

THE SEAMASTER



QUI
DOCET
DISCIT

VOL. No. I

1/-



H.M.S. ULYSSES

Christmas Number, 1959

THE SEAMASTER

The Magazine of the
Torpedo and Anti-Submarine Instructors'
Association (1955)

Volume 1. Number 1.

"QUO DOCET DISCIT"

Christmas Number

PATRONS

First Patron of the Association.

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Captain of H.M.S. Vernon.

Captain G. D. Pound, D.S.C., Royal Navy,
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FOREWORD

By Captain M. C. Giles, D.S.C., O.B.E., G.M., R.N.

The T.A.S. Branch has a proud history. And one of its most interesting aspects has always been the very wide variety of subjects which are covered by the work of the Branch.

I was reflecting the other day upon the range of knowledge which is required of a T.A.S.I., and it occurred to me that it is just 20 years ago this month that the first German magnetic mine was recovered in November, 1939. Many T.A.S.I's still serving will remember the incident well, it was a dramatic affair.

First, the report of the unidentified object in the mud at low water, a midnight dash in a fast car from Vernon to Shoeburyness, special tools made up in the local blacksmith's shop between one low tide and the next. Finally success — the mine recovered intact.

From this incident stemmed tremendous results — the knowledge gained was really the key to the whole of our World War II effort against magnetic mines.

The Vernon personnel involved in this historic affair were Lieut.-Commander Ouvry and Lieut.-Commander Lewis, Lieutenant Glenney, Chief Petty Officer C. E. Baldwin and Able Seaman Vearncombe — all of whom were subsequently decorated by His Majesty King George VI. The skill, bravery and ingenuity of these men should be both an inspiration and an example to us and to all future generations of the T.A.S. branch. And I feel that no better example could be chosen to illustrate the value of a wide range of knowledge, plus the ability to deal with the unexpected. I believe that these qualities are foremost among the characteristics of Chief and Petty Officers who are T.A.S. Instructors.

Warfare has moved on rapidly in these 20 years. The battle now may be for men's minds, and World War III may be fought on the economic, political and diplomatic fronts over the next half century. If this is so, one of the most vital sectors will be the education of the youth of our country. In this connection I would urge all T.A.S. Instructors, wherever they may be, to consider whether they can do more towards interesting and helping the Junior Ratings in their ships or establishments. I am not speaking simply of technical instruction in T.A.S. subjects, of course, but of capturing the imagination of the younger ratings and showing them what an interesting and exciting career the Navy can give them, and what an inheritance can be theirs if they choose to understand it.

This I believe is a very important task today: and nobody is better fitted to undertake it than a man with the experience, influence and status of a Chief or Petty Officer T.A.S.I.

EDITORIAL

"THE SEAMASTER"

"He who commands the sea, commands the World."

Napoleon.

Christmastide is the season of presents. Of presenting new people, new ideas, new things and opportunities.

Here then is our new style Magazine. We hope you like it. It is a further stage in progressive development and freely acknowledges a debt to those who nurtured the Journal of the T.A.S.I. from its birth. It has meant a lot of hard work, and we are most grateful for the splendid assistance given by our Members and various Vernon departments.

We are further encouraged by our Advertisers who have shown their faith in us by renewing their contracts. A further example of faith is shown by the Committee in your name who have authorised extra expenditure to create a worthwhile Magazine.

So the 'Seamaster' appears.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these have many problems. To those who are charged with the Underwater Defence of these Islands, such problems must be mastered. To meet and defeat any form of underwater threat That is our business, all our training and teamwork is to that end.

And so our little Magazine takes its place quietly as part of that team effort.

To all our Patrons, our Members, our Advertisers and our Readers, we wish a very HAPPY CHRISTMAS and a New Year of progress and prosperity, and please, could we hear from you? Just address your letters to:— The Editor.

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COVER DESIGN

We are indebted to Mr. A. J. Smart of the Illustrators Section and also the Photographic Section of H.M.S. Vernon for their ready assistance with our cover design.

ASSOCIATION NOTES

Secretariat Review

The Association is formed to:—

- (a) Promote "Esprit de Corps" among T.A.S.I.'s and thereby enhance their prestige in the Service.
- (b) To help in all respects the duties and life of a T.A.S.I.
- (c) To maintain an Employment Bureau.

Dear Member,

This is the time of year when everyone looks back into 1959 and says one of two things; "It wasn't worth it", or "A job well done". I make no apology for preceding this review with the Objects of the Association because it is the time for us to look back on what we have achieved this past year in the light of those three Objects. Can we look back and say—"A job well done?", I think we can.

Firstly, if the Association has done nothing else it has certainly engendered "Esprit de Corps" among T.A.S.I.'s which is apparent to anyone who spends a short while in office as I have. Witness the diverse subjects treated in our Magazines which truly reflect the interest shown in the Association by the T.A.S.I. wherever he may be serving. It provides a means for blowing off steam or for exercising our literary qualities. No other Association of this kind keeps its members informed of one another's whereabouts as does ours.

I believe that through a subconscious knowledge of belonging to an Association the T.A.S.I.'s manner, bearing and knowledge of his subject has shown to those in authority that he is an asset to any ship he may go. It has been said that "Esprit de Corps" can be fostered but prestige stems from the individual, you have achieved both.

Secondly, to help in the Duties and Life of a T.A.S.I. doesn't mean that we can get you out of a particularly awkward duty watch or will provide interior sprung mattresses for hammocks. That, I'm happy to say, is fully understood by all our members. No, its real meaning is: If we are fully conscious of our first Object at all times then the second will follow naturally. The T.A.S.I. is gradually proving his place in the Fleet where his individual effort is all important.

Lastly, maintaining an Employment Bureau would not be so difficult if we had some unemployed ex-T.A.S.I.'s available to take up some of the jobs we have offered to us! There are two main difficulties we have to bear in mind.

One, the jobs are not open indefinitely and therefore there is a constant search for new ones. Two, the T.A.S.I. in the main, wants to hibernate in one spot when he goes 'outside'. Very few are willing to travel around the country, an understandable reaction after Service life. The result is usually successful providing he can get over the initial boredom of a 7.30 a.m. to 5.30p.m. start and stop routine.

1959 has seen the Association take the normal increase of new members and there has been very encouraging requests for Honorary Membership from our Officers, which, in itself, is a measure of the prestige you have gained in the five years of the Association's life.

This is the third change to our Journal since its inception and is also a measure of the awareness of your Committee for the need to provide an even better service to all members. A far cry indeed since the days when our old stalwart, P.O. 'Johnnie' Hobart used to bash them out on a mostly borrowed, typewriter.

Remember that the Annual General Meeting is due in February so, please, let me have the items for the Agenda as early as possible. We look forward to 1960 with confidence, that we shall continue to gain strength by keeping the three 'Objects of the Association' to the fore in all that we say and do.

And our T.A.S.I.'s can do just that! !

M. Thomson, C.P.O.

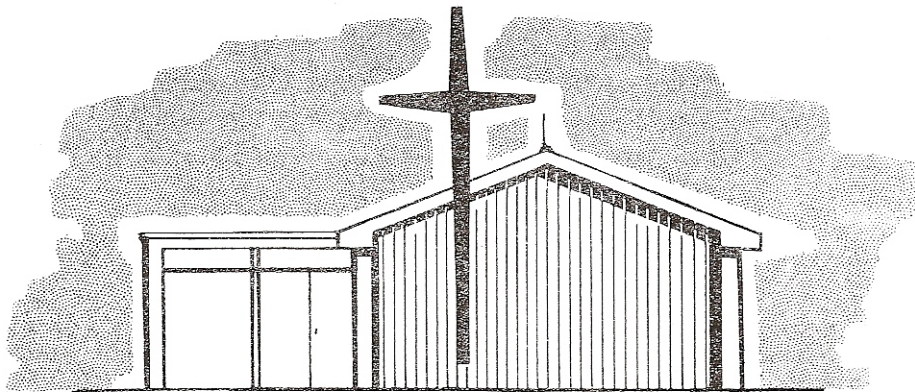
Hon. Secretary.

Response Magnifique

The long single line of traffic halted in one of the quieter side roads to allow a very frail old lady to cross. A hefty T.A.S.I. driving the leading car waved encouragingly to her to cross over. Very slowly and deliberately she made her way across.

A gathering volume of hooters and sirens broke out from the stationary vehicles astern. Unperturbed, the T.A.S.I. waited until the old lady had safely reached the pavement then he suddenly jumped out. Drawing himself up to his full six and a half feet he faced the hooting honking throng and roared one single unprintable word.

As the echoes were still reverberating down the street he got in his car and drove off.....



Padre's Page

Bricks and mortar. That's what I seem to write about in each Magazine. This should be the last time, however, as building operations are now almost complete. The block at the top of the page is the outline of the end elevation of the erstwhile Pound Hut. It has been boldly treated. The cross, its distinguishing feature, is, for example, 19ft. high and dominates the whole building. The rest of the face of the Chapel has been panelled with American red cedar.

"This" as someone remarked when it went up originally, "is neither American nor red nor cedar, and if you ask me it looks as if you've gone into the broiler house racket". Somewhat disappointedly I was inclined to agree. But whatever it looked like to begin with it is now weathering, as the architect assured us it would, and makes it as distinguished as any prefabricated hut could be.

As their Lordships do not build Chapels in establishments that have civilian churches within two miles, quite rightly I'm sure, we have had to finance the raw materials of this project ourselves and are indebted to the Chippies for the excellent and painstaking work they have put in on it. We have got a building of a value quite out of proportion to the small sum we have had to spend on it.

It has always been my conviction that if we could make this building look like a Church and if sufficient people said their prayers in it so that it began to feel like a Church as well, then the rest would follow. This, I'm very pleased to say, is happening. We have had more bodies than chairs on Sunday mornings on several

occasions; more communicants on Wednesdays; more babies being brought for Baptism as well as more people using it privately. It is worthy of being the T.A.S.I.'s spiritual home and I hope it will increasingly become a feature of your tradition.

This Church-going business is important. The local press quoted from a sermon that I preached recently in the Cathedral saying that people in public life who often sacrificed their time, money and inclinations for the sake of the community were expressing the Christian life more obviously than those who made a hobby of church-going. That, I believe to be true, but equally so, and this the press did not quote, I believe that none of us can continue to live even relatively unselfishly without having the perfect pattern of such a life held before us in the way that Church worship does. "This do in remembrance of me" DO WHAT? He gave his life to help others.

