

P.O. ADAMS.



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"QUI DOCET DISCIT"

TORPEDO AND ANTI-SUBMARINE INSTRUCTORS
ASSOCIATION, (1955)



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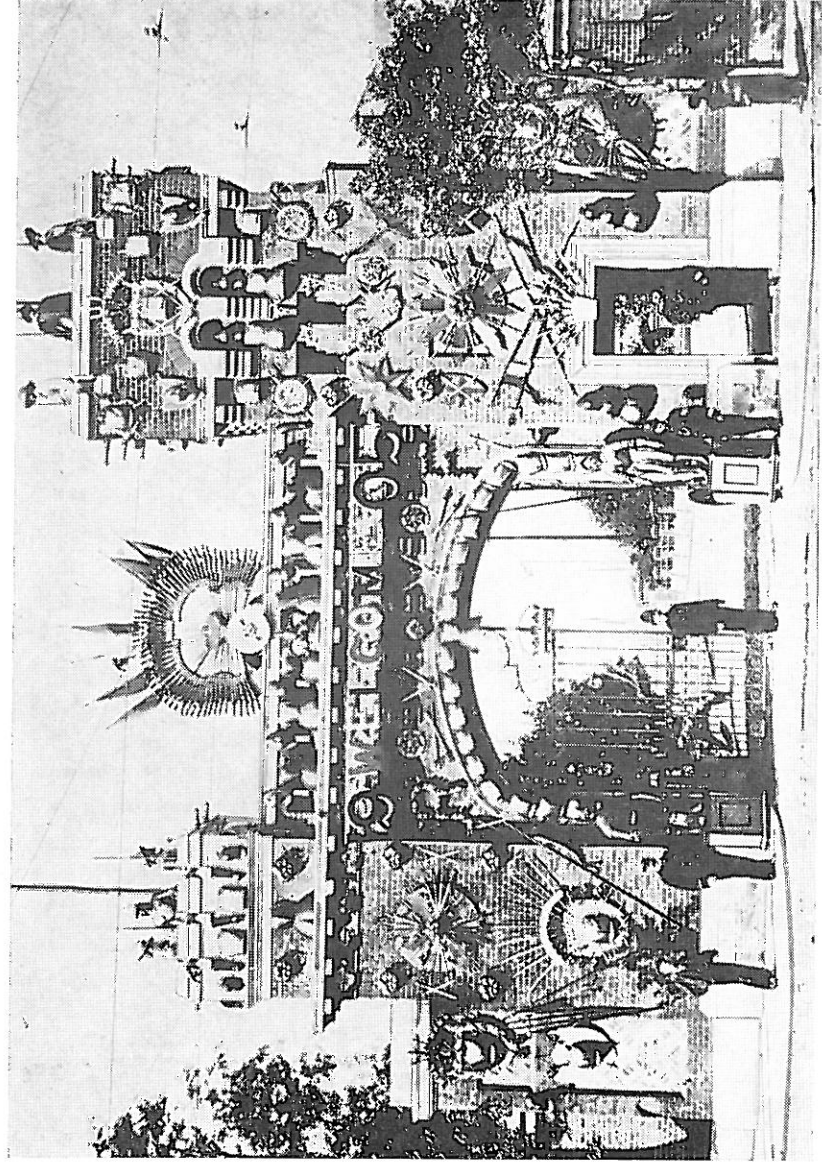
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Gate of H.M. Gunwharf, 1905.

EDITOR'S PAGE

Dear Readers,

This is your Journal, and like most magazines it has a purpose, or rather purposes. The primary function of the Journal is to keep the members of the Association in touch with Headquarters and with each other. This is done in the various Association Official articles, such as Chairman's report, Secretariat Review and the likes. The correspondence section brings you news of the doings of T.A.S.I.'s and ships all over the world and News from Vernon; Osprey Report and the Hail and Farewell section keeps you in touch with the Branch in General.

However, this can make a very stodgy diet and we attempt to leaven it by including various items and articles, serious and humorous of many diverse subjects. I am always on the lookout for material, usually with some degree of success. However, the more material I receive, the more selective I can afford to be with the consequent improvement of quality and style. I am bombarding the Committee with requests for a newer and better designed cover in glorious technicolour and have hopes that this will be achieved for the Xmas issue.

Meantime, let me have your literary efforts, prose or poetry, serious or funny, long or short; I don't mind. Write like Hank Janson or Ruby M. Ayres, I couldn't care less, so long as you write something. The odd ode which always appears on the Ship's Notice Board, the incident which always happens when Jack is ashore, the account of your commission to date, that is the material I require. This is your magazine and it reflects the intelligence of the T.A.S.I. plus his sense of humour and General educational standard. It is read all over the world by readers whose sleeves are weighed down by gold braid and also by timid Juniors in the Training Establishments. The Royal Canadian; New Zealand, Australian and South African Navies read it, as do our many ex-Service members, so you will be writing for a worthy circle of readers. Members in the far flung outposts are particularly asked to write in and let us know what is happening in these parts of the world. Trusting that you enjoy reading this, YOUR Journal, and hoping to be flooded with articles,

I remain,

Yours Sincerely,

A.D. Fraser, C.P.O., T.A.S.I.—Editor

SECRETARIAT REVIEW

Dear Members,

I've been told by our Editor to confine my report to ONE page this time as he is pressed for space unless I can pinch the Vice Chairman's page!! It is very heartening for us who are directly connected with it to know that our Journal is attracting sufficient contributors to more than fill the available pages. This must not be taken to indicate that we want no more contributors, the reverse is the case, we can always increase the size of the publication.

As our Vice Chairman is away in R.N.B., on a Seamanship course and as I may never have the opportunity again I'm going to pinch his space, I hope you don't mind, 'Ginger'. The Vice Chairman and I work in fairly close harmony in the Entertainment sphere so I will try to combine the two reports.

The first six months of this year has shown us to be in a very healthy state financially and the Capital gain is comparable with the first six months of 1958. However, in the Chairman's letter he asks us not to be complacent about this continued rise in funds and I would like to enlarge on this subject. The Fund Raising, as you may realise, is a week by week struggle by a comparative few. Although practically all of our Members support it by buying tickets I would like to see many more take an interest in the selling of them. Let there be no illusion about this, the existence of the Journal, the Annual Dinner and Ball and the T.A.S.I.'s Outing depend almost entirely on the Fund Raising Scheme. Any increase in our Annual social events would have to be self supporting otherwise the Capital will not continue to rise.

The Annual Dinner and Ball is being held at Kimbells, Southsea, this year and will inevitably cost more to each Member and consequently require a larger than usual subsidy from Association Funds. You can assist tremendously by giving it 100% support. It is regretted that we could not have Friday, 27th November for the highlight of the Association year and we realise that it may be difficult for some of our outlying Members to get there with the thought of another working day to follow. I am certain, however, that you will all make the maximum effort, it will be well worth the journey.

Lastly, a reminder to Members who are about to leave the Service. You may find a difficulty to join the E.T.U. once you are outside as a T.A.S.I. is an unknown quantity outside the precincts of a Naval Port. If you apply to the Office six months before retiring, your Secretary will do the necessary for you.

M. Thomson—Hon. Sec.

OSPREY REPORT

Dear Sec.,

Thanks for the rest of the Journals; they will go out as soon as possible. Petty Officer Marchant has passed to me the sum of ten shillings to stop the tear in his heart caused by your words at the meeting; hence I send it to you.

Osprey still grows in the T.A.S. world and we have more and more of the sad side of the Branch in evidence. The season of the Sea Cadets is in full swing now. We have had them all over the place for the last month, with Bolton doing his nut as per usual. The next lot are to take over East Weare Camp. We only get the older boys, so, in a bad temper, one is liable to get on to a Sea Cadet thinking he is a poor little O.D.

Cutts Curtis, having been raised to the Peerage, has taken his seat in the House of Lords, but, as he is a junior Peer, he gets the tea at Stand-Easy for both Monty and myself, and on occasions, Freddy Fox.

As the Monsoons have returned to Osprey the Chief Buffer will again come into force. The grass has grown and now he has some work to do cutting it. The Buffer is an ex H.S.D. - Hooper.

Curtis was talking of the forthcoming Dinner, so maybe we will roll up in his bus. We will let you know as soon as the result of the finances are worked out. Must close now. I could say the pressure of work is responsible, but the true fact is that I am in the store and I want a cup of tea; and I have to go to the Mess. So Cheerio,

Sincerely, Reg.

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QUEER STORY

Margaret was one of the nicest Wrens we knew in our Underwater camp somewhere in wartime Scotland. We didn't see a great deal of her as she worked hard and often late in the Operational (Plans) Section in the quietest corner that our heavily overcrowded Base could provide.

On one such occasion she was duty Wren and at about 8.30 in the evening she felt a slight draught as the Nissen Hut door was opened behind the blackout curtain. Expecting to see her Wren friend from the Records Section she glanced up. In the bright light, blinking a little, stood a Petty Officer in a very new suit. "Yes?" she queried. "Get up", he snapped, "Yes, you". "What the - - -" her voice trailed away and her mouth went dry, for, out of thin air it seemed, a small automatic appeared in his hands. He spoke in an odd, stilted way "Be quiet or you will get this" motioning to the weapon, "Turn around and do not move". As if in a dream she turned, "Put your hands on your head". She heard him move over to the telephone, there was a snip as he cut the cable. He spoke again, "Where are the 'Operation Scourge' Assault Orders"? Nearly fainting she said "I don't know - - -" A metal barrel was jammed painfully in her back, then she blacked out.

