



TALL SHIPS

'98

A VOYAGE FROM DUBLIN TO PORTSMOUTH

ON THE WORLD'S SECOND
LARGEST SAILING SHIP THE
RUSSIAN BARQUE
KRUZENSHTERN

Sails & Rigging, Working the
Ship, Crew, Food, etc.

By 'Trainee' Roger Greene



Introduction

⚓ *A Reluctant Recruit*

This adventure started whilst I was cruising in Scotland on *Flamingo* in early June. When speaking to my wife Claire on the phone she mentioned that an old sailing friend was thinking of taking passage on the sailing ship *Padua* at the conclusion of the Tall Ships visit to Dublin in late August and would I consider joining him. The name of the ship meant little to me and my initial reaction was one of no great enthusiasm but I asked her to obtain some further information. Later, on reflection, I thought such an opportunity might not present itself again so when next we spoke I asked her to provisionally book me.

On returning home I learned that the ship was the Russian four masted sail training barque *Kruzenshtern*, formerly the *Padua*, which was going from Dublin to Portsmouth for the great Festival of the Sea being held there in late August. Billed as the world's last windjammer, her primary function is to train young cadets for a life on the Baltic fishing fleet of the former Russian countries that border the South-east Baltic Sea. To partly offset the operational expenses she has, since 1990, being taking up to 60 Western 'trainees' – in effect paying passengers who have an interest in tall ships.

The cost of the passage to Portsmouth was £251 sterling to include insurance and temporary membership of the Tall Ship Friends. The latter body caters for tall ship enthusiasts and raises money to help keep these fine

ships operational. There were five trainees from Malahide, one from Howth and two from Leitrim. A further ten or so came from the U.K. and apart from an Italian and a Swiss the rest came from Germany. Some had flown in to Dublin whilst others had joined in Lisbon or Vigo, the previous ports of call.

Briefing

⚓ *Fingal Sailing School*

⚓ *Some Technical Data on the Kruzenshtern*

Kevin Byrne of the Fingal Sailing School in Malahide has had a life-long interest in the sea and it was he who contacted some friends and his pupils to see if they would be interested in forming a party to join the *Kruzenshtern* on the voyage from Dublin to Portsmouth. Seven in all decided to participate and Kevin arranged for a briefing by a person who had been a trainee on the *Mir* and the *Kruzenshtern* some years previously.

He advised that the food was adequate both in terms of quality and quantity, toilets were bad especially on the *Mir* and the amount of work and mast climbing that trainees were expected to perform was light and largely up to ones self. He suggested bringing coffee and donating it to the mess as it was generally something of a luxury among the Russians and would, therefore, be appreciated. Other small gifts for the crew, such as cigarettes, might also be a good idea. Security of valuables had not generally been a problem. German marks was the currency to take along.

Vodka was the drink on board with whisky also available. When asked what mixers were available he said 'vodka and whisky'. He hinted at heavy drinking sessions with the crew generally much better

able to hold their liquor than the trainees and it was suspected that this was because they were served a much lower strength measure.

It all sounded great adventuresome stuff.

And now for some details of the ship.

The last large cargo carrying vessel built to be powered solely by the wind was the *Padua*. Built in Bremerhaven in 1926, she has undergone quite a few changes over the years including a change of name to *Kruzenshtern* after the distinguished Russian mariner and admiral. Built for the 'Flying P' line, she could carry 4698 tons of cargo and had a sail area of 3,800 sq. metres and even then had accommodation for 40 trainees. Before WW Two she completed 15 long distance voyages to Chile and Australia. In 1946 she passed into the hands of the USSR as part of war reparation payments and was renamed *Kruzenshtern*. The Soviet navy used her as a sail training vessel and fitted auxiliary engines during a re-fit in 1959-1961. She was transferred to the Fisheries Ministry in 1966 and thoroughly modernised between 1968 and 1971 and again between 1981 and 1984 when she passed to the Estonian Fishery Industry. She underwent further repairs and re-engining in 1993 in Wismar, Germany. More than 10,000 cadets from marine colleges have benefited from training on the *Kruzenshtern*. Today she is the second largest sailing ship, the other Russian vessel the *Sedov* being marginally larger.

SAIL TRAINING SHIP *KRUZENSHTERN*

Shipyard and year built	J.K.Tecklenborg, Geestemunde now Bremerhaven, 1926
Overall length	114.5 m
Breadth	14 m
Max. draft	7.40 m
Displacement	5,784 tons
No. of sails	31
Sail area	3,631 m
Height of mainmast from waterline	56 m
Speed under engine in calm	10.5 knts
Crew	74
Cadets	164
Trainees	55
Home port	Kaliningrad

⚓ **Joining Ship**

⚓ Food

⚓ **Crewing Arrangements**

The four ancient mariners – Paddy O'Neill, Kevin Byrne, Harry Byrne and myself, Roger Greene all met on Platform 1 in Malahide railway station to catch the 16.30 to Tara Street.