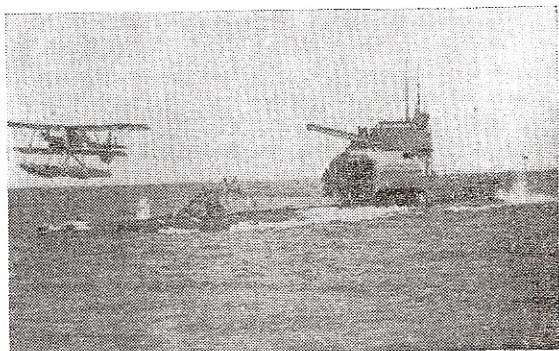
As a small token that we are concerned to "do" something as a result of our worship, those who come to church on Sundays are trying to raise by Christmas the sum of £50 to sponsor an orphan child in Hong Kong. This will give a child one years technical training and go some way towards helping him stand on his own feet in this very uncertain world.

There are many other unfortunates in life besides these refugees for whom we must have compassion and at a time when we have never had it so good we shall continue here to lay this sort of practical check on our selfishness and see that it is the touchstone of the sincerity of our church-going. Charity begins at home. I know that it is very right and proper

M. 2.

Many an ex-Asdic rating and most of today's U.C. ratings would be able to classify the echo received from this Submarine, but how many would recognise the "M.2" herself? Here she is, complete with hangar doors open and Aircraft.

She is now lying on the bottom just off Portland Bill where many Classes have done their Sea Training and made a few dummy runs on her.



This seaplane carrying submarine was exercising a "crash fly-off" in 1924 when faulty hangar doors caused the hangar to flood.

The submarine sank immediately with loss of life of about 60 R.N. and R.A.F. personnel.

Photograph by kind permission of:—

C.P.O. 'Cutts' Curtis.

Double Exposure

During the Rhine crossing operation, the Naval Commando Company I was leading along the riverside road, ran into a position well exposed to enemy fire. We melted speedily into cover but every time I shifted it provoked a long burst of Schmiesser fire.

Crouching in the bushes flat out I tried to reorganise a counter-attack when I realised I had lost the company P.O. "Petty Officer Blank" I shouted "Where are you now?" "In the ditch sir", replied Petty Officer Blank. Unable to locate his direction I shouted once more. "Where are you? Stand up where I can see you". "Sir", shouted the P.O. "If you can't see me, you stand up".

By "Two and a Half"

Tribute

At 1100 on Friday, 6th November the Captain, Officers and men of Vernon lined the pier-head in the wintry sunlight. Soon the object of their vigil appeared, H.M.S. Starling, veteran U-Boat chaser of World War II.

From her mast streamed a paying-off pennant and her crew were fallen in for ceremonial entry of Portsmouth harbour for the last time. As she drew abreast, her pipes shrilled the Attention and we returned her salute.

There was a pause and then across the water there burst a thunderous three cheers from Vernon. On the deck of the Starling they assumed the Attention and from her Band, assembled amidships, there came over the water the strains of "A hunting we will go."

As Starling faded from view up the harbour, the Vernons dispersed. The younger ones no doubt wondering what was so special about that ship. The older ones? Here and there were little groups of older T.A.S. Officers and Ratings remembering. And as they too dispersed one heard distinctly lingering in the air odd words of memory....."Captain Walkersix U-Boats in one day.....Gladstone Dock.....Battle of the Atlantic.....U-Boat survivors and.....Starling was one of the best.

They say that ships don't matter, it's the men that serve in them. Yet on this sunny day, those that knew or had known the grand old lady of the pack, knew too, that she had responded nobly to all calls made on her, and knowing, proudly saluted her in farewell.

G.C.H.

Osprey Flashback

The day was sunny, the Sick Berth Staff had a Make-and-Mend as there were no victims.

Buffer details two hands to paint the mast by the gate. Number one at the top with Number two standing by to lower.

"Posty" rides down the hill to the Dockyard, his brakes fail and he hits a cow head on.

Number one sailor sees this from the top of the mast and does a Little Audrey for it, he laughs so much that he drops his brush.

Number two, who is just about to lower, gets the brush on his nut, lets go of the rope and down comes Number one on to Number two.

Sick Berth Staff busy for a while with three patients.

Question and Answer

The Psychiatrist advised the hen-pecked P.O. to assert his authority. "Tonight when you go home I want you to show your wife that you are the boss'.

The patient decided the Doctor was right. When he reached home he slammed the door, grabbed his wife by the arm and told her he wanted dinner ready in five minutes time. "When you've finished with that," he continued, "you're going straight upstairs to lay out my clothes, because, tonight I'm going out with the boys, and furthermore," he added, cocking an eyebrow, "do you know who is going to tie my black tie and help me on with my coat?"

"Sure", said his wife rolling up her sleeves, "the Undertaker."

Casting the first Stone

So often the erring sailor produces a soft answer to turn away the T.A.S.I's wrath, such as "it wasn't me Chief" yet, do not the Gods themselves take refuge in quite an impressive list of cliches?

It usually occurs when we have thought of everything likely to go wrong and taken steps to ensure they do not and we await the arrival of the Admiral. He looks around at our shining array of equipment and a T.A.S. crew, their usual smart alert bearing, on their toes awaiting an order to send them to drill at high speedthe Admiral pauses and asks a devastating question The world spins, our knees wilt and any one of the following phrases find their way to our lips:-

1. I thought I'd told the T.A.S. Officer.
2. We were so busy we couldn't get around to it.
3. I didn't think it was very important.
4. I was waiting to ask the Squadron T.A.S. Officer.
5. That's the U.C. I's job, not mine.
6. I didn't know this type was different.
7. I was waiting for an O.K.
8. No-one told me to go ahead.
9. That's not T.A.S. department.
10. That's the way we have always done it.
11. I assumed that - - - - -
12. I forgot.

Prodnose.

What is a Sailor? — W.R.N.S. View

Between the security of childhood and the insecurity of second childhood, we find a fascinating group of humanity called "Sailors". They come in assorted sizes, weights and states of sobriety. They can be found anywhere; on ships, at sea, in shore bases, in bars, in love, and always in debt. Girls love them, towns tolerate them, and the Government supports them. A sailor is laziness with a pack of cards, bravery with tattooed arms, and the protector of the seas with a copy of "Men Only".

They have; the energy of a turtle, the slyness of a fox, the brains of an idiot, the stories of a sea captain, the sincerity of a liar, the aspirations of a Casa Nova, and when he wants something it is usually connected with a Request Form. Some of his interests are: Women, Dames, Girls, Females, and the opposite sex. He dislikes: answering letters, wearing his uniform "pussers" style, the Old Man, the Jimmy, Officers, Pussers scran, and "wakie wakie."

No one else can cram into one jumper pocket: a little black book, a packet of crushed "Players", a picture of his girl, a comb, an old station card and what is left of his last pay. He likes to spend some of his money on girls, some on beer, some on poker, and the rest foolishly.

A sailor is a magic creature. You can lock him out of your home, but not out of your heart. You can scratch him off your mailing list, but not off your mind. He is your long-away-from-home love, and your one-and-only bleary eyed, good-for-nothing bundle of worries. But all your shattered dreams become insignificant when your sailor docks, looks at you with those bleary blood-shot eyes and says, "Hi-ya, Honey."

Janet

The Sad Tale of Elsie Penn

This is the tale of Elsie Penn,

A charming and attractive Wren,
Seductive lips and lovely figure,

Like Venus de Milo — only bigger;
Her dainty nose and fine complexion
to good cosmetics owed perfection.
Her Louis heels and fascinations,

Were not as per the Regulations.
Such azure eyes and ash blonde curls,

that this Association should help its own Members in the way that it does, but I'd like to think that T.A.S.I.'s are men from whom charity was always reaching out in unconventional ways.

That, as I understand it, is precisely what Christmas is about. God gave us a glimpse of the limits to which he was prepared to go for the sake of others. We shall celebrate this with traditional carols in the Cathedral sung by the Vernon choir at 8p.m. on Wednesday, 16th December; and in the Chapel on Christmas Eve with Midnight Mass, and Holy Communion at 10a.m. on Christmas Day.

Basil Watson,
Chaplain

Please Remember

Now that you are a young T.A.S. Rating we are proud of you. We have seen your new 500 c.c. front and rear sprung motorcycle. A lot of people unknown to you are expecting you. As you will never know them I'll brief you before you go ashore.

Your tale will start for you when you stagger cheerfully to your 'bike'. Their story starts when the ambulance H.Q. is told where your 'bike' is piled up. People will glance at the ambulance as it clangs its way to the spot but you won't hear it. Some passers-by will already have tried to help you.

As the ambulance arrives lots of other people will take a look at what's left of you, one or two will vomit. The driver of the ambulance and his mate will lift you on the stretcher carefully. It's funny really, because you won't feel a thing. At the hospital a white-coated doctor will come to your ambulance and check you over. As he replaces the red blanket over your face, he'll say "Mortuary".

In there another person you'll never know will look you over for identification marks and scars. If you've bled a lot it will be washed away thoroughly. As it is Christmas time you will have a lot of others for companionship, the hose will be on quite a lot. Later on some people you know will come to see you. Perhaps your wife, your parents, your fiancée. They've come to prove who you are. It won't disturb you though, their sobs can't be heard by you.

So there you are, quite a few people are expecting you, the Police, the Doctor, the Passers-by, the man in charge of the Mortuary.

Please remember when you have that last "One for the road" and get on your motor bike. Remember too, you're a T.A.S. Rating and We're proud of you.

X.

Life gets Tedious Don' it

The Anchor comes up and the Anchor goes
down,
The Holders and Capstan go round and
round,
And the Cable in knots on the Foc'sle is found.
Life gets tedious don' it.
The boat's alongside but I don't really care,
I ain't affiguring on going nowhere,
I'm duty and I haven't the money to spare.
Is it worth the effort?
Fuel in the tank's getting lower and lower,
Can't go to sea for six months or more,
But I've heard it said and its true I'm sure,
Too much cruisin' 'll weaken you.
I open the port and the sea pours in,
I close the port, I'm sweating ag'in,
I move too fast and I crack my shin,
Just one darned sill after t'other.
The Turbo Generator must be sick,
I checked it through with a megger pretty
quick,
It ran alright but it wouldn't kick,
There's something cockeyed somewhere.
The Q.M's blowing, he's all tripe,
The strangest Q.M., what a type,
One day I'll tell him what to do with his pipe,
That'll teach him to give over.
The Buffer weeps and the Part of Ship cleans,
There's washing and polishing on the
Quarterdeck screens,
And the rain comes down the paint in streams,
You can't depend on nuthin'.
Corfu, Rhodes, and Capri goes,
Wine, and Women in scanty clothes,
Exercise on Exercise adds to our woes,
Life gets serious, don't it?

A Just Cause

The training programme was more than full, more classes than Instructors. A young T.A.S.I. requested for leave. "Why on earth do you want leave at this time of the term?" snarled the Commander. "Well sir er er" said the young man, "a girl friend of mine is getting married on Saturday-and, er-she's asked me to act as the Bridegroom".

