
QUARTERDECK

The Friends of HMS Trincomalee

Spring 2023



Foudroyant Memories
Sounding with Lead and Line
Mess Deck Crossword



Quarterdeck

The Newsletter of The Friends of HMS Trincomalee

October 1997

FOUR MILLION THANKS

At the end of June Captain David Smith, Chairman of the HMS Trincomalee Trust, was delighted to announce that the National Lottery Heritage Fund had agreed to give just over £4 million towards the restoration of HMS Trincomalee.

This very welcome news means that the Trust can now see their way clear to completing the full restoration of the ship and in addition can begin to develop plans for shoreside facilities in anticipation of the ship's return to her berth in the Jackson Dock following the completion of the

drydock operations.

This generous allocation of funds, following the grant of £975,000 by the Fund in December 1995, is the culmination of many months of work by the Trust in preparing and refining the application to the National Lottery Fund - a complex and sensitive task not to be undertaken by the faint-hearted!

The news is welcomed by all those concerned with the ship and reinforces our view that there are few more deserving or worthwhile heritage projects in existence in Britain today.

WELCOME ABOARD SIR!

Visit of HRH The Prince
of Wales

HMS Trincomalee was honoured with another Royal Visit in May this year, when HRH Prince Charles took the opportunity of seeing the ship for himself during a visit to the North East. His Royal Highness was shown around the ship by Captain David Smith and was introduced to the ship's guides and members of the restoration team. Prince Charles showed a keen interest in all aspects of the ship, and we hope that he will return at regular intervals to see for himself the progress that is being made.



The Prince of Wales discovers the need for a hard hat while meeting members of the restoration team below decks.

EDITORIAL

With the King's coronation later this spring, the front and back covers of this Quarterdeck are of a binnacle he will be familiar with. It was originally on Queen Victoria's yacht, the Royal George, and then placed on our late Queen's yacht, Britannia, which was decommissioned in 1997. As is appropriate it has a regal crown on its top. The picture opposite is the front cover of the October 1997 issue of the Quarterdeck, this reported on the visit of the then Prince Charles to our ship during the restoration work at Hartlepool.

The main article, 'Foudroyant memories', is by a Friend of HMS Trincomalee, David Clover. I am very grateful to him for sharing his experiences on board our ship when it was the Training Ship Foudroyant. Contributions of material for the magazine are always welcomed by the editor

In the last issue there was an article on the traverse board, and in this Quarterdeck we look at another tool used in navigation, with a much longer history, the sounding line.

Hugh Turner

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Foudroyant Memories



Training Ship Foudroyant at Portsmouth

It was the hat that really made the difference. A white-topped 6 7/8 hat with an embroidered gold anchor on a cushion at the front and a shiny peak. That along with a couple of blue work shirts and standard issue blue trousers from the Gosport outfitters was enough to add me to the roster of ship's Officer/Instructors of the T.S. Foudroyant as I signed up for the long Summer training season of 1969.

I'd twice been a Foudroyant trainee some years earlier, going through the time-honoured routine of hammock slinging, boat pulling, knot tying and mess table duties, including an occasion when I'd managed to trip with a mess kettle full of water and land the lot on the Captain Superintendent's smart trousers - which taught me as much about fruity nautical terms of abuse as is decent for a 13 year old to know. That linguistic aspect of a nautical education was supplemented by 'Sharkey' Ward, on the staff at that time as 'Number One', the First Lieutenant. His mastery of invective - directed without fear or favour at a failing wind, an ebbing tide or a slack hand on a rope - was legendary.

Sharkey's reign had ended before I joined the staff, and I was taken under Allan Brackpool's 'Number One' wing. As a boy I'd been a keen sailor with my own

dinghies, canoes, rowing and a bit of coastal cruising experience, but the Foudroyant added a whole new dimension of rigour and discipline to what I'd learned about seamanship. To start with, the sail training took place in what appeared to be converted ship's lifeboats. Double-ended with a heavy steel centre plate of French Guillotine proportions, raised and lowered by a tackle, and pinned in place to prevent the sort of accident that would be hard to explain to grieving parents or a court of law (there were no Health and Safety inspectors in those balmy days - we relied on common sense and a healthy respect for danger).