I had packed bare essentials in a backpack and Kevin likewise but Paddy and Harry had several bags and a small folding bag trolley each. These proved to be very awkward to manouvre to the train, through the rush hour crowds and on to the ship and were the butt of many cracks and jokes.

On arrival at the ship we found Dell Computers were holding a reception on board and their people would not let us up the gangway. However, we eventually attracted the attention of a Russian crewman who waved us aboard on sight of our boarding and introduction letters.

We were met by Sergei - one of 23 such named but more distinctively identified as Chief Navigating Officer. We also met Heike, the Tall Ships Friends liaison person. They took our letters and passports and Heike showed us our cabin, showers, toilets and mess and briefed us on mealtimes. Thereafter we were left to our own devices and more or less the run of the ship.

Harry had not booked with us. He had originally booked on another tall ship but switched a few days before departure, using various connections, including Bruce Lyster, the Dublin Tall Ships Committee chairman. Harry was to ask for 'Peter' – yes just Peter – no second name, rank or position. Not surprisingly, Peter could not be identified but Harry handed in his passport and boarding letter for his original ship (with the vessel's name suitably altered) and was not queried. He spent the rest of the evening and next day lying low in case he should be thrown off as a stowaway. He eventually made himself 'legitimate' with the captain when we were well clear of land !

We assembled in the mess at 19.00 hrs. for our first meal. The room was two flights down and virtually the width of the ship with a serving area in the middle where one entered. Much of the food served on the *Kruzenshtern* was a totally new experience for most if not all of us but this contributed to a generally jolly atmosphere in the mess – at least in the Irish section as we speculated and joked about the food and the service

The ships routine was to serve three meals a day in port and four meals whilst at sea. For the trainees there were two sittings. The first breakfast sitting was at 07.30 and the next 30 minutes later. Meals were at four hour intervals thereafter. Provided you were not picky about your food you did not go hungry as the portions were quite adequate.

We sat on high backed, well sprung bench seats upholstered in dark red velour. The tables accommodated about eight and had white tablecloths and a container of tiny flimsy paper napkins or finger wipes. Plates and cutlery

were stacked at the head of each table when we arrived and we were expected to clear used plates and cutlery to a central collection point.

The thin soup had a good, if not distinctive, flavour with plenty of potato chunks and some pieces of meat that might have been pork.

Slices of an off white hard crusted bread were served with every meal. It seemed to taste fine at the time and contributed to the atmosphere. Baked daily on board, the flavour varied slightly some days and all in all it was quite acceptable. Pale unsalted butter was available if required. Some had brought their own jam and/or marmalade and this was shared about. At every meal each table was also served with strong hot but not boiling tea in a large shiny aluminium kettle. There was ample sugar on the table but milk was not available nor was coffee unless you used your own.

The soups were brought to table in large tureens with a ladle and each person helped themselves. The soup was no doubt nourishing but it was always thin and flavoured by small pieces of meat, usually pork. Potato chunks were often included and fennel was used frequently to add colour.

Boiled rice, spaghetti or noodles were often the main meal ingredient. When meat was included it had been cut into small chunks and probably stewed but there was never any gravy nor were vegetables served.

To our great surprise we learned that the ship is virtually alcohol free. Some tinned beer was available by prior arrangement from Sergei but there was no bar and there would be no wild vodka drinking sessions!

The following were the daily menus on the *Kruzenshtern*:-

<u>Day</u>	<u>Breakfast</u>	<u>Mid-morning</u>	<u>Mid-afternoon</u>	<u>Evening</u>
Mon.				Potato & meat (?) soup
Tues	4" cold worst sausage	Large white beans & potato soup then half breast chicken on plain boiled rice	Tinned sardines and an apple	Bean & potato soup then stewed pork pieces on plain boiled rice
Wed.	Generous hunk of boiled smoked bacon (Dunnes)	Vegetable soup Noodles & pork	Cocoa 2 large sugared current buns Magnum ice on stick	Bacon soup ½ roast chicken breast Chips, slice of gherkin Tomato puree
Thurs	Hard boiled egg Slice of cheese	Soup Haggis ? 4 bites stewed beef	Spaghetti Grated cheese Cornetto	Crubeen soup 3 bites stewed pork Rice

Port schedule (3 meals)

Fri	Porridge (cool)	Boiled mackerel & potato soup	3 bites of stewed beef Rice
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We spent much of the evening walking the deck. Chatting and watching the vast, good humored, crowds strolling up and down the quays. At 22.00 hrs we were entertained by an excellent and spectacular fireworks display from three locations up-river. After a walk to O'Connell Bridge we retired but, unusually for me, I did not sleep – no fault of the bunk or bed-clothes. I just watched the quay wall move up and down past the porthole as the tide rose and fell.

