



The Torpedo and Anti-Submarine Instructors Association 1955

Number 12 Journal

The Official Journal of the Association founded in 1955
Headquarters — H.M.S. VERNON — Portsmouth

OCTOBER 1958

"QUI DOCET DISIT"

TORPEDO AND ANTI-SUBMARINE INSTRUCTORS ASSOCIATION, (1955)



First Patron of the Association

Rear-Admiral N. A. Copeman, D.S.C.

Patrons of the Association

Captain E. A. Blundell, O.B.E., Royal Navy
The Captain of H.M.S. "Vernon"

Captain R. W. Mayo, Royal Navy
The Captain of H.M.S. "Osprey"



COMMITTEE

Chairman	C.P.O. A. Fraser
Vice-Chairman	C.P.O. M. Thomson
Secretary	P.O. J. Seamons
Treasurer	C.P.O. T. Wilson
Committee	C.P.O. J. H. Riley
Committee	P.O. L. Wood



"Tot Time on Arrival"

T.A.S.I's Association

Liaison Officers

Lt.-Cdr Coxwell, H.M.S. Vernon

Lt.-Cdr. Sutherland, H.M.S. Osprey

OSPREY COMMITTEE

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C.P.O. Gray

Committee

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Ganges Representative

P.O. Carter

Defiance Representative

P.O. Squires

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"The Party at Lunch"

Chairman's Letter

Dear Members,

Association affairs have been proceeding satisfactorily during the last three months and all current expenses have been met whilst advancing the financial state of the Association. The Committee has now lost Petty Officer Robinson who is time-expired and his enthusiasm and outspoken commonsense will be missed by us all. Our thanks go with our good wishes to him in Civvy Street.

Both Vernon and Osprey T.A.S.I's have enjoyed good and well organised outings which, I am sure, did much to relieve the monotony of prolonged instructing. Vernon instructors are particularly indebted to member Norman Little for the success of their outing and his hospitality was appreciated by all who went along.

The financial state of the Association continues to get stronger as can be seen from the Financial Statement in this Journal, despite the fact that the outings were subsidised from the funds, a social evening was held to entertain the Grafton Arms regulars from London, and the Journal continues to be produced and distributed. There is no reason why this state of affairs should not continue providing the Fund raising schemes receive your support and co-operation.

The next social event will be the Second Annual Dinner and Ball to be held at Royal Sailors Home Club, Portsmouth on Friday, 28th November. It is hoped that you will all take this opportunity to give your long-suffering wives a pleasant and convivial evening in the best of surroundings and company. Also open your wallets and treat the good lady to a new dress for the occasion. As usual, the function will be generously subsidised from the Association funds and arrangements will again be made to ensure that outlying members suffer no financial loss in attending the function.

We shall also be dining our Patrons and their ladies, guests of honour and senior officers of the branch, so it should be a glittering occasion and the highlight of the Association year. It is the Committee's hope that we shall receive an even better response than last year's magnificent effort.

In closing may I wish you all a happy commission wherever you may be and I hope that all our ex-service members are finding the outside jungle to their satisfaction.

A. D. Fraser,
Chairman.

Vice Chairman's Letter

Dear Members,

This is the first report since the Annual Outing was held so a word or two about it now will not be amiss. It was a disappointment that the visit to the House of Commons had to be cancelled through no fault of our own. It transpired that they could only take a small party of 8 through on that particular day.

However we did manage to fit in a 'Brewery run' in lieu at short notice and Charrington's looked after us very well indeed. Anyway the only 'drip' I've heard of the outing so far is that the Brewery run came too soon after Lunch and most of the hardened 'Tipplers' couldn't do that lovely bitter proper justice! The evening at the Grafton Arms went down well I think and our members were soon 'mixing it' with the locals to such an extent that 'Tug' Wilson and I were standing around guarding the beer most of the evening with no customers. About 2330 we had to go round the members begging them to take it off our hands!

The Annual Outing hardly over your Committee was hard at it again to organise the Annual Dinner and Ball for the 28th November. More of that however elsewhere in the Journal, I'll content myself by asking for your support with a big response for tickets and the sooner we can have your name (and money) the sooner we can get everything buttoned up.

M. Thomson,
Vice Chairman.

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Secretarial Report

It was once said by some person, or persons, who have since long departed, "That time and tide wait for no man". In those days now long since past, that no doubt was more than a generous statement. But in this year of grace I for one do more than agree, yea, I even stand upon the proverbial "soapbox" and yell it to the heavens that it is verily very true.

No matter how much one tries to keep the wheels rolling, and an even flow of typing, etc., there always seems to be something that needs to be done. But please do not think that I am in any way bemoaning the amount of correspondence, articles, phone calls, business letters, ticket sellers, casual visitors, claimants for prize money or the host of other items that help to make up my working day. Very far from it. The motto of head office is "The more the merrier", and then let some more come. I am only complaining that there are only twenty four hours in every day. If there were twenty five no doubt they would be put to good use, if not by everyone, at least by the Association.

There seems so much to be able to report on since last we went to press that for the first time since I have been your Secretary I am at loss as to where to start. Again so much is now more than stale for the majority of you that I do not wish to waste your time in reading what to you will be of no more consequence. So, in the main this report will be a quick resume, more for the benefit of members who are unfortunately away from the hub of all activities.

As soon as we returned from our Easter sojourn came the final arrangements for the Annual outing. A full report of which will be found elsewhere in this issue. We were very lucky in that just about the time we were wondering how to please everyone; C.P.O. Little, (Mr. Norman for 251 days in the year) arrived to complete his two weeks holiday in Vernon. It was soon apparent that this was a heaven sent opportunity, for in just twenty minutes full details had been worked out for the full day. As you can well imagine, there were sighs of relief all round from the Committee's point of view.

Almost at once came the start of the arrangements for the second Annual Dinner and Ball, which I am glad to say were decided and finalised at an Emergency General Meeting held on a Saturday morning. That in itself made history; as it was the first Emergency Meeting in the life of the Association. Who said that we are a dying duck. During this time your humble servant was spending a few days revitalising the ancient art of "Parade Bashing". But apart from some rather sore bunions, all seemed to flow along firmly, but positively.

During all this time there was the ever present task of trying to obtain a sellout of the "Useless Eustace" tickets week by week. At first all went well, but as week succeeded week it became very noticeable that they were not as popular as the same type during the Summer months last year. However there was a profit to show every week, so we must not grumble. It has been suggested that next year we continue with the football, only with Australian teams. That will no doubt be considered in due course when the time comes. But we would like many more sellers in out stations to take just a few every week. It has to be seen to be believed just how much this boosts the sales. Ten members taking 30 tickets every week would give us a sellout every week on the present football scheme. So if there are any of you who would like to try your hand, and also reap some commission into the bargain, just get in touch with the office, and I will fix you up.

Summer leave came round with as far as the Association was concerned, "everything in the garden lovely!!!!". The bank balance was more than healthy, even after all had been paid out for the various activities during the last quarter. One thing your Treasurer does not like is outstanding unpaid bills. Without patting him too much on the back, I do not think that there is one single firm or company in these islands who can say that the Association are "Bad Payers". That in itself is a tribute to one and all.

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There is still plenty of room for more Honorary members. Those of you who have not yet badgered your individual officers, will you make it a priority task to get them to "Sign on the dotted line" without delay.

Just before I close this issue, may I ask you all, if you are thinking of attending the Dinner and Ball to please get your application in without delay. If you will do that, it will make the task of arranging the seating plan very much easier. We hope to have an even greater attendance this year than last, and can assure you of a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Finally the ticket sellers to whom the Association owes such a lot. During the last quarter the following is a list of the sellers and the number of tickets that they have sold. To you all may I issue a big "Thank You" for making my task so much easier.

P.O. Seamons, Vernon	1135	P.O. Wood, Vernon	900
P.O. Houghton, Dolphin	394	P.O. Cooke, Lee-on-Solent	197
C.P.O. Fraser, Vernon	457	C.P.O. Caygill, Vernon II	207
P.O. Neal,	305	P.O. Murkin, Vernon	75
P.O. Watters St., Vincent	1	C.P.O. Wilson, Vernon	276
C.P.O. Thomson, Vernon	153	P.O. MacLeod, Vernon	208
P.O. Douglas, Defiance	195	P.O. Clemson, Vernon	184
P.O. Robinson, Vernon	230		

J. A. Seamons,
Secretary.

Osprey Report

So the Osprey that is known the world over is to finish. Regrets will be felt all over the world. We have in Osprey one young lad who claims that he has been associated with Osprey for 45 years. That is as a detector and then as a civilian. There are those in the area who were in the first batch of asdic men. It is hard for them to think that in a few years time we will have T.A.S.I's who have never been to Osprey. We are all very sorry to have to see Osprey fade away. What are we going to do with the S.D. fund. At Osprey we would like some thing for the childrens home or the O.A.P's that would be a memorial of Osprey. That has not yet been decided. This month we lose our Captain, Captain Mayo. Most of us remember the Captain as S.I.O. on Nemesis.



H. & G. SIMONDS Ltd.
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Captain Pound is to relieve Captain Mayo.

We are to see Captain White again as he is to take over H.M.U. D.E. It is nice to see our old asdic officers as Captains.

There is one big item in the last term news. The Morse Cup was won by a junior rates team. They cleared the butts in an all time record. Time 37.5 seconds. 4 O.D's and 2 A.B's. Good for them.

A report from our special correspondent who was sent to watch over all. The outing July 17th, 1958.

We left Osprey at 0730 collecting the Walker Crescent-ites on the way. Took refreshments at the Rock Hotel (two crates) and by 0800 we were well on the way to Bristol. The sun was shining and the birds were singing everyone was gay and the refreshments came in very handy. 1030 saw us in Bristol and waiting to be shown round the No. 4 factory of W. D. & H. O. Wills. The party was split up into two sections each with a young lady guide, and from then on everyone was closed up for instruction on how a tickler factory works. It was truly amazing. After an hour of seeing millions of Wills Woodbines, Whiffs and other cigars we were given a little souvenir of the visit. Strangely enough the waiting room we were in was the only place where smoking was allowed. Everyone whipped out cigarettes and a muster showed Senior Service, Players, in fact everything but Woodbines.

Afterwards it was lunch and a couple of wets. Then most of the gang went round Bristol Zoo. General opinion was that the average orang-utang could become a first class operator if he had the right class instructor. The party split up for tea, supper and wash and brush up. Met at 1930 in the Mauretania. Night life in Bristol on a Thursday was negative amount. So we all trooped off to another pub 'Prince's' where the evening was completed till closing time in a session of drinking and tall stories. At time we climbed in the bus and to everyones surprise found a good section of the refreshments still there untouched.