The three 'Lifeboats' had a large dipping lugsail rig with a heavy gaff fixed to the mast by a 'Parel lashing', and a balancing jib. A crew of up to 20 child trainees provided the necessary muscle power. Preparing and rigging these boats for a sailing session required co-ordination and discipline from the young crew; made up largely as school parties from inland towns. They could see that the situation they were in was sufficiently hazardous and that they had better comply with the instructor's requirements without argument. If there were difficulties, a short demonstration involving raising, and then rather sharply lowering the lifeboat's drop keel got the message across neatly. The same effect could be achieved by oversheeting the mainsail on a tack so as to put the lee gunwale within an inch of the water, leading to squeals of anxious anticipation from the crew ranged along the lee side of the boat. This was usually followed by a very evident wish on their part to be as helpful as possible for the rest of the week.

The lifeboats were a little unwieldy, though they were reasonably well-balanced and pointed up to windward well enough to make ground when tacking. They had a good turn of speed in the squalls which catspawed their way across the harbour from Priddy's Hard to the Dockyard wall. The real challenge for this new Ship's Officer/Instructor was to sail these unfamiliar craft to the strictest of timetables. Allan Brackpool's wrath would descend heavily on any Officer who brought his bedraggled crew in late for the changeover to the next training session as it would upset the rigid timetable devised for the day, and worse, leave 20 or so trainees with nothing to do for a couple of hours. So it was the instructor's job to assess wind and tide to a nicety in planning each hour and half afloat. And we usually did. Heading uptide first to allow for an easy return if the wind should drop was the key. Developing skill in approaching the mooring buoy in all states of wind and tide was the other prime requisite. Failing to 'clip on' first time round was the nearest thing to a mortal sin - and Allan Brackpool was always watching carefully when the boats arrived back and hooked on to their respective buoys. Any failures were analysed and commented on robustly.

As a result we lived and breathed in harmony with the rhythm of the tides and their quirky flows around the big inland sea that was Portsmouth Harbour. And we had a very free run of it in those days - huge cross-channel ferries were a thing of the future; all we had to worry about were the occasional well advertised

movements of frigates or the new Vosper-Thorneycroft experimental hovercraft which occasionally floundered past from its base at Portchester in an expensive-looking Niagara of mist and spray on sea trials (Allan Brackpool christened it 'The Overdraft' as it was known to have cost more than planned and never went into production). Now and then, Edward Heath's 'Morning Cloud' showing 2468 on its mainsail, would glide past, just as expensively, but with much more taste. One of our crew, Roger, claimed to have sailed with 2468, having worked as a deckhand for a number of racing yachts.

The irrepressible David Pines showed me a lot of useful nautical dodges early on; he was a Seaman Petty Officer in the RNR and had an inexhaustible fund of knowledge about knots, rigs and rigging. Mike Martin was another excellent seaman and carpenter, and occasionally his name would surface in the yachting press as having won yet another first at a national dinghy class open meeting. To round off the crew there was Kieran the Irish chef, inseparable from Harry 'Mort' Mortimer, an older ex-Naval man with a solid demeanour and quick temperament. We were all benignly presided over by Captain-Superintendent Langley, who had been responsible for the rigging of H.M.S. Victory for a number of years and was thus well-qualified to be in command of a wooden wall afloat.

In fact although the ship was clearly afloat, many of the trainees, unfamiliar with the famous precepts of Archimedes, refused to believe that something so apparently solid as the ship was not raised and lowered twice a day by some ingenious jacking device somehow linked to the floating embarkation pontoons that lay alongside. In the same way, many refused to believe that the weekly passage of the entire ship's company of 100 souls to Seaview in the Isle of Wight could be done using the power of the wind. Even when halfway across, some would still be unshakeable in their belief that a hidden cable had been stretched the half mile or more between the stately sailing lifeboats and the smart ex-Port Auxiliary Service (PAS) passenger launch we called 'The Clipper' which acted as guard boat, trailing the pulling boats used to land the company ashore on the Island where the trainees bought sticky rock, tacky souvenirs celebrating the importance to the owner of his mother, and fizzy drinks. This weekly trip gave the Instructors a chance to relax for a couple of hours, either on anchor watch on the Clipper and its raft of bobbing boats, or ashore in the friendly Seaview inn with it's wide view across the Solent and its Napoleonic forts to the mainland and the leading marks of St Jude's Church, War Memorial and Power Station chimneys that would guide us safely back.

