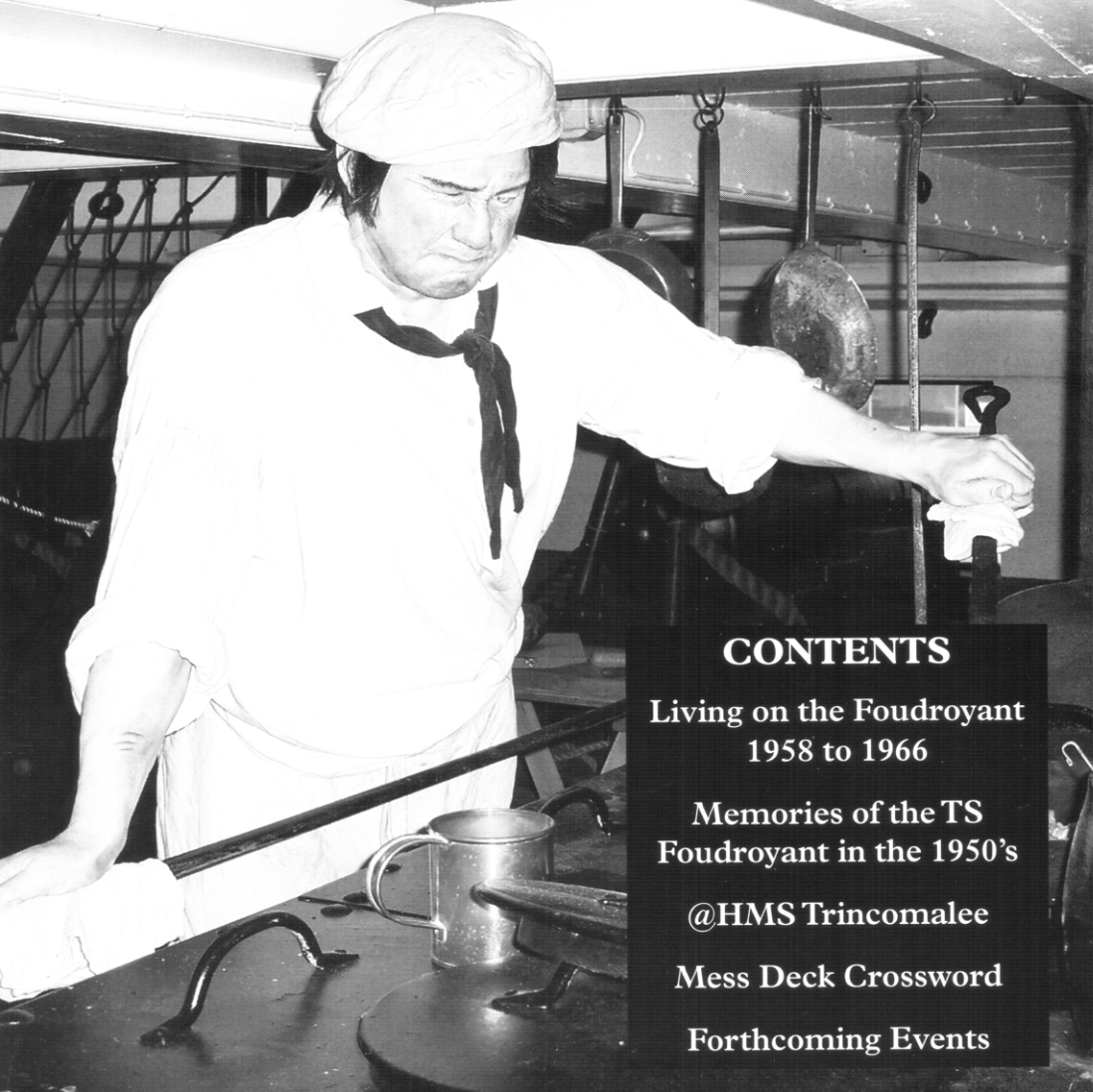


# Quardeck

FRIENDS OF HMS TRINCOMALEE

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Spring 2013



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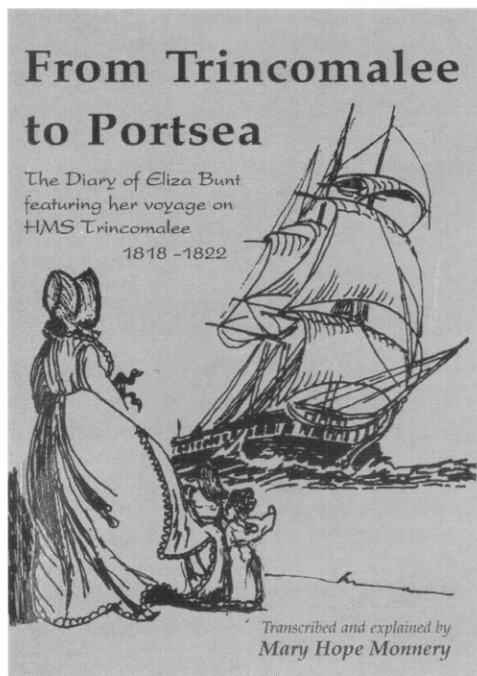
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# From Trincomalee to Portsea