As she emerged from a very long black tunnel she found herself looking up into the glaring bright light. A painful slap on her face brought realisation back with a painful clarity. A menacing voice said "Stand up", and she was jerked to her feet. Margaret looked around, the office was in a shambles. The Safe gaped open and empty. "You have one minute to get back to normal, and then we shall walk", the relentless voice went on. "Keep quiet, behave normally and you will live, otherwise - - -", and he tapped the gun significantly.

She almost blindly carried out her usual Security checks before leaving, not realising the grim humour of her acts. The lights were switched off and she emerged to the darkness of a Scottish night, the fresh air made her feel better. "Move", a blue-light torch was shone on her face and flicked off, a steely arm guided her toward the gate and the Guardhouse. A strolling Sailor sentry stepped out of the shadows, "Goodnight, Margaret", he said, a savage pinch from her companion "Goodnight" she replied. At the gate stood two further Sentries and the Chief Petty Officer. A voice grated in her ear "Hold my arm and smile as if you were my girl, quickly". They emerged into the brilliant arc lights and proceeded along the 100 yards of roadway towards the Guardhouse. The armed Sentries who were talking together in the gateway looked up and carried on their conversation. The Wren felt the man's grip tighten as they neared the entrance. "Smile" hissed her companion, she did, so did her companion as they walked up to the C.P.O.

"May I see your pass, Miss", smiled the Chief Petty Officer and reached out his hand. There was a thud, a crash and a scream. The C.P.O. drove his fist into the man's face for a second time. The sentries brought the man struggling to the ground as the Alarm bell brought another dozen armed Sailors to join the melee. They secured the torn and blood covered P.O. as the Officer of the Day arrived.

A few words from the C.P.O. and the prisoner was marched away Shortly after an ambulance arrived for the shivering and shocked girl.

A carefully vetted version of the affair was released by the Admiralty at a later date. The P.O. was in fact a German agent who had more zeal than skill and the C.P.O. was commended for his alertness and the Enemy agent's subsequent capture. The Wren was little worse for her nightmare adventure. In fact, they often discuss her odd adventure, even today, 17 years later. The intruder was certainly unlucky to select as his victim the wife of the Duty Chief Petty Officer!

Rather Queer when you think about it!!

AMENDMENT TO DRESS REGULATIONS

by POTTYPINGER

Whereas we, the most August and Venerable Lordships of the All-High Councils of the Andrew, having given weighty and futile thought to the grave problem of recruiting and furthermore not wishing to be the only mariners left in the Queen's Navee in 1970, do pronounce the result of our deliberations.

Whereas, it has been represented to us that Naval Uniform is divided into two categories, viz. The highest of the minions are dressed in a sad uniform adapted from the original rig of a Maltese Taxi-driver in Night Clothing, the remainder being dressed in a peculiar outfit, the majority of which goes over the head of the wearer before being worn. One late member of our noble board, who, in the fulfillment of a youthful vow, decreed that all Scribes, Sadducees, Poulitice Wallopers, Foodspoilors, Ironmongers, Greengrocers and the Ilk were to be clad in the raiment of mariners, has since left us to enjoy the confusion from afar. Likewise the new regulations for the dress of Officers have resulted in Paybobs being demanded to account for fresh water and exalted stokers being confronted with paint chits to complete jobs on the mainmast. It having been represented to us that the introduction of colourful raiment in Her Majesty's Navy would be a mighty incentive to the youth of the country to join the service, and that branches would be easily differentiated aboard ship, we, the All-Highest do accordingly decree that the following dress will be adopted as from henceforth.

THE ELECTRICAL BRANCH

Bearing in mind the effect of the demon Television on the youth of the country, plus the fact that the traditional colour of this branch is Green, uniform for this branch will be as follows:—

A Jerkin and Tights of Lincoln Green. Quivers of fuses, 5 and 10 amps will become Naval Store items. Robin Hood hats will be worn, also Gym shoes. No cap ribbons will be worn, as the majority of ships prefer to deny ownership of the minions of this branch.

It is realised by their Lordships that the Senior Ratings of this branch are no longer of the physical contours to set off this uniform and accordingly, they may shave their heads and wear a cowl and habit, the same to have large pockets for the carrying of tools. Any Chief found with dirty habits will be demoted.

THE ENGINE ROOM BRANCH

It has long grieved the hearts of their Lordships that this mighty branch has been divided by class distinction and class warfare between the aristocratic Tiffy and the humble denizens of the boiler rooms. Reluctantly it has been agreed that this must continue and the practice of removing the noses of Artificer Apprentices and replacing them with substitutes of toffee, is to continue. The Tiffy's long standing and understandable desire to carry swords has also been considered and the new dress regulations for E.R.A's are as follows:—

Complete dress uniform of Her Majesty's Lifeguards dismounted, plus cavalry sabre, breast and back plates, cavalry boots and spurs, white breeches and helmets complete with plume. At all times when negative jumpers are worn, breast and back plates must still be worn. The traditional cuff-links are out of keeping with this new rig and must be discarded. For reasons of economy horses cannot be provided but stokers may be provided for this purpose on Ceremonial occasions. Whilst it has been pointed out to their Lordships that this uniform is unsuitable for prolonged watchkeeping in the tropics, their Lordships intimate that as all Naval uniforms are unsuitable the objection is not sustained.

Regarding dress for Stokers, their Lordships, whilst mindful of the need for a bright uniform for this branch, have decreed that, owing to the pressure from the Trade Unions of the mighty Artificers, the Stoker will continue in the same rig, but will grow a forelock of hair to be respectfully tugged at passing artificers.

GUNNERY BRANCH

Pre-war type postman's uniform. The double peaked cap will enable the G.I. to salute in two opposing directions simultaneously. This is the greatest advance in Naval Gunnery for decades.

THE ORDNANCE BRANCH

This ancient and venerable Branch, otherwise known as the Purple Menace, will henceforth adopt the uniform of the Swiss Papal Guard. Pikes will be carried on all occasions, and may be used for the purpose of prodding lethargic Gunnery Ratings from the corners of the few remaining gun turrets left in the Navy.

THE REGULATING BRANCH

This uniform to be a direct copy of the Hitler S.S. Commissioned Jaunties to wear rimless glasses. All regulating office lampshades to be made of human skin, tastefully tattooed.

THE SUPPLY AND SECRETARIAT BRANCHES

We, your Lordships, have reluctantly decided to disband this branch. All Naval Stores will henceforth be run on the lines of a Self-Service Store. No chits will be required. Pay offices are to be closed and each rating will be presented with a cheque book. It is to be hoped that these privileges will not be abused. Catering will be handed over to the N.A.A.F.I., and although some strain is therefore to be expected on the Medical Branch, this will soon be solved by the whole service voluntary going on R.A.

THE SHIPWRIGHT BRANCH

Serious consideration has been given to the peculiar requirements of this Branch, whose pockets are normally filled with odds and ends and the many rabbits they labour to produce. Accordingly their uniform will be that of the traditional Cretan peasant. The baggy trousers which distinguish this dress are admirable for the concealment of rabbits, whilst, in lieu of the fearsome armoury carried by the Cretan, tools of his trade can be carried. Likewist the crossed bandoliers are admirable for the stowage of copper tacks and spare nuts and bolts.

THE T.A.S. BRANCH

Wild West Cowboy outfits to be worn by all U.C. rates, T.A.S.I's to wear Sheriffs' stars, U.C.I's to wear Deputy badges.

The Weapons rates will be dressed as Vaqueros, which is Spanish for Mexican layabouts.

Given under our hands

Charlie, Bunker, Knocker, Montmorency and Soapy.

Lord High Commissionaires.

BOOK REVIEW

"HOME IS THE SAILOR"

(by John Whelan — World Distributors Library - 2/6d.)

It is a most pleasant and fitting fact that the first book to be reviewed in the T.A.S.I's Journal should be written by an ex-Submarine Detector Instructor. Members, or should one say survivors, of the S.D. Branch will remember Petty Officer Taff Whelan and possibly his strikingly beautiful wife Geraldine, who as a Wren contributed a magnificent voice to concert occasions in H.M.S. Nimrod.

John Whelan's book is a refreshing and amusing tale of his Odyssey through the Royal Navy in Peace and War. A book about the lower deck by one who was truly of the lower deck, it is the more vivid by being written by one of our own kind rather than by wartime only sailors from Fleet Street who found Jack rather quaint, very uncouth but intensely loyal, rather like a tramp's mongrel dog.

This book commences with young John Whelan leaving the grey and hopeless Welsh Valleys in 1932 for the rough and ready life of the pre-war Navy, commencing in H.M.S. St. Vincent and takes the reader through the Spanish War, the Second World War until the author left the service at the end of that war and took up the noble, if trying; profession of teaching. He paints the eccentricity of the members of the Asdic Branch with affection and mentions a few of the characters who are still with us to this day.