I say the ship was afloat, but as OOD (Officer of the Day - a duty that kept you tied to the ship for a full 24 hours before you were relieved) an important part of routine was to check the level of water in the bilge, and if necessary start the centrifugal pump mounted on the Orlop deck. This was a fearsome affair, driven by a fabric belt from a 1 HP electric motor, and engaged by a primitive sliding

clutch device to drop the fast-moving belt from the idler wheel to the impeller. With luck and careful priming, water would eventually slurp up from the strainer in the bilge and be discharged over the side. About a foot of water was normal, but one morning as OOD I made my routine inspection to find the water well over the mizzen mast step and nearly up to the Orlop deck itself. The small pump had no chance of making progress against such a volume of water, so I quickly reported the situation to the Captain Superintendent. He was completely calm, and went on with 8:00am Divisions as usual, with its standard sounding of 8 bells (the only time the ship's bell was ever sounded officially) and hoisting the big 'Foudroyant' ensign on the poop deck. Eventually at my insistence, he went below, returned looking very pale, and within half an hour, the Dockyard fire float was alongside pumping for all it was worth for most of that day. It seemed that although the hull below the waterline was reasonably tight, too much weight of water in the bilge pushed parts of the hull that had dried out and become porous below the waterline. An Easterly gale and an unusually bumpy swell in the harbour had done the rest and a section of planking had 'started' badly in the stern. Left too long, we might have been very glad of the mechanical boat raiser device postulated by the trainees. All was eventually well, Archimedes's principles were successfully re-established and the ship visibly bobbed up a few feet. Though a novice in the ways of the vessel, it felt to me like it had been a very close thing.

Another routine event was taking fresh water aboard. A Dockyard water boat would be summoned and long hoses would be run up over the starboard guard rail and down again to the Orlop deck where large 1 ton and 2 ton water tanks, lined with lime were situated in the hold. This involved getting the help of one or two trainees to manhandle the hoses below and then act as runners back to the water boat to pass the message to start or stop pumping. The hoses bulged iron hard, the water arrived with colossal force and the nozzle had to be pointed into each tank in turn, taking about a minute to fill. It was important to retain the interest of the 'runners' long enough to send a frantic 'stop pumping' message back to the water boat, This had to be timed to the second, otherwise the overflow from the bucking inlet hose could add a great deal of water to the bilges in no time at all... and more pumping!

Ship's routine was loosely based around Naval traditions, with morning 8:00am Divisions timed precisely from the dropped pennant on the Dockyard Semaphore tower and observed simultaneously by all the Royal Naval ships in harbour. Sometimes a band on one of them would play the National Anthem and we would wait till it was finished. Then followed prayers preceded by the breaking out of stops of the 'Church' flag signal at the yardarm. Captain Langley greatly favoured the prayer by Sir Francis Drake about things needing to be 'thoroughly finished' in order to bring 'the true glory'. The trainees mustered in neat ranks on the upper deck, summoned by the bosun's call on its silver chain, which also served as the OOD's 'badge of office'. It also sounded the 'still' at



Training Ship Foudroyant at Portsmouth

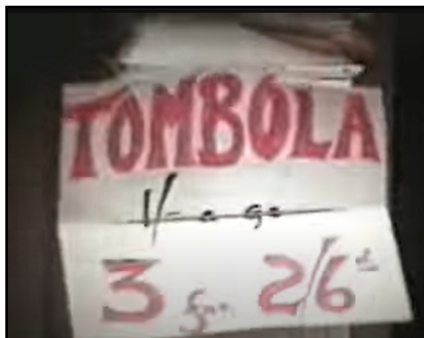
sunset when the Ensign was ceremonially lowered and 'pipe down' at 10:00 as the young trainees swung fitfully in their service issue hammocks on the lower deck (now shown on Trincomalee as the mess deck).

