corner of Hyde Park. Captain Brock was the first to arrive, with his seconds Captain Sir Huw Jorgens and Lieutenant Jackson. Captain Champion of the Royal Marines came next, acting as the Lieutenant Colonel's second. Champion was looking at his fob watch, as the time was getting late, when a black coach drew up through the swirling early morning mist and Lord Attenborough-Davis stepped out. He was accompanied by three red coated marines with fixed bayonets, who followed the Lieutenant-Colonel as he marched

towards Captain Brock with grim determination on his face. He stopped in front of the Captain.

Brock drew his fearsome cutlass, which had defeated so many opponents. In response, the new Attorney-General drew out, not a sword, but a warrant of arrest for treason!

On this signal, another squad of marines emerged from concealment in the trees and surrounded the Viscount and his seconds. Brock was arrested for spying and taken to the Tower of London to await trial.

What a surprise! It has been the talk of London. Papers have been seized from

HMS Ferocious and Brock's residence, but is he truly a French spy, or has the Attorney-General's judgement been clouded by personal animosity? The trial has been set for the third week of April, and in the meantime Captain Brock must languish in prison, beneath the shadow of the hangman's noose!

Vice Admiral Earl Sandwich and Captain Sir Huw Jorgens

The Earl was seconded by the new Prime Minister, Admiral Marquess Goodman. Sir Huw was to have been seconded by Captain Brock, who sent apologies to Sir Huw for being "unavoidably detained" – in the Tower!

It was a short fight. Both were still suffering from wounds from their duel the previous month, with Sir Huw being in the worse condition. Admiral Sandwich wielded his cutlass this time, rather than the rapier, and used it to devastating effect – three swift bloody blows and Sir Huw surrendered.

The conflict was not discreet enough, and charges have been brought before the Port Admiral. The duellists will be tried in April, Week 2.

Lieutenant Smith and Mr Christopher Pike

Lieutenant Smith was seconded by Captain Steel, RM, PM

They were evenly matched, with Pike being the stronger man. Smith used his cutlass while Pike used his rapier to great effect.

It was a fierce fight – Smith hit five times, but Pike shrugged off the wounds and replied to each in turn, landing six nimble strikes and bringing the Lieutenant to his knees in surrender. slashing furiously while the Earl danced around him: The Earl struck Sir Huw eight times with his needle sharp rapier, running circles around the heavier man and his unwieldy blade, who only managed to return two blows against his agile opponent. However, each of Sir Huw's hits cut fearful gashes, and at the end they both struck simultaneously and both yielded to their wounds – Sir Huw with nine wounds and Admiral Sandwich with three. Neither won the battle outright. I must agree with the decision, for both men showed courage and fortitude in the meeting, well done Sirs!

All in all, a fine month for the Sporting fraternity!

The Ladies

	SL	Attributes	Current Suitor
<i>Baroness</i> Isabella Attenb.-Davis	21	B I (M)	MAD
<i>Countess</i> Rosemary Goodman	21+	W M	AG
Prudence Pipovitch	18	M	PP
<i>Lady</i> Elizabeth Doolittle	16	B I	HJ
<i>Countess</i> Diana O'Groats	17+	B M	JOG
<i>Baroness</i> Jennifer Marlowe	16	I M P	RTM
Muriel Merryweather	15		
Caroline Cadger	15	W	TOM
Victoria Warwick	15	M P	RBW
Flora de Bries	13	B W	
Harriet Hilfinger	13		SB
Ophelia Miller	12	M B P	AM
Pamela Huntingdown-Jones	12	W I P	SAM
Miss Octavia Marvell	11	B I	SYG
Rebecca Morrison	11		JF
Alice Wonderland	11		ADD
Joan Fullins	10	B	HC
Doris Open	10		DD
Sophia Williams	9	B	PEK
Anne Bonny	8	W	PTW
Rebecca Dorrit	8		JA
Betty Templeton-Smythe	9	PM	HTS
Moll Flanders	7		CP
Sue Briquette	7		KT
Emma Woodhouse	6	BP	IS
Gwendolyn Hotspur	5		RB
Mary Lamb	5		JO
Sara Pati	4		
Agnes Nutter	3		JC

The Opera at Drury's Lane:



The Guilty Parties

Name	Ab.	Wealth	SL	NA	SP	Club	House	Appoint	Rank
Marquis Andrew Goodman	AG	Rich	24+	10	116	Whites	Mansion	Prime Minister/MP	Admiral <i>Red</i>
Earl John O'Groats	JOG	Comfy	21+	7	66	Whites	House	Lord Keeper	Vice Admiral <i>Red</i>
Earl Jack Sandwich	JS	Comfy	20	8	52	Whites	-	Vic.Bd Sup	Vice Admiral <i>White</i>
Baron Miles Attenb.-Davis	MAD	Ok	19+	10	60	Whites	Mansion	Att Gen / MP	Lt Col RM HMS <i>Ferocious</i>
Viscount Tyler Brock	TB	Comfy	19+	9	57	Almanack	-	Director of EIC/ MP	Post Captain HMS <i>Ferocious</i>
Baron Andrew Miller	AM	Ok	17+	7	73	Almanack	House	C. M. P. F	Post Captain HMS <i>Droits de L'Homme</i>
Sir Pavel Pipovitch	PP	Comfy	17	7	46	Button's	House	Aide to FLOTs	Post Captain HMS <i>Sheik Yassouf</i>
Baron Robin Timothy Marlowe	RTM	Comfy	16	6	8	Dolphin	House	-	Rear Admiral <i>Blue</i>
Sum Yun Gai	SYG	Comfy	14+	5	47	Button's	-	JOG Aide	Lieutenant HMS <i>Droits de L'Homme</i>
Sir Huw Jorgens	HJ	Wealthy	14+	6	44	Dolphin	-	-	Captain HMS <i>Waakzaamheit</i> .
Richard Bigsby Warwick	RBW	Ok	14	6	42	Button's	-	JS Aide	Lieutenant HMS <i>Ferocious</i>
Viscount Thomas O'Malley	TOM	Wealthy	14	10	36	Button's	-	-	Captain HMS <i>Glenmoranie</i>
Sir Matthew Walker	MW	Poor	12	6	E	-	-	-	Captain EIC <i>Shangri-La</i>
Sir Samuel Augustus Marvell	SAM	Ok	12	10	S	Dolphin	House	-	Master & Commander , HMS <i>SQP</i>
Ian Steel	IS	Poor	12+	6	42	Red C.	-	Speaker / MP	Captain RM HMS <i>Berwickshire</i>
Harry Champion	HC	Comfy	12+	6	36	Red C.	-	-	Captain RM HMS <i>Glenmoranie</i>
Sir Ben Dover	BD	Comfy	11	7	40	-	-	-	Captain HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>
Jonah Albytross	JA	Wealthy	10	10	51	Red C.	-	-	Colonel RM, HMS <i>Droits de L'Homme</i>
Duncan Dizzodly	DD	Comfy	10	5	33	Dolphin	-	Cap Scty	Midshipman, HMS <i>Sheik Yassouf</i>
Sidney Blowhard	SB	Comfy	10	3	32	Pit	-	Ship Adj	Lieutenant, HMS <i>Sheik Yassouf</i>
John Jackson	JJ	Ok	10+	5	31	Dolphin	-	Aide to White R/Ad	Lieutenant, HMS <i>Ferocious</i>
Hugo Templeton-Smythe	HTS	Ok	10	3	31	Dolphin	House	Press Gang Officer	Lieutenant HMS <i>Droits de L'Homme</i>
Jervis Fregate	JF	Comfy	9	10	S	Dolphin	-	-	Master & Commander, HMS <i>Enterprise</i>
Paul Edward King	PEK	Poor	9+	5	31	Lloyds	-	Cap Secretary	Midshipman, HMS <i>Droits de l'Homme</i>
Brian Adams	BA	Ok	8	8	S	Red C.	-	RTM Aide	Major RM HMS <i>Sheik Yassouf</i>
Anthony Dewhurst Delaford	ADD	Ok	8+	4.5	37	Pit	-	AG Aide	Lieutenant, HMS <i>Sheik Yassouf</i>
Robert Augustus Trelawney	RAT	Ok	8+	4	25	Pit	-	Cap Stew	Sailor, HMS <i>Droits de l'Homme</i>
Tiberius Smith	TS	Poor	7+	7	38	Pit	-	Ship Adj	Lieutenant HMS <i>Berwickshire</i>
John Oates	JO	Poor	7	2	35	Lloyds	-	MP	Midshipman, HMS <i>Waakzaamheit</i>
Edward Lake	EL	Poor	7	6	15	Pit	-	-	Surgeon, HMS <i>Waakzaamheit</i> -
Redmond Barry	RB	Comfy	6	7	28	-	-	-	Brevet Master & Commander on half pay
Joseph Parker	JP	Ok	6	4	18	Pit	-	-	Sailor, HMS <i>Ferocious</i>
Nathaniel Startbuck	NS	Poor	6	6	13	Lloyds	-	-	Private RM HMS <i>Droits de L'Homme</i>
Pete Cuning	PC	Comfy	5	10	S	Red C.	-	-	Major RM HMS <i>Waakzaamheit</i>
Kyle Trelane	KT	Ok	5	5	23	Pit	-	-	Lieutenant, HMS <i>Halcyon</i>
Harry Sharp	HS	Poor	5	3	19	-	-	-	Midshipman, HMS <i>Halcyon</i>
Peter Timothy Westcott	PTW	Ok	5	4	15	-	-	-	Master's Mate, HMS <i>Berwickshire</i>
Archibald Iain Macdonald	AIM	Poor	5	1	15	Pit	-	MP	-
Christopher Pike	CP	Ok	5	4	9	Pit	-	-	-
Andrew Wellingborough	AW	Poor	4	5	S	-	-	-	Master's Mate, HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>
Paul Scarlett	PS	Comfy	4+	2.5	26	Red C.	-	-	Subletern RM HMS <i>Droits de l'Homme</i>
Alfred Allard	AA	Poor	4+	6	16	Pit	-	-	-