A factual and amusing book for the sailor and his officer written by someone whose sense of humour is of the lower deck. The Canteen Manager of H.M.S. Vernon has been asked to lay in a stock of this excellent publication.

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THE MIDGET SUBMARINE ATTACK ON THE TIRPITZ — 1943

Early September, 1943, the 40,000 ton German battleship Tirpitz lay at anchor in Altenfiord, enclosed by two sets of torpedo nets. This ship, when launched, was the largest battleship in the world and the pride of the German Navy. Tirpitz, designed to be a long range raider of terrific striking power, had been forced by means of bombs, torpedoes, mines and depth charges, brought against her by aircraft-carriers, bombers, midget submarines and frogmen to confine her activities. This continual harrassing, however, was seriously depleting the naval escorts from their duties where they were urgently required. She could never be left alone; we did everything we could to sink her. She always had to be watched from close at hand, by submarines, by aircraft, and by groups of the Norwegian Resistance Movement.

Consequently, on September 11th, 1943, six X-Craft; X5, X6, X7, X8, X9 and X10 sailed, their main target being the battleship Tirpitz. These craft were submarines, 48ft. long, with a maximum diameter of 5½ feet, except under the periscope, where it was just possible for an average man to stand upright. The crew was four men. The plan was that normal sized submarines should tow six X-Craft submerged, from their base in the North of Scotland to Altenfiord, Norway: a distance of about 1,000 miles. Each boat had two crews, one for the passage and one for the attack. Arrived off the entrance to Altenfiord, the attach crews, having travelled in the towing submarines, were to take the place of the passage crews and the six X-Craft were to enter the fiord. Three were to lay explosive charges under the Tirpitz, and two under the Scharnhorst and one under the Lutzow, which were also expected to be there.

X8 and X9 were lost on the way North. X7 had a narrow escape, when a mine became entangled in her towing wire and threatened to crash against her hull. However, her Captain Lt. B. G. Place, succeeded in kicking it away. Four craft succeeded in reaching within striking distance of Altenfiord, but unfortunately, X10 broke down and was scuttled after ten days at sea. X5 approached the nets and was lost it is not known how. These mishaps however, did nothing to daunt the spirits of the crews of the remaining two X-Craft; namely X6 and X7, whose objective was still the Tirpitz.

X6, commanded by Lt. Cameron, entered the nets first. They managed to get through the outer nets and then found a gap in the inner nets. German sources later stated that the gap had been left for boat traffic. Once inside the nets, X6 was dogged by bad luck inasmuch that she ran aground on a sand bank, and almost immediately her periscope was sighted by crewmen of the German ship. Working furiously, the crew of X6 managed to free the submarine from the sand bank and slow progress was once more resumed in the direction of the target.

On board the Tirpitz, action stations was sounded and guns crews were closed up, but to no avail as the submarine was too close for the guns to bear. The sentry on the gangway opened fire with his rifle and other people opened up with revolvers and began throwing grenades. A young German Sub. Lt. collected three men and dashed down the gangway into a launch, started it up, and headed towards the X-Craft throwing grenades as he went. He eventually managed to get a line around the conning tower of X6 and started to pull her away, backwards, from Tirpitz, but the submarine was stronger than the launch and kept on toward the battleship, pulling the launch backwards.

Then the hatch in the submarine's hull opened, and four men came out, in leather overalls, covered in oil. Very coolly they got into the German launch. The submarine began to sink, but she was still moving towards Tirpitz and finally sank right alongside.

Then another submarine was sighted and once again light automatic weapons opened up. They saw the X-Craft for a moment surrounded by shell splashes; then it disappeared. This was X7, trying to get out of the nets after having laid her charges underneath Tirpitz.

At 0812 the mines went up, four of them, each weighing two tons. Meanwhile X7, trying to escape, had been caught in the nets. It had taken her longer to get through than had been expected, but it had been done and the mines laid. Then had come the task of getting away before the mines exploded; X7 was in and out of several nets. Lt. Place afterwards said "At 0740, we slid over what we hoped was the last one, so that it was extremely annoying to run into another. Shortly after this there was a tremendous explosion which evidently shook us out of the nets".

X7 surfaced alongside a floating target. Lt. Pace scrambled from his position, but, before the others could follow him, the boat sank. One member of his crew escaped later by means of his Davis Escape Apparatus.

The damage sustained by the explosions rendered the Tirpitz incapable of further action until Bomber Command finally sank her. For their part in this engagement, Lieutenants Place and Cameron both received the Victoria Cross on their return from a German prison camp after the war.

"Duke" Marlborough

COMMERCIALLY AVERAGE

From the time he walked into the Establishment twelve months ago, Lobby Lugs was a body to be watched, not because of any attractive features he possessed but rather the opposite. He broke, disregarded and ignored every dress regulation that was ever printed or applied; did fail to read Standing Orders; was adrift from so many places of duty that eventually he had no special one but that of permanent rattle boat sweeper.

Blasts and bottles sprayed off him like water from a Nuswift, while confidential talks by his various Divisional Officers (and he had come under the wing of all of them within three months) had no effect whatever. He was crabby, slow, uninterested, his very name brought tinges of scarlet to the faces of his superiors, and was guaranteed to make the G.I. start climbing the nearest wall.

Sighs of relief were general when it was known that he was about to be married. It would, it was thought make a man of him; give him a sense of personal pride, - though it was to be wondered what well-meaning, innocent girl could contemplate taking on this walking garbage can. The expected transformation was awaited with bated breath, but disappointment enveloped all personnel when at last it was reluctantly realise that his odiferous self was to remain unchanged; yet not entirely.

It was noticed by one or two at first, but since these were the habitués of the Beer Bar, little credence was put on their reports that he drank no other than one particular brand of beer. Shortly afterwards a casual remark by the Canteen Manager that sales of soap of a particular make had risen drew attention to the fact that there was a definite odour about Lobby that was in no way akin to the normal unwashed affluvia that invariably heralded his approach. After Divisions one week his current Divisional Officer complained of brilliant white splashes that intermittently appeared before his eyes. He traced the cause, after some conscientious investigation, to Lobby's white front, hat and shoes.

Gradually the transformation permeated the whole establishment. It was noted that his way of life was also changing. An alertness was detected whereas before he had been engulfed in absolute apathy. His eyes sparkled and he walked with such a spring in his step that the G.I. mentally detailed him for the next Ceremonial Guard. A gentle smile of complete affability caressed his features exposing teeth that shone like pearls, while in the Billiard room he offered round cigarettes that everyone knew were smoked by men of action. An inner glow suffused his being; vital energy and a veritable absence of any number of degrees under par caused his instructors to comment on the improvement he made to any class room.

He arrived and left the establishment dressed in civilian clothes that were obviously crease-resistant and impervious to water, driving a car which, for all its small size, was clearly at the top of its class and was most economical to run; and which was maintained by a garage crew that most certainly knew their stuff.

What his shipmates did not know, and indeed could only guess at best, were Lobby's activities at home. His house was furnished to a plan; carpeted with a well-known make, and decorated in pastel shades of paint that was guaranteed to last five years. His daily dose of effervescence ensured an inner cleanliness that reflected from his very being and he enjoyed food with an appetite that was unimpaired by an indulgence between meals of a sweetmeat most popular. He was in fact an average man with average taste in all the good things that could be viewed in the average home.

Conjecture was rife. How long would it last? Was it in fact permanent? Alas! it wasn't!! The new average man was unhappily unable to encompass his average life with his average income.

Then the T.V. Tube fell over!!!

Ted 'G'

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NEWS FROM VERNON

Life in the old Alma Mater has proceeded on its normally calm and leisurely way this term. For the benefit of those members who are out of the country, this has been a magnificent Summer and Vernon looks its resplendent best under the admiring gazes of summer visitors peering through the gate. The girls passing the gates seem prettier than ever before and Southsea front has been packed with brown bodies enjoying the French Riviera climate. The bars at Clarence and South Parade Piers look like saloons in Dodge City these summer evenings and only the presence of Wyatt Earp or Bat Masterson is needed to complete the illusion.

Family Day was once more a rousing success, although, due to it being held during school working hours, the attendance was less than in previous years. There were still more than enough to crowd the various displays and messes during the day. Sympathy is extended to a certain T.A.S.I. and his wife. Hubby in the wheelbarrow race, slipped and kicked his everloving in the teeth. Fortunately, he managed to convince everloving that it was an accident. Mrs. Morgan Giles presented the prizes throughout a sweltering summer's afternoon and our thanks go to her for this kind gesture.

Navy Days, apart from one shower at 1715 on the Saturday, enjoyed magnificent weather. The Saturday shower spoiled the display by the King's Squad and Massed Bands of the Royal Marines, but apart from that all went well. The organisers of Navy Days are to be complimented on a well run and interesting programme. H.M.S. Vanguard once again graced South Railway Jetty and was the major attraction. The public enjoyed it more, it seems, than the usual Marathon trot through a Carrier's Hangar. The individual establishment displays were of a high order this time and Sultan, even building a rock pool and fountain in their layout, are to be particularly complimented. Vernon maintained its normal high standard although hampered by Security restrictions. Nevertheless we were allowed to show the Mk. 30 torpedo, although we think the C-in-C's caustic remarks regarding our Mk 9xx at Easter may have had something to do with it. 54,000 people visited the Dockyard, 26,000 on Bank Holiday Monday alone, only 4,000 short of the record day attendance. Almost 13,000 people visited the Vernon Display and the Jury Cinema, showing "This is T.A.S." played to capacity during all three days despite the wonderful weather.