The journey back was a 'good old Sod's opera' and we arrived at Portland at 0030.

Spencer,
Osprey.

Financial Statement

INCOME

	£	s.	d.
Cash in Bank 1st September	149	16	5
Cash in Hand	17	10	8
Sales, Fund raising, subscriptions etc.	183	0	3
Total	£350	7	4

EXPENDITURE

	£	s.	d.
Advertising, Printing, Postage	29	6	0
Bonds, etc.	138	2	0
Cash in Bank	145	15	4
Cash in Hand	10	0	0
Social Evening	27	4	0
Total	£350	7	4

ASSETS

	£	s.	d.
Sick Fund	3	0	0
Outstanding Adverts.	30	0	0
Outstanding Dinner	1	12	6
Estimate Sept. Fund Raising	15	0	0
Total	£49	12	6

Signed:—

Chief Petty Officer T. Wilson,
Hon. Treasurer.

Queer Story

The lush greenery and flower beds of Victoria Park had never looked lovelier than on a certain Wednesday evening. The exertions of Navy Days led me to sit on the seat at the west end near R.N.B.

It was twilight and warm, still evening.

Suddenly, I became aware of someone approaching me from the direction of the pagoda styled Chinese Monument. It proved to be a Sailor, but a most odd looking type with heavy boots, gaiters, blue trousers, yellow-looking flannel, and crossed bandoliers. A straw hat completed the ensemble. Its cap ribbon announced the wearer as belonging to H.M.S. ORLANDO. But the oddest thing of all, was the very effective cutlass he held casually in his right hand.

"Have you a light chum?" he asked.

As he sucked and puffed at his pipe, I said curiously, "What's the idea of that outfit?" indicating his uniform. "This?" pointing to his suit. "Yes."

"Ah" he said. "It's a long story. You see, I'm not from your world at all!"

To emphasise the word 'Your' his cutlass point jabbed uncomfortably near my throat.

I looked hastily round the park, not a soul near, and here I was, stuck with a stray dressed-up, topped-up left over, from Navy Days.

I felt suddenly very chilled. That outfit he wore didn't belong to any sideshow I knew of from the Dockyard.

He grinned as if discerning my thoughts. "It's true you know. You see that bell over there?" He pointed at the Chinese Monument, and I could just see the odd shaped bell under the pagoda roof. "All that Chinese engraving on the bell says:

"Come pleasant weather and gentle rain
The Empire is at peace again."

Then he went on "Once a sailor always a sailor, and though we are what you call 'dead', we are in fact, much more alive than you are in your world, and are interested in what goes on in it!

Ever since our Tientsin 'do' in 1900, one of us always comes to check on how things are going with the Navy when there's trouble loafing in the offing. Whenever there is danger, that bell rings, so here I am!"

In spite of myself I was interested. "What kind of trouble?" I asked. Slowly he answered "Yangste, Korea, Abadan, Suez, Cyprus Lebanon....." He was barely discernible in the dusk now and his voice seemed to be getting fainter.

"Listen chum", he said. "I'm off now, but remember this, Britain's finest insurance policy has always been a strong Navy, so don't let 'em cut it down! We will be passing your boffins the latest ideas in nuclear submarines soon, which will shake the world! Before I go here's a little gift from the 'boys-up-top'. He gave me a small package wrapped in silk. I carefully unwrapped it.

Inside, nestling in lotus-blossom petals was a little Buddha-like figure.

"Thankyou" I said, but he had vanished. I was utterly alone.

There is something very odd about all this. I still have the little Buddha, faintly smelling of lotus-blossom, but there is **no** bell, nor has there been for years and years they tell me. How is it then, I can describe accurately a bell I've never seen?

If you pass that way perhaps you can still detect the smell of lotus-blossom, or find the Tolling Bell and for whom?!!

Carl Hayman.

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Bon Voyage

BEFORE we go to print once again the following members will have left us for the places mentioned. We wish them the very happiest commissions possible and hope to see them back again in the fold sooner than they think.

C.P.O. F. Pink, Solebay. 10/11/58.
P.O. E. Martin, Ulster. 18/8/58.
P.O. E. Waterfield, Crane. 2/9/58.
P.O. R. Duplock, Mounts Bay. 7/11/58.
P.O. A. W. Allen, Undine. 7/10/58.
P.O. R. Curtis, Undaunted. 7/10/58.
P.O. S. Cooper, Ulysses. 7/10/58.
P.O. W. Gladwish, Hogue. 11/11/58.
P.O. R. Williams, Phonecia. 3/11/58.
P.O. L. Rishman, Terror. 1/12/58.
P.O. J. Valentine, Solebay. 10/11/58.
P.O. W. Dibbens, Roebuck, 8/9/58.
P.O. L. Formoy, Lest. 8/9/58.
P.O. S. Cauderry, Zest (Additional) 15/4/58.

NEW MEMBERS

The following have joined the Association since last we went to press, we welcome them to the ranks of the finest Association in the Royal Navy, and hope that they may have a long and happy membership.

244. P.O. N. Douglas, Defiance.
245. P.O. T. Stewart, Malcom.

We say a sad farewell to the following who are shortly leaving us to try their luck in the 'Great Unknown'. We sincerely hope that they reach the target that they would wish, and hope to see them from time to time at the social events.

P.O. T. Robinson, Vernon. P.O. R. Gardner, Vernon

Annual Outing

THE number of times that arrangements are made, confirmed and agreed to, only to find that they are not quite so definite finally is beyond belief. But in all cases, a little patience and a liberal amount of hope will always win through in the end.

So it was in the case of the Annual Outing for this year. At one time it seemed to be all under control away back as far as the beginning of March, only to find all previous arrangements had to be abandoned completely. Hence the ancient adage 'The best laid schemes of mice and men' etc., was to us this year, more than true.

But at last the morning arrived, and all one could see in the messes concerned was the unusual spectacle of No. 1 suits on a Wednesday morning. This, as one can imagine caused no small comment. But it was widely known that "The T.A.S.I.'s Annual Beanfeast", was at last about to become more than notices placed on notice boards. 'We were away.'

Promptly at 0800 the coach was reported speeding towards the south end of Warrior block, in doing so breaking all speed regulations in force in 'Vernon' at that time. But as will be seen later on, this was only a sample of things to come.

But wait! A set back, NO BEER. If anyone happened to be passing at that particular moment who did not know what was going on he or she would have thought that we were going to a funeral instead of an outing. However a quick phone call to Messrs. Simonds Brewery soon put the matter right, and at last we were on the road borne towards the said Brewery to 'Stock Up.'

After picking up 'Ted Tripp' at Waterlooville the engine was put to full ahead and thoughts were left to wander Londonwards in anticipation of what was to come. This was helped by the coach radio with 'Requests and Housewives Choice', so with a sense of wellbeing in the air we coasted on our way towards Farnham, were it was decided to slake our parched throats with the liquid in the 'Boot.'

As we approached the space where the coach was to park, there happened to be a coffee stall. On seeing a coachload of Naval personnel arriving, it was seen from the windows of the coach that there was frantic activity to get all the coffee urns and teapots filled up. But anticipation on the part of the owner of that establishment was truly false. Not one cup of liquid did he pass over the counter, and on leaving was heard to remark, 'You never know what the Navy is going to do'. Solace to his efforts was probably found in the fact that he did sell TWO bags of buns and sandwiches.

Be that as it may, finally all once again managed to embark as the limited supply had by this time disappeared, only the crates of empty

bottles remaining to prove that it takes no time at all for a thirsty 'Matelot' to remove all traces of anything that flows. And so on to the Bagshot area, where once again we met old faces with the appearance of the landlord of the 'Hero of Inkerman'. 'Pincher Martin' did not wait for all the members to get through the door before he was on the piano; and as one can well imagine, it took no time at all before all were taking up the strains of all the popular tunes that will always be played wherever there is a singsong. The three quarters of an hour that were spent there seemed to fly past, and so as do all good things, it had to come to an end. So feeling on top of the world, we once again departed towards London, and to the aim that all concerned had been waiting.

Before arrival at our destination however it was found that the fumes, dust and grime of the outer London streets were too much for us all. So nothing daunted, a further stop was made for various reasons at the Hammersmith by-pass. This was only of five minutes duration however, and as far as one could see, nothing of interest happened.

Finally after many twists and turns, due to the never ending stream of traffic, we arrived at the grand establishment that was to give us all so much in such a short time, 'The Grafton Arms', where we were welcomed with a tray of small glasses. One could almost hear the call 'Up Spirits', as that was the order of the day. Tot up, tot down, nobody was more surprised than your humble servant, 'Norman' had decided to start things off properly and assuredly it did so. Time unfortunately was not on our side, and so after a hurried 'Noggin' we climbed the stairs to lunch. Even had we decided to go to the 'Ritz' things could not have been managed better, or laid out nicer. A really wonderful meal was taken after the photographer of the 'News Chronicle' had once again taken the gathering which had also been taken once before in the Saloon on arrival.

Congratulations must be given to Mrs. & Mr. Little on doing a grand job, and I am sure that the letter of thanks that was sent to them was reciprocated by all concerned.

Once again back to the coach, but not before we were once again photographed by the aforesaid photographer. He seemed to have an inexhaustable supply of plates and flash bulbs. This time however it was to be taken outside the main entrance, this was done a little early for one of the members who still was trying to ease the pressure of his lunch. However he managed to get to the coach in time to depart for the 'Anchor' Brewery in Mile End Road. During this ride we were joined by one of the local residents, who acted as a guide through London. This character turned out to be an ex Royal Marine, pensioned just after the war. His comments regarding the many things we saw needed hearing to be believed. But finally, when a very large building with a very high chimney hove into view we knew that he had navigated

us on the correct course. This however turned out to be incorrect, as we were at Manns Brewery; and not Charringtons as we were supposed to be. Nothing daunted we asked one of the rival firm to re-direct us on the right path, and only a few hundred yards found us on the right place. Met by a very imposing figure dressed in Lincoln Green, we were taken to all the places that were of interest, but before completion found ourselves in the 'sampling department'. All types were duly sampled, much to the delight of all. It was noted that there were no complaints regarding 'Bad Beer'.