Warren Strudel Baker	WSB	Poor	3	4	S	Pit	-	-	Sailor, HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>
John Cornwall	JC	Comfy	3	2	S	Pit	-	-	Master's Mate, HMS <i>Berwickshire</i>
X57	X57	Poor	3	6	N	-	-	-	-
Paul Reefer	PR	Comfy	2	2	S	-	-	-	Sailor, HMS <i>Belle Poule</i>
Valentine Carthew	VC	Ok	2	2	E	-	-	-	Midshipman EIC Shangri-La
X78	X78	Poor	2	5	N	-	-	-	-
X77	X77	Poor	1	6	N	-	-	-	-
No Reply for game restart									
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, P = Press Gang, Ret. = retired, H = hospitalised									

Government

The King	<i>Albert George III. of Hanover-Pumpnickel</i>	
The Queen	<i>Victoria Zephyra</i>	
The Crown Prince	<i>Charles William</i>	
Prime Minister	Admiral the Marquis Goodman	
Chancellor of the Exchequer	- - -	
Keeper of the Great Seal	Admiral Earl O’Groats	
Minister without Portfolio	Vice Admiral Earl Sandwich	
Attorney General	Lieutenant Colonel Baron Attenborough-Davis	

The Admiralty

<table> <tr> <td colspan="3">The First Sea Lord (Aide)</td></tr> <tr> <td colspan="3"><i>Baron Lucius Hawke (N10) (PP)</i></td></tr> </table>			The First Sea Lord (Aide)			<i>Baron Lucius Hawke (N10) (PP)</i>		
The First Sea Lord (Aide)								
<i>Baron Lucius Hawke (N10) (PP)</i>								
White Squadron	Red Squadron	Blue Squadron						
Admiral	Admiral	Admiral						
<i>Ogle (N7)</i>	AG (ADD)							
Vice Admiral (aide)	Vice Admiral (Aide)	Vice Admiral						
JS (RBW)	JOG (SYG)	<i>Arkwright (N7)</i>						
Rear Admiral (Aide)	Rear Admiral	Rear Admiral (Aide)						
<i>Sir Reginald Glasspole (N9) (JJ)</i>	<i>Frogmorton (N4)</i>	RTM (BA)						