The ship was crewed as follows:-

Officers. There were twenty four including a doctor, a number of whom had their wives on board. These wives worked as tutors or on cleaning and food serving. The officers and wives had their own mess which was furnished in a style reminiscent of say, forty years ago in our society. They slept in small double cabins immediately below the main deck. Apart from the normal duties of a ship's officer they taught navigation, languages and all the other skills one would expect in a marine academy hence the relatively high number on board.

Crew. About fifty in number – they ran and maintained the ship, working mainly in the engine room, the galley and in key jobs on deck. They slept seven to twelve to a cabin on the lower decks.

Cadets. Numbering about one hundred and twenty they have similar accommodation to the crew and have their own mess. They attend to the sails and masts, steer the vessel and take care of maintenance from the deck

to the mastheads. However, they are on board for three months as students on a five year course at the State Baltic Academy of the Fisheries Fleet in Kaliningrad and hail in the main from Eastern Russia, Lithuania and Latvia. They are preparing for careers in the Baltic fishing fleet. They spend part of each day reading text-books and receiving practical and theoretical tuition and being tested by the bosuns. They also have a lecture room and a navigation training room on board.

Trainees. Up to sixty in number and effectively paying passengers who make an important financial contribution to the upkeep of the ship. They may help, if they wish, with steering, deck work, as lookout and, for the more experienced, with sail handling aloft. Some have spent months on board or have made three or more voyages on various tall ships and could be described as enthusiasts.

The lookout is posted on the forecastle at the inner end of the bowsprit and beside the bell. His duties are to strike the bell on the hour and half-hour and also on sighting a vessel, one gong if to starboard, two gongs if to port and three gongs if ahead.

⚓ *Accommodation on Board*

⚓ *The Leaving of Dublin*

⚓ *Sail Handling*

We were wakened at 07.00 hrs by an announcement in Russian on the ship's P.A. system. We had been advised the previous night that breakfast would be served at 07.30 sharp as there was another sitting at 08.00. As we all piled out there was a serious lack of dressing room about the bunks.

What were originally the holds for carrying wheat and fertiliser have been converted into sleeping, dining, instruction and other facilities with supporting services.

The cabins were basic, each accommodating about 14 males/females and floor space was at a premium. The two tier solidly built bunks were spacious with a good firm mattress, a pillow, two light sheets, a heavy blanket, a towel and a face towel. There was a reading light above each bunk whilst the cabin lighting was fluorescent with a green night light. Each occupant had a steel locker about half the size of a golf club locker beside his bunk and a small drawer under the bottom bunk, also two hooks at the foot of the bunk in the passageway. The private or two berth cabins were, if anything, inferior. Cramped, tatty and with furnishings worn and dilapidated, they had a wash basin but no toilet.

The toilets were also basic, looked reasonably clean but the urinals tended to pong. Toilet paper of acceptable quality was provided in the cubicles

assigned to the officers and trainees but torn up newspaper was more in evidence in the cadets toilets. A separate toilet area with wash basins was partly reserved for the female trainees. I say partly because there were two fine showers accessed thro' this area. These were for females but for certain hours of the day they became male showers, the change over being indicated by turning the hanging wooden signboard to read 'Men' or 'Females' as appropriate.

The wash room, which was used by cadets and trainees, had about ten wash-hand basins around a square room. There were cold water taps only, no sink stoppers and large bars of poor quality soap. All water, except toilet flushes, was fresh and drinkable so we were assured. There was an iced water drinking fountain also in the wash room. No matter what time of day one visited the wash room there seemed to be cadets there furiously scrubbing their teeth but not otherwise washing. For some reason, perhaps from the drains, there was invariably a heavy pong in this area although it always appeared tolerably clean.

At 10.00hrs the chief bosun, an Armenian called Mamikon, briefed the trainees for an hour with a translation of his broken English into German for those without English. With some degree of humour he spelled out the rules we were to observe about the ship – meal times, visits to chart room, bridge and engine room, keeping doors shut, keeping passageways clear, no cadets to be invited to cabins, etc, etc. He assured us the Captain would use sails whenever possible. The working of the ship was explained. The extent to which we wished to become involved in deck and mast work would be a matter of choice for each trainee.