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The Diary of Eliza Bunt featuring her voyage on HMS Trincomalee 1818 – 1822

Transcribed and explained by Mary Hope Monnery



*'In 1818 Eliza Aricha Bunt was left a young widow with two small children in Ceylon (now Sri Lanka) when her husband John Bunt, who was boatswain of the British dockyard at Trincomalee, died of a fever. Eliza and her little family returned home on board HMS Trincomalee, a newly built frigate being taken back to England. During the voyage home and for the next 18 months in Portsea she kept a journal of her experiences and inner thoughts. This is her story in her own words, exactly as she wrote it. It is an insight into life on board a Royal Navy frigate, a story of a mother's love, a love story and a story of daily life.'*

*This book, originally published in 2001 by Mary Monnery, is now available as an e-book from the Amazon Kindle site, cost £ 1.53. Proceeds from sales support the ship.*

*Also available from the Amazon e-book site: HMS Trincomalee from the Quarterdeck – A collection of articles that have appeared previously in the Quarterdeck, together with a concise history of the ship from 1812 to 2012. Cost £ 1.53.*

## Presentation material available to Friends

*The committee of the Friends of HMS Trincomalee have been building up a collection of presentation material relating to the ship, ranging from individual digital photographs to complete scripted talks with powerpoint presentation. If any Friends are in a position to help promote the ship using this material, for example by arranging a talk to a group local to them, then please contact the Secretary, Ruth Turner.*

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# Editorial

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The two main articles in this issue of the Quarterdeck are personal memories of our ship in the 1950s and 1960s, this was during the period when she was moored at Portsmouth as the Training Ship Foudroyant. Shelagh Sutherland lived aboard the ship when her father, Stanley Noble, was Captain Superintendent (as reported in the Autumn 2011 Quarterdeck article, 'Three Historic Ships.'). Shelagh's article, 'Living on the Foudroyant 1958 to 1966', is the talk she presented at our Annual General Meeting weekend last September.

Amongst the group of teenagers spending time on TS Foudroyant was the 2nd Beeston Sea Scouts, David Hallam recalls this in the article 'Memories of TS Foudroyant in the 1950s'. I thank both Shelagh and David for their contributions, and for sharing their fond and lasting memories of the ship with us.

Nigel Hogg's article in the Spring 2012 Quarterdeck, about the encounter between HMS Java and USS Constitution two hundred years ago, prompted Laurie Merrin to contribute his personal views of 'Old Ironsides' which is now berthed at Charlestown Navy Yard, Boston, USA. The original plans for HMS Trincomalee were lost with HMS Java at a time when Anglo-American relationships were not so good!

We are very grateful to Mary Monnery for permitting us to publish her book 'From Trincomalee to Portsea' as an e-book, details of which can be found on the page opposite. Preparing the e-book definitely helped me pass some of the long mid-winter nights.

**Hugh Turner** (*Editor*)

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## *Living on the Foudroyant 1958 to 1966*

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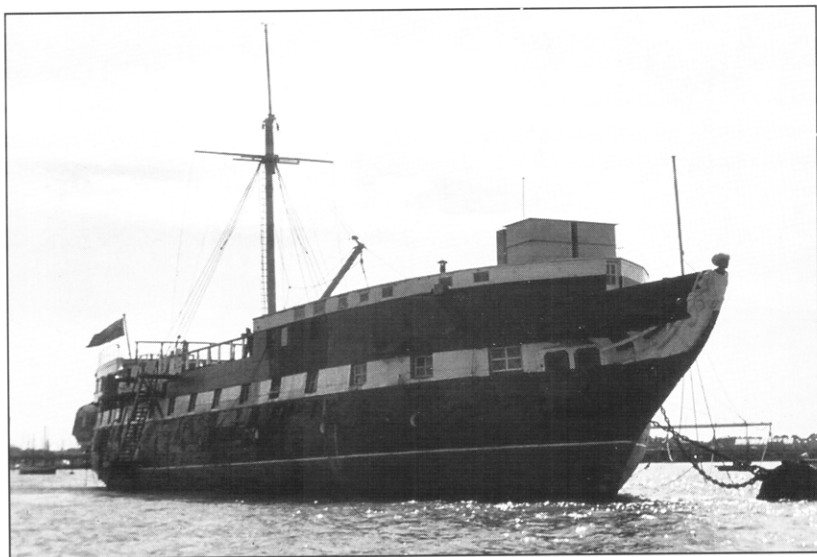
On a cold February day in 1958 my father ferried my mother and I in a small dingy across a wintry Portsmouth harbour to the Foudroyant, which was to be our home on and off for the next eight years. What a difference from a semi-detached with a large garden on the rural outskirts of Torquay!