The Vernon Volunteer Cadet Corps spent one week under canvas at Chickerell, near Weymouth during the first week in August. The Corps is flourishing, largely due to the great interest shown by the Senior Officers of all departments in Vernon, and the untiring labour and spare time put into the running of the Corps by Lt. Foster and his

staff of instructors. C.P.O. Fraz. Fraser has reluctantly handed over the regulating of the cadets after two and a half years with them. However, Chief Sailmaker Fensome has taken over the reins and a benevolent C.N.D. has equally kindly presented him with H.M.S. Hermes at the end of the year. Still, good luck Sails, it has been a pleasure to have you in the Vernon family. We have not yet had a report of how the boys enjoyed the camp, but, as 100 W.R.A.C. Terriers are known to be in the adjacent camping site, we do not anticipate any complaints from the staff. Incidentally, all three Chief Cadets have now joined the Royal Navy, so there is great competition for the promotion vacancies amongst the lads.

Vernon was again on display during July, this time to Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Defence. A report on this appears elsewhere in the Journal. The First Sea Lord also visited us during the term.

Vernon Wrens now stay in the establishment for lunch instead of having to trek all the way back to the Duchess of Kent Barracks. We haven't quite got around to having hot plate Romeos as in the Dunoon Osprey but there are hopes as we have sighted spooning couples sitting on the playing fields during the dinner hour. Possibly welfare will supply rose-covered bowers to ensure privacy for the young lovers.

Chief Petty Officer Maxie Holmes, after losing three sweepers due to snow blindness, has started an anti-duresco campaign in 49 building. Green paint is now order of the day and classes can now actually do Squid drill without having to dodge duresco underfoot.

A crash mobilisation divisions, ordered and attended by a very important officer from drafting, was dealt with in the normal efficient Vernon manner. Great amusement was caused when this V.I.P., on sighting a South African Petty Officer in charge of a Unit, asked, "How do you know his country is going to declare war as well?"

The Wardroom Pig Farm has been moved to remote country parts to make way for Vernon reconstruction and it is now possible to approach that area from leewards once more.

NO ECHOES

The M.O. completed his examination of the Midshipman.

"There's absolutely nothing wrong with you and I shall inform your C.O. accordingly".

"I'm so glad" gushed the Middy, "after all, there's nothing wrong in liking pancakes, is there?"

"Not at all", said the Doctor, "as a matter of fact, I'm rather fond of them myself".

"Are you, Sir?" crowed the Middy, happily. "You must come along to my cabin, I've got trunks full of 'em".

Carl

GREETINGS AND FAREWELLS

C.P.O. C. Bennett (R.N.R., Solent Division to H.M.S. Carron)
L/S J. Graham (Ganges to Otteringham)
P.O. D. Carter (Ganges to Broadsword)
C.P.O. H. Keeler (Vernon to H.M.S. Albion)
P.O. P. Cheeseman (Albion to R.N.B. Chatham)
P.O. J. Hagues (Roebuck to Urchin)
P.O. D. Robbins (Tyne to Dolphin)
P.O. D. Yeandle (Stalker to Adamant)
P.O. E. Roe (Contest to Ganges)
P.O. A. Hovenden (Ganges to Tenby)

The Association's best wishes are sent to the following who are about to leave the Service. Keep in touch.

C.P.O. W. Jackson; P.O. L. Formoy; P.O. B. Spencer; P.O. F. Brooks.

EXALTATION TO THE PEERAGE

M.S. Harrison (Cavalier) to C.P.O.

P. Fair (Sheffield) to C.P.O.

WELCOME BACK

H 7. Lieut. G. Hunt to Vernon as J.R.B.O. and Sports Officer.

H30. Lieut.-Cdr. R. F. Chalmers to I.A./S.

We welcome the following new members to the finest Association in the Service:—

No. 261 Petty Officer D. W. Stubbings, T.A.S.I. — Vernon
No. 262 Petty Officer P. J. Ford, T.A.S.I. — Vernon
No. 263 Petty Officer C. A. Walk, T.A.S.I. — Vernon
No. 264 Petty Officer W. Thompson, T.A.S.I. — Vernon
No. 265 Petty Officer T. Morrow, T.A.S.I. (R.N.Z.N.)-Vernon
No. 266 Petty Officer A. V. Goddard, T.A.S.I. — Vernon
No. 267 Petty Officer W. Lissamer — Vernon

NEW HONORARY MEMBERS

H35 Captain G. I. M. Balfour, D.S.C., R.N. (Life Honorary Member)

H36 Lieut.-Cdr. St. Aubyn-Sayer, R.N. (H.M.S. Solebay)

H37 S/Lt. Streeter, R.N. (H.M.S. Solebay)

H38 Lieut. G. A. Adlam, R.N. (H.M.S. Vernon)

Apologies for late acknowledgements of Membership go to:—

H25 Lieut.-Cdr. L. J. B. Reynolds, R.N. (Tactical School, Woolwich)

RENOVATION OF WARRIOR BLOCK

Warrior Block, at the moment, is undergoing a major refit, and I am delighted to report that, when it is completed, it will be a luxury hotel for the boys.

The general plan is to have a central corridor on each floor from which one enters several small dormitories containing approximately eight beds. Each dormitory will be bright and airy due to the window space allocated and painted in a pastel shade. The floors will be wooden tiles and each bed will have its own reading lamp and locker alongside. The usual facilities, such as ironing boards, S.R.E., etc., will be provided. At the end of each floor will be tiled bathrooms, showers and wash basins, even the heads will have all Mod. Con. In two small spaces in the centre of each floor will be a series of large basins for washing clothes.

The bottom floor will contain the Galley, Cafeteria and the usual offices, such as Regulating Office, Joining Office, etc. You'll be delighted to hear that the two lifts will be removed.

The work is being completed in three phases, and Phase 1 is already under way and it is hoped that by the end of September the first six or so dormitories will be occupied.

Unfortunately, but not unexpectedly, the comfort of the present inhabitants of the block is being sadly disrupted, whilst the alterations are under way. However, we hope that when the entire block is converted by 1961, they will think their present hardships worth while. The original Asdic School, H.M.S. Osprey, provided the finest living conditions in the Navy for its Junior Rates prior to the war and it is hoped that Vernon will soon be able to do likewise for the post-war T.A.S. rating.

J.R.B.O.

VISIT OF DEFENCE MINISTER

The Defence Minister, Mr. Duncan Sandys, accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth paid an official visit to H.M.S. Vernon in July. They were taken on a tour of the A/S and Weapons Sections by Captain Morgan Giles. A special demonstration of the latest Anti-submarine equipment and Weapons was laid out for their inspection in the Gymnasium.



Visit of Minister of Defence. Commander-in-Chief and Captain Morgan Giles with Mr. Duncan Sandys.

A venerable Chief Petty Officer of Torpedo ancestry acted as Guide to the Fleet, cutting a rather un-nautical figure by carrying the Defence Minister's Hat and Walking Stick. We don't know if the Chief was attempting to get his own Bowler a little before his time but Mr. Duncan Sandys had to ask for his gear back at the end of the tour!!

ANNUAL DINNER AND BALL

The Third Annual Dinner and Ball of the Torpedo anti-Submarine Instructor's Association 1955 will be held at Kimbells Ballroom, South-sea, on the evening of Thursday, 26th November, 1959.

Guests are requested to arrive by 7p.m. for dinner at 7.30p.m. The dress will be Uniform for Serving Members and Honorary Members and Formal for other Guests.

Applications for tickets should be made to the Hon. Secretary, T.A.S.I.'s Association (1955), H.M.S. Vernon, Portsmouth as soon as possible.

Cost of tickets

Members and Honorary Members: £1 single, £2 double.

Retired T.A.S.I.'s, S.D.I.'s and T.G.M.'s who are NOT members may apply for tickets, cost: £1 5s. single, and £2 10s. double.

Serving or Retired Officers qualified in T.A.S., A/S or Torpedo may apply for tickets, cost: £1 5s. single, and £2 10s. double.

As on previous occasions, the T.A.S.I.'s will be dining Senior Officers of the T.A.S. Branch including the Patrons of the Association and their Ladies. It is the Members' opportunity to dine his own lady and it is to be hoped that the function will be given the support by members which the previous functions enjoyed.

Transport home will be available on completion of the Ball at 0100.

This is the great occasion of the Association year and we hope to see all possible members attending and trust that ex-Service Instructors, whether Members or not will come along to this function, which will be, as always, a glittering occasion, and an opportunity to renew old friendships.

Any member wishing to bring guests in addition to his personal guest should apply to the Honorary Secretary who will bring application before the Committee. Any member who wishes to bring guests to the Ball only, please apply to Hon. Secretary for tickets. We request that members inform their guests of the formal dress ruling.