A hammock demonstration took up a lot of the Saturday arrival day and was included in Allan Brackpool's big opening presentation which also covered the ship's procedures and rules (including the invariable one of wearing a lifejacket when not inboard) and the handing out of Watch Cards. Trainees were shown how to sling and then stow their hammock, in particular the correct use of the hammock lashing; a soft cotton rope which had a unique left handed lay (all other standard issue rope is laid right handed), said to prevent the lashing knots tied at regulation intervals on a properly 'lashed up and stowed' hammock from working loose. Once lashed, hammocks were stored in the ship's manger forward on the lower deck. Each was numbered, and when the order was given to sling hammocks at 9:00pm, great was the arguing and pulling and pushing that went on below as each trainee tried to locate his hammock. Then followed a few hours of furtive whispering, 'accidental' bumping of adjacent hammocks and occasional padding about. The OOD's duty was to settle the trainees, and to locate and eject mischievous troublemakers, moving them as a last resort to the mess deck (now displayed as the main gun deck on Trincomalee) if things got too rowdy. Having been up since 6:30am, the OOD was rarely in a mood to

tolerate bad behaviour. There was then the midnight boat to run ashore to collect the off-duty crew from the Gosport and Portsmouth ferry pontoons after their evening of merriment - which often spilled over into the launch and aboard, requiring tact and diplomacy on the part of the OOD. The duty was thankfully handed over at 6:30am to the next person defined on Allan Brackpool's carefully designed roster, through which one's duties dipped and dived daily along the lines of a complex change ringing chart used by campanologists. Then followed a cheerful routine of collecting the domestic staff, milk and bread from the Gosport pontoon in the Gardiner workboat and a full working day. The bliss and relief of going off duty at 6:30pm after a full 36 hours aboard first as OOD, then as a hard-working instructor, was palpable. I had a cabin on board, port side aft off the wardroom, which I used when on duty, but otherwise I went home to my parent's house in Old Portsmouth, setting off again at 6:15am to start another day afloat.

My Mother had been a member of the 'Foudroyant Ladies' Committee' for as long as I could remember. These stalwarts raised money for the ship through coffee mornings, 'bring and buy' sales and the grand annual 'Foudroyant Fair' which was held aboard. When I became a Ship's Officer, I found that the fair caused a major hiccup in routine, as well as a lost week's income, so the week beforehand was devoted to making and mending. Sometimes we painted the canvas that had been nailed to the sides of the ship to keep fresh rainwater away from the upper works. This wasn't successful, despite regular applications of black and white tarry paint, and you could easily yank soft handfuls of rain-rotted wood from the exposed areas, before hastily tacking a new piece of canvas over the top to hide the mess. Painting ship was hard work. Trestle paint stages were brought up from the hold, white and paint tins were emptied and painting kettles were filled and hung below the stage within reach of the brush. Then two crew per stage painted a 'fleet' down the side of the ship, alternating black and white, lowering themselves steadily to the waterline using David Pine's special slip knot. There they awaited the arrival of the ship's small 3-cylinder Gardiner Diesel workboat (always my favourite of the boats we had available to us) and the process would start again. We didn't ever fall in the water, but I do remember David getting a whole kettle of black paint 'accidentally' poured over his head as it was kicked over the side. It proved very hard to remove the sticky paint from the brushes and indeed as it turned out, from David.

The Foudroyant fair itself brought half the population of Portsea to the ship on Gosport Ferries and Mr. Butcher's blue 'round the harbour trip' boats in search of bargains. When embarking and disembarking the hordes of people from the Starboard side Jacob's ladder, the ship took on a noticeable list. This 'Jumble Sale afloat' was supplemented by raffles, games and fortune telling and was a most jolly and competitive affair. Great rivalry attended the announcement by my Mother (the Hon. Treasurer) of the figures which showed which stall had



taken the most money on the day. It was usually, not surprisingly, my Mother's excellent Tombola stall which was head and shoulders above the rest in the final reckoning.