Our living quarters were aft of the gun deck, in the space which is now the captain's cabin. The main cabin, which ran along the stern was kept warm with a fore runner of today's wood-burner and much to my delight the windows were opened by a series of pulleys. The kitchen was on the port side and my cabin, with its high bunk was alongside this. As I had a history of sleep-walking, my father rigged-up a series of ropes which he and my mother hoped would prevent me from wandering out of my cabin in the middle of the night and coming to a watery end. Our bathroom was on the starboard side with a view of the Portsmouth dockyard. Baths were an adventure at first as we were used to being swamped one minute and left beached the next as the ship was caught in the wake of a powered vessel. An additional embarrassment was caused if a sight-seeing boat came past when someone was bathing as the small porthole had no covering. As the ship was moored fore and aft to large cylindrical buoys, the soundtrack of our lives soon became that of squawking gulls, which colonised the buoys.

When we first lived on the Foudroyant it was moored just off the Gosport shore near the entrance to Portsmouth harbour and the submarine base at HMS Dolphin. Portsmouth harbour has a very narrow entrance into the Solent and the tides are extremely powerful. One day mum was in the long cabin and dad nearby when she was heard to cry, "what's that big grey thing outside". Within seconds the ship shuddered violently as a submarine, which had been caught by the tide, tore the starboard gangway off! It was decided that in the interests of safety the Foudroyant should be towed further up the harbour. It was thereafter moored directly opposite HMS Victory off the Gosport shore where the tides were less strong and she was out of the main shipping lane within the harbour.

Foudroyant, as you probably all know, was run in the 1950s and 1960s as a sail training ship for young people and it was run as a charitable trust. Every Saturday between late March and the autumn a new group of boys would arrive accompanied by teachers or youth workers; girls were rare, usually once or twice a year. Some groups came back on a regular annual basis and we came to know the teachers and leaders quite well. Monks Park School from north west Bristol brought a group annually, often with the same boys. I remember that 60 was the optimum number of cadets and dad was pleased when they were from the same place as there was less likely to be any rivalry. All were of secondary school age. Teenagers were far less sophisticated then, no designer trainers, mobile phones, no iPods or other expensive items to misplace and often it was their only holiday, so they came with a will to enjoy it. They certainly had a good dose of fresh air and by the end of the week were ready to return home with a weather-beaten appearance as well as a load of smelly washing.





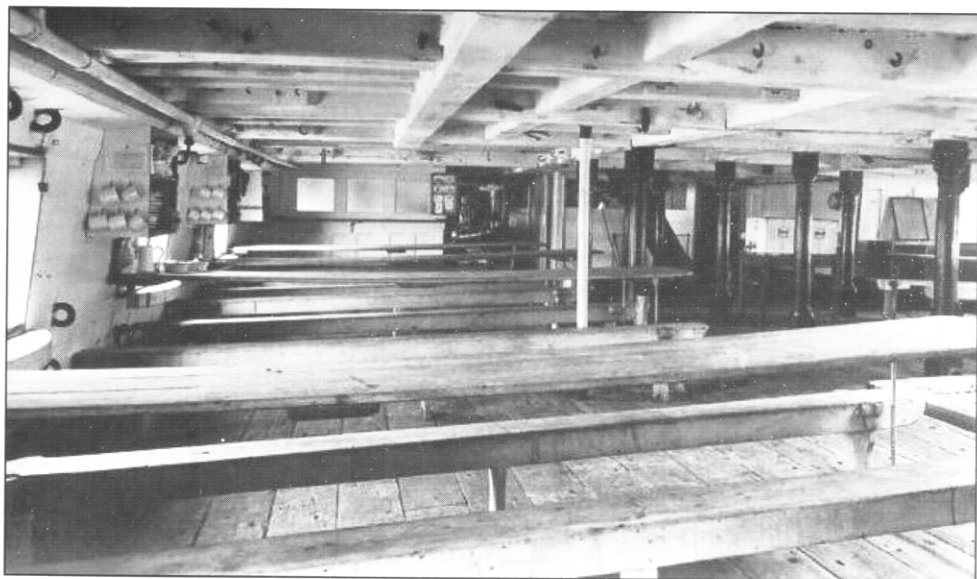
*TS Foudroyant*

Off Scott Paine, the rather elderly picket boat, they would pour and up the gangway full of expectation. Bending low they would enter the gun deck, where they would eat, socialise and be instructed in nautical skills during their stay. That evening mum would be kept busy with sobbing younger boys, homesick and missing the normality of home. Any boy who turned up later in the week at my father's office feeling ill would be greeted with "have your bowels moved?" Often very embarrassed by this they would miraculously recover.