One of the most alluring girls
 who ever joined the Service,
 To make poor Senior Officers nervous.
 Lieutenants, when they shambled past her,
 Would blush and feel their hearts beat faster,
 And Sub. Lieutenants by the score
 Would cluster round her office door,
 To ask her, sighing, after six,
 To share nine pennorth of flicks.
 Now the Victualling office was the place,
 Where Elsie radiated her good grace,
 And worked in an admirable fashion,
 To give each matelot his daily ration,
 Comestibles in full supply,
 Laid down in Q.R. & A.I.
 One of the jobs that was her lot,
 Was ticking off each Sailor's tot,
 "Up Spirits" saw our Elsie there,
 To collect for each Mess its share,
 And as a Sailor called his number,
 Our Elsie, cool as a cucumber,
 Would call three pints or more
 According to the book she bore.
 One day however, passing by,
 A handsome Middy caught her eye;
 In haste, to indicate her pleasure,
 She tripped upon a half pint measure
 And fell as smitten by a club,
 Prostrate, in the bloomin' Tub.
 Emerging there above the rum,
 All one could see was Elsie's bustle.
 Ejaculating 'Blimey-quicker'
 She's soaking up all our liquor!
 At least a dozen men, I think,
 Dragged Elsie, dripping, from the drink.
 The First Lieutenant, standing by,
 Cried, "Keep back, and let the damsel dry".
 They laid her down on Terra Firma,
 Amid a kind of awe-struck murmur,
 For her curls were gone, and her face was livid,
 Her pouting lips no longer vivid,
 For in the Tub, upon the rum,
 Complexion floated like a scum.
 and thus poor Elsie paid the price
 'Cos from that day on she cut no ice.
 (Per Signa Sapientia)

We hasten to say that the above effort was
 written long before the author classified his
 Contact on the bevy of beauties we have in
 Vernon. There is now a different type of
 Rum Dispenser!

Ed.

LETTERS

From H.M.S. Osprey

Osprey is really looking like a T.A.S. school
 now. With weapons all over the place. And all
 in working order. The drill shed is no more,
 instead we have three glittering domains known
 as Mine shop 1 and 2, and a Torpedo Parting
 shop. Myself and Monty Banks (C.P.O.) feel
 real lonely with all this stuff laying around.
 We feel now that we are ready to take on any-
 thing that the Major Establishment, Vernon,
 can do. Sub/Lt. Perrot is to have a change to
 one of the local ships. His successor is Sub/Lt.
 Mallon. There was a big rush about three
 months ago. The fence at the M.A.S.T.U. park
 end was pulled down and we had a bulldozer
 chugging through the bushes. So we had in our
 mind's eye, the new Chiefs' Mess built by the
 end of the year. But alas, the fence is up again,
 and the jungle has once again taken over. So
 we are back to normal, Work, work, work.

Cheerio for now all the best from Osprey,
 Reg. Norley, C.P.O. T.A.S.I.

From Australia

As S.D.T.A.S. 3 Class has now completed
 its Pre-Qualifying course, I would like to take
 this opportunity on behalf of the Aussie Con-
 tingent to thank the T.A.S.I's, one and all,
 who have instructed us during the course.

Though we may have the best Cricket and
 Tennis players in the world, I would hate to
 judge a competition between T.A.S.I's of both
 Navies.

Farewell for now and all best wishes to the
 Association and members,

S. M. Masterton, S/Lt. S.D. (T.A.S.), R.A.N.

A La Carte

In uniform, one of our C.P.O's drove his
 Mother-in-Law to Waterloo Station and car-
 ried her luggage along the platform. At the
 barrier he dropped one of her cases, at which
 a haughty looking elderly female turned to his
 Mother-in-Law and said. "These Porters are
 the limit, they just couldn't care less what they
 do".

The C.P.O. immediately embraced his Mot-
 her-in-Law with a huge hug and said, "Don't
 bother with a tip madam, let's settle for a nice
 kiss".

WHAT ARE THEY SAYING?



PUZZLE PAGE



A prize of 10/- is offered for the best imaginary dialogue between the two shown above.

The words should not exceed 100 and the winning effort will be published in the next issue. Closing date 28th February, 1960.

The Editor's decision is final.

Around the Globe

Odd as it may seem, many Naval men cannot remember all the places in the world they have visited, even the larger ports.

One of our much travelled T.A.S.I.'s submits the list below as proof. Even more odd is the fact that he found familiar words all over the globe. To find the words, fill the word fitting the definition on the left into the spaces on the right.

Example:

To enquire AL --- A; the answer of course is ALASKA.

Answers on page 32.

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| 1. Noah's refuge | — — — ansas |
| 2. Like | — — — ia |
| 3. Not women | Ye — — — |
| 4. Astride | Yuk — — |
| 5. Nee | — — — — eo |
| 6. Heavy weight | Es — — — ia |
| 7. Marry | S — — — an |
| 8. Acid | Mis — — — — i |
| 9. Winner | — — — — — ia |
| 10. Microbe | — — — — — any |
| 11. Buddy | Ne — — — |
| 12. Coldly | S — — — — — |
| 13. King of France | — — — — — iana |
| 14. Queen of Scots | — — — — — land |

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| 15. Sailor | On — — — io |
| 16. Harbour | — — — — ugal |
| 17. Chief | — — — — e |
| 18. Sacred spot | Gibr — — — — |
| 19. Red man | — — — — — a |
| 20. Small nail | La — — — — or |
| 21. Musical note | — — — — os |
| 22. Insanity | Tas — — — — |
| 23. Uncooked | Sa — — — — ak |
| 24. Total | — — — — atra |
| 25. Cooking utensil | Ja — — — — |
| 26. By way of | Lat — — — — |
| 27. Fish's appendage | — — — — land |
| 28. Enthusiasm | New — — — — and |
| 29. Pack tight | — — — — aica |
| 30. Sharp ache | S — — — — |
| 31. Sack | To — — — — o |
| 32. Two fives | — — — — nessee |
| 33. Cheat | E — — — — t |
| 34. Lair | — — — — mark |
| 35. Swamp | — — — — — all |
| 36. Able | — — — — — ada |
| 37. Valley colour | — — — — — land |
| 38. A saint | — — — — — ique |
| 39. For frying | — — — — — ama |
| 40. For locks | Tur — — — — |
| 41. Kind of scholar | — — — — — ia |
| 42. Evil | Bar — — — — os |

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES

from	to	from	to
P.O. R. Taylor (St. Vincent)	Cassandra	C.P.O. L. Vass (Vanguard)	Ark Royal
P.O. D. Stubbins (Vernon)	Sea Eagle	P.O. D. Robbins (Tyne)	Dolphin
P.O. D. Yeandle (Stalker)	Adamant	P.O. C. Houghton (Dolphin)	Rothersey
P.O. R. Feasey (Vernon)	Simonstown		
	Afrikander	P.O. W. Bowler (Vernon)	Duncan
P.O. G. Murray (Sea Eagle)	Bulwark	P.O. A. Mitchell (Scarborough)	Vernon
P.O. G. Eddowes (Vernon)	Ulster	C.P.O. R. Ruffell (Vernon)	Venus
C.P.O. D. Rowe (Grenville)	Vernon	P.O. J. Turner (St. Vincent)	Trafalgar
P.O. J. McCall (Adamant)	Tyne	C.P.O. P. Fair (Sheffield)	President
P.O. S. McCombe (Istanbul)	Vernon	P.O. R. Plumridge (Vernon)	Jutland
P.O. H. Carter (Vernon)	Russell	C.P.O. G. Smart (Cavendish)	Orion
C.P.O. R. Norley (Osprey)	Jewel	C.P.O. A. Reynard (Forth)	R.N.B. for Release
C.P.O. F. Stone (Orion)	Forth	P.O. L. Sommerfield (Vernon)	Dundas
P.O. J. Ninnim (Acute)	Vernon	P.O. W. Gladwish (Hogue)	Finnistere
P.O. M. Caddell (Vernon)	Lion	P.O. J. Watters (St. Vincent)	Rooke
P.O. J. Haddow (Vernon)	For Release	C.P.O. G. Munro (Tannin)	Truncheon
P.O. G. Lightburn (Dolphin)	Tac. Teacher	C.P.O. J. Turner (Diligence)	Vernon
	Rothersey		

The foregoing list of T.A.S.I's we know and have had the pleasure of working with, illustrates as effectively as nothing else, the versatility called for in our Members.

Our Membership numbers have been increased by the very welcome new members shown below. We are glad you have joined us and look forward to your future co-operation in future Association ventures.

NEW MEMBERS

No. 268	L/S. I. Phillips	P/JX 835861	(Vernon)
No. 269	P.O. J. Haddow	D/JX 766703	(Vernon)
No. 270	P.O. Purkiss	C/JX 889891	(Vernon)
No. 271	P.O. B. Ainsley	P/JX 660823	(Vernon)
No. 272	C.P.O. G. Cotton	C/SX 134857	(Vernon)
No. 273	C.P.O. J. Turner	P/JX777914	(Vernon)

HONORARY MEMBERS

No. H39	S/Lt. S. Masterton	R.A.N.
No. H40	S/Lt. S. Caudery	R.N.
No. H41	S/Lt. I. G. Stronach	R.N.Z.N.

A DAYS' HARD WORK

Haguro Incident

The two, what I call Teddy Boy sailors, were looking at the Parade Training Office photograph of the C-in-C. Portsmouth. They had just been drafted in for a Basic T.A.S. Course. Both had cleavage type jerseys, tattoos, sideburns and a dainty earring on the right ear. Loudly, one said "Its all a lot of rubbish, these Naval Officers are all thesame. A pity they don't do a day's hard work.....". I stopped in mid-stride and asked the two if they knew anything at all about Officers responsibilities generally and the C-in-C's in particular. They didn't! "Whenever you hear of the present C-in-C., it may help you to remember this rather interesting story which, incidentally, is an epic of Naval history as you will no doubt discover in your Course." My audience had now grown to six as I briefed them on what happened when they must have been about six years of age.

During the night of 15th May and early hours of the morning of 16th May, 1945, the Japanese cruiser 'Haguro' and almost certainly her attendant destroyer, were sunk in the Malacca Straits in a brilliant action conducted by Captain M. L. Power, C.B.E., D.S.O., R.N. commanding the 26th Destroyer Flotilla, consisting of H.M. ships "Saumarez" (D.26), "Verulam", "Vigilant" "Venus" and "Virago".

While part of the East Indies Fleet was engaged in air operations against Sumatra and the Malaya peninsula, intelligence was received of the movement of Japanese Naval Forces in the Malacca Straits, and early on the morning of May 15th, the 26th Destroyer Flotilla were detached to intercept.

By noon, air reconnaissance placed the enemy in position some 130 miles distant from the Flotilla, and Captain Power steamed hard all day in the hope of placing himself between the enemy and their base. It was Captain Power's intention to attack at night, as he rated his chances of success as slight, by day. His chief anxiety now, was to avoid contact before nightfall.