Next came the bottling department, where once again it was proved that 'Jack' can turn his hand to anything. George Every found that he could do the job nearly as good as the employees, but not quite as quickly. As there was a possibility of a 'Jam' occurring he was taken off the job before he decided to join the 'Bottle Lifters Union' and complete havoc that one could see gathering on the conveyor belt.

Round and round we went, items of interest confronting us at every turning. I for one found the bottling and labelling machines fascinating, and could have watched them at work for a good deal longer than we could manage. It really was wonderful to see the bottles go in at one end dirty, only to come out the other end full and ready for sending out once again. For all we know we may even have drunk one of those bottles during the course of the evening. It was possible anyway.

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At last the tour was completed; and we found ourselves in a very neat and pleasant dining hall. Tea had been laid on, and at this time it was more than welcome. A cup of tea will always work wonders, at least our worthy wives tell us so; and it must be placed on record that the teapots were worked to capacity for the next half hour or so. It might be mentioned that this was the first cup of tea we had had since leaving in the morning, never have a company tasted better.

After this break, we once again departed, being guided by our Marine navigator. This time however his bearings were spot on and after dropping five of the party, who were in need of a little leg stretching, we found ourselves back in Kentish Town, and naturally 'The Grafton'.

It was time to put the breakers on for a while. All were in need of a spot of soap and water, and so with the co-operation of Mrs. Little we found the whereabouts of the bathroom, where dirt was given the chance of being washed down the drain. Just in passing, your humble narrator had decided in the morning that the addition of his electric razor might be an asset in the hours to come. Never have so many bristles been cut by the aforesaid razor in such a short time. Not only was it an asset but more of a necessity, and by the time the owner came to use it it was beginning to run 'Hot'. But nevertheless not once did it complain, and finally all were once again more or less in a clean and beardless state.

Sharp at eight o'clock, as per arranged, the first of our guests of the evening arrived. Not knowing anything about it, the first idea I had at all was to be told that I was in trouble. Imagine the surprise on being told that. The brain started to work at an alarming rate trying to fathom out how, why and when I had overstepped the line at any time during the day. But this was all needless, as on being taken outside I had the pleasure of meeting the manageress, and two of the lady guests who were to join us. This turned out to be an omen, as it will be narrated later on. But at the time we were just getting the swing of the evening going. Later on we were joined by some more of the local girls, and at last the coach arrived back from Furse House with two W.R.N.S. Unfortunately the only two who could possibly manage to spare the time to come and join us. But not to be outdone, the habitants of the Grafton joined in with a will, and ere long it was Rock and Roll mixed with as near Ball Room dancing as space and numbers would permit.

Fashion was at its best, but after numerous dances, yours truly found the London evening was a trifle too warm, so, without further to do changed the fashion by removing his jacket. This seemed to be the signal, as there were many more white shirts in evidence in a very short time, and not unexpectedly, many less perspiring brows. Partners were plentiful, and I found for the first time that my partner in

particular did not object too forcibly to having her toes trodden upon. This turned out to be a blessing in disguise. But more about that later.

The evening was really under way. Never has there been so many bottles opened by so few in such a short time. Even the staff found that there was not time to have the usual 'Refresher'. And so at eleven o'clock, the locals, much to their chargin had to leave. But not the company, we had another hour of revellery ahead, not to mention drinking. And so in a few moments we had the Saloon and lounge to ourselves.

If one remembers, last year we had to watch one or two of our company when it came to leave. Naturally as the clock ticked on regardless, it came time for the company to leave for the end of the 1958 outing. In a moment of hurry and scurry, it was noted that the clock was seven minutes fast. Sighs of relief were heard from all sides, none the least from a young lady who was christened Dorothy. Yes readers she was my partner, and after what was written last year I was told that I would never put into print what might perhaps blacken my fair character for this year. It was platonic, yea very much so. Although as the coach was filling our Vice Chairman decided that it was time I also was leaving; he could not find me. That was only to be expected, as he did not look where we were. But discretion prevailing at last we were all safely back, only to be joined by a few who had missed the last bus, and luckily lived along the route that we were taking. As the last good nights were being said, the wheels started to turn once more, and we were on our way back. To the lilting songs of the back seaters we sped on our way home. Before very many miles were covered most of our company were in the land of nod. Many things had happened in such a short time. But one thing that will remain is the memory of the visit to 'Norman' in 1958.

As the miles passed and our home depot gradually drew nearer there were signs of life in all directions. The first to be dropped at his home was 'Dave Oliver' at Havant. After which the run to Hayling Island was completed and 'Ted Tripp' duly completed his day. And so on to Portsmouth once more. Tired but with a feeling of well being. Having had a very interesting and varied day, which without the co-operation of our friend the coach driver, would not have been quite the same.

So with the memory behind us, may we hope that there will be an even better run next year, with all the participants of this years outing still able to take part.

J. A. Seamons,
Honorary Secretary.

Correspondence

From:— Lieutenant Townend, R.N.Z.N., Green Down, Plaisters' Lane,
Sutton Poyntz, Weymouth.

Dear Sir,

If I had hesitated to join the T.A.S.I's Association as an Honorary Member, the investment of £200 in N.Z. 6% would have at once settled my intention.

I enclose a cheque for 1958.

Yours faithfully,

L. W. P. Townend.

From:— Lieutenant-Commander Craven, H.M.S. Torquay at Malta.

Dear Fraser,

Thank you for the copies of T.A.S.I's Association Magazine. It is a jolly good effort.

I am grateful also for the opportunity to become an Honorary Member of the Association and I enclose a cheque for the 1958 subscription.

Petty Officer Mitchell, the Squadron T.A.S.I. for this, the Fifth Frigate Squadron, will probably be writing you a 'newsletter' shortly.

Yours sincerely,

Rupert Craven.

From:— R. W. Dant, H.M.S. Blackwood, c/o G.P.O. Helensburgh.

Dear Tug,

Another of those thorns has turned up complete with belated 10/- note. I have just received the June edition of our very fine Journal complete with a copy of our rules for which I say thank you very much.

At the time of writing I regret to say I am away from the ship, languishing in Cowglen Hospital with a rather battered set of ribs. (I fell over the side). But I can safely say that things on board have been favourable to our cause. Vernon will shortly be receiving some

very useful U.C. 2's to be (I can't send the 2's they wont get themselves passed for the hook!)

I occasionally see Buck Taylor, Ginger Malthouse and Tony Hancock when our path crosses the 'Adamant' and apart from the usual regard for Scotland they are alright. In fact I see in the Journal that Harry Parry is a candidate for our fold. I haven't seen him yet.

I look forward to seeing our new home, it certainly looks a smasher.

Please find enclosed my sub for 1958-9. Cheerio and all the best.

R. W. Dant.

From:— P.O. D. Carter, T.A.S.I., P.O's Mess H.M.S. Ganges, Suffolk.

Dear Secretary,

At last I have managed to find both time and paper and so just a few items of interest etc., from 'Ganges'.

Most important as far as you are concerned I intend collecting all the overdue Association fees and send them in bulk next payday with apologies for being adrift due to a hectic spell of special parades which entailed lots of overtime for all concerned.

Items of interest:—

C.P.O. Eastlick (Ginger) No. 74 left us early in the year for the great outside.

We have had several changes recently:—

P.O. Valentine to Vernon, P.O. Cheeseman to Albion, P.O. Hovenden has joined and is busy swatting up C.O.B's before taking a class.

P.O. Roche took the final plunge although not without a struggle and got spliced during Easter leave.

Sad thought for all the old S.D.I's and T.A.S.I's M.A.S.T.U. 45 has finally been pensioned off after long and faithful service, and in its place a Nozzer M.A.S.T.U. 61 164/174 which has caused a lot of interest and fantastic guesses as to what is inside, by the boys. P.S. it isn't the T.A.S. Rest Room.

It is difficult to teach the lads all that we would like, due to the shortage of equipment and long periods between T.A.S. which is filled in with all the usual stuff i.e. School Seamanship, Signals and this Term, Royal Guards. 1st Sea Lord, Q.B.R., Sports Day, Parents Day and other trivial things to interrupt the steady flow and organisation.

We are looking forward to seeing Ray Munday joining the gang particularly myself.

By the way I have talked Lt.-Cdr. Blease into joining the Association (Hon.) and you should get his subscription in the near future. Unfortunately we will soon be losing his services as the grapevine says that he will shortly be going to Canada for a spell and all in Ganges will really miss his wonderful encouragement and cheerfulness.

I'm afraid that I have rambled on a little. But you may be able to pick the interesting pieces out for publication if you so desire.

Hope to hear from you in the future.

Nick.

From:— P.O. E. G. Maltman, T.A.S.I., 56 Mess H.M.S. Adamant.

Dear Mr. Secretary,

Please accept my sincere apologies for being so tardy with my subscription. However the enclosed Postal Order should cover same.

It is grand to see the Association flourish and long may it do so. The Journal I enjoy very much, as it keeps me in touch with old friends and new developments.

My wife and I will be taking a week of my leave in Portsmouth, second week of August when I hope to visit the mess and renew old acquaintances.

Yours sincerely,
E. G. Maltman.

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Members I.N.T.A.

From:— P.O. G. Murray, T.A.S.I., H.M.S. Sea Eagle, Londonderry.

I cannot recall this part of the world being brought to the light of the Association.

We are usually kept extremely busy in quite a few fields in this area. Sea Eagle we have the School, known to all who pass through it as J.A.S.T. The courses that pass through mainly consist of Air Crew of the Coastal Command and any visiting Ships. We do occasionally get a course of a member N.A.T.O. Nation. Our main endeavour is to reach the Air/Sea co-operation in Anti-Submarine Warfare. Tucked away in a corner of J.A.S.T. we have a 144 A.T.H. In the Dockyard there is another A.T.H. in the course of construction, which will finally house a 164B/174 set up.

The latest addition to our collection is the S.D.B. Squadron which used to operate from Portland. They have called upon our assistance on a few occasions. This assistance was rendered willingly. A most enjoyable day spent at sea on the Shalford doing a couple of Casex's. On completion of these we went fishing with the aid of the Squid. The result was of great assistance to the Coxswain in his Cash Victualling.

A couple of weeks back, trials were carried out onboard the Camberford off Loch Foyle. A certain degree of success was attained. During the trials I found the new 1lb. Seare Charge recommendable for their simplicity in handling and making up. After Summer leave these trials are to be done again — another sleepless night.

Since I have been here I have met C.P.O. Abernethy and 'Jan' Grovesner. The last Branch Rank Course spent a couple of weeks in the School.