The Ships

White Squadron

	Droits de l’Homme SoL 1 st Class	Indomitable SoL 2 nd Class	Berwickshire SoL 4 th Class	Halcyon SoL 5 th Class
Post Captain/Captain	AM	<i>Sir Roger Gallant (N10)</i>	<i>Armstrong (N5)</i>	<i>Viscount Hardboard (N7)</i>
1 st Lieutenant	<i>Rooke (N10) *</i>	<i>Coal (N5)</i>	<i>Gaunt (N4)</i>	KT
2 nd Lieutenant	<i>Sir Hugh de Ville (N7)</i>		TS*	
3 rd Lieutenant	<i>Ruffles (N5)</i>			***
4 th Lieutenant	(SYG)		***	***
5 th Lieutenant	HTS		***	***
Midshipman	PEK			HS
Master’s Mate			(JC), PTW	
Crew	RAT			

Red Squadron

	Ferocious SoL 1 st Class	Fiddler’s Green SoL 3 rd Class	Bellerophone SoL 4 th Class	Belle Poule SoL 5th Class
Post Captain/Captain	TB		<i>Hooke (N3)</i>	BD
1 st Lieutenant	<i>Spong (N2)</i>	<i>Clotworthy (N6)</i>	<i>Bracegirdle (N4)</i>	Partridge(N3)
2 nd Lieutenant	<i>Jaggard (N1)</i>		<i>Proudfoot (N5)</i>	
3 rd Lieutenant	<i>Hackett (N2)</i>		<i>Tooker (N6)</i>	***
4 th Lieutenant	(RBW)		***	***
5 th Lieutenant	(JJ)	***	***	***
Midshipman				
Master’s Mate				AW
Crew	JP			WSB, PR

Blue Squadron

	Sheik Yassouf SoL 2 nd Class	Waakzaamheit SoL 3 rd Class	Glenmoranie SoL 4 th Class	Alexander SoL 5 th Class
Post Captain/Captain	(PP)	HJ	TOM	<i>Baron Collingwood (N8)</i>
1 st Lieutenant	<i>Povey (N3)</i>	<i>Coote (N6)</i>	(JF)	<i>Spratt (N5)</i>
2 nd Lieutenant	<i>Shadwell (N1)</i>	<i>Drake (N2)</i>		<i>Ussher (N5)</i>
3 rd Lieutenant	SB*			***
4 th Lieutenant	<i>Tulkinghorn (N6)</i>		***	***
5 th Lieutenant	(ADD)	***	***	***
Midshipman	DD	JO		
Master's Mate				
Crew		EL		

Blockade Squadron

	Sauve Qui Peut Sloop	Enterprise Sloop	Ferret Sloop
Master & Commander	SAM	JF	
1 st Lieutenant	<i>Merryweather (N6)</i>		
2 nd Lieutenant			
Midshipman			
Master's Mate			
Crew			

*=Ship's Adj.

Characters in *parenthesis* have a commission on another ship.

Bold = at sea.

The Royal Marines

General	<i>Wolfe (N8)</i>
Lt-General	<i>Trollope (N5)</i>
Brigade General	<i>Sir John Hollowhead (N10)</i>

Colonel (DH): JA		
Lieutenant-Colonel (FE) : (MAD)	Major (SY): (BA)	Major (IN):
Major (FG):	Major (WA): (PC)	Captain (BS): IS*
Captain (BE) : <i>Allcock (N6)</i>	Captain (GL): HC	Captain (HA): <i>Carter (N6)</i>
Captain (BP):	Captain (AL): <i>Crispe (N4)</i>	
Lieutenant(SQP) : <i>Strudwick (N6)</i>	Lieutenant (EN) : <i>Banter (N4)</i>	
Subalterns : PS (DH)		
Privates : NS (DH)		

*= Reg.Adj.

Bold = at sea.

The Honourable Company

Chairman East India Company	<i>Sir William Weatherwax</i>	
Directors East India Company	<i>Sir Guthrie Featherstone</i> <i>Mr. Peshawar Cannings</i> <i>Mr. John Mortimer</i> Rear Admiral Lord Marlowe Captain Viscount Brock	

Shangri-La	Captain: Sir Matthew Walker
(to sail March 1 st 1794)	1st Lt.:
Director - TB	2nd Lt.:
	3rd Lt.:
	Mids: Valentine Carthew
	Crew:

Fedorov	Captain:
(to sail June 1 st 1794)	1st Lt.:
Director - RTM	2nd Lt.:
	3rd Lt.:
	Mids:
	Crew:

The Patriotic Fund

Chairman Patriotic Fund	<i>The Right Honourable Sir Ezram Blazentoe</i>	
Committee Member Patriotic Fund	Lord Miller	