Just before 11 p.m. "Venus" obtained radar contact at a range so phenomenal that it gave rise to doubt as to its authenticity. Confirmation was soon coming from other ships however, and Captain Power deployed his forces in such a manner that synchronised torpedo attacks could be made from all quarters of the enemy.

The enemy cruiser now sensed the net drawing tighter around her and began to manoeuvre

violently. Such tactics were of little use; whichever way she turned, there were always two destroyers in a favourable position to attack.

The enemy destroyer appears to have taken independent avoiding action and had surprisingly little influence on the battle. Our destroyers were so intent in grappling with the main prey that they brushed the enemy destroyer aside like an irritating fly. It was a torpedo aimed at the cruiser that eventually sunk the destroyer.

"Saumarez" was the first to attack. She came under heavy fire from the cruiser and narrowly avoided ramming the enemy destroyer on the run in. Despite a hit from the cruiser's guns, "Saumarez" fired her torpedoes at two thousand yards range. Almost simultaneously, "Verulam" delivered an unmolested attack and the two ships between them scored three hits on the cruiser, which silenced her. The remainder of the flotilla were soon "snarling round the carcass like a pack of starving wolves round a dying bull", and it was not long before the "Coup de Grace" was delivered.

After the attacks by "Saumarez" and "Verulam", the Jap destroyer which had been close astern of the cruiser was not again detected by any ship, either visually or by Radar. Both these ships, however, observed an explosion well astern of the cruiser shortly after she had been hit, whilst "Virago" and "Vigilant" had seen a destroyer explode at the same time.

Thus ended a "Copy Book" night action by destroyers, resulting in the total destruction of the enemy at the cost of slight damage to one of our ships. The most fitting epitaph to the affair was given in the C.O's own words, "I must freely admit that I had forgotten all about anything else except the urgent need to close the enemy".

Whether or not the story was remembered I don't know, but a couple of weeks later I saw the two sailors again. Their appearance had been changed markedly for the better, even the ear-rings had disappeared. I know that Vernon Training had a lot to do with that but I also feel that the C-in-C's example has had something to do with it. . . . !

Leadsman

I HAVE SEEN OLD SHIPS

The White Lady

Not many ships can claim to have survived two world wars and not to have won fame in any. Yet it would seem that "They also Serve who only stand and wait". The name of the ship handed down through history, acquiring glory on the way, is apt to create among her Company an expectation of further valorous deeds.

Between wars the reputations of ships were made through the idiosyncrasies of their Commanders and the spirit of their ship's Companies, and the years between 1920 and 1939 were fertile in this respect. Nick-names flourished among the Fleets, originating from such widely different causes as long and tedious sermons at daily Divisions (hence 'Holy Joe') to Lord Fauntleroy whose taste in dress and vintage was well known. Like-wise, ships earned their other names by their behaviour and appearance and amid the fiercely competitive spirit that ranged throughout the Med. Fleet of the 30's, the "White Lady" held off all comers.

Grand Harbour's garish glare was intensified, as the 4th Battle Squadron entered after manoeuvres, by the faultless paintwork and spotless wooden decks of the pride of the Med. The Riviéras of France and Italy were entranced by the magnificent apparition that dropped anchor off-shore, glowing and shimmering in the blazing sunlight. The mighty gun barrels of her turrets thrust their polished maws into the blue while the batteries of 6inch armament, trained fore and aft, projected from their casements like ribbons of silver.

In 1936 she vanished from the scene, never to return, and yet her name lives on, and such luck she had acquired along with glory down through the years became synonymous with her name.

1939 gave her another chance to resume the former glory of history. In the North Atlantic she carried out long arduous duties on convoy work and, old as she was, gave of her best in the darkness of the coming years. Fame in battle was never hers, daring deeds of bravery were not her lot. Rather, unobtrusive service, steady, dependable and lucky! ! !

Was it altogether luck though? Her last Ship's Company often wondered. Luck that she should run the gauntlet at Cherbourg in 1940 without detection? To transport hundreds of tons of gold bullion and securities without a suspicion of discovery? To have escorted the first 1,000 child evacuees to the States? And to have been able to give impromptu concerts on

her Quarter deck during the only three weeks of fine weather in the worst winter ever recorded in the North Atlantic? To have escorted over two thousand Merchantmen in convoy and lost not a single one? Was it luck too, that saved her at Trincomalee in 1942 when the Eastern Fleet left and she, being the last to leave by a day, missed a salvo of torpedoes by the length of a P.V. wire?

On a particular night in 1940, she was conveying in the North Atlantic, the Ship's Company at reduced action stations trying to find comfort in some form or other 'tween decks from the gale that raged topsides. The Communication Number in the Transmitting Station received a "Testing Communications" report from S.1-forward gun of the 6 inch armament in the starboard casement. His reply extracted no further information however, other than "S.1-T.S." This call was repeated three or four times then ceased. Soon, forgetting the incident, he was relieved by his 'Oppo' who had the Middle watch.

Passing through the Starboard casement on his way to his sleeping billet, (no hammocks were slung) he noticed S.1. casement was not manned. Enquiry revealed that it had been evacuated because the seas were forcing past the gun-shield, normally watertight, and the crew were now in S.2. and S.3. Running back down to the T.S. he asked his 'Oppo' if S.1. had called up, and was told "Yes, they are still calling"

Back at S.1. an effort to communicate with T.S. elicited no response the phone was not plugged in! ! ! Since there was no "inter-linking" on the system, no other casement could have called on S.1's line, so, using another 'phone he contacted the T.S., only to be told that S.1. was still calling up. It continued to do so for another half hour.

No immediate explanation could be found, but later the Gunnery Officer, looking up old records, discovered that a direct hit was sustained on S.1. during the Battle of Jutland. All the crew with the exception of the communication number, were killed outright. He died later from wounds after trying to inform the T.S. of what had happened.

That night with its raging gale and pitch blackness was the anniversary of Jutland, when others had sailed without fame but gave unstintedly their staunch service in company with the "White Lady".

Ted "G"

TORPEDO AND ANTI-SUBMARINE INSTRUCTORS' ASSOCIATION

ANNUAL

DINNER and BALL

1959

AN OCCASION

The moment one entered we knew it was going to be good. The steady stream of cars at the entrance that discharged their cheerful occupants indicated an evening of promise. Members of the Committee met us with a handshake and a welcoming 'Good Evening' in the foyer. As we left our respective cloakrooms there was a flurry and a stir at the foot of the carpeted staircase and it was obvious that the first of the V.I.P's had arrived.

The Captain of Vernon mounted the staircase with Osprey's Captain. My wife and I stood as to let them pass but the Captain would have none of it and introduced us. In the lounge bar many guests were already assembled and in the Boardroom our Chairman and Committee were entertaining and introducing the V.I.P's and their ladies.

The head waiter deftly plied sherries etc. and the photographer took toll of the distinguished gathering. It was a pity that his camera suffered damage and none of the film could be developed we learned at a later stage.

The Padre and his charming wife completed the gathering and the fact that all had been safely gathered in was confirmed by the announcement that Dinner was about to begin.

It was a lovely affair (to quote the ladies I had the real pleasure of being host to at the table) and it was a lovely dinner. The toasts and Speeches followed in ordered pattern and words spoke of far away seas and of far off lands, of ships and men, of war and peace. One wondered whether this was part of this colourful evening. Yes it was. An integral part of the sailors pattern of society right down to the kitchen sink that was mentioned in the speeches. They told us what kind of stuff T.A.S.I's are made of and in the faces of S.D.I's (ex) T.G.M's and T.A.S.I's gathered, there reflected memories of many occasions Naval when rockets were more plentiful instead of such kind words. And yet as the speakers spoke of the future and our part in it, it was all so true.

From the China seas and other places our minds were brought back to the present when a smart looking Leading Seaman T.A.S.I. fresh from an extensive period in Helicopter service presented a bouquet to the charming wife of the Commander-in-Chief.

After a brief sojourn in the Lounge, the Ball began. I suppose that it ran its smooth and sparkling course like all such occasions since time began. Yet this one was different. Nicer, intimate, exhilarating. Even now the melody lingers in the air. Lots of nice people dancing to nice music right to the end. Yes it was nice, really nice.

Oh! weren't you there? What a great pity. We could have met you. Perhaps you'll join us next year? We'd like that.....and you and your wife would too. It will be nice to meet on one such another splendid occasion.

SPEECHES

CAPTAIN MORGAN C. GILES

Chairman, Admiral Sir Manley Power, Lady Power, Ladies and Gentlemen, it is not very easy to stand up here and say something about one's Commander-in-Chief. He is a big man, big, not only in height but in stature. His wartime exploits are well known, particularly when, as Captain (D) of the 26th Destroyer Flotilla, he attacked and destroyed the Japanese cruiser "Haguro" and its accompanying destroyer by torpedo attack, which is now regarded as copy-book style.

As a Commander on the C.-in-C's staff at Singapore he was told to produce an action report on an exercise. Presenting this report, the Admiral glanced at the sheets of paper and threw them on the deck. Whereupon, Commander Power drew himself up to his not inconsiderable height and stalked out, leaving the great man to gather up the papers himself.

I would like to congratulate the Commander-in-Chief on having such a charming lady for a wife.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S SPEECH

Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, I must thank Captain Giles for the very kind words he has said about Lady Power and myself. I was Captain of H.M.S. Osprey when the old Torpedo Branch and Asdic Branch were moulded into the T.A.S. Branch, it has been a great success.

Submarines and surface craft could be the most serious threat to the United Kingdom. It would be the Navy's job to fight them, with the Torpedo and Anti-Submarine Branch as its backbone.

You are men of tremendous value. If there were an atomic war, those still alive would have to be fed and this could only be achieved by defence against the submarine. This is your job, it is your job too, to teach the Navy's rising generation how to do it. Without the T.A.S.I. we should be nowhere.

The T.A.S. Branch is extremely versatile, every ship in the Navy has its T.A.S. men, they are attached to helicopter squadrons, teaching officers and ratings how to track, find and destroy enemy submarines. Your activities even extend to that squalid form of warfare, minesweeping. Its squalor is relieved because it is the only remaining branch of warfare in which true seamanship is essential, and that too is included in your highly technical duties. My Naval career began in submarines so you will forgive me if I still believe that the submariner is the best.

I will now ask you to drink a toast to the success and future prosperity of the Torpedo and Anti-Submarine Instructors Association.

CHAIRMAN'S RESPONSE

Admiral Sir Manley Power, Lady Power, Ladies and Gentlemen, representing all members of our Association both here and those who were unable to come, I welcome you to our Annual Social gathering and trust that you will all enjoy a memorable and entertaining evening.

It is also my honour and my duty as your Chairman to sincerely thank Admiral and Lady Power for so kindly consenting to grace our board and to pass to Admiral Power the thanks of all T.A.S.I's for the very kind remarks he has made about us as individuals and as a body during his speech and I also thank Captain Morgan Giles for so ably introducing them to us.