Any visiting T.A.S.I. will find me in the P.O.'s Mess in Sea Eagle where a well stocked bar will quench the thirst admirably, especially on a Sunday.

P.O. G. Murray, T.A.S.I.

From:— C.E.A. L. J. Parsons, T.A.S., No. 111 New Married Quarters, S.A.N. Saldanna, Saldanna Bay, Cape Province, S.A.

Dear Sir,

Please find enclosed postal order for 10/- to cover the overdue subscription. Would you please accept my husbands apologies but draft chits being the order of the day things have got a little mixed up.

Just for the record this place is about 111 odd miles from Capetown and is similar to any of the boys training establishments in England, only we have the benefit or otherwise of its temptation, being a real out-post in the country. I trust at a later date that hubby will be able to give you all the news.

Regards to all T.A.S.I.s.

Yours truly,

Jean Parsons.

From:— C.P.O. G. C. Smart, H.M.S. Cavendish, c/o G.P.O. London.

My Dear Sec,

Many thanks for the June Journal.

I enclose £1 for the sub I owe and one for the future.

My kind regards to you, Fras and Jock Thomson. Am pleased to see that the Association is thriving.

The best of luck to all and sundry wherever they may be.

Yours sincerely,

G. C. Smart.

From:— Director of Appointments, (Seaman Branch), Queen Anne's Mansions, London S.W. 1.

Dear Mr. Chairman,

I was very pleased to receive the June issue of the Journal when I got into the office today.

Since I left OSPREY I think I have seen every Journal, but I was under the impression that it was Lieutenant J. D. Gorrill's copy that I generally pinched in H.M.S. DARING. I am pleased to think I am perhaps allowed one in my own right.

I don't believe that I am strictly entitled even to honorary membership. Nevertheless, I got to know a lot of your members whilst I was in OSPREY, and am delighted to be able to keep in touch through the Journal. I would add my very sincere congratulations for the obvious success that the Association is having. When I first knew it it was a comparatively delicate plant, but is obviously now going from strength to strength. My very best wishes for its continued success.

Yours sincerely,

G. Jan. D. Balfour.

From:— The Recruiting Officer R.N., Wesley Hall, Clasketgate, Lincoln.

Dear Secretary,

I have been approached by the Personnel Manager of a well known engineering firm with a wide world interest, with a view to offering employment to ex naval personnel with technical experience of engineering and electronics.

Can you please supply me with addresses of any Association or organisation connected with your branch in order that I may forward

them to him.

A franked addressed label is enclosed for the favour of an early reply.

Yours faithfully,

S. M. Cole, C.P.O.,
for Recruiting Officer R.N.

From:— Combined Recruiting Centre, (Naval Section), Wesley Hall,
Clasketgate, Lincoln.

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for your letter of 1st August, 1958.

The information you have given me has been passed to the Personnel Manager concerned, and he will no doubt contact you at a later date.

Hoping that this service will be of some use to your members.

Yours faithfully,

S. M. Cole, C.P.O.,
for Recruiting Officer R.N.

From:— P.O. F. Riley, P.O.'s Mess H.M.S. Bigbury Bay, c/o G.P.O.
London.

Dear Alan,

My apologies for taking so long to write to you. I'll use the same excuse as John Hobart did. I've forgotten what it was now, but I know it was a good one.

Well, Alan, to recap on the ship's past activities, I must go back to last November, if you will forgive me, when we commissioned for the South America/South Atlantic station at er, where was it, some remote spot in the South-West, oh, yes, Devonport.

After the Portland work up and a week's leave, passage out took six weeks, calling at Bathurst, Freetown, Takoradi, Christmas at Lagos, Port Harcourt and Victoria (Nigeria), Pointe Noire, Loanda and finally Simonstown.

'Burghead Bay' and 'Lynx' were on the station when we arrived. Both are home now. 'Puma' has joined. 'Lynx' again, and 'Leopard' are due out here at the end of the year, I think.

We did two East coast cruises, Durban, Port Elizabeth, East London, (luverly) and started on a West coast cruise when we were recalled and sent up to Durban, to stand by, if required, to go to Aden, during the trouble there in April. We were not required, however, and enjoyed

an unexpected holiday in Durban, much to the dismay of our bank books.

We were on our way again, to Madagascar and Lourenco-Marques, when we were diverted to Mombasa, as American marines landed in the Lebanon and our troops moved into Jordan, in the present Middle East crisis.

Leaving Mombasa with 'Puma' 'Bulwark' and 'Ulysses', we did, this time, proceed to Aden, having been withdrawn from this year's 'Capex', leaving the South African Navy to carry it out on their own, with our submarine, 'Alaric'.

So now, instead of enjoying the warm winter of Simonstown, we are sweltering in up to 120° in the Red Sea, patrolling the entrance to the Gulf of Akaba, ensuring the safe passage of supplies to our troops in Jordan.

On the T.A.S. side, the annual Casex is normally the only chance the ships on this station get of carrying out A/S exercises with a 'live' sub. At Simonstown, there is a T.A.S. school in the dockyard, both the former and the latter now, of course, belong to our South African friends. The school is well looked after by three ex R.N. T.A.S.Is, 'Jock' Moffatt, 'Taff' Davies, and 'Tubby' Parsons, all now S.A.N. The civilian electrician is 'Jock' Gothard, ex R.N. Also well to the fore is 'Doug' Faulkner, C.P.O., T.A.S.I., S.A.N., who was in 'Vernon' last year, if you remember. (You should). At Durban there is also an A.T.H. on Salisbury Island.

We were due home, via Brazil, on November 25th, but in view of the present Middle East crisis, that now remains to be seen. When we do get home, the ship is paying off into Reserve.

At the moment, we are supporting 'Bulwark' and 'Ulysses', who are taking troops to Akaba.

Guess that's all for now, Alan. I hope the Association is still doing its good work. See you next year.

All the best,

P.O. Tim Riley.

From:— C.P.O. J. M. Roche, H.M.S. Ranpura, c/o G.P.O. London.

Dear Mr. Secretary,

Very many thanks for all the communications I have had from you since coming out here 15 months ago, including No. 11 Journal which I received about a month ago.

Sorry for not writing you sooner but I wanted to do my bit towards 100% Honorary Membership, and as we had a new Commander joining the ship and having heard he was a T.A.S. Officer I decided to wait until he arrived.

He is now on board and has been duly recruited to the ever growing ranks of the T.A.S.I's Association, so enclosed find 12/- subscription fees for Commander D. Scott, D.S.C., and Lieutenant N. Stone (S.D.) (T.A.S.).

I am nearing the end of my commission out here and my relief, who incidentally is a C.P.O., B.T. 2, has been detailed and is on board 'Ausonia' who is expected to relieve 'Ranpura' in October/November. So there goes another accompanied draft for a T.A.S.I.

I have been employed in the Commander's Office during my time out here so if it was not for my supply of Journals I would have forgotten all about T.A.S.

We have just returned to Malta after a 5 week sojourn in Cyprus so all the natives are smiling again.

Have met most of the T.A.S.I's out here on General Service Commissions when they have come alongside for their Self Maintenance period.

Would very much like to be back home in time for the Annual Dinner and Dance but it looks as if I shall just miss it, worse luck.

My congratulations to Fraz on being re-elected and of course to Jock Thomson on being elected Vice Chairman. I should also like to congratulate my old friends S/Lt's Lintott, O'Dell and Gallimore on reaching the dizzy heights.

Best wishes to you, also to George Evemy and Slinger and all my other friends including Wanchai Squires at 'Defiance' (don't know why he is a friend of mine!). Best of luck in all your future ventures.

Yours sincerely,
J. M. Roche.

P.S. Is it a misprint or has George Elgie really gone back to 'Osprey'.

Singapore Incident

FRIDAY 13th February, 1942, was a grim Day!

On the Island of Singapore the situation was very tense. Imperial Japanese army troops were advancing towards the city itself. Their Air Force were bombing harbour installations and A.A. gun positions in addition to the front line activities. The R.A.F. had no means of hitting back, so apart from the heroic efforts of the Royal Artillery anti-aircraft batteries, the Japanese aircraft were unopposed.

Across the harbour hung large black clouds of smoke from 'go downs' along the harbour front, rubber burning by the ton. Also from the Islands of Paulo Samba came smoke of the destroyed oil storage tanks.

Sometime during the forenoon of this day the decision to evacuate the remaining personnel of the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force was made. This decision was followed by urgent activity on the parts of 'Rear Admiral Malaya' and C-in-C., Far East Air Force with their respective staffs.

To begin with the remaining officers and ratings of their two services had to be allocated some means of sea transport. This term 'sea transport' is appropriate as at this time only 5 'Fairmyle' launches the Grasshopper and Keddah, 2 water boats, a small coaling boat and several sailing yachts appeared to be left. There were of course odd native boats of various descriptions.

At midday the staff cars of R.A. Malaya entered the Keppel harbour gates, the occupants were surprised to see people suddenly dashing in all directions, and were even more amazed to see explosions appear several yards in front of the leading car. All brakes on, the occupants sat nervously waiting. For what? None would say. They of course realised they had run smack into a bombing attack on the A.A. battery near by. It seemed incredible that when the smoke had cleared away, the cars were still whole and not one of them injured. Luckily the pattern dropped was of the 50lb. anti-personnel type. These bombs had a very small lethal radius.

Proceeding to the jetties the ratings in the cars unloaded the stores and small bags, and embarked them aboard M.L. 310.

M.L. 310 at this time was commanded by Lt. Bull, R.N.Z.N.V.R. He had one other officer namely Sub-Lt. Henderson, R.A.N.V.R. The coxswain was a Leading Seaman; the total 'Ships Company' officers and crew numbered 15.

Having stowed all stores and baggage the cars were driven back to Fort Canning, which was at this time the British Army Headquarters.

At about 1800 the Admiral, Rear Admiral Spooner, R.N. gave orders for the officers to embark onboard their boats. The Admiral with Commander Frampton departed from the Fort Canning for M.L. 310 at about 2000. Arriving onboard the Admiral met Air Vice Marshal Pulford, R.A.F. (C-in-C Far East Air Force), who, with his adjutant, had just arrived. The M.L. was ready to proceed but the Admiral delayed sailing until he had received a message from the G.O.C. Malaya.