Later in the morning we had a safety briefing from Sergei with translations from Heike and Ursula, a trainee but otherwise a young German lawyer living in Kinsealy.

The larger ships started to leave their berths about mid-day with the help of two harbour tugs.

The *Asgard* sailed down the Liffey after the *Sedov*, host ship and flagship respectively of the Tall Ships. The *Asgard* fired canons as she went and each moored ship saluted her in turn with their air horns, hooters or cannon. On board the *Kruzenshtern* the noise from our horn was absolutely deafening. It was certainly a great and memorable sight as each large vessel cast off and was taken thro' the East Link Bridge by the tugs with lots of other smaller tall ships in company and hooters and horns blaring. There were enormous crowds on the quays and right out to the South Bull lighthouse.

Outside in the bay there was the most gigantic gathering of craft of every description milling about and many dressed and with large parties aboard. *Equity* had come round from Malahide with my two month old grandson, Nathan, aboard and they sailed along beside us for a short period. Many more of the Malahide fleet were also in evidence.

We hoisted the fore and aft sails and motor sailed to Dun Laoghaire to take the departing salute from the L.E. Aisling. We then went about and back up to Howth before again going about and setting course 155° down the Irish Sea. The square sails were set and the engines shut down. I suspect that

the reason we did not hoist full sail for the Parade of Sail was the relatively short legs up and down the bay and the difficulty of turning or bracing such a large ship under full sail. This lack of a full show of sail was certainly a great disappointment to spectators. However as we sailed away it was most impressive to see so many other tall ships around about and many by this time under full canvas.

The wind dropped and went ahead just at sunset so the square sails were furled and we proceeded on the fore and aft sails and engine power.

I broke the bridge on my spectacles to-day. I effected a temporary repair with masking tape borrowed from Heike but they sit insecurely and at a strange angle.

Sailing the ship. There are four masts each 170 feet high. The foremast, first and second mainmasts each carry six yards with sails whilst the mizzen mast carries two spankers. Stay sails are set fore and aft between the masts and four jibs are set from the bowsprit. The lowest yard or main course which weighs about five tons is fixed to the mast by a swivel on a bracket. The sail weighs about another ton. The next yard, the topsail, is also similarly fixed and is slightly thinner and shorter. Directly above is the upper topsail yardarm, which when the sail has been set is hoisted up the mast by a team of cadets taking brief turns, two at a time, on each of two massive horizontal winch handles connected to the drum by worm and pinion gears. Though they are working hard the yard moves almost imperceptibly about 15 feet up the mast. The next yardarm, the topgallant is fixed but the upper topgallant and royal yards above also are hoisted up to their working positions.

The sails are stowed on the tops of the yards and held neatly and securely in place by sail ties known as gaskets. This heavy and difficult work is done by the crew standing on the foot ropes out on the arms and, using only one hand much of the time as they hold on with the other, they push and pummel until they are tidy and tight. When the gaskets are untied the sail is lowered and raised by buntlines in much the same way as a venetian blind is raised and lowered.

Sail adjustments necessitated by wind or course changes are ordered by the officer on the bridge. What is called a sail alarm is sounded throughout the ship by ringing bells and a voice announcement, *Parushny avral* on the PA system. The cadets and crew come tumbling on deck and run to their stations at the various masts. There is a bosun in charge of each mast and another on the foredeck. The mizzen or jigger mast crew also work the spanker sails aft. They direct the crew and are themselves directed by the Chief Bosun, Mannekum. Orders are shouted through metal loudhailers and close team work is essential. Slack ropes are pulled in rapidly by teams running down the deck with the last man dropping off at the end and running back to be the first man and so on. The final sweating up is done by the team heaving in unison. When sail is to be shortened or taken in completely the cadets swarm up the ratlines with great speed and agility and clamber out to their appointed places on the yardarms where close teamwork and understanding is essential for safety and efficiency.

When the ship alters course or there is a wind shift the yards are turned or braced in tandem by a system of cables and blocks linking the outer ends of the yards to a bracing machine. This is a form of giant winch with six cone

shaped drums all geared together so that as three are winding in the other three are winding out at the same pace. With the cadets operating the machine by horizontal cranked winding handles all 18 yards can be swung in unison. For display storage in port individual yards can be sweated into exact line by the crew hauling on the ropes under the direction of the bosuns.

Navigation, Steering and Mast Climbing

The day started dull but brightened into a beautiful sunny afternoon with a nice following wind.