T.A.S. HOWLERS

1. Q. What is kinematic range?
- A. The distance from ship to cinema.
2. The plummet is set to a certain depth. When it has reached the bottom it sets up a snag.
3. Fulminate of mercury is a vulgar explosive.
4. I would have been a control rating but I dipped my urine test.
5. A T.A.S.I. is a man who learns less and less about more and more till eventually he knows damn all about everything.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP

Life Membership may be contracted on payment of £5 subscription, details from Hon. Treasurer.

LIFE HONORARY MEMBERSHIP

Officers with Long Course T.A.S. Qualifications and Officers on the Special Duties T.A.S. List are eligible to enrol as Honorary Members or Life Honorary Members of the T.A.S.I's Association.

Subscription 6/- per annum.

Life Honorary Membership may be contracted on payment of £3 subscription, enquiries to:—

C.P.O. M. Thomson, Hon. Sec.,
T.A.S.I's Association Office,
21 Building, H.M.S. Vernon.

Dear Reader,

The Committee and Members of the T.A.S.I's Association sincerely hope that you enjoy reading this issue of the Journal. To produce this type of publication, the Association spend approximately £100 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 be only too pleased to keep you on our mailing list for the four copies each year should you decide to become an Honorary Member.

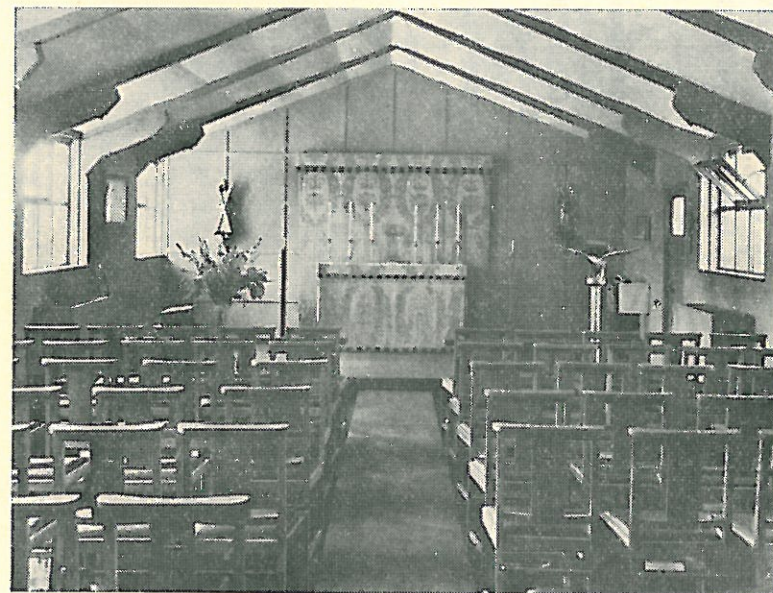
Please complete the form below and return it to the Association Office either by hand or post, we will do the rest.

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
.....
.....

PADRE'S PAGE

This interior picture of the Chapel gives a pleasant idea, I hope, of the transformation of No. 4 Pound Hut. Obviously the interior was our first concern, but that has now been sufficiently progressed to start on the outside of the building. The 'Brickies' were busy on this during the Leave period and when they've done a little more the 'Chippies' will be able to carry out the plan of facing it with American Red Cedar. There will be no excuse then for not knowing where the Chapel is: and it will look well.



Interior of Vernon Chapel.

Will it be well used? If there were as many people in Church on Sunday as discussed their personal and domestic problems individually with me in the course of any week the Church would be full every time. What help I can give in this way, I'm delighted to do, but far more would stand on their own feet if the Christian values of life were enshrined for them in the discipline of weekly worship. Since the end of the War everyone knows to what extent the Navy has become riddled with 'Welfare'. If the TIME STUDY boys went into the ramifications

(Continued on page 26)

TORPEDO AND ANTI-SUBMARINE INSTRUCTORS ASSOCIATION (1955)

Income and Expenditure Account for the Period 1st January, 1959 to 30th June, 1959

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To expenses of Annual Outing			17-16-11			82-3-0			
Costs of Presentations:									
Captain R. W. Mayo	1-11-6								
Captain E. A. Blundell	1-11-6					33-11-6			48-11-6
Lieutenant-Commander Coxwell	3-15-6		6-18-6						
Cost of T.A.S.I.'s Cup for Boys'									270-0-0
Cadet Force			7-2-7						8-5-6
Printing and Stationery			170-7-4						63-10-0
Postage			16-10-3						14-6-3
Sundry Expenses			2-10-1						3-15-10
Travelling Expenses			1-13-4½						0-4-8
Treasurers' Remuneration			15-0-0						
Audit Fee			12-12-0						
Bank Charges			0-10-6						
			251-1-6½						
Balance being Excess of Income									
over expenditure for the half-year			157-12-2½						
			408-13-9						408-13-9

Sick Fund for the period 1st January, 1959 to 30th June, 1959

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Transfers to General Fund			8-5-6						3-1-0
Gift			0-10-0						0-5-0
Balance carried forward			4-7-0						9-16-6
			13-2-6						13-2-6

Balance Sheet 30th June, 1959

Sundry Creditors	82-12-0	Typewriter as Last Account	1-0-0
Proportion of Annual Subscriptions	33-11-6	Investments at Cost	
Sick Fund	4-7-0	£50 Premium Bonds	50-0-0
Income and Expenditure Account		£116 Imperial Chemical	
Balance at 1st January, 1959	494-18-2½	Industries Ltd. Ordinary	
		Stock	207-14-6
Add Excess of Income over		Sundry Debtors	79-4-9
Expenditure for period to date	157-12-2½	Cash at Bank	384-2-9
		In hand (General Fund)	45-16-1
		(Sick Fund)	4-7-0
		(Postages Account)	0-15-10
			435-1-8
			773-0-11

of it they'd have a life's work and would alarm the taxpayer for ever at the costs of it. 'Welfare' really dates not so much from the end of the War as from the introduction of voluntary Church: when religion in fact ceased to be a cohesive force in our Naval life and was seen in theory merely to receive lip-service.

I've just been reading a fascinating article by the Governor of Wormwood Scrubbs who reflects on the rise in crime figures: Of the 9,000 in our prisons at the end of the War who have now become 26,000, about half of whom are under 21 years. In his job of rehabilitation he rates as most important a Faith and Home. "Only when we get some spiritual foundation and some moral strength in the Homes of Britain will the crime figures begin to go down". Church attendance in prison is compulsory. A man might go to Church 51 weeks out of 52 and nothing will happen. But on the 52nd occasion the penny drops. We bank on the 52nd occasion.

This is not advocating either a dose of religion to put chaps morally right; or the re-introduction of 'compulsory' Church. It is a statement of what people in authority and, like yourselves, responsible for the lives of others so often stumble on with the passing years; No man can live or do his job properly without worshipping an adequate God.

OVERHEARD IN WALKER WING

"Old Sludge talks me into going up the Smoke with him for a hectic run. I know's my way around London, he says. We gets off the underground and surfaces in the middle of Piccadilly Circus. Sludge looks around bewildered like and says: "Where the !?!?!?! are we?".

"We are down the Heliport at Portland having a shufti at the Helicopter sets. All the Airy Fairies are peering at a cricket match on the canteen grounds, wearing their sunglasses to protect their eyes. Along comes a two and a half ringer, so I calls the class to attention and chops him off one. Then up gallops a Chief, no jacket and the inevitable sunglasses.

"We don't have any of that rubbish here", he says.

"What rubbish", says I.

"All this saluting lark", he replies.

"He's an officer?" I asks. "Yes", says he.

"Then you run your Navy how you wants it and I'll run mine how I likes it. In the Royal Navy we salutes all officers so kindly keep your trunk out of my business".

AROUND THE T.A.S. WORLD NEW ZEALAND NEWS LETTER

Sunday, 30th August

Dear Secretary,

And so another T.A.S.I. to swell the ranks of our numbers in the R.N.Z.N. Congratulations and commiserations to Tom Morrow. Considering that you are "running their Navy for them" a free badge when you qualified should have been the least they could have done. Still, you colonials..... ??????

With a grand total of seven T.A.S.I.'s the R.N.Z.N. appears to be well catered for but only four of these are available for sea drafts so it appears that in the near future, if not already, T.A.S.I.'s at sea will be a thing of the past. Tough life to face isn't it???

So it's farewell to our compatriots in "Philomel" who are I trust still keeping the A.T.H. running and the tea wet too,

Cheerio,

Ian G. Stronach.

H.M.S. BLACKPOOL

26th June

Dear Sec.,

At the moment, H.M.S. Undaunted, Ulysses and Blackpool assisted by several units of the American Fleet are engaged in exercises just off Gib. (I don't know yet who is winning).

So far our commish. hasn't been too bad, with visits to Venice, Catania, Valencia and Beirut; not to mention a self maintenance period at Malta - which, to be quite honest, I enjoyed the most, as my wife happened to be there at the same time (she had to pay her own fare - I was saving up at the time for Xmas - so she didn't bother to bring the Scooter).

All being well, we arrive at Chatham early in October for a spot of leave, so if you notice a bronzed geezer shivering in his Bikini on Southsea front, it might well be Muggins.