It was well past 2130 before the G.O.C.'s messenger arrived, he was Captain Stonier of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, A.D.C. to General Percival. The message resulted in the M.L. slipping about 2300 with the total now 44 officers and ratings, and 'Charlie' the Chinese cook. This number was made up in the following manner. 15 M.L.'s crew, Admiral, S.O.O. and Staff 11, A.V.M. his Adjutant and staff 4, and 12 other ranks of various units. Also a Sub-Lt. R.N. and a temporary Warant Officer R.N.

As the M.L. got under way and headed South a general feeling of relief was felt. During the waiting period alongside Laburnum Steps most of the ratings had begun to wonder if they were ever going to escape from the Island. Thus nerves were very keyed up, by the time the order to slip was given. Had any person on board known of the malestrom they would be pitched into within the next few weeks, they would have stayed in Singapore to suffer less hardships.

During the first half hours passage most of the personnel stayed on deck to watch the burning Islands, the large oil storage on the Island of Samba was burning fiercely, lighting up the area for miles.

It was now that the first of a series of incidents occurred. The steering chain broke! The engines were stopped for some twenty minutes whilst repairs were effected. During this time the launch drifted south west, and within a few minutes of her getting under way again she went aground. Everyone was ordered aft and when this failed, the seamen jettisoned the three pounder ammunition and then the barrel of the three pounder itself. But the M.L. was bows onto a shelf in a rapidly ebbing tide.

When it was realised that nothing other than a tow would move the M.L., the order was given to relax.

At 0530 the skiff was launched and a kedge shipped into it. The Sub Lt. got his fingers pinched between the side of the M.L. and the rubbing strake of the skiff. The injury was very severe and of course painful. He was brought on board and given attention this was in the main, 'a very stiff tot'.

As soon as the skiff was hoisted inboard the M.L. got under way, the time now about 0630.

At 0830 the M.L. dropped anchor in the lee of a neighbouring

island. A party went ashore to buy fresh food, these were led by the Wing Commander who, had lived in Malaya for many years and spoke several dialects of Malayan and Javanese.

During the day the remainder of the party spent a lazy time, some resting and some swimming over the side. The injured officer spent a miserable day as his injury was causing him great pain.

As the sun set, anchor was weighed and the M.L. headed towards Banka Straits.

Dawn on Sunday 15th showed a group of seven islands on the port bow. By 0800 the M.L. was in the shelter of the most western pair, and anchor was dropped again.

It is time to mention now that the Admirals General Evacuation Orders directed all vessels (there were 54 in all, of which only 5 escaped the patrol net), to shelter during daylight and proceed only at night. And of course 'Radio Silence'.

By this time the Admiral was greatly concerned at the condition of the Sub Lt. So at about 1000 the Admiral ordered the telegraphist to raise Palembang radio and ask for medical assistance on arrival. When no reply was forthcoming, an attempt was made to raise Batavia! Again no reply!

Thus at noon a conference was held on the bridge between the senior officers R.N. and R.A.F. and the fateful decision was made to sail at 1400.

As the anchor was being weighed a boat with two Javanese came alongside. One of the natives held up a letter which he was requesting be delivered to the addressee in Batavia. Unfortunately the Admiral was not in the mood to favour this request. It was unfortunate. As if the Javanese had been questioned, a lot of danger might have been averted; this will become apparent as the narrative proceeds.

The M.L. was once again soon under weigh, and stood out of the islands.

Twenty minutes later several mastheads were sighted, and shortly after the hulls of a cruiser and four destroyers were plain to see with the naked eye. To everyone's great astonishment they were Japanese. It had been hoped the ships would be Dutch. Several of the 'Navy Types' hoped that the small M.L. had not yet been seen and they might even yet escape. But the answer came within seconds, when a shell passed overhead. The launch turned and headed back towards the islands at full speed. Two destroyers were seen to be heading at speed towards the launch. Within five minutes from the first sighting of the warships, a squadron of Japanese aircraft were observed flying towards the launch.

With the exception of the Captain, lookout and Browning guns

crew, all personnel took shelter below deck. Not that this would be of much use, but at least they were out of the way.

Only one of the aircraft made any attempt at machine gunning, but it was not a very accurate run and as the launch was firing back and the destroyers were closing with their gun fire direction improving, the aircraft broke off and rejoined the squadron.

By this time it was apparent that the Japanese had picked up the W/T transmission and were on the lookout, with aircraft at the ready. From Palembang!

Fortunately at this time the islands made a background to the launch from the destroyers resulting in a break in shelling. As soon as the launch rounded the first point of the nearest island the destroyers were lost to sight. The Admiral informed everyone that as soon as the launch was close enough inshore everyone except the launches crew were to jump over the side and take cover in small groups on the island.

A small channel was seen separating the beach from a shoal of rocks and the launch headed through. A hundred yards off shore even whilst weigh was on the passengers dropped over and scrambled ashore, and within two minutes 28 men had vanished from sight. The 29th passenger, the Wing Commander had remained behind as he said he spoke Japanese and would interpret for the Captain of the launch. The decision made by the Admiral was not callous as one might think, but a calculated one. The crew remaining were not to disclose that either the Admiral or the Air Vice Marshal had been onboard. These officers would be a great capture to the Imperial Japanese Navy.

The destroyers on arrival a few minutes later sent a boarding party over and having searched for any arms or papers, smashed the feed pipes of the engines and wrecked the W/T equipment.

The Captain was then informed that the crew would be taken prisoners, but would be left on the island until later. (Much later it turned out). Meanwhile the others were hiding in various points of the island, mainly where they could keep the warships in view. And there they remained until the following dawn not knowing the true position. They observed the withdrawal of the destroyer but only one or two could see the launch and not knowing if a guard had been left, they kept to their individual hiding places.

The island that the party had landed upon was approximately one mile at its widest point. It lay almost North and South with the Southern point facing the Banka Straits, which was a distance of about sixty miles away. The island had two small bays, one on the West side, and one on the East. The Eastern one was the bay where the M.L. had made it's approach, and now lay.

Towards the Northern end of the island was a hill rising some two hundred feet, whilst at the other end was another about one hundred

and twenty feet high.

Monday morning dawned and the remaining personnel in the undergrowth were called out from their refuge and told to muster down on the Eastern beach.

As they arrived in their two's and three's they noticed that laying back from the beach were a number of Attap Huts in various states of disrepair. Appetising smells permeated the air around the largest hut. This then became the focal point of the gathering, as the smells made the newcomers aware of their hunger. A rough greeting was exchanged between them and the crew of the M.L. A snack of sausage and beans backed up with ships biscuits was quickly devoured and enjoyed.

Soon after the Admiral ordered the ratings to fall in for his address. The party sorted themselves out and assembled into an orderly parade. Royal Navy on the left, Army on the right and the Royal Air Force in the middle. The Admiral then started his speech, which was his appreciation of the situation the party were now in. The Admiral had not spoken for more than two minutes when the engines of an aircraft were heard. Looking up a Jap twin engine bomber was seen heading directly at the island, in fact straight towards the party. They needed little encouragement to scatter and dive for cover. Machine gun fire was heard as the aircraft passed over and it was seen to be banking steeply and turning back. A second run was made with more machine gun fire, this time the people who had a reasonable view saw that the aircraft was firing at the M.L. The aircraft made a full circuit of the launch and followed up with a circuit of the island. Satisfied with his 'brave show of force' the aircraft then flew away to the West.

After an hours wait the Admirals Coxswain was sent to round up the party. Whilst engaged on this task the Petty Officer was surprised to see a Javanese approaching him down a path from the northern hill. He was more than surprised to think he recognised this Javanese, but then remembered he had seen this native in the small boat the day before just as the launch set sail from the other island.

This native stated he lived at the top of the hill with a detachment of Javanese infantry who had the job of guarding the wireless station which was situated there.

Reporting back to the Admiral the Coxswain was told to proceed with the Sub Lt. and investigate.

After climbing the hill they came upon a small Attap Hut in which there were several soldiers lying about. Most of them looked apathetic. Continuing past the hut they came to a small shelter positioned between two large boulders and incidentally at the highest point of the island. At their approach a Chinese dressed in the 'inevitable whites' came from under the shelter to meet them. Having introduced himself

the Sub Lt. asked with what stations the operator was in contact with. With great disappointment the operator informed them that on sighting the Imperial Japanese Navy destroyer sending its landing party he had wrecked his transmitter. He had been trying to repair it all day, but had reached the conclusion that the damage was irreparable.

Returning to the camp they found the Admiral and officers chatting to a young Javanese; wearing Captains 'Pips'. They discovered he had already informed the Admiral of the 'wireless' situation, also of the fact that Palembang had fallen on the Sunday to the I.J.A. He had said that was his reason for sending his soldiers in the small boat with the letter which was to ask instructions for withdrawal for his detachment now that his job of observing marine movement towards the Banka Straits was at an end. Ironical was the fact that had the launch stopped and interrogation of the natives taken place, the party would have been informed of the presence of the enemy forces and thus made their move only by night. Who can say? They may have escaped to Surabaya.

The decision was made to 'settle in' for a while, as escape seemed unlikely at the time. The officers split into two groups. The Admiral and Air Vice Marshal with the Wing Commander and the Commander shared one hut, whilst the remaining officers took another with the exception of the Bosun who decided to sleep in the cook house as he had volunteered to take over supervision of the cooking and act as catering officer! It is worth mentioning that he was also very fond of a strong cup of tea at six in the morning so he was not shorn of his pleasure.

The ratings split up and as will be readily understood split into their various 'cliques'. Accommodation was tight on the first allocation, but as time elapsed it proved that there would be one hut for every surviving man.

Most men found they would have to sleep on the Rattan flooring. Others had the pleasure of the odd types of bed left by the previous occupants. Only in this case it was a matter of three or even four to a bed.

Accommodation settled, Commander Frampton, acting as Executive Officer, mustered all ratings and detailed them for permanent duties. These P.D's consisted mainly of wood chopping and carrying, Latrine digging, water carrying from a spring half a mile away from the camp and looking after the Wardroom and officers huts by Marines.

Additional to these was a two hour look-out duty, two L.O's at a time one at the wireless station, and the other at the South East beach at the southernmost point.

From the first the ratings treated the whole escape as a great lark. Many puns were made about the release from the presence of the usual blackout, although only primitive oil lamps and candles were available.

The food was rationed and after one half of the tinned food had been concealed in the undergrowth, the other half was placed in the Bosun's sleeping quarters. This tinned food had been brought ashore from the launch at night.

The meals were varied as much as possible and supplemented by rice that had been left by the previous occupants. Great was the delight when the discovery of a banana plantation was made. At first no restrictions were made about it, but when it was found that wastage was taking place the Admiral ordered that only detailed men were to pick them. The bananas would then be issued from the cookhouse. Soon a grove of sweet potatoes was discovered, and this was also put under similar restriction.