The boys slept in hammocks on the lower deck, which in itself was an adventure for them. At first they found the hammocks difficult to get into and until they mastered this there were many sore heads and a few minor injuries. It must have been an amazing sight to see them all swinging to and fro in the gloom. What tales the "sea dogs" must have told when they arrived home, did they enjoy being back in their own beds or did they miss their cosy hammocks? Timmy, our cat, would add to the first night's excitement by leaping into hammocks and eliciting screams of "the ghost" which would wake the other boys and it was often quite late before quiet reigned.

Sunday morning the boys would board Scott Paine again and set off to HMS Dolphin, the nearby submarine base, for church. Timmy the cat caused havoc one week when he somehow got onto Scott Paine and was seen to streak ashore when Dolphin jetty was reached. Off in hot pursuit went the boys, no church that week as it took quite some time before both cat and seekers were rounded up!

Prayers were said each morning on the top deck in a very loud voice by my father under the benign gaze of a cross-eyed lion which reclined across the front of the poop deck. The top deck looked very different then as there was only one partial mast and four cannons, in between which was the cat's grass patch replenished frequently by dad so Timmy would always have his natural medicine! There was also a forecastle in which the boys' wash-rooms were situated.



*Messes 2 4 6 8 TS Foudroyant - photograph by Eric Stewart*

By Wednesday the boys were deemed expert enough to take part in a sailing adventure across the Solent to Sea View on the Isle of Wight. Accompanied by Scott Paine as guard boat the flotilla of sailing craft would pass through the harbour mouth and out into the rougher waters of the Solent, crossing to Sea View in time for lunch and some shore leave. Week after week this happened without incident but one Wednesday a squall came up without warning and several boats got into trouble. After much anxiety the boys were rescued by the navy and the whole contingent returned variously attired, many of the boys in officers uniforms and the instructors, much to the boys delight, in ordinary seamen's gear.

On a Friday night they put on an entertainment to round off the week. It consisted of sketches and songs and as by then they had gelled into mess groups there was a sense of competition as they vied to be the funniest etc.

The boys' food was all cooked on an open range at the fore end of the gun deck and the boys ate as a group, or mess, on tables ranged along either side of the deck, as in Nelson's day. Vast amounts of bread and potatoes were consumed as appetites increased as the week wore on and the fresh air had an effect. During the winter it was just dad and a few of the staff on board carrying out repairs and maintenance. They had a stew pot which was kept going continuously, the bottom of which was only seen in spring.

By the time that I started grammar school in the September following our arrival on the Foudroyant dad had acquired a motor boat so he ferried me across the harbour to school in Portsmouth each day. I had to wear a panama hat in summer and disliking to wear an elastic chin strap it blew off one day only to be retrieved from the water with a boat-hook. For ever after it had a ragged hole in the crown. Stood in his trademark bobble hat and puffing on his pipe, dad would often help with last minute homework, so he became quite good at steering the boat while parsing Latin or German verbs.

For many of my teenage years I was employed by dad to run the tuck shop, which stood alongside the galley on the gun deck and was opened after supper every night. Mum had to help with the initial rush as the boys would crowd around the hatch, eager to spend their money. Mars bars, fizzy drinks and chews were consumed voraciously for the first few days until pocket money began to run out. One summer the grandson of Jean Patou, the fashion designer, was sent to the ship for several weeks to practise his English. Addicted to sweets and pop, he soon ran out of money and started to sell his designer clothes. Oh, how surprised some mums must have been by the attire their sons arrived home wearing. Every summer we had several foreign boys on board for varying amounts of time. Per, a very tall Swedish lad who came for several summers, was my mother's favourite. He drove the motorboat on his knees and had to bend double to walk between decks. Mum felt that his family could afford to send him with what they saved on his food. Breakfast for Per was a large box of cornflakes and a loaf of bread toasted! She often bought him an ice cream when he came to pick her up from on shore and to her amusement he would eat it in one!

After the first uncomfortable winter on board my parents had a flat down by the harbour in Gosport. We still spent the summers on board and some winter weekends, and usually every Christmas. This was celebrated in the wardroom, situated under the poop deck, which was decorated festively, as dad loved this. Some years we had overseas students or children from the naval orphanage for the holiday so there were lots of us. One year dad acquired a set of wind-up horses and a racing set and we spent hours playing with them on the large table.

The winter of 1962 was bitterly cold and the mudflats in Portsmouth harbour froze. My father was worried that the ship would be damaged by the ice being carried down on the tide and I remember that he and my brother spent many cold hours pushing the ice-floes away from the ship with boat-hooks.