It had been my Mother who had first suggested the job afloat to me after I had made the decision to quit my legal training and go to University the following year. As a result my income rose from £2.50 a week as an Articled Clerk to a staggering £20 a week overnight - a generous and happy way to experience life at sea which I repeated the following year in the shorter Summer leave from University at Allan Brackpool's urgent insistence.

My favourite place aboard was the rope locker forward below the lower deck. The smell of tarred hempen rope was quite magical and I would often take a few minutes refuge in there when stoking the ship's incinerator where we burned the rubbish every week. We also had the ship's ancient Bell and Howell cine sound projector in there. On a rainy day we would show a dramatic film of Tea and Wool clippers rounding Cape Horn in winter, or old newsreels and cast-off Naval Training films on 'Handling the Naval Whaler' filmed against the background of Valetta harbour.

There's so much to tell about those days - the chaotic weekly boat pulling race; the occasional 'girl's weeks' and their specially segregated and chaperoned arrangements; the daily 'cleanest mess' competition; piloting the Gardiner workboat across the harbour in driving rain, the chunky wooden tiller braced securely against the small of my back, to King's Stairs to collect Captain Langley from his regular day off outing to Rowland's Castle Golf Club; the weekly visits to H.M.S. Dolphin to see the preserved submarine and to H.M.S. Victory; learning how to drop the lumbering sailing lifeboats neatly alongside, balancing wind and tide, onto Camper and Nicholson's expensive pontoons to give the trainees an illicit run ashore to the tuck shop in Gosport.

There's another treasured memory to share, one from my first time aboard as a

week-long boy trainee in the early '60s. I think I am probably the last person to have sat on top of the ship's revolving capstan being worked by 50 or more trainees straining on the bars to lift a pulling boat aboard for repair. Why was I sitting there? I had brought my mouth organ with me and was ordered by 'Number One' to strike up sea shanties to keep the capstan turning steadily as it took its heavy load. It must have been the last time it was ever used in anger - bits of wood were cracking and snapping off the capstan bar holes in all directions and the lift only just succeeded before the capstan was ruled unsafe for any more work.

Later, in my second year aboard as a full member of the ship's crew, I watched fascinated as the Royal Engineers removed a large quantity of the ship's cannon from the hold with rather more sophisticated lifting equipment. They had acted as ballast for many years - but it seemed that the stern leak I had witnessed at such close hand the previous year had led to a rapid decision to raise the ship another foot to prevent a recurrence of the near sinking I had helped to prevent! It seemed that old Archimedes still had the last word.

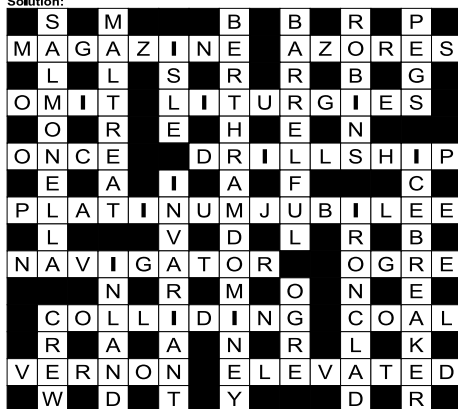
Good old Foudroyant days! Thanks for a wonderful introduction to working life and the insights gained in working through two long Summer seasons in the late 1960's and early 70's. I'm glad you found a good berth and kind owners to restore you to your proper glories after that long but rewarding life as a training ship came finally to an end. I often traced out the strange name inscribed in elegant script on the Rudder stock in the tiller flat aft of my cabin. 'Trincomalee' it said, and it's 'Trincomalee' you have properly become again.

David Clover
August 2006

Mess Deck Crossword

Autumn 2022

Solution:





Sounding with lead and line

The use of a sounding line or lead line to measure the depth of water goes back to ancient civilisation. Greek and Roman navigators are known to have used sounding leads, some having been discovered by archaeologists. The Bible describes lead and line sounding in Acts, chapter 27:

'The fourteenth night came and we were still drifting in the sea of Adria. In the middle of the night the sailors felt that land was getting nearer. They sounded and found twenty fathoms. Sounding again after a short interval they found fifteen fathoms; and fearing that we might be cast ashore on a rugged coast they dropped four anchors from the stern and prayed for daylight to come.'