After three days had passed it was decided to despatch a party to Java in the hopes of making contact with an Allied force; then perhaps a submarine could be sent to the rescue.

The party selected was Lt. Bull i/c, L/Sea Brough, the Captain in charge of the Javanese and two of his soldiers. They left at midnight on the fifth night and nothing more was heard of them. When this party departed the only serviceable boats left were the service dinghy from the launch and a native boat belonging to the soldiers.

At the end of the first week, boredom began to set in. To offset

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this efforts were made to start a fishing scheme. Luckily, plenty of fish hooks were available from the launch. Inshore lines were rigged some ten feet off shore by one group whilst others tried home made rods. Although these schemes were tried for many weeks the only fish caught were small 'Basking' Sharks and unfortunately no one imagined that these were edible.

Another scheme was to survey the launch and see if repairs could be effected on one engine. Whilst the motor mechanic was adamant that the engines were beyond repair, the two staff sergeants of the R.E's were convinced that one engine could be made serviceable by replacement with bits and pieces from the other engine. The Admiral accepted the advice of the motor mechanic. Thus it was not until another four weeks had passed before a re-survey was made.

Unfortunately by this time the launch had holed herself and the engine room was three feet deep in water. The damage caused by salt water needs no clarification.

Everything moveable was now taken ashore from the launch, including paint, canvas and petrol.

Beached some thirty feet ashore from the cookhouse was a native boat. Quite a sizeable craft being some thirty feet long and about ten feet in the beam. This had been ignored at first as it was most unserviceable. The planking had gaps of half an inch between each strake. There was no mast or rigging of any sort. However it was decided to try and make the craft serviceable. A party of about six ratings started on this but needless to say no one really expected any positive results.

The R.E's in the meantime started making a bamboo water pipe to run from the spring down to the Kampong in order to save the heavy work of transporting water. It was very arduous and slow work, but slowly day by day the project took shape.

During the second week a small boat came ashore with three men. The men were survivors from the R.A.F. tender Aquarium and they were in very bad shape. They said that their boat had been sunk by the Japanese Navy and they had swum to another island nearby. They had very little to exist on, and had eventually found a small boat and decided to investigate the remaining islands in the chance of finding other survivors.

The men were put into a hut used as the Sick Bay and carefully nursed. During the fourth week the death occurred of Commander Frampton. He had been ill for several days, but no one visualised that he would die. This happening shocked everyone and was followed by another disaster when the death occurred of Air Vice Marshal Pulford, R.A.F. Now the thought 'Will I ever get off this island alive?' took its place in most minds. It was becoming obvious that Malaria was pre-

valent on the island. Several ratings went down with attacks during the following week.

Unknowingly the look-outs who kept watch on the hilltop of the island must have carried the infected mosquitoes up with them as one of the native soldiers went down with Malaria and was dead within two days. His death was followed by that of the Chinese wireless operator.

The reasoning for the previous statement is drawn from the fact that the Javanese had been on the hill top for several months without any signs of Malaria.

These deaths panicked the Javanese and they suddenly left the island. As little contact had been made by the British party the Javanese were not missed.

In the following two weeks several ratings succumbed to the disease and were buried in the same grove as the two officers.

It was perhaps this state of affairs that decided the Admiral to send another party to try to escape to Java. The two staff sergeants, Ginn and Lockett were decided upon as they spoke Malayan and could make themselves understood to the Javanese.

These two knowing well the impossibility of their chances were still keen to try. So, using the small skiff brought by the 'Aquarium' survivors, they departed and as before, nothing more was heard of them.

To be continued in the December issue.

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Sharkey Sleeps Ashore

Sharkey Ward, his pipe puffing satisfactorily and a pint of bitter within easy reach, sat with his oppo's in the Fleet Canteen at Gibraltar. The conversation was centred on the discomforts of sleeping ashore and many were the lurid tales of doss houses and sailors homes that were being told. Pincher Martin, the three badge killick from 2 Mess, had horrified the younger members with a gruesome description of Wanchi bed bugs whilst Knocker White, the ship's tanky, was propounding the virtues of Egyptian pre-war insect life and was showing a wicked scar, caused by a slipped marline spike, as a memento of a vicious Alex mosquito. Sharkey was biding his time and searching his memory for a yarn which would sink his oppo's efforts and reclaim his position as ship's champion raconteur. Eventually Knocker finished his yarn and Sharkey promptly put his oar in 'Well it was like this lads' he commenced, and all ears were turned to find out if Sharkey could hold his own amongst these outrageous liars around him.

'We wuz in Cardiff back in thirty six on the old Inescapeable. A stinking hole for a pussers craft it being full of merchantmen, the majority of them none too clean at that. Still it had its advantages for the ladies men cos normaly if you fancied a Chinese party, you had to volunteer for the Far East, or if you fancied a quadroom piece then you had to go out the West Indies but in Cardiff there was the lot, black, white, brown and yellow and although I didn't see any I'd bet there were Red Indians as well. A stinking hole fit only for Lascars and such likes.

Anyway ashore I goes with my raggie Brigham Young which same was a two badge A.B. just come old enough to venture an opinion on what the mess should 'ave for supper. 'E wasn't old enough for anyone to take notice of his opinions yet, but two badges in those days allowed you to make a suggestion without getting a clip on the earhole from the stripeys.

We 'as a steady old run in one of the boozers down by the docks then we bimbles off to the local palais where we gives the locals the privilege of seeing some of the crafty steps we had learned down the Gut on our last commish. Course all good things comes to an end and after seeing our parties home, and my party was a full blooded Arab named Blodwin, who called me Sharkey Bach, we was stranded at two in the morning in Cardiff docks with no more boats out to our hooker out at the buoy. Well I may warble to you that this was different from being ashore in Pompey or Guzz coz there was no Aggie Westons in Cardiff with a bible text over your bed and a senile old perisher with an 'and bell to wake you at Oh Six Zero Ringbolt. It was also different from Malta, or Hong Kong or Alex, because in Cardiff they don't cater for the R.N. only the Merchant Navy, which I can assure you is

a decidedly different kettle of fish.

Anyways we scouts around a bit and finally we gets directed to a doss house which goes by the name of Mother Jones' Seaman's Boarding House, and knocks at the door. Cor strike me lads if you had seen the old hag who opened the door you would have signed the pledge there and then, she must have been there before they changed from sail to steam. 'Wot yer want?', she screeched at us. Two beds we answered sharpish. 'Come in then lads', she cackled and in we goes. We got inside and this old dame she says to us 'Well lads the shilling beds are full up, for a tanner you gets a shakedown bed but all the mattresses are out. For threepence you just kips down with a blanket wherever you can find the room but all the blankets are gone so its penny beds for you my lads'. Penny beds for the Royal Navy? I demands all het up like. 'Yes Bachs' she says 'take 'em or leave 'em. That will be tuppence for two please'.

Well I gives the old gal tuppence and then an old geezer asks us what time we wants a shake. Arf past six I tells him and off we goes along a corridor in his wake. We goes through a door marked Dormitory and comes into this big room. Well my hearties, I've seen some sights in my life but slap me this beat the lot. There were a load of wires stretched along the room from end to end each one about five feet off the deck and on the wall at the far end above each wire was a big card with a time marked on it such as six o'clock, six thirty and so on. However mates the shocking thing was that all along these wires were blokes leaning on them asleep with their noses hooked on the wire. So help me lads, its true; asleep with all their weights on their shonks, it was a sight to remember to your dying day. Well I starts creating, I can tell you. It didn't seem right to me, maybe it was O.K. for these Merchant Navy blokes but for two A.B's R.N. it was scandalous. This old geezer he cuts me off in the middle of my moan by telling me to get turned in and be quiet before I woke up his clients. It looked as if we was lumbered so I hooks my delicate beak over the wire marked six thirty and closes my eyes and hopes for a few hours sleep. I was just dropping off when I hears Brigham playing up something horrible. I turns out to see wot the matter was and found Brigham doing his over-sized nut. Now Brigham's snitch was turned up and believe me every time he got on the wire he slipped off, it was pathetic in fact heartrending. Well the old geezer comes back to find out wot all the noise is about and I tells him straight that my oppo had paid for a bed that he couldn't turn into due to his turned up kipper-detector. The old geezer looked at us whilst Brigham gave him a demonstration and finally he turned the wire upside down and solved the problem. That didn't half make us feel a couple of charlies I can tell you, cos you would expect two smart A.B's to work that out themselves. So at last we dropped off to sleep with our bugles taking the strain.

Come the morning we got a rude awakening lying flat on our faces on the deck with the wire still under our noses. We lay there not feeling like turning out just yet and soon the old geezer comes back in to shake the quarter to seven lot. He had a little hammer in one hand and went up to the 0645 wire and stood by the bittlescrew slip gazing at the watch in his other hand. 'Quarter to seven' he shouts and knocks off the slip. Down came the line and down went the sleepers flat on their faces. Cor! Did Brigham and I chuckle? It was the funniest sight in years and we decided to wait on the seven o'clock shake. The old geezer came back to our line, picked it up and put it back on the slip. Of course we comes up with it and leaned there waiting on the next shake. We saw the seven o'clock lot go down and enjoyed it so much that we stayed turned in for the seven fifteen line. We turned out then and decided to shove off back for the seven thirty boat. On the way out we paid the old gal another penny each and that is the end of the yarn which is as true as I'm sitting here'.

Sharkey relit his pipe, gazed quizzically at his audience and waited for the question he knew must come. Sure enough it did, from a rosy cheeked O.D. who asked.

'What did you pay the other penny for Sharkey?

Sharkey looked at him steadily, and without battling an eyelid replied.

'Guard and Steerage. A penny extra my boy'.

Chaplain's Notes

The last notes were written in anticipation of the dedication of the new Chapel. In the event all went according to plan and the result seems to have met with very general approval.

What was then uncertain has now become clear: the Chapel that we have got will be our permanent home. It has already got so much to commend it, particularly as far as its position is concerned, that we might even do very much worse in pressing for a new building altogether. What we have done therefore has been to call in the services of a civilian architect to give us an impression of what it all might be. I won't say that he might well have been the architect of Coventry Cathedral but, using the existing framework of the building and apparently at very little cost, he has given us a vision of a very arresting and splendid Church. The transformation can be phased at the minimum of inconvenience; and only such improvements will be made to our existing decoration as befit the final scheme.