As I grew older I wanted more freedom, especially during the long summer holidays. An elderly boatman gave me a very small, pram dingy and I was mobile, if a little wet by the time I reached shore. Most of my summers from age 13 were spent either on exchange in Germany or with my pen friend on the ship. Ingrid and I had lots of adventures in the dingy and were frequently being towed home when we couldn't row against the tide, she found this quite a change from her landlocked home.

I learnt to sail but, unlike my brother, never really liked it. Dad had his own "Victory" class yacht, Z1 which he named Disdane after the ship which brought the news of the approaching Armada to Sir Francis Drake. The victory class yachts were fast keel boats which had been designed by Uffa Fox, the legendary boat builder and sailor from Cowes on the Isle of Wight.

Dad really wanted mum to share his love of sailing so after he bought Disdane she agreed to try it. However, that entailed getting a natty outfit for the outing. Off to John Lewis in Portsmouth she went and a suitable pair of slacks and top were purchased. Out into the Solent they sailed but mum was never to be his crew for as the sails billowed and Disdane heeled over mum became frightened that she would meet a watery end. Dad should have known better and picked a calmer day!

Unbeknown to the family my father had been on the battleship HMS Valiant when it was blown up in Alexandria harbour in 1942. The Italians used a midget submarine to place limpet mines on the hull and dad was one of a handful of survivors. In the early 1960's a film was made of the sinking and dad was contacted so that he could give his first hand account. A group from the production team plus my mother's heart-throb, Jack Hawkins, came to the Foudroyant to see him. Would this have happened if we had lived in an ordinary street? Mum decided to cook the lunch herself and practised on us until she had her menu perfect which we all teased her about.

In 1965 my sister married and had her wedding reception on the ship, a Gosport ferry having been hired to take the guests from the shore to Foudroyant. Thankfully it was a calm day and she managed to climb the gangway in her traditional dress. I have a video of the event which shows the guests mingling on the top deck, although I have a jumper on over my bridesmaid's dress, so it must have been chilly.

Foudroyant in those days was not much more than a hulk, of which there had been several in Portsmouth harbour in the first half of the 20th century. It was a struggle to keep it water-tight and in a reasonable state of repair, certainly the revenue raised by the fees charged to the groups of young people never covered the running costs. I had been told by my brother about the restoration of the ship and had always wanted to see it for myself. What a beautiful sight she is, a credit to all the hard work put into the project by all those involved. My father would have loved what has been achieved and proud that the ship has now a secure future.

The lines of the ship are much cleaner without the pontoon and davits and wow! the figurehead has got the top of his turban back. I must admit that when I saw her for the first time it brought a tear to my eye and it revived so many memories of my teenage years spent afloat.



**Shelagh Sutherland**

## Mess Deck Crossword Solution

Solution:



Autumn 2012

### ACROSS

- 8 After the sailor fled in retreat, the pressman was told (8)
- 9 Fixed by nail for African (6)
- 10 Open up in a sound of battle (4)
- 11 Headless bear goes round in circles (5)
- 12 Join up, strangely silent (6)
- 14 Maladies of the manliest (8)
- 15 Sail with new sector (6)
- 18 Ships that supply weapons to an American lawyer (6)
- 20 The Royal Navy choose altered ship (8)
- 21 Weak and aged nurse on French island (6)
- 23 Body of boat on the Humber (4)
- 24 Found in a message by Morse (4)
- 25 Corrupt practices a sailor employs (6)
- 26 Early days after delivery of late anon. (8)

### DOWN

- 1 The said clergyman's gun (6)
- 2 Ship featured in extract from retrospective programme (4)
- 3 A watercourse, and the way it can absorb an artist (6)
- 4 A mad girl, not good, bashed officer (7)
- 5 I'll float round the ships (8)
- 6 Sailors start lashing in a beam seen slipping (4,6)
- 7 Boyfriend required by law (8)
- 13 Oliver's image destroyer (10)
- 16 Yields, hearing knight arrives (8)
- 17 Temporary home letter has a stake (4,4)
- 19 Taking ship with a desperado (7)
- 21 Sarah embraced one soldier or seaman (6)
- 22 Foreign seaman left with a mark of injury (6)
- 24 Port for trade (4)

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# *Memories of TS Foudroyant in the 1950s*

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*2nd Beeston Sea Scouts, TS Foudroyant, August 1954.*

In August 1953, and again in August 1954, I was part of a party of 2nd Beeston Sea Scouts who took part in a training week on board TS Foudroyant in Portsmouth Harbour. As we were based on the River Trent, near Nottingham, far from the sea, this would be, for most of us, a new experience.

In 1953, I was 14 and going there was a great adventure. It involved a long journey by train; as you can imagine this was great fun in itself. First we went down to London St Pancras and then crossed London, partly by tube and then walked along the Embankment and crossed over to Waterloo. As this was the first time I (and many of the others) had ever been to London, this was a very interesting experience.