The Politicoes

Naval Estimates Spokesman	---	
Chairman Impress Service	---	
Naval Yards Supervisor	---	
Ordnance Board Supervisor	---	
Victualling Board Supervisor	---	
Port Admiral London	<i>Sir Agememnon Blunderville</i>	
Port Admiral Portsmouth	---	
MP for the City of London	<i>Sir Julian Parselmouth</i>	
MP for Westminster	Admiral Earl Goodman	
MP for Tower	Captain Viscount Brock	
MP for Islington	Mr Archibald Macdonald	
MP for Camden	Captain Steel (RM)	
MP for Hackney	Midshipman Oates	
MP for Southwark	Lt Col Lord Attenborough-Davis	

The Blue Peter

March	April
HMS Sauve Qui Peut (B)	HMS Sauve Qui Peut(B)
HMS Enterprise(B)	HMS Enterprise(B)
	HMS Ferret(B)

(Force Deployment in brackets)

Trial for Treason

Post-Captain Viscount Tyler Brock with Admiral the Marquis Goodman, Prime Minister presiding.

This matter will be tried in April, Week 1. Should Viscount Brock be found guilty then a bi-election in Tower Hamlets will be held in May. All potential candidates must make the necessary announcements and payments before this date. Should Viscount Brock be found innocent (and we do believe in the rule “innocent until found guilty”) then all monies will be returned.

Court martial

Vice Admiral Earl Sandwich and Captain Sir Huw Jorgens

Their conflict was not discreet enough, and charges have been brought before the Port Admiral. The duellists will be tried in April, Week 2.

Duels

Lieutenant Smith and Mr Parker have mutual cause, for both courting Miss Flanders in Week 1

Mr Pike has cause with Lieutenant Smith and Mr Parker for both courting Miss Flanders in Week 1

Midshipman Dizzodly has cause against Vice Admiral Sandwich for courting Muriel Merryweather in week 1.

Mr Cornwall and Mr King for both courting Miss Williams

Mr Cornwall and Midshipman Dizzodly for courting Miss Open

Announcements

None.

Letters

The HMS *Droits de l'Homme* sails in April. ALL crew members are reminded that Shore Leave is cancelled.

Captain Baron Miller

ARE YOU LOOKING TO MAKE YOUR

FORTUNE?

Then Join Up

Aboard the Honourable East India Company vessel *Fedorov*, sailing 1st June 1794.

We seek **Brave** and **Dashing** Seaman, Investors and Officers willing to dare all in the Exotic East. Visit the **Enchanted** Spice Islands, the **Gem-Encrusted** Temples of Far Cathay and the **Golden** Halls of Cipangu*. Find the **Fortune** that awaits you**

If interested, talk to Mr Grabbitt or Mr Sponge at the Baltic Tavern on Turk's Head Street.

*Assuming you survive, that the places mentioned exist and that the ship goes that way.

**Please note that the value of investments may fall as well as rise, and that debtors may be transported to Australia, or starve to death in abject poverty.

The Blunderville Challenge Cup

Rear Admiral Sir Agamemnon Blunderville apologises for the cancellation of the Blunderville Cup and promises to run the competition in September

A purse of **500 guineas** will now be awarded to the winner, and one of **150 guineas** to the runner up.

The bouts will be held under the Earl Kerr's Recently published Rules of the Noble Art, with no throwing, kicking, biting or gouging allowed.

Interested volunteers should contact Lieutenant Tiberius Smith of HMS Berwickshire.

The Admiralty invites applicants for the position of Captain of the *HMS Fiddler's Green* and Master and Commander of the *HMS Ferret* before the summer campaign against the French begins.

GM Waffle (part one):

Well...what pickle. I would like to acknowledge Andy's contribution to the game it is shame that it had to end so abruptly leaving us to pick up the pieces. My thanks to Carol and Andy S who have lent their considerable aid to the process of making a turn out of the notes left by Andy, to Ferdinand for taking the time to go through one of the weeks and working out who got what, to Red for writing the naval report and to Terry for keeping the game going by through funding and enthusiasm.

I have listed several characters on the Greasy Pole in Grey because I haven't had a return from them...they will be frozen until the start of the Summer Campaign and then removed from play at that point.