Cheerio for now and all the best to the lads,

H. J. Minchin, P.O., T.A.S.I.

Dear Sec.,

A line to let you know my change of address. I left the R.N. last Tuesday and start up at the local Borstal tomorrow. Good pay and prospects. Would you please send my Journal to my home address. My very best to you and all members and I shall keep in touch.

Yours truly,

Mr. F. G. Bounds.

SOUTH AFRICA

17th June

Dear Mr. Secretary,

Just a few lines on behalf of my husband "Tubby" who is busy with his installation trying to get noises where they should be and doing away with those that feel they should be heard.

Things at long last appear to be taking shape in the T.A.S. department here, and from what we hear it should be a pretty good place when it is finished. I think that 'Tubby' will be glad to say FINIS to the installation, as it has not been easy, being so far from the Dockyard and the knowledge of experts on this sort of thing when you get to the end of all the tricks that you know and the thing still refuses to Ping, squeak or what have you.

Tubby will be coming over to the U.K. sometime at the beginning of September, so you will be able to kick him to death in person about not writing a little note for the Journal. He has been having injections and vaccination this week in readiness for going and I know that he intends to pay you a visit in Vernon.

So, for now, all the best to yourself and the Journal,
Jean Parsons.

Dear Sec.,

Life has been rather hectic recently as I left the fold last month and am now employed as Yacht skipper for the Marquis of Bute and have just settled down here at Rothesay with my wife and family.

The yacht is a six berth, 42 foot motor cruiser with a speed of 22 knots; a brand new job. I sailed her from Shoreham to Rothesay with a crew of one, calling in at Yarmouth, I.O.W., Helford, Penzance and Dublin. The trip was quite interesting with the usual mixture of good and bad weather plus one rather worrying time with engine failure. However, we arrived at Rothesay all spick and span to the satisfaction and pleasure of both the owner and myself, and now its down to business to get the boat (Tina, by name) up to Naval and T.A.S. standards of efficiency and cleanliness.

Please give my regards to all my friends, especially Wiggy Bennett and Norman Little, and any T.A.S.I. visiting Rothesay will be extremely welcome at my home address. Best wishes to the Association and I hope to be able to attend the next re-union.

Yours Sincerely,
R. H. Garty

Dear Secretary,

Having this morning completed my rounds of the other ships it falls to my lot to write. As you may know we are a task element consisting of Centaur, Solebay (D.1.), Llandaff, Hogue and Lagos, Llandaff of course, being my place of residence. Here in my palatial A.C.R. with air-conditioning, I am suffering the dreaded "Gulf". The branch of course being well represented as follows:—

Centaur	Lt.-Cdr. Fawcett (Subs. Section) (Not our old I.A/S). Lt. Millman, S.D., T.A.S. T.A.S.I's Hendy and Elsey.
Solebay	Lt.-Cdr. St. Aubyn-Sayer. S/Lt. Streeter, S.D., T.A.S. T.A.S.I. Valentine.
Llandaff	T.A.S.I. (Squadron) Pink.
Hogue	S/Lt. Rich, S.D., T.A.S. T.A.S.I. Gladwish.
Lagos	Lt. Fox, S.D., T.A.S. (at present in hospital in Aden). T.A.S.I. Mason.

As you can see the branch is well to the fore and, I must add, doing a good job, despite the fact that our enemy the submarine is getting to be a very rare bird.

The outward journey to the Med. was made in company with Gambia, flying the flag of F.O.F.H. Each destroyer carried out a live torpedo attack on Cape Wrath. I am proud to say that this poor defenceless chap was struck squarely by three torpedoes, each one exploding. Great rejoicing amongst all T.A.S.I's including yours truly. Leaving Gambia, we proceeded to Devonport, where we embarked a Guards Band complete with bearskins for passage to Brest. Here I tried my luck with a fishing line, but to those that know Brest, the fish, like the people, are anti-British. Next stop was Lisbon, after the usual exercises, this time for the World Fair, and then on to Gibraltar, where I was entertained by Monty and Mrs. Banks. Naturally being a rich white, Monty has a new car. We all admit he is holding up the branch and both A.T.H's work very well.

From Gib. we made our way to Sardinia, where once again T.A.S. was to the front, this time it was Operation Awkward with C-in-C., Med., in charge. From there to Malta and thence to operations with the U.S. 6th Fleet. After this to Tobruk, Port Said and through the Canal to Aden. Here I regret to say we left Lieut. Fox in hospital, and we all wish him a speedy recovery. Seven days in Aden and then off to the Gulf. That brings me up to date as we lie at anchor in Bahrein.

Of course, the submarine is extinct in this area. So I have been busy taking T.A.S. classes and assisting with advancement classes. I have introduced S.S.T. exercises, which up to date are quite popular, especially as we use the Quiz programme system. Of course, I have no doubt that by the time our fortnight in the Gulf is up we shall be looking for something new. Training aids are my biggest worry and tapes would be helpful. I hope to get the use of the A.T.H. at Karachi when we arrive.

At Malta I paid my respects to C.P.O. A. Cook, T.A.S.I. and P.O. Williams, who are coping valiantly with one A.T.H. and a M.A.S.T.U. At Aden we were entertained by the base T.A.S.I., Petty Officer D. Smith.

I remain,
Sincerely Yours,
C.P.O. F. Pink, (Squadron T.A.S.I. -1st D.S.)

Dear Sec.,

There isn't a great deal to write about from out here apart from the usual snags of a three month refit. Life is fairly constant, round after round of Tiger and Whisky; both, I may add, in plentiful supply. No mad escapades yet but with only seven months of the commission in me, have not yet built up to them. No doubt we will later.

At the present we are a wallflower alongside Singapore Yard awaiting for the experts to sort out the Fly Five so that the thing will work.

Give my best to all resident members. All the best,
M. S.Harrison, P.O., T.A.S.I. (H.M.S. Cavalier)

Dear Mr. Secretary,

Many thanks for the April Journal; as always I enjoyed reading it.

I would like to congratulate the Committee of 1958 for having done a first class piece of work in conducting the affairs of the Association, also hearty congratulations to the new elected Committee for 1959.

Whilst still talking about the Committee, I would like to pass on through the facilities of the Journal, an appreciation to one member of last year's Committee, that member is P.O. J. Seamons, who never failed me at any time I required information, his correspondence was not only helpful to me, but interesting also; Thanks Alan.

There's very little I can write about my work out here, I tried it once and Alan shelved my letter, but this much I can tell you. My commission out here ends in August and I shall be leaving on the 3rd September without a relief; I am the last of the British Training Staff to leave.

Apart from the above mentioned date there is only one more important piece of news; The Med. Fleet is visiting here next month. I expect to renew old acquaintances and have me a damned good time during their stay.

I guess this is all for now, so in closing all the best to the Association and its members.

Samuel J. McCombe (Istanbul)

Monday, 20th July, 1959

Dear Editor,

It is almost 4 months since I last reported, but Aden being what it is, there is not much news to relate, as for visiting ships there is a little more to tell. With the visit of the 1st D.S. and Centaur, the three services in Aden have just about regained their normal status. The Army and R.A.F. did justice to the ship's companies both onboard and ashore, and the ships left Aden with a good impression of how the three services work under one command.

Being a small mess we were unable to entertain the visiting ships, but I invited all the T.A.S.I.'s to the mess, and so made contact with 'Shorty' Mason (Lagos), 'Pop' Gladwish (Hogue), 'Dickie' Valentine (Solebay), Fred Pink (Llandaff) and Percy Hendy (Centaur) and of course a return trip was made by myself to all ships, and needless to say I was received in the normal Naval tradition. There was one exception, that was the Hogue who overdid it, and which resulted in the Base T.A.S.I. spending seven hours on the cushion.

Also during the past few months I have contacted 'Loch Alvie' ('Bungy' Edwards) who was homeward bound and also 'Caprice' (George Evemy) outward bound to the Far East.

The C.M.S. reserve fleet has now been increased to 6 C.M.S's and we are expecting a further two in the Autumn, by which time we hope the new mooring arrangements will be complete. Otherwise it is the same old drag chipping, and repainting 'Tin gear' and an odd muster of M/S gear.

At the end of this month the first half of the commission will be over and soon some lucky T.A.S.I. will be getting one accompanied draft to Aden, that is if you call waiting a year for your wife to arrive, accompanied. That is the situation at the moment, and if, whoever gets this draft would care to drop me a few lines I will only be too glad to give them the up-to-date 'dope' on married quarters, at the moment two or three have been disappointed, and have now been re-drafted to Malta - where married accommodation is much better.

It is time to wind up for I can smell the aroma of hops. Good luck to all.

Yours Sincerely,
D. E. Smith, P.O. (H.M.S. Sheba)

THE HELLE INCIDENT

One of the highlights of the year for the Greek Orthodox Church is the Feast of the Holy Virgin, held annually at Tinos, an island in the Cyclades group off the Attic coast of Greece. The festival has a great reputation for faith healing and Tinos can be called the Lourdes of the Orthodox world. The devout invalids flock from all over Greece in the hopes that their illnesses and maladies may be cured. Fantastic scenes of piety and devotion are witnessed and many cures are achieved. The tiny harbour of Tinos is packed with countless small craft for the occasion and a guardship is normally provided by the Royal Hellenic Navy, to keep a watchful eye on the events.