The Bayeux tapestry relating to William the Conqueror's landing in England in 1066 documents the use of a sounding lead.



The following is from the 1815 Edition of Falconer's 'New Universal Dictionary of the Marine':

'To SOUND, is to try the depth of the water, and the quality of the ground, by means of a plummet sunk from a ship to the bottom.

There are two plummets used for sounding, one of which is called the hand-lead, weighing about 8 or 9 pounds,... the other the deep-sea-lead, which

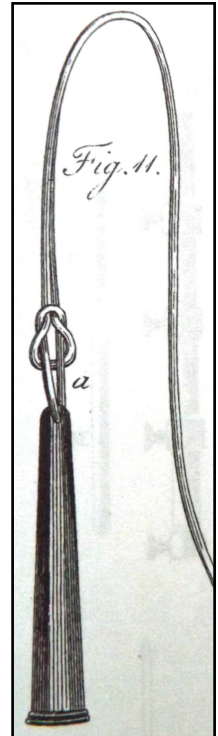
weighs from 25 to 30 pounds, and both are shaped like the frustum of a cone or pyramid. The former is used in shallow waters, and the latter at a great distance from the shore; particularly on approaching the land, after a sea voyage. Accordingly the lines employed for this purpose are called the deep-sea-lead-line and the hand-lead-line.

The hand-lead-line, which is usually 20 fathoms in length, is marked at every 2 to 3 fathoms; so that the depth of the water may be ascertained either by day or night. At the depth of 2, and 3 fathoms, there are marks of black leather; at 5 fathoms, there is a white rag; at 7, a red rag; at 10, black leather; at 13, black leather; at 15, a white rag; and at 17, a red rag.

Sounding with the hand-lead, which is by seamen, called heaving the lead, is generally performed by a man who stands in the main-chains to windward. Having the line all ready to run out, without interruption, he holds it nearly at the distance of a fathom from the plummet, and having swung the latter backwards and forwards three or four times, in order to gain the greater velocity, he swings it round his head, and thence, as far forward as is necessary; so that, by the lead's sinking whilst the ship advances, the line may be almost perpendicular when it reaches the bottom.

The person sounding then proclaims the depth of the water in a kind of sound resembling the cries of hawkers in a city. Thus, if the mark of 5 fathoms is close to the surface of the water, he calls "By the mark five!" and as there is no mark at 4, 6, 8, etc. he estimates those numbers, and calls, "By the dip four," etc. If he judges it to be a quarter or a half more than any particular number, he calls, "And a quarter five! and a half four!" etc. If he conceives the depth to be 3 quarters more than a particular number, he calls it a quarter less than the next: thus, at four fathoms and three quarters, he calls, "A quarter less five!" and so on.

The deep-sea-lead is marked with two knots at 20 fathoms, 3 at 40, 4 at 50, and so on to the end. It is also marked with a single knot in the middle of each interval, as at 25, 35, 45 fathoms etc. To use this lead more effectually at sea, or in deep water on the sea-coast, it is usual previously to 'bring-to' the ship, in order to retard her course, the lead is then thrown as far as possible from the ship on the line of her drift, so that, as it sinks, the ship drives more perpendicularly over it. The pilot, feeling the lead strike the bottom, readily



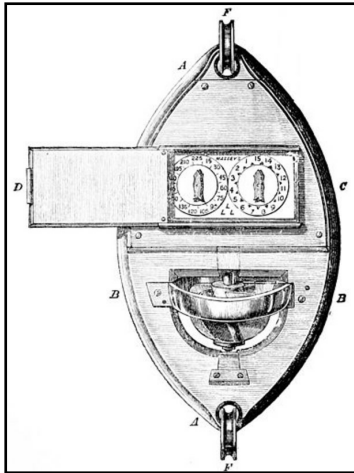
discovers the depth of the water by the mark on the line nearest its surface. ... the lead, being armed with tallow, makes it certain whether it has struck the bottom or not, if it has, it shows what sort of bottom there is.'