Cheers

Ash

DEADLINE: Friday 7th September

Who's Who

ID	Name	E-Mail		
078	Luke Rhineheart	eg_games@uk2.net	X78	
077	Tony Mulley	tony.mulley@edenbrook.co.uk	X77	
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075	Ian Case	ian@damorkin.co.uk	PR	Paul Reefer
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073	Mike Lowery	plasticlizzard@googlemail.com	X73	
071	Andy Scott	a.j.scott@dsl.pipex.com	RAT	Robert Augustus Trelawney
070	David Lee	davidlivinginjapan@yahoo.co.uk	VC	Valentine Carthew
068	Bruno Giordan	bruno@giordan.co.uk	PS	Paul Scarlett
067	Colin Nash	Colin.nash@oracle.com	AIM	Archibald Iain Macdonald
066	Rachael Noy	rachaeln1brieng@yahoo.com.au	ADD	Anthony Dewhurst Delaford
064	Jerry Hendy	studmuffin_jer@yahoo.com	JO	John Oates
063	Jon Stoate	Jon.stoate@iinet.net.au	SB	Sidney Blowhard
061	Gary Crier	gcrier@bigpond.net.au	DD	Duncan Dizzodly
058	John	johnpbm@supanet.com	HTS	Hugo Templeton-Smythe
057	Adam Rees	youtoad@hotmail.com	X57	
055	Pete Smith	petebriny@blueyonder.co.uk	TS	Tiberius Smith
054	Jeff Trotman	jefftrotman@hotmail.com	KT	Kyle Trelane
051	Ferdinand Tjakrawinata	asobininryochan@earthlink.net	CP	Christopher Pike
050	Simon Griffiths	Simon.Griffiths@tube.tfl.gov.uk	PEK	Paul Edward King
049	Geoff Richardson	Geoff.Richardson@tube.tfl.gov.uk	HC	Harry Champion
048	Jay Knox-Crichton	jknox@ukonline.co.uk	JC	John Cornwall
046	Carol Kocian	aquazoo@patriot.net	SYG	Sum Yun Gai
045	C. Reid Vaughan	Tombigbee4@aol.com	PTW	Peter Timothy Westcott
043	Helmut Isola	HelmutIsola@aol.com	BA	Brian Adams
042	Andy Pearce	aspearce@yahoo.co.uk	HS	Harry Sharp
040	Ashley Casey	ashkc@btinternet.com	AM	Andrew Miller
038	Simon Strietholt	Strietholt@hotmail.com	JP	Joseph Parker
037	Nico Capasso	thedouble1998@yahoo.co.uk	AA	Alfred Allard
034	Ruben Moreno	eduk8@harbornet.com	RB	Redmond Barry
032	Jan Balkestahl	jbalkestahl@yahoo.com	IS	Ian Steel
030	Robert Carter	robert.carter@lycos.com	JJ	John Jackson
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026	Tim Koscheski	freecatholic@yahoo.com	BD	Ben Dover
024	Allan Wort	alan.wort@btconnect.com	SAM	Samuel Augustus Marvell
022	Thomas Rösler	belrain@lycos.de	WSB	Warren Strudel Baker
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020	Stefan Rösler	faithnightwish@web.de	RTM	Robin Timothy Marlowe
019	Mark Robinson	mark@portwaygames.co.uk	JF	Jervis Fregate
018	Undine Johnke	un.ni@web.de	TOM	Thomas O'Malley
017	Thomas Johnke	TorfkoppTJ@web.de	PC	Pete Cunning
016	Jürgen Hossfeld	J.Hossfeld@gmx.de	MAD	Miles Attenborough-Davis
012	Greg F.	onasilverwind@yahoo.com	JS	Jack Sandwich
011	Terry Crook	webmaster@brinyengarde.co.uk	JOG	John O'Groats
010	John Cosgrave	John.Cosgrave@corpoflondon.gov.uk	JA	Jonah Albytross
009	Christian Schotmann	Christian@Schotmann.de	TB	Tyler Brock
006	Neil Kendrick	HuwJorgens@aol.com	HJ	Huw Jorgens
002	Matthias Nitz	Matthias.nitz@helimail.de	AG	Andrew Goodman
000	"Red"HaJo Schlosser	RedHaJo@web.de	MW	Matthew Walker