We were to see the engine room to-day but it did not happen. However, we did visit the navigation area which is situated under the bridge. The ship is quite well equipped with modern electronic navigation aids. However, it was apparent that some information on speed was conflicting. Two GPS's were computing different speeds but the watch officer informed us that the third GPS/chartplotter, which displayed yet a different speed, was the more correct. The quite sophisticated radar display, which also incorporated GPS plotted information, confirmed this speed reading. Apparently some of the GPS antennas were not getting a clear view of the sky but the radar scanner and antenna equipment was mounted at the first level (about 60' up) on the foremast. However, this latter aid must be switched off for radiation safety reasons when crew are aloft, as they were most of that day doing maintenance.

The ship is steered by a large double wheel mounted athrawtships in the open immediately in front of the navigation room and below the bridge. When under sail it is manned by five persons – two to port, two to starboard and one calling instructions while watching the compass course and rudder angle display mounted on a binnacle between the two wheels. This latter person can lock the wheel

position with a foot brake to resist back pressures from the rudder. In light airs one helmsman can stand between the two wheels and with a hand on each pull them down to turn the rudder one way or push them up and away for the other way whilst watching the compass and rudder angle indicator to maintain the ordered course. Course alterations are called down from the bridge above. The wheel is connected to the rudder by steel cables which run aft along the maindeck on either side of the deck houses and with a metal tunnel covering them. The cable parted during the night and whilst repairs were being effected recourse was had to the emergency steering system. This consists of a similar sized double wheel mounted over the rudder on the stern. Orders are passed from the bridge via a dial telegraph and an electric bell to call attention to required alterations.

Incidentally, access to the bridge is available freely to trainees and one could view the radar through the ever open door to the bridge house. High quality, gyro mounted monoculars were mounted on either wing of the bridge and we used them frequently.

The cable was repaired/replaced by mid-afternoon but in the meantime we had demonstrations of making splices eyes in stainless steel heavy wire and subsequent parceling of the splices. The cadets were also practicing knotting and other skills around the ship and being examined by the bosuns.

Chief Bosun, Mamikon, called all trainees together in the afternoon for instruction in going aloft.

One should move only one limb at a time placing feet on the ratlines or horizontal laths and hands gripping the shrouds or verticals. There should be no shouting or jollity for safety reasons and to obviate alarms. Each climber was issued with a heavy belt with a safety line terminating with a carabine hook. Some belts had a light shoulder strap or harness. All those wishing to climb the rigging were given an opportunity to do so but thereafter one could climb at any time but permission had first to be obtained from the bridge, the chief Bosun and the mast bosun. This was in case any maneuver or other work was contemplated.

The first person up was a short, plump, not so youthful English lady. She experienced some initial difficulty in getting on the rail to access the ratlines but then climbed steadily, if slowly, one step at a time. She got a great clap and cheer when she reached the platform at 14m. and again when she came ^{down} on the opposite side. I took my turn in due course. Climbing the ratlines proved relatively easy as they slope inwards from the gunwales to the mast and the steps are wooden slats firmly attached at this level. However, the last 3 metres or so was a vertical ladder with rope rungs with a certain amount of give in them. You then came to the platform, which had a metal rail, and you had to climb off the ladder onto the platform outside the rail and then clamber around the rail on to the inside. Not for the faint hearted or those inclined to vertigo but exhilarating and something I am very glad I experienced. No great physical exertion was required – just a cool head.

Day 3 -- Wednesday

4

Those who wished could go out on the yards or climb as high on the mast as they wished. Only on the yards did one use the safety line to clip on. Some went to the top of the mast (56m.) and even out on to the topmost yards but the platform about a third of the way to the top was as high as I wished to venture. Of those who climbed only one experienced some vertigo problems but he was helped by the Chief Bosun who was, needless to say, used to such problems and was very re-assuring. Nevertheless, I was quite surprised at how readily trainees were given carte blanche to go as high as they desired and with no direct supervision.

As I wrote these particular notes dusk was approaching and I was seated on deck over the engine room where it was nice and warm. We were about 15 miles off Lands End according to the radar but though visibility was good it was not in sight.

Having watched a video on the Tall Ships visit to New York and Boston Paddy and I came on deck. It was a perfectly cloudless night and the new moon set about 22.00 hrs. We lay flat on the deck and watched the stars between the sails. Magic ! The Milky Way stretched almost from horizon to horizon. The total absence of light pollution rendered the night sky far more brilliant than anything one could experience at home. There were lights flashing on either horizon as we passed between the Scillies and Lands End but we left the Seven Stones Lightship only a few miles to starboard and Wolf Rock to port.

⚓ **Lay Day**

⚓ **Preparing ship to enter port, Ship's Engine Room and Museum**

The ship covered 180 miles yesterday, mostly under sail, and there are 158 miles to go to Portsmouth.