Sounding Leads old and new



In the nineteenth century, with the Royal Navy concerned about the accuracy of lead and line sounding, attempts were made to mechanise depth sounding. In 1802, Edward Massey, a clockmaker from Staffordshire, designed a sounding machine which was fixed to a sounding lead and line. As the lead sank a rotor turned a dial, and the rotor would lock when the lead hit the sea floor. After hauling the sounding machine in, the dials on it could be read giving the depth of the sea in fathoms. By 1811, the Royal Navy had acquired 1,750 of these sounding machines, one for every ship in commission during this time of the Napoleonic Wars.



Edward Massey's sounding machine

In the nineteenth century the Royal Navy also purchased a sounding machine with a different mode of action, this was Peter Burt's buoy and nipper device which consisted of an inflatable canvas bag (the buoy), and a spring-loaded wooden pulley block (the nipper). The buoy was pulled behind the ship with the line threaded through the pulley. The buoy helped to ensure that the lead fell perpendicular to the sea floor, even when the ship was moving. When the lead hit the sea floor the spring-loaded pulley would catch the rope enabling an accurate reading of the depth to be made.

Both Massey's and Burt's machines were designed to be used in relatively shallow water, up to 150 fathoms. In 1876 a widely used deep sea sounding machine designed by William Thompson (Lord Kelvin) was patented. The line consisted of a drum of piano wire and a greater weight was used, with a dial to show the length of line let out. Later versions had a motorised drum to aid the winding and unwinding of the line.

By the twenty first century Echo sounding had increasingly replaced the use of such lead and line sounding machines.

Can you help?

The following correspondence was received by our secretary at the beginning of March. If you can help Urna then you may contact her via the email address given at the end of her letter:

Dear Friends of HMS Trincomalee,

I am a PhD Candidate in the History of Science and Technology at Johns Hopkins University in the USA and a research fellow at the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, Netherlands for 2022-23. I am working on the history of shipbuilding in the early modern Indian Ocean, and I am writing to you to inquire about potentially connecting to members of your esteemed society to help augment my research on this topic.

My research focuses on various shipbuilding yards along the coast of South Asia between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries and studying the circulation and exchange of shipbuilding technologies and practices between coastal seafaring communities of the region and European seafarers like the Portuguese, the Dutch and the English. In connection with this, I am obviously interested in the history of the Wadia shipbuilders and the construction of the HMS Trincomalee at the Bombay Dockyard. I am particularly interested in the history of its construction and conservation, and especially in relation to the materials, technologies and tools used in these processes.

I am planning on visiting Hartlepool in May 2023 to view the HMS Trincomalee and the Royal Navy's museum and while looking it up on the internet, I was delighted to come across your website. I was excited to learn from the website that some of your society's members include individuals who are related to those who built the ship at Bombay and those who were on the ship from her maiden voyage onwards, as well as individuals who were involved with the ship's restoration at Hartlepool. It would greatly benefit my research if I had the opportunity to have conversations with these individuals in connection with the ship.

I would be very grateful if you could connect me with some such members who may be interested in and willing to have a conversation about the ship with me. I would be happy to acknowledge the society's support and contribution to my research in my dissertation, and should I publish any scholarship in the future concerning the HMS Trincomalee.