Many who are present served under Admiral Power when he was in command of H.M.S. Osprey 10 years ago, others have served under him at sea, but most of us remember him best for his war-time actions, in particular, the Haguro incident mentioned by Captain Morgan Giles. It was on this occasion when torpedo action was demonstrated at its highest efficiency and it can be coupled with the A/S actions fought by the late Captain Walker in 'Starling' to provide an inspiring example for us all in the Torpedo and Anti-Submarine Branch.

It is also with pride that we present this visible indication of the progress of our Association to Rear Admiral J. Grant who, just over four years ago, sponsored the forming of this Association and shortly afterwards signed our Charter authorising its formation. We assure him that the baby of those days is now a healthy adult and we hope that our continuing progress will be measured by the faith and pride that he can show in us.

Two of our Patrons are here tonight, Captain Morgan Giles (in command of H.M.S. Vernon) and Captain G. D. Pound (in command of H.M.S. Osprey). We are very pleased and honoured to have them here, especially Captain Pound who has travelled so far to be with us and has to return to Portland tonight. I regret to say that Captain E. A. Blundell who was to have been here has been taken ill with gastric influenza and is therefore unable to attend. I'm sure that it is the wish of you all that I should convey our hopes for an early recovery to Captain Blundell and our best wishes to Mrs. Blundell. Rear Admiral N.A. Copeman, our First Patron, is unable to attend owing to an engagement made before receiving the Association's invitation, but I'm sure that we have his best wishes for this occasion and always. (I have since, received a signal conveying these wishes to us, timed before the Dinner).

To all those Officers who have guided, advised and co-operated with us throughout our so far, short life we also tender our thanks. Especially to our Liaison Officers represented here by Lt.-Cdr. H. T. Wilson, he has been a very great help to me and to the Association.

Association business is dealt with at our Monthly and Annual General Meetings but there are two items I do wish to mention here. The first is the balance of Association members. Tonight we have present more Serving members than we have ex-service and Honorary members. But I anticipate that by next year and most certainly by the year after, the number of members actually serving will be less than the ex-service members. This, of course, can be a great advantage for it will give much greater coverage to our Association and I trust that our Honorary and Life Membership numbers will continue to increase.

Another indication of the Association's expansion is shown by the latest edition of our Magazine. In keeping with our progressive ideas it will appear in an entirely new form and contemporary style under the title of "The Seamaster". This should be ready for distribution during the first half of next month and I can confidently state that this issue and all that follow will be instructive, interesting and humorous. It will appeal to the reader whether from our Messes, the Wardroom, among the Junior Rates, the Firms who advertise in our pages or the Ladies who so beautifully grace our tables.

Before calling a Toast to our Ladies and Guests I would like to tender our greetings to Brother Associations and especially to the Representatives of the Gunnery Instructors Association, Petty Officer Harman, the Senior Association with many years of good work to their credit, The Electrical Association, and their Chairman Chief Electrician Irwin, which has developed with their Branch, and to the Divers. Please convey to your Committees and Members our well wishes.

Now a word or two to introduce a toast. Thank you, to all the Ladies and to our Gentlemen Guests who have joined and supported us here tonight and for providing the true social atmosphere for our Dinner and Ball. I know that your conversation and delightfulness will banish the gloom of the thought that tomorrow is only Friday. Feminine companionship NOW easily outweighs and suppresses the thought of a Class in the morning.

Will all Members, Life Members and Honorary Members please rise to the toast —
"The Ladies and Guests."

VICE CHAIRMAN'S SPEECH

Chairman, Admiral Sir Manley Power, Lady Power, Ladies and Gentlemen.

I have been accorded the honour and privilege of toasting the absent friends. Due to 'Operation Smashex' which was in force during the afternoon, thereby nearly causing a delay in leave being given, there was a temporary danger of there being more absent friends, including myself.

The old adage of "The Sea shall not have Them" seemed to be thwarted these days as we have now a greater number of T.A.S.I's at sea than ever, which is indicated by the comparative few present at the dinner.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you the toast to 'Absent Friends.'

GUNNERY GLIMPSSES



BRICKWOODS FIELD GUNS CREW

Our Gunnery Instructors' Report

"Get off that bike and walk, sorry I mean march". I had heard that there were no free-wheeling in Vernon, but, absolutely astonished that there was no pedalling allowed either! I had arrived in my third old "V. and W." training ground as fodder for the 'Main Ornament', previous old warriors being Victory and Whale Island!

Once I conquered the codes for Classes, perming X Y Z from 1-1-2 and 10-4 for the benefit of gunnery rates, 1st, 2nd, 3rd class, and the strange sounding Divisional names, far divorced from Grenville and Effingham, I soon settled into Field Gunnery. No one was more disappointed than I with the Brickwood's Field Gun Run. On the run that counted we had 'pin' trouble. We were the favourites too, having beaten all crews in practice runs and clipped the record. But that is the luck of Field Gunnery and our crew are to be congratulated on their spirit and attendances at practices.

We had some consolation in that we chal-

H.M.S. VERNON, 1959.

lenged the winning crew (Whale Island O.S's) to a run on sacred ground (Vernon Sports Field) on Families Day soundly beating them. A.F.O. 2544/59* permitting, we will win next year.

At this stage I must apologise to Mrs. S/Lt. S.D. (T.A.S.) Qualifying and to Mrs. T.A.S.I. Qualifying for the weird and wonderful things their husbands do with the carving knife in the kitchen. I feel I am slightly responsible for these strange antics. Life is very smooth here in Vernon and I do now realise that the 'Bob' is earned the hard way as it is across on the 'Mud Flat'. Although they are not as fortunate as we are in Vernon. They have a gentle persuader.....the threat of Cambridge.

A now very familiar stalwart 'Taff', P.O. Goodchap, U.W. 1 (the sub-calibre G.I. as the P.O.'s Mess calls him) will be missing shortly. He leaves us to join H.M.S. Trafalgar and we all wish him the very best of luck.

I notice in the last Journal there was no mention of our Cadets so I'll hop in now. We

have said a sad farewell to the Sailmaker and he will be missed by the boys. We are now well into the Winter Term and settled down to some hard work. Thank you for your support on Saturday mornings at the football field. Our team of "Wee red devils" are doing well, what they lack in size they gain in guts and energy. The Cadets attended Trafalgar Day church parade on the Victory ship and stole the show for their drill and bearing. We parade again for Captain's Inspection on Remembrance Sunday. The Cadets are running a Christmas Raffle in aid of their funds, I hope you will all support a very worthy cause. If anyone has any interesting Lectures or Stories for the boys I would greatly appreciate you coming forward to assist us. The times are 1730-1830 on Mondays and Thursdays, and I will gladly give further information in the Parade Training Office.

P.S. Future developments — I'm getting my teeth soon!!!

"Semper Strenuisima"
(W. C. Brooks, C.P.O., G.I.)

*Broadly speaking this refers to ratings in the last 18 months or so of their Service time being drafted for commission abroad even if they would be unable to complete only part of that commission.

In Appreciation

A Naval shore party were harassed by an over zealous big beefy C.P.O. Gunnery Instructor who drove them unceasingly. His favourite expression was, "One day you lot will appreciate me"

His Draft Order was received and a "Grand farewell to the Ch. G.I." party was arranged. The chief was greatly pleased that at last he'd found a sensible body of men who really appreciated him. His pleasure, however, evaporated when it dawned on him that his departure date was the day before the party.

A Tale of the Sea

As the Gunner T.A.S. approached the Wardroom one particular lunch time, he could hear there was some argument under way, and, before he could say "Double Gin, please", he was challenged, "Guns, Is there a golden rivet in this ship".

"Guns", not to be taken aback suggested that as this was an Austerity built destroyer, built during the war, it was possible that there was not one. "Rubbish" came the reply, "All ships

have one". Another raised voice protested that he had been told all about it when he was a 'Snotty'.

At that moment the Engineer Officer, "Chief" entered the Wardroom and was immediately asked, "Chief, is there a golden rivet in this ship?" "Of course there is, ask "Guns" was the reply. Poor "Guns" was left 'High and Dry' for a moment, and he decided to ally himself to "Chief" to 'work this one out'.

The ship was at Gibraltar, preparing to go into dry dock, so there would soon be an opportunity to discover the whereabouts of this elusive object.

"Well", said "Guns", "If there is one, it will be at the after end of the keel, just before it slants up to the counter." From inboard, that will be just about at the forward end of the tiller flat". "Guns" guessed that no Wardroom Officer would venture into this rather inaccessible part of the ship, in a white suit. So, time was in his hands.

Later that day "Guns" and "Chief" could have been seen in Chief's cabin, planning their act, to go into operation when the ship docked down.

During the pre-dinner drinks in the Wardroom, that evening, the subject was purposely raised again by "Chief". "It is probable", said "Guns", that, as this is an austerity built ship, the golden rivet is made of gunmetal". "We shall see when the ship goes into dry dock".

A distinct silence reigned for a moment as the Captain entered the Wardroom. "Well Number One, how's things" said the Captain. "Oh, alright sir" was the reply. "We were just discussing the position of the golden rivet", went on Number One. "Don't tell me you have fallen for that one" quaffed the Captain. "Well sir, 'Guns and 'Chief say there is one' said another.

After a lighthearted argument, it was decided that, if 'Guns' and 'Chief' could show the other officers the rivet in question, drinks would be against the wardroom. In default, drinks would be against 'Guns' and 'Chief'.

A few days later the ship was moved into dry dock, and, as soon as possible, 'Guns' and 'Chief' were in the dock bottom. 'Guns' to sight the dome and the sluice valve, 'Chief' to inspect the zincs and inlets. Well, that was what they were officially down there to do.

Soon, 'Guns' had produced a couple of copper tacks, and 'Chief' was on the working end of a 'windy hammer'. In next to no time, a rivet

in a suitable position had a coating of copper on it.

When the dock was reasonably dry, an inspection party could be seen down near the 'Back end' of the ship.

That evening, 'Guns' and 'Chief' were wined, if not dined by the Wardroom Officers, and the the Captain. A.J.B.

Queer Story (6)

In Mevagissy, that picturesque Cornish fishing village, an old sea chest was discovered in the cellar of a Chandler's shop. Inside was a casket containing a parchment yellow with age. It was a letter. . . .

Ship Sea Wolf, Off Medway.

6th December, 1606

To whom it may concern:—

Margaret and I drove down by car to our favourite cove for a picnic on the sands. It was a lovely sunny day with a light breeze and we had the whole cove under the towering cliffs to ourselves. After lunch she suggested we take a trip in the canoe. We unlashed it from the trailer and soon we were paddling lazily seaward. As we turned the headland we sighted what appeared to be an old galleon. I'm not good at this sort of ship but as far as I could judge it was hoisted with most of its large sails furled or hanging loosely. A large Dutch flag hung limply from the ensign staff aft.