The wind dropped and went ahead as we turned East and so sail was taken in during the night and tidied up in the morning in beautiful hot sunshine. As we were apparently ahead of schedule for entering port in daylight on Friday we hove to in the afternoon. I climbed the first main mast again and also went out on the bowsprit and took a trick on the helm.

The crew was mustered to clean and tidy the vessel in preparation for entering Portsmouth and being open to public inspection. The yards were lined up precisely at the same angle on each mast with the bosuns working in unison and bellowing orders thro' their loud hailer. The sails were tidied and tightened on top of the yards so they were hardly visible, the brightwork polished and the wooden deck planking scrubbed and rinsed from stem to stern. All hands appeared to be pressed into service for this latter substantial task. They put a wooden sandal on one foot. This had stainless steel wire stretched crosswise on the sole and when the sandal was worked back and forth the twists in the wire acted as an abrasive to scour the decking.

The crew availed of the good weather to do their washing. They stretched their garments out on the wooden deck, sloshed water about and scrubbed them with brushes and powder, then sloshed more water from deck hosed to rinse before tying them to the rails and rigging to dry.

Fishing rods appeared and mackerel were hauled aboard over the stern in great numbers and we anticipated fresh grilled fish for supper but it was not to be for the mackerel appeared in another totally unexpected dish – boiled mackerel soup – yuck !

We were shown the ship's museum in the afternoon. This comprised mostly cups, plaques and other awards for Tall Ships events and momentos of visits to ports around the world, together with some information on the early history of the *Kruzenshtern*.

We four had expressed an interest in seeing the engine room. However, as there did not appear to be an English speaker that area a trainee who was a Lloyds Surveyor in Germany and had been at sea as a marine engineer, agreed to show us around.

The main propulsion units are two five year old 800 hp Russky four stroke diesels each connected directly to a propeller shaft without a gearbox. They are started by compressed air, have a speed range from 120 rpm to 350 rpm. To go from ahead to reverse an engine must be completely stopped, the camshaft moved and the engine re-

started, an operation that takes just 16 seconds. Moving the camshaft causes the engine to rotate in the opposite direction. There were also four smaller diesel auxiliaries for generating electric power. Our German guide described the engine room standards as 'good for a Russian vessel' !

🚢 **Arrival in Portsmouth**

Aerial
14

Another calm sunny day. We had already picked up our harbour pilot by the time we came on deck. We motored round the eastern side of the Isle of Wight and up the Portsmouth channel, past the batteries and through the narrow harbour outer entrance. As always in the course of the voyage we were a source of great interest to passing shipping with many vessels altering course to get a closer look at us. We were eventually berthed at about 10.00 hrs by two tugs in a prime location beside the naval dockyards and central to all the activities including passing leisure craft and cross channel ferries.

We were not permitted to leave the ship until the immigration officer gave permission. We were then given back our passports and also a certificate from the ship and a Festival of the Sea pass (worth £16). We hung about all morning watching various naval helicopters, a Harrier Jumpjet and a Fairey Swordfish give flying displays right around us. There was a myriad of yachts and traditional wooden craft of all sizes and shapes, some with sails, others with oars, milling around the huge harbour but especially in our corner. Even though there are frequent cross channel ferry movements up through the harbour there were no exclusion zones. At busier times each ferry was preceded by a police launch with a siren and flashing blue lamp and during the twice daily flying displays a small area at a dock entrance was cleared for air/sea rescue demonstrations.

We looked at the traditional craft in our immediate neighborhood and visited some of the trade stands. There were food stalls selling every conceivable type of snacks, fast food and seafood. There were also three large stages with day long continuous performances by various groups including one stage devoted entirely to shanty singers from Britain and the Continent.

After a week of ship fare we decided to break out and treat ourselves to really nice meal in the evening. We marched down to the dock gates but were not impressed with the dock pubs in that area so we hailed a taxi at the nearby rail and ferry station and asked him to take us where we could get a nice steak. He said he knew lovely restaurant, the sort of place he would take his wife for a treat but it was some way out of town. We queried the fare and he said about £6 – a mere trifle to four hungry Irish sailors. He eventually dropped us at a large pub restaurant, took his £6.50 fare and was gone. The restaurant looked fine but it was booked solid. As we were out in the suburbs and time was getting on we settled for fish and chips in the bar and they were a great improvement on boiled mackerel ! The barman called a taxi to take us back and the fare was just over £3 ! And we thought we were all experienced travelers.

⚓ ***Festival of the Sea***

This was another cloudless warm sunny day. Many trainees were leaving to go their separate ways so we said our good-byes. We had booked in for an extra night as we intended spending time at the festival where there was much to be seen and experienced.