The Greek minelaying cruiser 'Helle' was acting as guardship during the Festival in August, 1940, and lay dressed overall about half a mile outside the breakwater at Tinos. The international situation was grave. A victorious Germany had subjugated practically all Europe and Italy, Jackal-like, had slunk in to share the leavings of a victorious Germany. Britain stood alone in the fight against the Axis, her army desperately trying to re-equip itself, her Air Force perilously weak, but the Royal Navy standing guard across the oceans of the world. The situation for Greece was equally desperate. Italy was attempting to panic Greece into surrender using the well established formula of threats and frontier incidents on the Greco-Albanian border. Greece refused to be frightened by Mussolini's threats and quietly prepared for the inevitable war. For Greece the choice was clear, surrender to the Axis powers or engage in a hopeless battle against Italy, and, were Italy to be defeated, Germany and Bulgaria.

However, none of these disturbing thoughts plagued the minds of the pilgrims at Tinos on that sunny August morning, all was peace in the midst of a continent enveloped in war. At half past eight in the morning, 'H.H.M.S. Helle' erupted into smoke and flame from a torpedo hit in the boiler room. Her escaping oil fuel caught fire and it was impossible to get the vessel under way. The ship was abandoned in a disciplined and orderly manner, the Captain and officers being the last to leave. One Petty Officer had been killed and twenty nine men injured. Two more torpedoes missed the 'Helle' and struck the Mole, where the only death was that of a woman who died of heart failure. There were a number of slight injuries amongst the civilian onlookers.

Thus, in the space of a few minutes, the most formidable ship in the Greek Navy had been destroyed. The flagship of the Greek Fleet, 'H.H.M.S. Averoff', was an obsolete, coal-burning heavy cruiser which had served with distinction in the Second Balkan War and was more of a show piece than a Man of War, and 'Helle' had thus been the most powerful unit in the Greek Fleet.

Rome, immediately broadcast that no Italian Submarine had been

in the neighbourhood and stated that the whole incident was an English ruse intended to provoke conflagration in the Balkans and to embitter still further relations between Greece and Italy. The Greek government, although sure that Italy had committed the act of aggression, merely announced the sinking without accusations or comment, but set in motion a Board of Inquiry into the incident. Divers were sent to recover any evidence and the result of the Board was as follows:—

1. The fragments clearly belong to two torpedoes, one of 45cms (18") and the other of 53cms (21") diameter.

2. The fragments of the 45cm torpedo were found near the breach in the Mole and the fragments of the 53cm at a greater distance.

3. The 45cm was the second fired, after the one which struck the 'Helle' and this caused the breach in the Mole. The 53cm was the third fired and exploded on striking a reef near the Mole.

4. As regards the fragments of the first torpedo, these have not been recovered, and no search has been made for them, since they must be inside the sunken vessel in deep water.

There follows a detailed catalogue of the torpedo fragments and the markings thereon, showing that the 45cm was of the Italian Type 109, serial number 11529 and the larger torpedo was Italian Type 92, serial number 15630.

The findings of this board were not made public until after the Italian invasion of Greece, and although no-one except the propaganda-fied Italian and German subjects believed that Britain had been responsible, this inquiry cleared Britain of any suspicion. Besides the Greek statement that the torpedoes were Italian, it was well known that British submarines were incapable of firing 18" torpedoes. It was a typical example of Italian gallantry, a murderous attack on a ship officiating at a religious festival; a ship belonging to a nation at peace; a fore-runner of Pearl Harbour. Yet the Lord favours the righteous and many blood-soaked years later, a large, well armed and elegant Italian cruiser steamed to Greece as reparations and changed her shameful Italian name to 'H.H.M.S. HELLE II'.

The author had the privilege of inspecting these recovered torpedo fragments and at one time they were put on public display in Athens on the anniversary of the 'Helle' incident.

A. Fraser

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'SHARKEY' - THE BUNTING TOSSER

"Buntings", said Sharkey; "You don't know what real signalmen are in this New Look Navy. Tactical Operators they call them these days. What's the flippin' Navy coming to? I don't know! Dustmen are now Mechanical Engineers and you can't tell a Greengrocer from a Matloe. Now when I joined the Andrew, I joined as a boy at Ganges, and being rather a bright lad, not to mention the fact that I was Skin". "You was never Skin, 'Sharkey' Ward, unless it was Oilskin or Shark-skin", said old 'Knocker' White, who was the Killick of the Hookrope party. "My dear, disbelieving friend" retaliated 'Sharkey', "I'll have you know that I had skin as smooth and shining as the Lee-side of a wardroom plate. The pride of the Fifth Destroyer Flotilla I was, so help me. Anyways, to carry on from where I was before I was so rudely interrupted, I gets selected for signal boy, which was quite something in these days. I spends my time marching around the parade in company with other boy buntings, each of us carrying a little answering pennant on a bit of stick and each time the Yeoman says Blue Nine, we downs pennant and marches off on another tack. Comes the great day when I offs to sea as a Signal Boy on the Flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet. Now in those days a flagship was a Flagship and a fleet was a Fleet. The Med. Fleet was famous for its efficiency and I need not stress upon your solid bonces that the keynote of efficiency was good and efficient communications. None of this "Its quicker by post" theory that's crept into this modern Navy. Now our Chief Yeoman was a terror. He used to shiver and shake like he had D.T's, then suddenly he would steady his telescope for a fraction of a second and read off hoists by the score. Then we used to nip around bending on the hoists; Cor Blimey! if you didn't shift at the rate of knots, you got a belt round the lughole from the Chief Yeoman's telescope. Yes, me lads, I was proud to be a bunting in that Navy".

"How come you chucks it in then, 'Sharkey'?" asked 'Knocker'. 'Sharkey' looked meaningly at his empty pint pot, and having seen that 'Knocker' despatched an O.D. to the bar for a replenishment, launched into his yarn. "I left the Signal Branch at the particular request of My High Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty over a simple little accident which had rather wide repercussions. You see we joins up with the Home Fleet for the Spring Cruise, and we, the old 'Spite' leads both Fleets to sea from Gib. Cor, what a sight that was, seventy odd destroyers, half a dozen battle waggons, two battle cruisers, a dozen cruisers, two carriers and a whole heap of gash to follow such as depot ships. Course they are Flagships in your new Navy. Well, we steams through the Straits into the broad rolling Atlantic and takes up formation. I am on the Flag deck working like a nigger on the hoists. Bend on - Hoist - Executive Signal, Sir - down Hoist - stap

me it was worse than being in the Army. We takes up our station at the head of the line, with two battle squadrons following us in line astern, behind them the battle cruisers and carriers and astern of them our chums the cruisers. A nice long line of about twenty odd hunks of steel. To port and starboard were the destroyers, the Home Fleet to port, following R.A.(D) on the old Cairo. To starboard stretched the Med. Fleet destroyers following their Flag. Lads! it was a sight to remember for the rest of your days. Rule Britannia, the finest fighting regiment in the world and we all joined just to get a pair of boots.

Every Yeoman in the Fleet had his telescope trained on our foremast waiting to read off hoists and repeat the signal. It was a pleasure to watch. Fishery-Howe-Tackline four; our Chief would scream and we was bending it on before he finished saying it. Up the mast they would flutter and every ship in the Fleet would repeat the signal. Executive signal Sir, bawls out the Chief Yeoman and down would come the lot and the ships would alter course to obey the order. We are having the times of our little lives on this fine sunny forenoon watch until tragedy hits the Fleet. The Chief yells out a hoist. Preparative Jig seven and I bends it on quickly. Hoist yells the P.O. and a couple of buntings heave away on the halyards. Cor caress me with a Spithead pheasant if I hasn't got me foot in a bight of the halyard, and before I knows where I am, there I go fluttering from the starboard yard arm. Each ship repeats the signal; from C.-in-C. preparative-jig-seven-tackline-one signal boy" and before you knows where you are there are one hundred and twenty signal boys flying from the yardarms of the Fleet. Well, you might think it's funny, but it ain't no joke to be dangling from a battleship's yard high above the fighting top. Just then the Admiral orders execute and down comes all the hoists. Course they comes down quicker when they are weighed down with a signal boy. They reckon it was the fastest execute in the history of the Signal Branch. Well; the casualties were shocking amongst the boy signallers. I copped a broken collarbone myself when I hit the flag deck plus concussion, which came from the Chief's telescope. Course I has an interview with all sorts of people including the Admiral. "Boy Signalman Ward", he says, "Your big oversized plates of meat which became entangled in the halyards have cost the Navy eight thousand pounds in hospital expenses. There were six collisions in the Fleet because of the chaos you caused. My Chief Yeoman is in Bighi with a nervous breakdown and the Fleet Communications Officer has committed suicide. All signal logs in the Fleet for that day have been destroyed and the Official Secrets Act is in force throughout the Fleet. If the press get hold of this I will personally go back to U.K. as an Ordinary Seaman, and all because Boy Signalman Ward cannot watch where he puts his daisy stampers. Take him away, Master-at-Arms. Revert him to Boy Sea-

man, recommend him for Seaman Gunner, there is a future for him up the Island. Never let me see his horrible, pimply, adolescent face again".