"What an odd ship" said Margaret, "they must be filming or something round here, do let's go closer and have a look". We ran alongside the port side. It was certainly a well made ship for a film set-piece with its gold leaf scrolls and its convincing looking guns peering in rows from holes in the ship's side. As we looked up, a man, dressed in old fashioned 17th Century seaman's clothing complete with earring, shouted down in bad English "What want ye?" "Can we come aboard and look round?" I shouted.

There was some commotion at the gangway at this and suddenly a huge bearded man looked over "Come aboard?" he said with a peculiar accent, "Yes". We climbed the rope ladder and stood on deck. There was gathered the most ruffianly looking set of film extras I'd ever seen. The bearded character doffed his tricorne hat and bowed low. "Welcome to my ship" He said with a heavy foreign accent, "Would you care to sail in her?" "Oh, yes please" said Margaret. "Then follow me". I couldn't understand the grins that flitted over the faces of the crew as we went aft.

With a flourish the Captain flung open the door of a cabin, "Enter". We did. There was a resounding crash as the door was slammed, and the sound of bolts rattling on the outside. A roar of laughter greeted our shouts, I tried to charge the door but it was good seasoned teak. A quick glance showed the cabin to be well furnished with antique period furniture, also there was no way out through the thick oaken timbers. After a while we gave up shouting and banging.

The rise and fall of the ship, the noise of running feet and creaking of blocks as the sails were trimmed told us that we were under way down channel. After four hours, as it was about sunset, there was a commotion outside. The door was opened and I stood ready to fight. But four sailors in pirates costumes with drawn cutlasses made a gangway for the Captain. He stood in the doorway, hands on hips, "Ye are dirty English spies" he barked, "and ye'll hang from the yardarm soon enough". He spat on the deck and walked out, the others followed suit exactly.

Much later they brought us some rough brine on a wooden platter and a mug of brackish water and a candle lant-horn. Days passed this way, our only entertainment was our sentry outside who drew his finger suggestively across his throat whenever we looked.

Christmas Day 1606

Its no good, I can't write any more, these lunatics persist in their play-acting. Margaret is showing signs of strain. Through a narrow aperture, which is our only link with the outside world, we saw today that we were entering the Scheldt. A long low flat coastline and then Amsterdam, they say, is ahead. What we can't understand is why we are passing lots of old fashioned ships like ours, on shore there are lots of 17th Century little houses and great acres of open space. We are going to throw this overboard in one of their wine bottles we found in the cabin. Will the finder please inform the nearest British Naval Authorities.

Here the letter tailed off as if finished in a hurry. The British Museum Manuscript section confirm that the document is in every sense a genuine antiquity. The Caligraphy section had subjected the writing to exhaustive infra-red tests and were satisfied that the ink was over 300 years old. The eminent Archeological Research (Document) Director, Professor Milenski, says that in his view it is a very queer story indeed. Carl Hayman.

WATERLOO BATTLE

Ne Exeat (7)

Jerry was undeniably an expert adviser on most things that concerned the Osprey day to day life. From "Das Kapital" to Tolstoi's "War and Peace" he was prepared to give a considered verdict. He excelled most on matters concerning our much maligned British Railways. He was a familiar figure on the Weymouth — Waterloo line and ticket collectors learned many a lesson. To the type that jerked open the compartment door and grated "Ticket Jack?" he would raise his eyebrows—look round the compartment— "Jack? . . . are you addressing me my good man? and if by some remote chance you are, isn't it usual for a Servant of the Company to say 'please'? . . . so on and so forth.

The various inspectors darkly suspected that he was bilking his fares, and one such, finding him riding first class in solitary state one afternoon, pounced. But Jerry calmly produced a 1st class ticket. The inspector snatched it and even had a conference with one of his colleagues. His pocket magnifying glass failed to reveal even a single flaw, it was genuine. It had in fact, been purchased from a friend who couldn't travel that day.

One day his return half was challenged just beyond Bournemouth, a trifle fed up Jerry then said, "if that doesn't suit you try one of these" and produced from his travel-worn raincoat a handful of return halves!

There are many stories that even today circulate in the inner circle of ticket inspectors. Arriving at a station Jerry would halt opposite a locked 1st class compartment, call a luckless porter and quoting the relevant part of the railway Q.R. & A.'s, would demand that the compartment be opened in the interests of public safety. Once opened he would climb in and sit in dignified state until the train moved off, his only right to a place on the railway at all would be a discarded platform ticket. . . .

The last train to Weymouth on a Sunday night was the despair of the ticket collector. They even erected a barrier of huge boxes and cases but hordes of Osprey sailors, led by the redoubtable Jerry stormed the barricades with the zeal of French Revolutionaries and the poor officials were swept away into the outer darkness. Another weekend they erected barbed wire and eagerly awaited the Sunday train rush with a grim anticipation. The Osprey sailors wavered a moment and then advanced. At the same moment the lights were fused, by Jerry,

and by the dim gaslight the sailors hurried through. It will never be known what the railway authorities thought of the collection of ticket-sized pieces of green card, all from Woodbine packets, they found the next morning.

But Jerry met his Waterloo at Weymouth one Christmas afternoon. He left the nearby hotel lounge and entering the station, asked through the tiny aperture marked G.W.R. for a return to Waterloo. "Other window" snapped the character behind the counter pointing to the right where a similar window was marked S.R. "What's wrong with this one" said Jerry, "its the same counter and you serve out the tickets just the same from both windows?" The shutter was abruptly pulled down. Somewhat incensed Jerry rattled at both windows in savage succession. There was still half an hour to go, so he returned to the hotel lounge. Some twenty minutes later he emerged a little red eyed and ambled purposefully to the ticket office. "Return Waterloo" he said. This was passed over and change given without a word. Examining the ticket carefully, Jerry asked with icy politeness whether the ticket entitled him to a seat on the train. The man behind the little window thrust his face up to the opening and hissed through clenched teeth "You can travel on the . . . engine for all I care".

And so it was that the 1.34 to Southampton was soon the centre of attraction. For, cheered by his followers, Jerry climbed with great dignity, if a trifle unsteadily, on to the engine and then up on top of the coal-filled tender. From his lofty perch in the falling sleet, his face smudged, his uniform well blacked, he began an impassioned oratory to the railway officials gathered below. With much gesticulation, his voice carried phrases of railway regulations as the very utterances of Sinai, to his followers' delight.

In vain did the stationmaster, resplendent in his top hat, the porters, the inspector, the driver and his fireman, try to persuade him to come down. As his intended train, the 1.32 to Waterloo, crowded with his Osprey chums, left the station with gathering speed, they gave him a rousing cheer. The last they saw of the scene was a very damp Jerry, like a rather grubby Deity on a black Olympus still explaining away to the encircling group of railway police and the Naval Patrol. . . . Jerry is still with us, a trifle portly perhaps but no less keen. He still knows his Railway Regulations and if he no

PRINCE OF WALES ISLAND (continued)

longer bilks the railway he owns, perhaps it is because not only is he wiser, now that he is a T.A.S.I., but because of the one occasion he found there was "Ne Exeat".

Carl Hayman

The Naval party had been ordered to man another small ferry - the TAN JONG during the Japanese advance down the Malayan Peninsula. The evacuation of civilian and odd military personnel created a series of problems for the two R.N.V.R. Officers with two seamen P.O.'s, two Stoker P.O.'s and a mixed group of twenty seaman and stokers. Now read on.

With the departure of the train there was little else to do but return to the Tan Jong and take her out to the anchorage and secure her for the day. Having anchored her the crew returned to the bungalow accommodation to find the other crew already there. They found a fresh supply of bread awaiting them and this alone seemed to lift their weariness away. With a fresh surge of energy the crew dashed away to complete their ablutions and return for their "Herrings In" and bread.

After breakfast the majority of the crews flaked out on the floors of the various rooms and were soon asleep.

The officers called the Senior rates out onto the veranda to discuss the morale of the party and the job in hand. It was observed that the men did seem quite content in most respects, and considered that the work they were doing was well worth-while. The only concern the men had was that the front line was not so far away, but with the knowledge that the British Army were between themselves and the Japs the feeling was more of interest than alarm. The officers informed the P.O.'s that practically all of the civilians had now been evacuated from the Island, and as from that night the evacuation of Military personnel would commence, beginning with the Hospital staff and any patients remaining. Finally it was voiced that though the tinned food was sustaining, it was very tedious and that a small supply of fresh food would be very welcome. An effort would be made in this direction promised the Officers, but with the situation so chaotic, "don't expect very much". With this the group broke up and without further ado crawled onto their blankets to catch up on their sleep.

Throughout the day air raids continued but apart from one or two 'near misses' the party enjoyed an almost undisturbed sleep. At 1600 tea was made and after a meal the party occupied themselves in various ways.

One party of four led by a P.O. decided that they would try catching some of the poultry that could be heard rooting round in the woods at the bottom of the gardens. That these belonged to the natives was of little or no consequence to the Navy. They would be 'Commandeered' said one of the wits! When they sighted a number of hens peacefully scratching away the P.O. dispositioned the party so as to surround the fowls and then at his signal to close in forcing the fowls into a small area so that they would be able to catch one each. This sounded a clever idea, but as the individuals approached the hens, the hens at first did move closer together until they decided that the humans had come close enough, and then with what seemed like a pre-arranged signal, the hens took off in various directions at a speed that was so disconcerting to their optimistic would-be-capturers that the party found themselves standing in a neat circle looking at an empty space. With clucks and screeches the hens gathered together again some twenty feet away and settling down, they disdainfully commenced scratching away, seemingly quite oblivious to the now furious hunters nearby. The so called hunters then held a pow wow as to their next move. Feeling annoyed, the party decided to collect their rifles, and with bayonets fixed, to make individual attempts. Going back the hunters stalked as near to the birds as seemed prudent, then with yells that echoed to the tree tops, they rushed at the birds with rifles at the charge position. So ferocious did they appear, that if any Japs had been in front of the charge, the Nips would have turned and not stopped running until they reached Kota Baru. However some of the birds cocked their heads as much as to say "Whats excited them?" and went on calmly scratching until the first hunter was a yard away, when, as before, the birds went into action and were away to safety. This time, the enraged ratings kept up their efforts for some time, rushing, stabbing and thrusting through the air at the most elusive hens. Apart from a few feathers no other possessions came their way, so after ten minutes of this the hunters gave the hens 'best' and came to a sweaty halt. Holding a post mortem it was discovered

that during the excitement one of the men had almost spitted one of the others when he had, in his mad charge, tripped over the exposed root of a tree, and in falling, his bayonet had just missed the buttocks of the man in front of him. This incident brought forth many ribald comments from the others who in sailor fashion saw the humour of the situation. The next idea was for holding rifle practice at the elusive fowl. The P.O. vetoed this one, he didn't think any of his party could hit a poultry pen, let alone a chicken, the other reason was that the rifle shots might cause alarm. Whilst they were discussing other means of making a capture, a Chinese appeared and spoke to them, his English being easily understood. When he learnt what they wanted to do, he removed some berries from a nearby bush, then making a clucking noise he walked towards the hens in the distance. After a short time the hens came and started to peck from his hand. When three or four were pecking from his hand he made a quick grab, and then stood up with three birds in his hands. He quietly presented them to the sailors, then departed, leaving five very perplexed and hot sailors staring at his retreating back in pure astonishment.