Kevin went his own way while Paddy, Harry and I went around to the naval section of the festival and found HMS Invincible, a carrier, had just opened to public viewing and the queue was very short. We walked through the hanger deck where there were many displays of weapons and systems with crew on hand to freely and fully answer most questions about both their weaponry and their personal lives. Many were female and married or engaged to sailors. Harry was expert at eliciting information. We then went out on the flight deck where there was Harrier and a Sea King on view along with various weaponry and missile systems.

On leaving the ship we witnessed a real live rescue when a young man nearby toppled 12 ft. into the water after a safety chain on the dockside gave way. To the hysterical screams of his mother he was fished out in no time by some divers who were giving an onshore demo nearby.

Most of the British navy must have been assembled for the festival for we saw a great number of vessels of various descriptions, including three carriers, quite a few destroyers and the Arctic exploration ship, the Endeavour. The latter, a carrier, a destroyer and several other craft were in

Day 6 -- Saturday

2

dry docks which was particularly interesting. There was also a WW2 U boat whilst along the docksides were numerous static and active exhibits of weaponry, missiles, torpedoes and defense systems.

We lunched on a beef roll washed down with a pint of real ale as we sat in the sun listening to sea shanties. Harry left for London whilst Paddy and I walked around model displays, trade stands and museums till we almost dropped.

We returned to the ship and enjoyed a few beers on deck, watched the crowds milling about and enjoyed a spectacular fireworks display. After a pizza and crepe ashore we retired about 22.30.

Day 7 – Sunday

⚓ *Gosport and Tichmarsh and Home*

I spent the early morning sitting in the glorious sunshine on deck writing up my notes and admiring the spectacle of lots of pleasure craft of all descriptions streaming past viewing the tall ships, traditional boats and naval vessels. There was such a variety of craft going by. Tiny wooden sailing prams, pulling boats, many with crew in uniform or costume, motor boats of all vintages and sailing yachts and sailing workboats of similar wide span of ages. And of course lots of modern plastic yachts and rubber ducks.

We left Kevin at the rail station to catch a train direct to Gatwick whilst Paddy and I took the ferry on the short harbour crossing to Gosport. There his work colleague, Len, picked us up, showed us Lee-on-Solent, Hill Head and Tichmarsh marsh bird sanctuary before taking us to his home for coffee and apple tart and cream followed by a generous whisky. He then delivered us to our pre booked accommodation in the Bugle Hotel in the delightful old English chocolate box village of Tichmarsh. After a rather too hot Thai curried prawn meal Len and his wife Pat and son Alex joined us a drink.

He collected us next morning and drove us to Bournemouth airport to catch our Ryanair flight to Dublin which, however, was severely

delayed due to fog in Paris upsetting the early morning schedule for the incoming aircraft.

All things considered we had a wonderful experience – not to have been missed but perhaps not to be repeated either – at least not on Russian ship.

C:\My Documents\Appendix.doc



NEWS FROM THE Maritime Institute

"Press Release"

On Tuesday 26th January 1999, the third lecture, in the Winter series of lectures, of The Maritime Institute of Ireland takes place at the Stella Maris, Seafarers' Club, Beresford Place, Dublin 1, starting at 8.00 p.m.. The title of the lecture is "Passage to Portsmouth" and the lecturers are Mr. Roger Greene and Mr. Paddy O'Neill.

The Kruzenshtern, when she was alongside the South wall during the Tall Ships 1998, excited great interest and admiration. Roger and Paddy joined her as "trainees" for the short passage to Portsmouth. Their lecture will describe the vessel, her routine, and her passage to the South Coast of England. The Kruzenshtern was originally the "Padua" of the famous "Flying P" line of Laeisz of Hamburg.

Launched in 1926, she knew the Southern Ocean, Cape Horn and the Chilean Trades. This aspect of her career will also be part of the lecture.

Roger Greene is a great sailing enthusiast. He is a member of Malahide Yacht Club and has done extensive cruising in Irish, English and Scottish waters. He is also very involved with Malahide Historical Society. Paddy O'Neill served his deck apprenticeship with Irish Shipping Limited and afterwards sailed as Second Officer with the Ellerman Papyanni Line on the Mediterranean and Near East General Cargo Trade. Again, a long time sailing enthusiast, he is a member of Howth and Malahide Yacht Clubs.

This lecture should be of great interest to anyone who is interested in maritime affairs and in particular in the Great Sailing Ships. Members of The Maritime Institute and the general public are most welcome to this lecture which takes place at The Stella Maris, Seafarers' Club, Beresford Place, Dublin 1, on Tuesday 26th January 1999 - starting at 8.00 p.m..