What has also been very gratifying has been the increasing use of the Chapel and attendance at the Sunday service. More families living nearby have begun attending and, over a cup of coffee afterwards in the adjoining verandah, we've been able to get to know each other rather better. There's been quite a business too in baptisms!

Starting on the first Sunday in September, and thereafter on the first Sunday of each month, the morning service at 10 a.m. will be a sung celebration of Holy Communion instead of Matins. It is a service which all can attend: the unconfirmed and children as well as those who are already communicant members of the Church. There has been a request for this service by several people who find it almost impossible to attend at an earlier hour and have consequently not made their communion for months. I hope it will generally fill a need and prove to be the popular service it should be.

Dates to note:—

Sunday, 14th September — Harvest Festival.

Wednesday, 17th December — Carol Service (in the Cathedral).

News From Vernon

Navy Days.

The same team of T.A.S.I.'s led this time by Lt.-Cdr. Macnab of Mining Trials, took the Vernon display into the dockyard for August Navy Days. Petty Officer Woods, resident janitor of 49 Building, had made many improvements on the A.C.R. mock up, and his graphic definition of the moving A/S Beam, submarine, Squid firing and trajectory, coupled with the technical illustrators painting of the model, impressed not only the public but also many senior inspecting officers. The film 'This is T.A.S.' was shown almost continuously to the public and made quite a hit, particularly with the teenage boys. Mention must also be made of the other Vernon personnel who manned the turnstiles, acted as messengers and assisted behind the scenes; also the Wrens who sold programmes and crewed the landing craft and the Vernon Cadets who assisted on the mining tank display.

Family Days.

Once again Vernon picked the only dry and sunny day of an otherwise wet week for their family day. Although the dipchicks were not so lighthearted this year they nevertheless were a star attraction. Congratulations to our venerable Chief Buffer, C.P.O. Ling, in winning the veterans race as he had to beat the Captain to do this, we await his draft chit in the near future. Once again Mrs. Blundell graciously presented the many prizes throughout the afternoon, and the thanks of all of us are extended to her. The opening event of the day, the Cadet Field Gun Display, was changed this year. Due to Dolphin Cadets being unable to raise a field gun crew this year, H.M.S. Excellent Cadet crew, the command champions kindly gave our boys a run, and equally kindly beat them. It was noted by our cadet instructors that the entire Excellent crew were shod in pusser's boots, the same having been bought by Excellent's welfare fund.

American Visit.

In July an oiler force of the U.S. Navy anchored at Spithead and H.M.S. Vernon, ever hospitable, rose to the occasion. Both Chief Petty Officers and Petty Officers threw their messes open to their opposite numbers of the U.S. Navy. Twenty American Chiefs were entertained by Vernon Chiefs at a mess social evening. The success of this evening can be judged by the fact that the Americans requested the use of Vernon's C.P.O.'s mess to entertain our own Chiefs. A number of Vernon Wrens were invited to act as hostesses to our American guests, a task they performed with charm. Three U.S. Chiefs were observed to be plying three teenage Wrens with unlimited supplies of gin. The Wrens were observed to keep on accepting the gins throughout the evening and, as there were no plant pots handy for disposal purposes, grave fears were held for their ultimate sobriety. However by midnight

the U.S. Chiefs were flat out in armchairs, and the Wrens were stone cold sober. It was only when the breath of a starry eyed mess waiter was analysed that the ultimate destination of the gin was realised.

Petty Officer Tom Bowler, the first of the Portland refugees, has arrived in our midst complete with M.A.S.T.U. It affords us no satisfaction here to know that Osprey is slowly folding up but that will not diminish the welcome we shall give to our dispossessed brethren from the academy.

The duck pond still attracts its collection of sightseers, and, surprisingly the shocking pink colourwash has not discouraged them. The pair of muscovies, after many false alarms, produced a fine brood of chicks. Unfortunately, Suzie the mother bit off their heads and an irate buffer (sorry! Chief Ornithologist) promptly drafted father Muscovy to Baffins Pond. Who said it isn't a womans world.

The Vernon Boys Cadet Corp spent a week in Vernon II at Stokes Bay. The ambitious boat training scheme was washed out by bad weather but a good time was had by all. Petty Officer Clemson had a spot of unlooked for vocational training as Tuck Shop manager whilst P.O. Dapper Manders and our sailmaster P.O. Fensome proved their versatility and patience by keeping 40 boys busy and happy for the week under the orders of Lieutenant Trott. The Association Chairman had a hectic week as skipper of the M.F.V. attached to Vernon II for the week and P.O.M.E. McCree was Engineer Commander of the M.F.V. for the occasion.

Whilst C.P.O. Page our Chief G.I. was on compassionate leave, Vernon was treated to the luxury of having the Association Hon. Sec. officiating on the parade ground. Well done Alan! We think that secretly you really enjoyed it.

ARRIVALS

We welcome the following members back from the foaming deep, and hope that their stay may be long and fruitful.

C.P.O. Uncles, Osprey.

P.O. Bowler, Osprey.

C.P.O. Daniels, Newcastle.

P.O. Coles, Osprey.

Visit of Grafton Arms to H.M.S. Vernon

On Saturday 6th September, member Norman Little brought his regulars from his pub in Kentish Town for a visit to Vernon and a social evening. Unfortunately, owing to the torrential rain of the previous day, the Vernon football pitch was unfit for play and the intended football match between T.A.S.I's and the Grafton Arms had to be cancelled. Loud sighs of relief were heard from some of the beer-bloated Association members at this news.

The party came down from London in two buses and were met at Vernon Main Gate by the Association Chairman and Secretary at quarter to one in the afternoon. All the visitors were in good spirits a compliment to Charrington's ales and the usual Cockney ability to enjoy themselves whatever the circumstances. The buses were conned onto the old parade ground and the occupants adjourned to the Petty Officers' Mess for liquid refreshment. On sorting out our guests we soon sighted many old faces we remembered from our outing to London in July. There were also a few sighs of relief from un-named members when some of the faces seen at our outing were not evident amongst the visitors, but that is another story. We were happy to see Mrs. Little amongst the guests also Norman's staff, who worked so nobly to slake our thirsts on our visit, had come along to make the party go with a swing. The Londoners were a mixed crowd of all ages and sexes but were obviously all imbued with the same idea, to enjoy themselves.

After no little persuasion our guests were herded back into their buses at half past one and taken up to the N.A.A.F.I. Club for lunch. The Chairman successfully guided his bus to the N.A.A.F.I. Club but, on arrival found that the other bus had been mislaid somewhere in Pompey. Hastily parking his charges in the bar he started a search for the missing vehicle. It arrived ten minutes later having been at some refuelling depot for some more petrol or beer. N.A.A.F.I. made a magnificent job of the lunches and our guests were most impressed not only with the excellence of the cuisine but with the entire appearance and furnishings of the Club. Once lunch was completed, the problem of entertaining our guests for the afternoon arose but was soon solved thanks to Pompey Football Club and the Italian Navy. The majority of the men went off in one bus to Fratton Park to see Chelsea give Pompey a walloping. In this they were foiled, because Pompey held them to a draw. The remainder of the party, mostly ladies went off to the dockyard in the other bus for a tour of H.M.S. Victory followed by a visit to the Italian Navy training ship Amerigo Vespucci. This visit was greatly enjoyed as it is rarely that one can visit a large sailing ship in active commission. Our guests were also impressed by the vast bulk of H.M.S. Victorious secured just ahead of the Italian ship. No doubt they were also duly impressed by the great panorama of the

waterfront of the sacred city of Gosport across the harbour.

Both bus loads returned to the N.A.A.F.I. Club at 1730 for tea and then they took off again on a tour of Portsdown Hill, Portsmouth and Southsea, returning to the Petty Officers' Mess later in the evening for a social evening. Len and his N.A.A.F.I. staff were soon sweating in their endeavours to keep the glasses full and within a short space of time, darts, snooker and billiards matches were under way, followed later by tombola, at which the visitors shared in the general luck. The catering by the Mess was of the usual high standard thanks to the Caterer and the galley staff, and an enjoyable evening was soon in progress. Unfortunately the pianist did not turn up as promised our guests speedily provided a relief and the party loosened up as the dance floor came into use. Unsuspected talent began to show, particularly when Petty Officer Tom Bowler gave us his world famed impression of Spiro, the Maltese Bandmaster. Petty Officer McCrink joined Norman Little in an impromptu duet on the march which was enjoyed by all present. All too soon, the evening came to an end and the bar closed at eleven P.M., bringing on the none too easy task of rounding up fifty three happy Cockneys and placing them in their buses. We saw them on their way and thus the days festivities closed and the natives wended their weary ways homewards whilst the victualled members crawled to their cabins. All in all, a good time was had, but even allowing for our weekend natives, it is felt that more of our members could have graced the occasion, particularly as there is such a high proportion of Pompey and Gosport natives in the establishment.

H.M.S. Defiance

Dear Members,

This may well be the last journal letter from 'Defiance'. As you may probably well know we are closing at the end of the year. The new T.A.S. Foreign Training School is being transferred to H.M.S. Osprey.

For all west country members who have been acquainted with H.M.S. Defiance in the past, here is a short history of the great ships who have borne the proud name 'Defiance':—

First Defiance	—	Launched 1590 - 500 tons - mounted 34 heavy guns and 12 light guns.
Second Defiance	—	Launched 1666 - 830 tons - mounted 66 guns.
Third Defiance	—	Launched 1675 - 890 tons - mounted 64 guns.
Fourth Defiance	—	Launched 1774 - 1,136 tons - mounted 60 guns.
Fifth Defiance	—	Launched 1779 - 1,136 tons - mounted 64 guns.
Sixth Defiance	—	Was a hired Merchantman mounting 89 guns.
Seventh Defiance	—	Launched 1783 - 1,645 tons - mounted 74 guns.
Eighth Defiance	—	Was a 4 gun boat purchased in 1794 - 71 tons.
Ninth Defiance	—	Launched 1861 - was a wooden ship of 5,270 tons, was obsolete before completion due to the coming of the Ironclad. In consequence she was towed to Plymouth. In 1884 she was commissioned as the Torpedo School at Devonport. After World War I, the Defiance was reconstituted with other ships, but was still known as Defiance and remained the Torpedo - later T.A.S. School - until 1954 when the hulks were sold and the training of R.N. personnel discontinued. All training equipment was then transferred to Wilcove camp and mostly foreign training was undertaken.