We were supposed to have reserved seats on the Portsmouth train, so we stood back to let everyone get on – before finding the reservations were nowhere to be seen when we got on! There being no other room on the train, we made the journey sitting on the floor in the guard's van. Nothing daunted our spirits though!

The arrival at Portsmouth Harbour station was truly memorable. Towering above us, completely filling our view was what we soon discovered was the battleship HMS Vanguard. I had never imagined that a ship could be that huge.

We crossed over the harbour on the Gosport Ferry and were then ferried over to Foudroyant on her own boats and were then given a quick (but important!) lesson on how to sling a hammock as we would be using these for sleeping, slung in areas on lower decks while our officers were allocated cabins. We soon discovered that hammocks were very comfortable and most of us had no problem sleeping at any time.

Then there was also an important lesson to be learned, connected with washing up. The wastewater, it was explained, went straight through the scuppers into the sea. We were strongly advised to check that nothing was left in the bowl before emptying it – using the little rhyme ‘Tinkle, tinkle little spoon, knife and fork will follow soon’.

Then it was up on deck to explore and look around – and to realise that we were right in the middle of a busy harbour in which, extending into the inner harbour, there were hundreds of Royal Navy vessels that had seen service during the war – most of which were then mothballed and were eventually to be broken up for scrap. For a bunch of teenage boys, all of whom were interested in boats and the sea, it was an interesting and exciting place to be.

The programme for the week – in each of the years – was a very busy one, with several formal visits to Navy establishments. These included a visit to the submarine base, HMS Dolphin – which was very close to Foudroyant – with the opportunity to go inside WW2 submarines. Another visit was to HMS Vanguard where we were shown around the crew’s quarters and operational areas – including the 15inch guns that, we were told, were not fired unless really required as it wrecked the Captain’s cabin. And, there was a visit to HMS Excellent, the Naval Gunnery School on Whale Island where discipline was particularly strict and everyone moved ‘at the double’. We also fitted in a visit to HMS Victory, Nelson’s flagship, which was and is, of course, in dry dock in Portsmouth.

Most of the remainder of the time was taken up with boating activities of various kinds – notably sailing the whalers that were part of the ship’s assortment of small boats. Perhaps, as a group, we were left more to our own devices as we already had some experience with the sorts of craft available. One of the more memorable experiences was attempting to sail to the Isle of Wight – which, with little or no wind, turned out to be a row there and back, with the need to avoid the then elite passenger liner SS United States, which was making its way through the Solent.

On another occasion, one boating crew found itself becalmed and up against the side of HMS Vanguard and, much to the amusement of the watching ratings, were careful to use the blunt end of their boat-hook ‘in case it damaged the ship’. With considerable amusement, they were told that, as the armour plate was built to resist torpedoes, a boat-hook wouldn’t do a lot of harm.

Another highlight was during the week when our visit coincided with the annual dinghy race by the local yacht club in which they invited current trainees from Foudroyant to crew. The race was around a course into and around the inner harbour, and back. I was elated to be a member of the winning crew.

As you can see, it was a busy week and over only too soon. But the memories have lived with me ever since.

**David H Hallam**

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## *A Visit to USS Constitution*

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*USS Constitution*

In September 2009 Our nephew and his wife took us, and his parents, to witness the glorious autumn colours in New England. We landed at Boston and the next morning was arranged for my benefit, to fulfil a long standing wish, a visit to USS Constitution. We boarded a trolley - in the rain - for the docks, and through the area - in the rain - to where the ship was berthed and my first sighting of the ship and my heart stopped.

The ship was in the process of a restoration, dismasted and hull partially concealed in scaffolding and protective sheeting. Going on board, the upper deck almost entirely out of bounds but what I could see was a deck so highly polished that Blackpool Tower Ballroom would die for, plus the caulking some 5cm wide, not a 1,000,000th out of true, obviously laid by laser beam. The capstan again a mirror finish was not even scarred by a length of string.

Then down to the Main Deck where quite a number of visitors were listening to a U.S.N. seaman who was spouting such rubbish I thought I was in Disney land, i.e. "that their ships and seamen were the best in the world, that their 32 pounders could fire three rounds to the R.N.'s one and with such accuracy and devastating effect that the opposition were destroyed with ease". That the cannon were accurate I could not dispute, those in view were all excellently marked in high relief "G IV" (i.e. George IV - British made). Unable to take anymore brainwashing I left the ship.

Sadly, the overall impression I had was this great and proud ship had been downgraded to a Disney World attraction.

**Laurie Merrin**

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# @HMSTrincomalee

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Writing this article in late January, New Year seems a long time ago. Nevertheless, our gallant crew would like to extend our very best wishes to you for a happy and prosperous New Year.

2012 was a challenging year for HMS Trincomalee. We've been very successful at raising awareness which has helped increase visitor numbers and revenues. However, we still run at a loss overall and increasingly, this is something we must deal with.