Returning to the bungalow, the party presented the 'fresh meat' to the others, who seemed doubtful about the age of the birds. However the idea was good and promises of further Poultry Poachers Parties were made for the next day.

Shortly after supper the crews made ready for departure to their boats. As No. 1 crew left the bungalow they saw a number of soldiers approaching. As these represented the first soldiers they had seen on the Mainland the crew stopped to talk. The soldiers consisted of a Sergeant i/c, a L/Cpl., and five privates. They said they had been cut off from their Company H.Q. When asked how this had occurred, the Sergeant said that the entire Battalion had been overrun by the Nips and after heavy fighting no Battalion organisation remained. The Sergeant went on to say that as his Section retreated they found a Company H.Q. of another regiment and were told to continue to the rear and if possible make their way to Brigade H.Q. which was *thought* to be near Butterworth. This story was accepted at face value, there being no other reason not to do so. By this time the other crew had emerged from the bungalow and together they proceeded down to the pier. The Sergeant and his men were left

behind to have a meal and then get a rest.

Arriving at the pier, the crews went out to their boats, and in due course, proceeded over to Penang to commence the night's operation. Having tied up alongside, the crews found that the evacuees were already coming onboard. When the first of them came over the gangway it was seen that the evacuees were Indians. These Orderlies of the Indian Medical Corps, came onboard with a rush, carrying instead of kitbags, large bundles of gear. As one wit remarked, "It looks like a Dhobi Wallahs day out". The Indians made quite a good deal of row during the embarkation and there was also a good deal of fighting amongst them as they tried to claim a spot on deck already occupied. It appeared that not one of them wanted to sit forward or aft but only amidships (this was the safest place they claimed). It became so rowdy that one of their own officers went amongst them and with the aid of his short stick forced them to settle down.

When the Tan Jong was fully loaded, she proceeded over to the jetty on the mainland. During the crossing many of the passengers were sending up prayers for preservation. They had the wind up very severely, due no doubt to previous experiences. When the boat eased in alongside the jetty, there was a mad rush by most of the passengers which caused the boat to list over so suddenly that the night air was rent by loudwailing of such volume that anyone ashore in Penang or the Mainland must have thought that the air raid sirens were sounding off again. it was therefore only with difficulty that the crew managed to tie up the boat and put out the gangplanks. They were relieved to see the Indians stream onshore and out of their way. However, the thought of going back for another lot wasn't welcomed. The next load behaved similarly and it was with much satisfaction that the crew finally anchored the ferry boat as the first signs of dawn appeared.

During breakfast the No. 1 crew found that their opposite numbers had experienced much the same thing, only in their boat one of the Indians had fallen overboard in his panic to get ashore. However he had been rescued by one of the sailors who wasn't thanked but in fact was abused because he had made the Indian let go of his bundle in the water, the bundle making it difficult for the sailor to hold up the Indian until a rope was secured to him.

After breakfast most of the sailors gathered round the soldiers who had made themselves at home in the bungalow. The soldiers seemed willing to talk of their experiences since the commencement of hostilities against the Nips. These added up to the following stages, at first the battle of nerves; waiting in the hostile jungle, advancing against the enemy outposts, then firing at the enemy one couldn't actually see, then, the rapid withdrawal with enemy snipers picking off the man next to you as the withdrawal was in progress. Lack of rest and provisions also helped to make everyone irritable and nervous, said the soldiers. The Nip's habit of creeping behind your lines and setting up ambushes of Chinese crackers was the big cause of the loss of sleep. When the crackers were set off a couple of Nips would fire their rifles at the same time, the whole effect being that of a Platoon of Nips attacking. This resulted in everyone standing to for several hours, thus losing sleep.

During these yarns, the usual air raids were taking place, so that with the combination of the nights work just finished, the air raids, and the soldiers stories, the tension was increasing. When asked how far the enemy were now from Butterworth, the soldiers estimated about 20 miles, and added that on their reckoning the Nips would advance easily 5 miles a day. This statement gave the younger ratings a lot to think about and in fact instead of sleeping they approached one of the Sub Lieutenants with questions of 'What do we do if the Nips suddenly appear near here?' and 'When will we get away from here?' Unbeknown to the P.O.'s the Officer then decided to take a couple of ratings out in the town and commandeer a lorry of some kind to evacuate the Party in a rush if required.

When the crews departed for their boats that night the soldiers asked permission to go with them, suggesting that they could act as an armed guard. The Officers agreed to this but said that the Section must remain together under the Sergeant and go in one boat, this was to be the Tan Jong.

As the Tan Jong got slowly under way from her anchorage a heavy rain squall blotted out everything and she ran into a native boat of about forty foot length. The shock of the collision sounded worse than it was to the crew of the Tan Jong. A quick check showed that no damage had resulted to her but of the native boat the result was not discovered as she was

quickly swirled away and lost to sight in the squall. However it later transpired that damage to the morale of the crew of the Tan Jong was of a positive nature. Whilst alongside at Penang one of the young A.B's approached the P.O. and told him that he felt distinctly unhappy about everything. He remarked also that a lot of others felt the same.

Going below to the engine room the P.O. found his opposite number, the Stoker P.O. and discussing the situation with him, found that the E.R.A.1 had collapsed and was in a very nervous state. So straight away the P.O. reported the position to his Officer, who said he would see what the situation was regarding the evacuation and let the men know whatever he found out.

Soon after the Officer informed the P.O. that he could tell the men that this was the last night they would be required, and that they would leave for Singapore in the morning. This cheered them up and work continued.

At about 0600 the Tan Jong was taken to the anchorage and when the anchor had been dropped the crew commenced ferrying ashore in the skiff. The P.O. went round checking that everything was in order before reporting to the bridge. Eventually, he and the Officer boarded the skiff and proceeded ashore. During the journey, they heard gunfire in the distance, which set them speculating as to the cause. At the pier they found waiting the lorry that had been provided the day before, manned by the crew and soldiers. When asked what they intended by the Officer, the men said that they were ready to leave for Singapore as they had been promised. At that moment the Pilot who was looking after the pier, came out of the office and called the Officer to the 'phone. The Officer returned and told the men that the Tan Jong was to be taken over to Penang right away. At this the men said that they had been told by the Officer that their job was completed and they could go back to Singapore. He agreed that had been so, but he now had to go over to Penang. At this, the P.O. asked the Officer what were his instructions regarding the men. The Officer replied that the men could go if they wanted to. The lorry then pulled away leaving the Officer and the P.O. standing at the entrance of the pier.

The P.O. went to the bungalow to inform the other Officer of the situation, and he sent the P.O. for No. 2 crew. This crew with both the Officers then manned the Tan Jong and crossed

over to Penang.

Having secured the boat, the entire crew (excepting E.R. watchkeepers) proceeded to the E. and O. Hotel, where they were met by an Officer, who took them to the Navy H.Q. Here the party were given a normal breakfast, the first since they left the F.S.A. The C.O. of this H.Q. was Commander Alexander, R.N. Rtd. and he took a very serious view of No.1 crew's departure.

Breakfast completed, the crew turned in, but three hours later, they were shook and told of impending events. First, they were required to split into two parties, one to proceed to the wine stores of the E. and O. Hotel the other to the store of the Penang Club and destroy all wines and spirits.

At the Penang Club, the store contained some hundreds of bottles, all neatly laid in rows. There was a drink of almost every description available. It was with the utmost reluctance that the P.O. in charge gave the order to commence the destruction of more Good Cheer than he would ever manage to drink, even if he became a planter after the war.

Slowly, and ever so surely, the pile of smashed bottles grew until the air became so intoxicating, that the workers had to take spells of resting in the fresh air. A number of Planters turned up to assist and, having overcome their initial shock, their first action was to fill a couple of suitcases and haversacks with a fair selection of bottles, which were placed in their cars ready for transportation to the boats in the evening. These Planters were actually under Army control, but as they belonged to the local F.M.S. Volunteer Force, had everything arranged for their departure. Hence their luggage and cars.

Towards the end of the afternoon the job was complete and the party reported back to H.Q. They were now told that Penang was to be evacuated that night by all military personnel. The crew of the Tan Jong would man their boat at 1900 and would be taking an important party. In the meantime they were required to go down to the harbour and wreck any cars or power boats not earmarked for the evacuation.

The harbour was now a seething mass of Army personnel and many Eurasians (who had waited until the last minute before deciding to leave). There were also a sprinkling of European women, these had remained to keep essential services open until the last minute.

The majority of these were ferried out to the Keddah, a vessel of some 1,000 tons.

At 1900 the Tan Jong had been manned and was ready for departure. There was no moon that night and heavy clouds were prevalent.

About 1915 the first of the evacuees for the Tan Jong arrived onboard. These were some of the F.M.S.V. Force and included the men who had been at the Penang Hotel earlier that day. Two of them had the car which contained their luggage and spirits. They asked for permission to bring the car onboard the Ferry, but the C.O. said his orders were 'No cars'. Moving their gear onboard, the two Volunteers asked the P.O. where the safest place would be, obviously thinking of their 'spirits'. The P.O. indicated that a spot on the after end of the deck was the best place, as there was little or no traffic there. Shortly after this a Buick arrived alongside and several officers emerged from it, then boarded the Ferry. The P.O. was instructed to arrange for the car to be embarked, but as this order was given by an Army Officer the P.O. went to his C.O. for confirmation. He was surprised in view of the previous car 'incident', when the order in question was confirmed. It was explained to him that the car belonged to a Brigadier whose arrival the Tan Jong was awaiting before getting under way.

The car was embarked and placed in the forward space. At about 2000 the Brigadier General arrived onboard and the order to 'slip' was given. The weather at this time wasn't very good, the visibility was poor and the rain was being driven down by a fairly high wind. Conditions were squally!

As the Ferry cleared the jetty she started turning to Starboard to come South, when she was caught by the wind and heeled over to Port, and stayed there. The list was so sudden and violent that the car standing on deck went hurtling against the embarkation chains, the top two chains parting under the impact. Shouts from the bridge gave the crew to understand that they were being ordered to 'get rid of that car'. With considerable difficulty they managed to slip the one remaining chain, and the car went overboard with a rush. As this took place the gust of wind eased down and the boat gently came back to even keel and started answering her helm. The boat was on her course when a few minutes later one of the Staff officers came down from the bridge and went forward. He seemed very upset when he

discovered the loss of the car. It later appeared that none of the bridge officers knew anything about the car shifting position and certainly not of the shout 'get rid of that car'. The Brigadier was furious as the car had onboard it a lot of private gear and papers. However, he would have been more furious if he had learnt that the 'Order' was shouted out by the two F.M.S.V.F. men who had been refused permission to bring their car onboard. Perhaps they meant to be helpful?.