Best wishes,

Urna Mukherjee

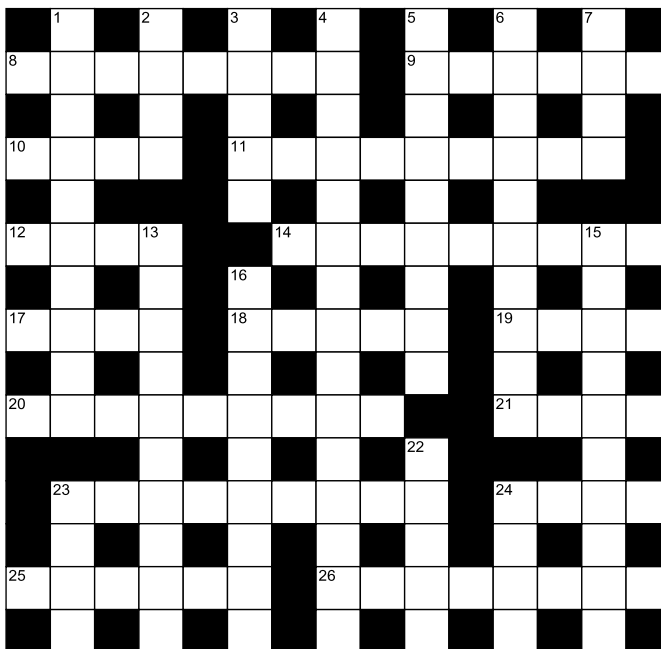
Andrew W. Mellon Fellow

PhD Candidate Johns Hopkins University

u.mukherjee@rijksmuseum.nl

Mess Deck Crossword

Spring 2023



HDT

ACROSS

- 8 Utter a falsehood (4,1,3)
- 9 State of ideal perfection (6)
- 10 In the Foudroyant's hold tanks were lined with this (4)
- 11 Assailants (9)
- 12 In 1969 Harry Mortimer was an Irish one on the Foudroyant (4)
- 14 Apparent converted ones were used for sail training in 1969 (9)
- 17 At a distance (4)
- 18 Powder used to redden the face (5)
- 19 Hit with the foot (4)
- 20 A hospital worker (9)
- 21 Sharkey's was First Lieutenant (4)
- 23 Found pasted up in houses (4-5)
- 24 The anchor on David Clover's hat was this colour (4)
- 25 Quickly (5)
- 26 Places were a ship can be made fast (8)

DOWN

- 1 Full of pleasure (10)
- 2 The colour of Mr. Butcher's boats in 1969 (4)
- 3 An assumed name (5)
- 4 Used to remove water from the Foudroyant (11,4)
- 5 Followed (9)
- 6 David Clover's favourite place on the Foudroyant (4,6)
- 7 Long, light boats (4)
- 13 Troops within the range of the enemy (6,4)
- 15 The applied sciences in practice (10)
- 16 'Number One' on the Foudroyant in 1969 (9)
- 22 Deck on which 4 down was located (5)
- 23 To watch over (4)
- 24 Forbidding (4)

The Friends of HMS Trincomalee

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The Friends of HMS Trincomalee website is to be found at

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Second Commission 1852 to 1857

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 QD023 HMS Trincomalee and the Crimean War
 QD056 HMS Trincomalee at Honolulu
 QD007 Pioneers of Vancouver Island & HMS Trincomalee
 QD001 Charles Parry
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 QD036 Lambton Loraine (1838-1917)
 QD033 The Curious Case of the Susan Sturges
 QD063 William Cox Chapman, 1st Lieutenant on HMS Trincomalee
 QD068 Lieutenant George Palmer's Diary
 QD071 Sailors in Port

1857 to 1897

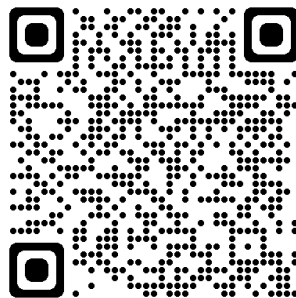
QD047 HMS Trincomalee at Sunderland
 QD028 David Lyall MD
 QD061 HMS Trincomalee at Hartlepool 1863 to 1877

1897 to 1939

QD002 Aboard the Foudroyant 1922
 QD051 Seamen & their Uniform, fined for a technical offence at Falmouth
 QD054 At the Movies with the Foudroyant
 QD058 An Appeal for HMS Implacable by Wheatley Cobb in 1922
 QD072 Aboard the Foudroyant in the 1920s

1939 onwards

QD020 HMS Foudroyant September 1943
 QD025 Lieutenant Colonel Harold Wyllie
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 QD019 Lieutenant Commander John Chrisp
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 QD064 The Restoration of HMS Trincomalee
 QD069 Opera Comique on board TS Foudroyant



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