**The digital visitor** - A key task this year is to build and develop our database for the Ship. Sending printed information by post is not viable for the Trust and we need to increasingly use electronic communication methods. As well as being very cost effective, there is the added benefit of potential interaction with our supporters. Since I last wrote in the autumn, our Facebook Friends and Twitter followers have each grown by around 30%. Interestingly, a very significant proportion of our enquiries now come by one digital route or another and provide a very useful way of raising awareness.

**After hours** - Our autumn after hours programme was very successful with our annual Trafalgar Night Commemorative Dinner being well attended. The numbers of Christmas lunches served on board increased significantly compared to recent years. People queued to visit our Christmas Fayre; renowned folk singer Vin Garbutt played the Trinc to a capacity audience in November and Mark Thorburn and Shona Duthie entertained guests at our first ever Pickle Night.

We've been putting the finishing touches to our spring and summer programme and we've something for everyone, some old favourites and some new, innovative events. 'Live at the Trinc' bands are booked monthly for the next 12 months. We're pleased to welcome Durham University back to HMS Trincomalee for a pirate evening shortly. We have spring and summer wedding fayres and crafts fayres booked. In May, we're hosting a 2 day International Seaglass Festival and Father's Day in June sees the ship transformed for a Steampunk Convivial - Tiffin on the Trinc. This involves trade stands, book signings, tea duelling and the day will be rounded off with live music from BB Blackdog and Birthrite.

All this activity helps support the ship financially and introduces new audiences. We do hope that you can support us.

Finally, a reminder that the first significant fact in the history of HMS Trincomalee occurred 200 years ago on 29 December 1812; namely the anniversary of the action between HMS Java and the USS Constitution as a result of which, HMS Java was lost along with the plans for the construction of HMS Trincomalee which she was taking to Bombay.

Please find time to visit us in 2013. Bring family and friends, all welcome!

With my warmest wishes to you all.



**David McKnight** *General Manager, HMS Trincomalee Trust*





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# OBITUARY

## RICHARD CHICHELEY THORNTON

VICE PRESIDENT HMS Trincomalee Trust  
1932 – 2013

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Richard Chicheley Thornton, a Vice President of the HMS Trincomalee Trust, who has suffered declining health for the past several months, died on 21 January 2013. He belonged to a family descended from John Thornton one of the principal early benefactors of the Marine Society, a charity set up by City merchants to oversee the welfare of seafarers and their recruitment.

Following the family tradition he was actively involved with the charity over many years, including more recently as a Vice President, since its merger with the Sea Cadet Corps. Professionally he was well known in the City of London as a financier and a traditionalist with a love of the sea and the country's maritime heritage. He had a particular affinity with young people at the pre-sea stage of their lives and the need to develop their maritime skills and sea sense.

It was whilst Treasurer of The Marine Society that he acquired a deep rooted affection for the objects of The FOUDROYANT Trust and the harbour training frigate operated by it for the benefit of young people. Benevolent support for the Trust over the next 30 years manifested itself in generous donations being received from The Marine Society, the Thornton Foundation or himself. He also created a Marine Adventure Sailing Trust (MAST) specifically to generate funds to assist FOUDROYANT and the Sea Cadet Training Ship ROYALIST, over a five year period. On two occasions when the FOUDROYANT Trust was desperate for funds he came to the rescue.

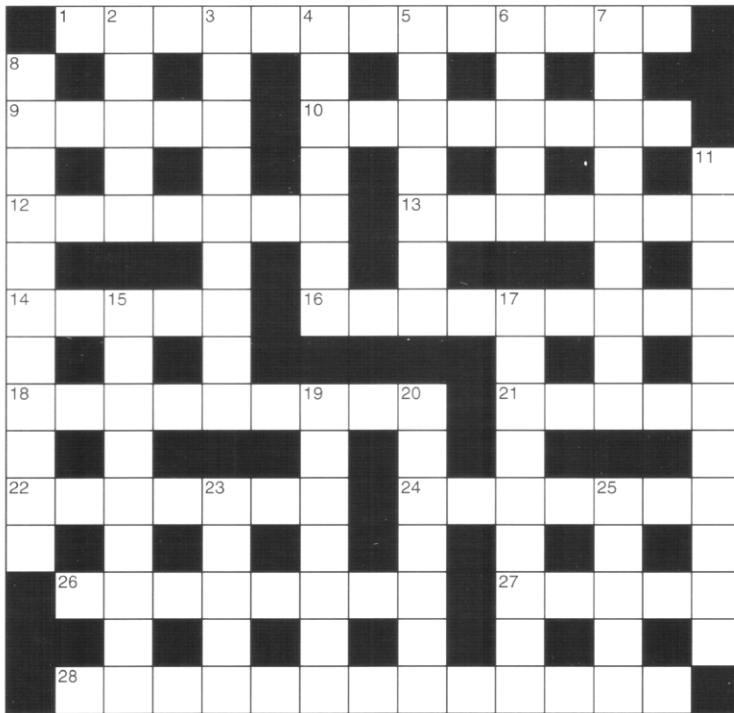
The first financial lifebuoy was a donation to provide free places for youngsters who couldn't afford the cost of training at a time of industrial strife. The second was at an even more critical time when a shortfall in funds was putting at risk the chartering of a heavy lift barge, PACIFIC GOLIATH, to transport FOUDROYANT from Portsmouth to Hartlepool for restoration. In round terms it would be fair to give Richard Thornton credit for having fund raised approximately £0.75m in support of the Trust during his association with us whether as a devoted friend, a Trustee for 9 years and latterly as a Vice President for 11 years.