The Tan Jong had only proceeded about two miles when the boiler room reported that they were having difficulty in keeping the sprayers going. Shortly after, the sprayers gave out and it was considered necessary to drop anchor and locate the trouble. Tension was high throughout the boat as the anchor was dropped.

Ashore could be heard the spasmodic firing, believed to be that of the Nips and the B.A. whilst over in Penang shone pillars of fire created by the demolition squads left behind for that purpose.

Down in the Boiler room it was discovered that the sprayers were blocked with strands of cotton waste, and as fast as they were cleared they were blocked again. Discussion took place now whether it was possible to burn wooden seats, etc. and proceed further South. It was then that a small light was sighted astern and as the light was moving toward the position of the Tan Jong, a decision was made to signal across and find out what boat it was. To the delight of the Tan Jong it turned out to be the Keddah. When her Captain learnt of the Tan Jong's predicament he told the Tan Jong that he would come alongside and take off the personnel, but he ordered that no luggage was to be brought as the Keddah was overloaded already.

Whilst the Army personnel were being taken aboard the Keddah, the senior rates were told to make all efforts to sabotage all machinery especially the engines. When the two senior rates came up from the engine room some five minutes after the sabotage order was given they found that everyone else was onboard the Keddah. The First Officer of the Keddah was shouting to them to get a move on as the Keddah was leaving. One of the P.O.'s didn't fancy the idea of leaving his haversack behind, and as it only lay on the deck some few yards away he ran and grabbed it. At the same time he saw another pack lying there and thinking maybe it was his chum's belongings picked that up

also. Dashing back to the loading port of the Keddah he found himself grabbed and heaved into the Keddah. Packs and all! The Keddah hauled off the Tan Jong and when at a short range fired her guns at the Ferry boat setting fire to it.

Meanwhile the crew of the Tan Jong had been mustered by the P.O., and on his reporting to his Officer, he was told that they would all have to fit in the best they could. This was a problem as all deck space appeared to be occupied although it was very difficult to see much. He found his way back to his party and told what he knew, and that tomorrow, he would see to whatever was required. The men soon settled down and the P.O. seeking around realised that neither his pack nor his chum was anywhere to be found. However, it was only a few minutes before his chum turned up to inform him that he had found a spot that would do for them. It was on a lower deck, but it was lit up, and there was room to play cards and even lie down to sleep. The cards are mentioned as that P.O. was an addict where cards are concerned. When the two arrived at their newly christened P.O.'s mess it proved to be a small gap about five feet wide, six feet long between two trunkings, it was unclaimed and not in a gangway. So it was ideal.

The P.O. who had brought the packs onboard informed his friend that he had brought a pack belonging to him. His friend looked at the pack in question and stated that 'in a way it did now belong to him' His explanation was that, when the Keddah informed the Tan Jong that no luggage could be taken onboard her, one of the Volunteers called this P.O. over and said that if the gear had to be left behind, the P.O. might just as well help himself to the contents, and take what he could. The P.O., however, had been called to the bridge before he had time to look at the contents. The explanation having been made, it was decided to investigate the contents of the pack. The contents proved to be just what was required. The pack was filled with bottles of spirit, and one large tin of cigars. Within a short space of time the air was filled with the aroma of cigars and whiskey, and any observer looking in would have seen two very contented P.O.'s squatting on the deck, playing cards, smoking expensive cigars and with one bottle each of Johnny Walker's Black Label at their sides.

The journey down to Singapore was fairly quiet. There were two scares by Japanese air-

craft, but these only attempted shooting runs at the Keddah, resulting in no hits or damage. The only other incident was the refusal by the Army Officer in charge of rations to issue any to the R.N. ratings. His sorry view was that the Navy should look after its own. However when the Commander heard of this he sent for the Q.M. (Captain in the R.A.S.C.) and in a few naughty nautical words told him that the Naval party of officers and ratings would be very pleased to accept the rations that the Q.M. intended giving to them. And that was that.

Singapore came into sight on the third morning and by noon the Naval party were ready to disembark. By 1400 they found themselves at the U.J. Club where they were to stay the night. The reason for staying there was to give them time to shave off the scrubs of

beards they had accumulated in the past week, scrub off the grime and dirt, and best of all, have a run ashore.

So it was a proud clean party that entered the F.S.A. the next morning, proud of the fact that they had successfully evacuated several hundred civilians and army personnel in just one week, from a scratch start. The feeling was only marred by the knowledge that the ratings of the No. 1 crew had been guilty of what amounted to desertion. It was on this charge that No. 1 crew were court-martialled and punished. It was also learnt during the proceedings of the court-martial, that the Sergeant and his six men were, in fact, deserters from their regiment, that they had been apprehended and were facing the charge of 'desertion in the face of the enemy', a far more serious charge.



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21 Building, H.M.S. Vernon.

MEMBERSHIP

Dear Reader,

The Committee and Members of the T.A.S.I's Association sincerely hope that you enjoy reading this issue of the Magazine. To produce this type of publication, the Association spend approximately £150 per year above the income from advertisements. This is rather a lot for a young organisation as we are, with postage added to the total it becomes a little more than we can reasonably afford.

It has been decided therefore to insert this slip so that you can take advantage of keeping up with events wherever a T.A.S.I. is borne. We will only be too pleased to keep you on our mailing list for the four copies each year should you decide to become an Hon. Member.

Please complete the form below and return it to the Association Office either by hand or post, we will do the rest.

I Rank

wish to be enrolled as an Honorary Member of the T.A.S.I's Association (1955). I enclose 6/- (six shillings) for one year's publication of the journal.

Full Postal Address

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A Question of Numbers

During the Korean war one of our M.T.B.'s closed an Enemy coast in total darkness to rendezvous with an agent, and supply him with a certain number of special detonators. The exact number would not be known until he came alongside, and then the exact number of detonators required would be passed over in sealed watertight boxes without opening a box.

The whole operation was timed for about two minutes. The T.A.S.I. found that he had 1,000 detonators and ten empty boxes. As he neared the area he realised he had quite a problem — to put the 1,000 detonators in the ten boxes in such quantities that any number of detonators he would be asked for, he could pass them over without opening a box.

Being a T.A.S.I. he had solved it in under 5 minutes. How was it done?

Answer in our next edition!

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE PAGE

1. Arkansas; 2. Asia; 3. Yemen; 4. Yukon; 5. Borneo; 6. Estonia; 7. Sweden; 8. Missouri; 9. Victoria; 10. Germany; 11. Nepal; 12. Sicily; 13. Louisiana; 14. Maryland; 15. Ontario; 16. Portugal; 17. Maine; 18. Gibraltar; 19. Indiana; 20. Labrador; 21. Laos; 22. Tasmania; 23. Sarawak; 24. Sumatra; 25. Japan; 26. Latvia; 27. Finland; 28. New Zealand; 29. Jamaica; 30. Spain; 31. Tobago; 32. Tennessee; 33. Egypt; 34. Denmark; 35. Marshall; 36. Canada; 37. Greenland; 38. Martinique; 39. Panama; 40. Turkey; 41. Rhodesia; 42. Barbados.

Tribute

Dame Vera Laughton Mathews, D.B.E., Wartime Director of the Women's Royal Naval service, died at her home in London on Friday, September 25th, 1959.

Dame Vera was to us all an inspiration of courage and devotion to our Service. We who knew her, loved her and never looked upon her as being 'out of the service'. To us she was still the 'Mother Wren'. During those dark days of the war she worked a full day at the Admiralty but still managed to find time to visit her Wrens. I remember first meeting her at Londonderry and when I met her again about a year later she remarked 'Ah, one of my little Derry Wrens', during that space of time she must have met thousands of Wrens, we were a much larger service then, but she never forgot a face. Little things like that gave you a feeling of belonging and determination to work harder.

A re-union will never be the same again, but we know that she will be with us in spirit. Our deepest regret is that she will not be with us for our 21st Birthday next year, but to quote the words of Dame Jocelyn Woolcombe, D.B.E., 'Let us be thankful that we have known her.'

Janet King,
R.P.O. Wren.

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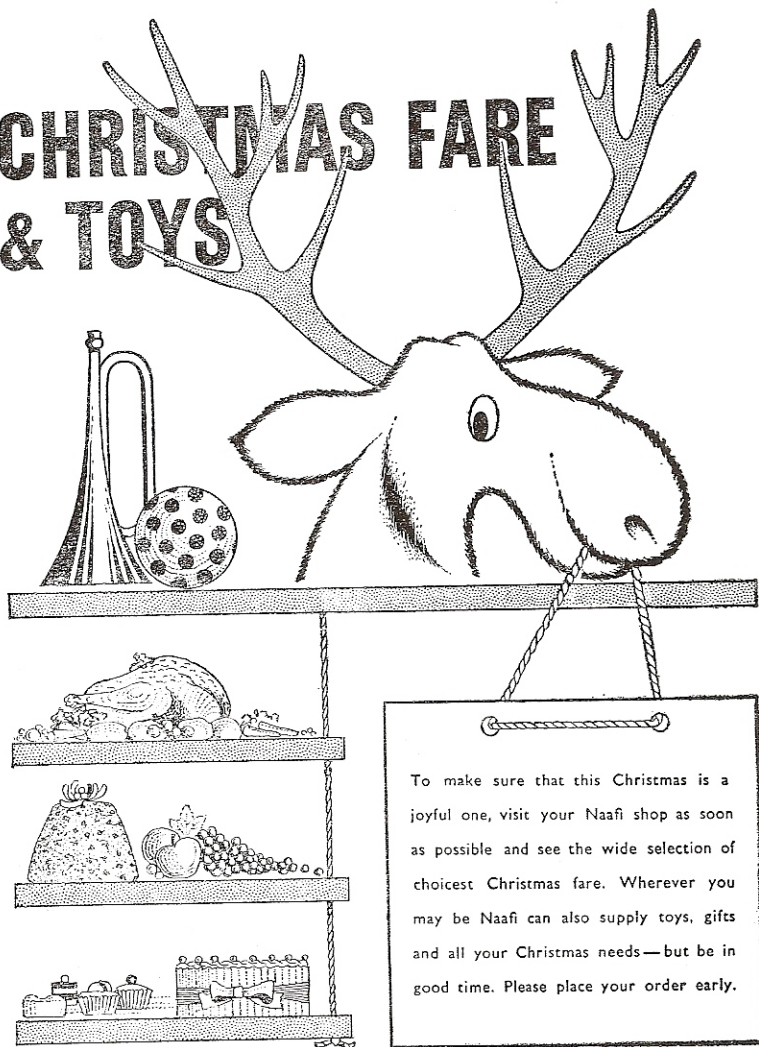
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