Today the T.A.S. School at Devonport maintains the proud record which it has built up over the period of 70 years. Countless thousands of Officers and men have been trained here, and she has been commanded by some very famous officers. And as the shadows of closing draw ever closer, her name and her spirit will live on, very proud participants in the glory of the Royal Navy.

Most of the instructional staff here will be, no doubt, heading east to the vast college of knowledge - H.M.S. Vernon - Myself? I almost forgot, I am commissioning H.M.S. Chaplet in December.

Since I last wrote the following T.A.S.I's have been coming and going:—

P.O. Wright to Saintes, C.P.O. Moore to Culdrose, P.O. Elsey to Centaur, P.O. Smerdon from Ark Royal, P.O. Menyena from Roebuck, C.P.O. Waggett from Venus, C.P.O. Horne from Malta.

In looking back over my brief history of Defiance - on second thoughts I had intended to delete it - I have no doubt it will bring back memories to some of the rather grey haired members of the fraternity who no doubt remember the commissioning of the first Defiance in 1590!

Class Room Cracks.

A foreign U.W.3 was asked the filling of depth charge.
Answer - 'Tepol and Menthol'.

An Instructor who is known as the 'ace bull' in the Royal Navy was taking a class of young boy Cadets around the Mark 9** torpedo and was glibly pouring out the molasses. He asked if there were any questions. A very young and snotty nosed cadet piped up - 'What is the difference between B.H.P. and ordinary H.P.?' - Imagine the look of astonishment on the instructors face as his brain ran wild searching for a way out. Then - Ah! Yes! - Stand Easy Deah Bohys!

Well gentlemen, seeing that I am commissioning the Chaplet in Pompey, I'll be in to see you in December. Don't lock the doors and fly the quarantine flag, I am now reformed.

By virtue of the fact that we shall be closed before the next Journal is published, I would like to say on behalf of all the Instructional Staff here - 'Farewell, and Good Fortune rest with you all'.

Squires.

Tot Time

Alright, so you don't believe it. You with your hide bound things, your experience and practical knowledge just do not latch on to the idea at all.

Your so smug in the little world you've carved for yourself (and a lot of help!). A feeling of uplift even superiority prevales the very conversations with which you engage the attention of others.

How good it feels to know that you in one way or another have achieved your objective so far. Oh, sure, you have your worries. Little niggling ones that most folk have. Maybe a couple of big ones as well. But on the whole you're not badly off eh? Comfortable, yes? Own your house, paid for the furniture, thinking of a car now are you. Just to make the neighbours sit up, ha- that'll show 'em eh? Wifey has a

washing machine too? Good. Maybe you'll get her a sewing machine one of those electric jobs with the gadgets that darn and embroider Great fellow. Thought of taking her on your next commish? Where, Malta, Hong Kong, Terror? Be nice for her wont it, and the kids too. Broaden their minds.

Yes, you've had it pretty good. Of course it used not to be like this. Times have changed, yes and standards too. Since you got the hook, or the rate or the stripe, though, it's been better still. Your all set and to h - - - with the strikes and the denizens of the jungle outside the compound. Oh sure you do a toot about the increase in beer, petrol and maybe bread and milk, but does it really affect you, I mean you. You're interested of course but well it makes a basis for a rollicking discussion at tot time, everyone gets nicely het up, and trots out their pet theories but its not really reality is it? Is it? Those other people live that sort of life don't they?

What am I getting at? Nothing really. Of course you've done a good job, devotedly applied yourself to the job in hand, worked for the service (and made it work for you at times) made it a career in fact. Looked with a certain amount of impatience at those 'dockies' and 'bum-marees', cursed the buses, and reorganised the trade unions, put your favourite charity to rights, - all in a series of talks and arguments.

You haven't lived though have you? Yes, sure you have had some good runs down the gut, and Adelaide Street, wandered through Wan-chai, and crept round Kowloon, danced(?) at the King Foo and visited Bambaleabattea, but you haven't lived, - have you? You've had it good but its been within the compound not in the jungle where men eat men and women try to save the gravy. You ought to think a little about it hmm? You know, sort of get used to the idea eh? Never to early you know and, well its later than you think, and pretty soon the gate of the stockade will open for you and - well, what are you going to do when the tot doesn't come up at 1130? Hmm?

Ted 'G'

H.M.S. Armada — 1958 Epilogue

The Home Fleet phase of our G.S.C. has been rather an anti-climax, nevertheless we and our Squadron got around places and exercises with that high state of efficiency we first achieved in the Mediterranean. After a successful 'Families Day' at sea and a 'refresher' course willingly supplied by Vernon we left Portsmouth in April and collected the others of the Squadron at Devonport. Our arrival was greeted with the familiar savage cries of 'Oggi-Oggi'.

Under the critical eyes of the J.A.S.S. at 'Sea Eagle' we enjoyed the Londonderry Air as we operated intensively with aircraft and submarines to learn something, but we believe we taught somebody something, when our Squadron, despite its vintage A/S equipment, held and comfortably 'attacked' one of our fast S/M's, great credit was due to the young U.C. rates.

Rosyth saw us a brief few hours for oil and we departed continuing with our A/S Tube and Squid Drills heading into the North Sea. Our Dockyard period had produced a drill that rambled to an inconclusive finish in 4½ minutes. A few clear precise words from the Squadron T.A.S.I. shattered the reluctant dreams into a brisk alert finale that registered 90 seconds! Our programme next provided an interesting attack with practice torpedoes, by our 3rd and 1st D.S., on 'Kenya' with an equally interesting percentage of hits. It was reminiscent of the Jap Cruiser 'Haguro' action.

Kirkwall loomed up out of the mist, and after a one night stand, we turned south again, leaving the silence brooding over the sunken Royal Oak undisturbed, but for wheeling and crying sea birds. Moray Firth Area next saw our Squadron, and Camperdown was boarded by Captain (D)3 and Staff for her inspection at sea. As with Barfleur's inspection, it was enlightening to note the impact and effect that good leadership on the part of higher T.A.S. rates has, not only the T.A.S. rating, but the ship's company also under drill, and action conditions.

Loch Eriboll Area on the N.W. tip of Scotland next found us and the Flagship Birmingham. The Squadron was ordered to fire a Live Torpedo at a small rock - no small event in the lives of the apparently 'forgotten' U.W. rates. The fish ran true - smooth to its shattering end, to the delight of the T.A.S. Officers and men concerned in our ship and Squadron. Also to the expressed satisfaction of the Fleet T.A.S. Officer onboard us for that day. Further various exercises followed and the German Band played us enthusiastically into Cuxhaven, it was time for high relief. Hearty fraternisation followed, with the young German Navy and even more enthusiastically with the young 'Frauleins'. Visitors poured onboard and 'Armada' gave a very successful Childrens Party. As we left, despite the early dawn hour, the German

Navy Band played 'Auf Wiedersehen' and lots of people waved us good-bye until we were out of sight.

Kiel too, welcomed us with open arms, we embarked a dozen German Naval N.C.O's. It was revealing to talk to the Gunnery Officer of the 'Scharnhorst' and N.C.O's of other well known ships of the recent war, like 'Hipper' and 'Prinz Eugen'. It was Kiele Woch (Kiel Week) and units of the Swedish, Belgian, Dutch and German Navy were alongside Tirpitzmole. Those of us who saw the devastation of 1945 were very impressed with the wonderful city which has arisen from the ashes. It is obvious that they are too busy working to worry about striking. Naval German Television looked around our Squadron for a smart, typical British Sailor to interview on their T.V. Networks, appropriately enough, one of Armada's T.A.S. division, a L/S U.W.2 was selected and the result was excellent.

Captain (D) next informed us that we had been greatly honoured by being selected to escort H.M. the Queen and H.R.H. Prince Phillip on their East Coast Tour in the Royal Yacht 'Britannia'. After an exciting exercise with German 'E' boats reminiscent of former war-time encounters, off the Dutch Coast, Armada left the Squadron to take up the Royal Duties. A great moment occurred when Prince Phillip took passage one forenoon with his personal Standard streaming from our masthead. It was interesting to note, that as Britannia's boat came

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alongside, it had a L/S Diver Coxswain and a T.A.S. rating crew! The Royal Tour completed, our Captain was invited to dine with 'Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Phillip' and was presented with a signed photograph of the Royal Couple. A high light to be remembered occurred when 5 minutes after running alongside at Roysth, every available Armada rating was landed in No 1's, white belt and gaiters to line the Royal Route. An appreciative signal was received concerning this feat and on our smartness of bearing, from the C.O. concerned. The whole occasion was superbly sealed by a personal signal from Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth to Armada.

Dundee next saw us and we had a very warm welcome from the extremely smart and keen Tay Division of the R.N.V.R. 3 days later a lone piper played as we cast off for Newcastle. Newcastle on Tyne lived up to its reputation as a generous city and it was apparent that many friends were being made. As at Kiel and Cuxhaven, hundreds of visitors came onboard Armada and Camperdown. Our last night was marked by a dramatic rescue from the Tyne, of a shipmate by 3 men from the Armada. Rothesay in full holiday swing was our next rendezvous with Barfleur. During the day we steamed at high speed, exercising with S/M's and A/S with intervals of torpedo recovery of S/M torpedoes. About this time another international crisis boiled up over Lebanon and we proceeded to the Clyde Area.

Our return to Portsmouth to pay off and recommission will be a routine job like all the others in a Destroyer. As Squadron T.A.S.I. it has been pleasing to go round the Squadron throughout the past 18 months and see the morale and efficiency of the T.A.S. personnel to be consistently high. Not only with respect to individual ships but as a Squadron. The key to it all has been teamwork, but then, that's the real secret of the success of our Torpedo Anti-Submarine Branch which, as befits the best branch of the Royal Navy, is only as it should be.

Carl Hayman, Ch. T.A.S.I.

Annual Dinner

Dear Members and Readers,

The 2nd Annual Dinner of the Association will be taking place before we go to print again, so may I take this opportunity of giving you the full details in this issue of the Journal.

The date and venue this year will be the 28th November at 'Royal Sailors Home Club' Queen Street, Portsmouth.

Below is a form which, when completed, we ask that it may be forwarded to Head Office as soon as possible.

.....
Please reserve me Single Tickets for the 2nd Annual Dinner
Double
and Ball of the T.A.S.I's Association.

Name Rank/Rating Assoc. No

(Money may be sent with this application if so desired at the rate of
£1 0s. 0d. per Double Ticket or 12/6d. per Single Ticket).



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