Richard will be sorely missed. We send to Susie his wife and to his whole family our deepest sympathy, from all in the Trust.

*This obituary was kindly provided by Captain David T Smith OBE FNI RN,  
President of the HMS Trincomalee Trust. 24 January 2013.*

# Mess Deck Crossword

Spring 2013



HDT

## ACROSS

- 1 Living quarters aft of the gun deck (8,5)
- 9 In 1958 TS Foudroyant was moored off Gosport's (5)
- 10 Used to retrieve a panama hat (4-4)
- 12 To raise in rank (7)
- 13 Brought news of the Armada to Drake (7)
- 14 In 1962 the Portsmouth mudflats did this (5)
- 16 The act of emptying (9)
- 18 Showing no emotion (9)
- 21 Light narrow open boat (5)
- 22 Hale (7)
- 24 Heavy ship cargo (7)
- 26 Beeston Sea Scouts travelled via this station (8)
- 27 1997 Madonna movie (5)
- 28 A meaningful hand movement (13)

## DOWN

- 2 Dwelling-place (5)
- 3 These were far less sophisticated in the 1960s (9)
- 4 Mate with close relation (7)
- 5 Rise (5,2)
- 6 Fire residue (5)
- 7 Solitude (9)
- 8 Location of Sea View (4,2,5)
- 11 Cave man (11)
- 15 Children from this naval establishment visited TS Foudroyant at Christmas (9)
- 17 Naval Gunnery School on Whale Island (9)
- 19 Picturesque (7)
- 20 Mix up (7)
- 23 River base for the Beeston Sea Scouts (5)
- 25 Type of acid (5)

*Solution next issue*

**APPLICATION FORM**  
to join  
**THE FRIENDS OF HMS TRINCOMALEE**

Membership categories and twelve monthly subscriptions:  
(Fixed until 25th September 2013)

Adult	£20.00
Concessionary *	£15.00
Joint Adult	£35.00
Joint Concessionary *	£27.00
Family Group +	£45.00

\* Children, students, senior citizens and those unwaged

+ Two adults and up to three children in a family

*Please complete, detach and return this form to:*

The Friends of HMS Trincomalee  
Jackson Dock, Maritime Avenue, Hartlepool, TS24 0XZ

**MEMBERSHIP CARDS ARE NOT TRANSFERABLE**

***YOUR DETAILS:***

Title ..... Surname .....

First Names .....

Address .....

.....

..... Post Code .....

Tel. ....

Membership Category .....

*Cheques made payable to 'HMS Trincomalee Trust'*

AMOUNT .....

☐

GIFT AID DECLARATION. As a UK taxpayer I  
would like the HMS Trincomalee Trust to claim back  
the tax on this and all future donations.

*Please tick the box.*

SIGNATURE .....

# THE FRIENDS OF HMS TRINCOMALEE

## *Spring Events 2013*

- |                           |  |
|---------------------------|--|
| 20 February<br>Wednesday  | <i>'In Shackleton's Wake – a personal journey'</i><br>John Megson                    |
| 27 March<br>Wednesday     | <i>'Bombay Dockyard and Eliza Bunt'</i><br>Ruth Turner & Maureen Storm               |
| 24 April<br>Wednesday     | <i>An evening of Gilbert &amp; Sullivan</i><br>with Bill Masters                     |
| 21 May<br>Tuesday         | <i>Visit to Hardwick Park near Sedgfield, Co. Durham</i><br>See accompanying leaflet |
| 25 September<br>Wednesday | <i>Annual General Meeting</i>  |

*Unless otherwise stated all events take place in the Captain's Quarters on board HMS Trincomalee at 7.00pm – Talks starting at 7.30pm after refreshments*

These events are free for Friends, with guests charged £1 each.  
(Except for the Visit to Hardwick Park)

Friends receive free entry to HMS Trincomalee and Hartlepool's Maritime Experience for one year, can attend talks and presentations on board, receive the Quarterdeck magazine which is published three times a year and receive a 10% discount on items in the Ship Shop.

An application form is overleaf.