Further information from:

**Joe Varley
Programme Organiser**

834 3067 (w) after 11.45 a.m.
845 1666 (h)

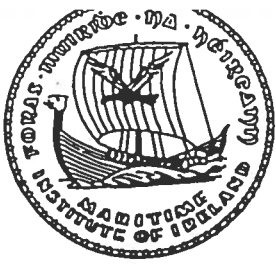
**Stella Maris:
Parking:
Dart:**

Just before Busarus (City side)
Irish Life, Abbey St.
Tara Street
Connolly Station

*Best wishes
Roger.*

**PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF NIGHT -
TUESDAY FOR JANUARY ONLY**

Joe Varley



The Maritime Institute of Ireland **FORAS MARIÓIDE NA h-ÉIREANN**

Éarlámh: Máire Mhic Giolla Íosa, Uachtarán na h-Éireann.
Patron: Mary McAleese, President of Ireland

Haigh Terrace, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, Ireland.
Telephone; (+353 - 1 - 280 0969

Third Winter Lecture

“Passage to Portsmouth”

by

Mr. Roger Greene

Malahide Yacht Club

and

Mr. Paddy O’Neill

Malahide / Howth Yacht Club

Tuesday 26th January 1999

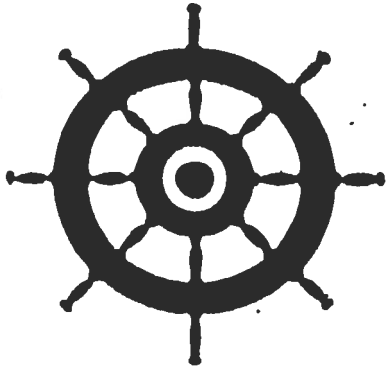
Starting at 8.00 p.m.

at

Stella Maris Seafarers’ Club

Beresford Place, Dublin 1.

**PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF NIGHT -
TUESDAY FOR JANUARY ONLY**



News from the Maritime Institute

✦ DUNDALK BRANCH
042/35644

PRESS RELEASE

On Wednesday 3rd March 1999, the second lecture in the Winter series of lectures of the Maritime Institute of Ireland takes place in the A.V. Theatre, Co. Museum, Jocelyn St., Dundalk, starting at 8p.m.. The title of the lecture is "*Passage to Portsmouth*", and the lecturers are Mr Roger Greene and Mr. Paddy O'Neill.

The Kruzenshtern, when she was alongside the South wall during the Tall Ships 1998, excited great interest and admiration. Roger and Paddy joined her as "trainees" for the short passage to Portsmouth. Their lecture will describe the vessel, her routine, and her passage to the South Coast of England. The Kruzenshtern was originally the "Padua" of the famous "Flying P" line of Laeisz of Hamburg.

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This lecture should be of great interest to anyone who is interested in maritime affairs and in particular in the Great Sailing Ships. Members of The Maritime Institute and the general public are most welcome to this lecture

WEDNESDAY 3RD MARCH 1999

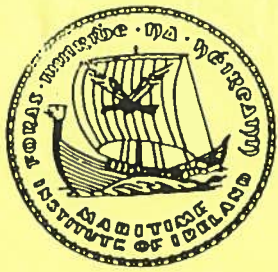
At A.V. Theatre County Museum, Jocelyn Street, Dundalk

Non members welcome

Voluntary subscription at the door

Established in 1941 to promote greater awareness among the people of Ireland, in the Sea, Shipping, Naval Defence, Fisheries, Ports, Off Shore Resources and the preservation of the Maritime Heritage of Ireland.
Registered in The Republic of Ireland No 10232

*Looking forward to having you both
w/ here, Best Regards,
Charley McEvoy*



The Maritime Institute of Ireland

FORAS MUIRÍ NA h-ÉIREANN

Éarlámh: Máire Mhic Giolla Íosa, Uachtarán na h-Éireann.
Patron: Mary McAleese, President of Ireland

Haigh Terrace, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin, Ireland.
Telephone; (+353 - 1 - 280 0969)

Dundalk Branch
042 - 35644

2nd Winter Lecture

"Passage to Portsmouth"

by

Roger Greene
Malahide Yacht Club

and

Mr. Paddy O'Neill
Malahide / Howth Yacht Club

ON THE
TALL SHIP



"KRUZENSHTERN"

WEDNESDAY 3RD MARCH 1999

Venue: A.V. Theatre, County Museum
Starting at 8.00 p.m.

❁ NON-MEMBERS WELCOME ❁

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