"And that, me little prairie flowers, is how I leaves the Signal Branch, of which same I am glad because I would not, nohow, never want to be called anything as wet as a Tactical Operator".

Fraz

WHAT IS A WREN?

The following item of interest was received in our office, originator unknown, but it is printed hoping that it will help to educate the un-enlightened.

A Wren is a member of one of the most widely known, yet least understood of all the Services. She is loved by the R.A.F., hated by the W.R.A.C., ignored by the Army and tolerated by the Navy. She is hard to convince, easy to talk to but impossible to persuade. A Wren likes dances, being noticed, Officers, Petty Officers, Chief Petty Officers, Sailors (with money), and stacks of clothes.

She dislikes ironing, Chief Wrens, Parade Grounds, stopping on board and sometimes other Wrens.

A Wren is found in, on, and around, and sometimes under desks of various sizes. During working hours her face registers expressions of horror, amazement, dislike, aloofness and an "I-don't-care-if-you-are-going-on-leave" scowl, the latter associated with the Pay Office Staff. Should you chance to meet her ashore the same night however the transformation is unbelievable. Her face now indicates charm, coyness, anticipation, pleasure and sometimes an "I know how much you are worth" leer. The latter again associated with the Pay Office Staff.

A Wren wears her civilian clothes like a page out of "Vogue", or the latest "Woman's Own". This sophisticated effect is often spoilt because she generally insists on walking like a "Three Badge A.B.", and shrieking hysterically every time something amuses her. In spite of these alarming habits, however, a Wren continues to attract man like a "Moth to a Candle". This is no doubt due to the fact that on occasions she can be wonderfully feminine, incredibly naive, and (depending upon how much you have had to drink) fascinatingly lovely.

A Wren is an enigma, how you can love her, tolerate her, hate her, despise her, but, when the night is almost gone and you hold her in your arms, what better ending to the day than to hear whispered tenderly in your ear, "Would you mind keeping your hands to Yourself".

PRINCE OF WALES ISLAND

It was a Thursday evening on the 11th of December, 1941! The door of the Petty Officer's Mess opened and in walked the Regulating Chief Stoker of the establishment, H.M.S. Sultan.

He paused at the door of the lounge, growing crimson at the scene before him. It wasn't that he was a Puritan (who ever knew a Chief Stoker that was) but because of late the P.O.'s Mess of the 'Sultan' had been rather quiet, and now with the sudden occupation by the survivors of the 'Prince of Wales' and 'Repulse' the change was a bit too much for him.

However, the scene before him was the final stages of 'This old Hat of mine'. Some sixty or more P.O.'s were yelling or singing the final lines to the single performer on the table and at this moment the performer let drop his last remaining garment and touched his toes! Unfortunately his back was towards the Chief Stoker, which may account for the Chief's blushes.

When the loudest of the cheers had died down, the Chief Stoker called for silence, and, when quiet could be heard, announced that two Seamen Petty Officers and two Stoker Petty Officers were required to be detailed for an urgent draft. The details of the draft could not be disclosed! He then named four P.O.'s and when the names were heard and realised, a terrific booing commenced. The four P.O.'s were all survivors of the day previous! One of the Seamen P.O.'s named appeared very distressed and gave way to tears, which only seemed to infuriate the remainder of the mess. It was at this point that a young P.O. stood up and offered to go instead of the P.O. who had broken down. The offer was accepted and the detailed P.O.'s were instructed to report at the Reg. Office in one hour's time.

Two hours later the P.O.'s found themselves at Singapore station in charge of a number of seamen and stokers. They were in Light Marching Order, themselves with pistols, the ratings with rifles.

It was here that two officers (Sub. Lts. R.N.V.R.) joined and took command of the party. The only information they could give was that the job in hand was to reach Prai Station at Butterworth, opposite Penang. Only then would they know just what was required of them.

On boarding the train the party found to their pleasure that they had been given sleeping berths. On further investigation the two seamen P.O.'s found the BAR would serve as long as required, so straight away required it to serve. There were two other occupants, one an Englishman going back to his Plantation the other a New Zealander, heading North for the Tin Mines. Both had been in Singapore to see their wives safely away. Now they wanted to talk war and get drunk. The two P.O.'s immediately became their guests and very hospitable were the civilians, and very receptive were the P.O.'s.

The train was stopped at various places, sometimes for a reason, sometimes for no reason, so that it was nearly 20 hours after leaving Singapore that the train reached Butterworth.

The party was met by the police Inspector and shown to an empty bungalow. Here they were told that they would have to forage for themselves. Nearly all the population had left, all shops had put shutters up, and most of the natives were hiding in the jungle. This was due to the fact that the front line was now only about 40 miles away. All this tended to bring a little gloom on the party. Luckily they had had a substantial tiffin on the train so were not really hungry. The Inspector promised to obtain some bread for them in the morning. Whilst the officers contacted the S.N.O., Penang, the ratings were detailed off, into 2 crews consisting of 1 seaman P.O., 1 Stoker P.O., 6 A.B.'s and 4 Stokers each. When the officers returned, one crew were detailed to stay at the bungalow and try to find any form of tinned food and bedding, whilst the other crew proceeded to the jetty.

Arriving at the jetty the crew found a small passenger ferry secured alongside. She was called the 'Stella'. Boarding her the E.R. party were told to raise steam as soon as possible, the seamen to clear the decks of all movable gear, as much room as possible would be required that night to commence evacuating civilians and army personnel from Penang. A good deal of difficulty was found with the electrical gear, but luckily the P.O. of the crew was also an L.T.O. rate and was able to cope. He found that the native electricians favoured pieces of string to hold the Main Breakers on. Some of the Main Switches also required their quota of string, so badly worn were they.

Eventually the 'Stella' was ready. Rain squalls were prevalent during the crossing which during that first run was most alarming due to a number of native craft that were crossing to and from the island to the mainland. They would suddenly appear on the bow necessitating urgent avoiding action. The Sub. Lt. in command of 'Stella' appeared to be ageing every minute of the crossing.

Reaching the island, evacuation Control officers came onboard and gave details of expected movements. Very soon the movement of evacuees commenced and the ship began to fill up. Spare hands of the crew assisted in loading baggage, which in spite of the urgency of the situation, was indeed tremendous in quantity per person, in the majority of cases. When the question of stowage arose the decision to limit the luggage to only two cases per person was made. This decision created a tremendous uproar and resulted in terrific scrambling amongst the luggage both on the ship and on shore. For some time it was not possible to obtain order, it appeared that the possessions in the luggage were of more value than the lives of the evacuees. Eventually they settled down and having taken on board the maximum number, the

'Stella' let go and crossed over to the railway jetty on the mainland, where a train lay waiting to take the evacuees to safety.

The evolution of transferring people to the train was a hard one. Most of them refused to carry their own cases as they had always had the natives to fetch and carry for them. Now it was a different story! However, when the evacuees saw the crew piling the luggage on the jetty, in a nice big heap, attempts were made to bribe the seamen handling the luggage to carry it up to the train. This they refused on principle but did assist one or two people who had children. As so often happens, the children wanted to stay with the sailors and not go on a miserable old train. 'Jack' was more fun! By five o'clock the boat was cleared and shortly after the train was seen to move out. The 'Stella' was then moved out about half a mile off shore and anchored. The crew then came back onshore by dinghy, just as the sirens heralded the approach of Jap aircraft. As the men reached the bungalow the first bombs were dropping over the harbour area.

An Air Raid warden was at the bungalow and was trying to persuade the other crew to take cover. As there were no actual shelters built anywhere it meant taking cover in the jungle, which to the Navy meant no cover at all. Also, because the men were tired out the N.O. i/c said to stay put and after breakfast get in as much sleep as possible. They would, he said, be having another full night. When asked why they did not run during the day he mentioned that for some days now the Japs were bombing everything that moved on the water during the daytime, with very good results for the Japs. This produced a dampening effect on the spirits of the crews and with gloomy faces they sat down to an equally gloomy meal of "Herrings-in" and dry bread. Completing breakfast was a simple task and with many sour comments the men sorted themselves out and lay down on the floors of the various rooms to catch up on their sleep.

About noon the P.O. of No. 1 crew awoke to find himself alone. Getting up, he wandered about the bungalow wondering where the others had gone. Out in the garden he found one of the A.B's who informed him that the others had been taken into the Jungle by one of the Officers who had become alarmed by the intensity of the Air Raids. Whilst he stood ruminating on this the Police Inspector called out to him that there was a phone call at the pier head for the N.O. i/c of the Party. This message decided the P.O. who, collecting his Pistol and Ammunition, went down the garden path into the Jungle. He went carefully, not knowing what he might meet on the way. About a mile down the track he was following he heard a lot of yelling and shouting somewhere ahead of him (this filled him with further trepidation) and as he turned a corner, he saw ahead of him a group of running natives, they were yelling and gesticulating wildly. In front of them was a native

running in circles but still keeping in front of the remainder. Just as the P.O. observed this scene one of the leading natives threw a stove at the strange character which passed between his knees and brought him to the ground heavily, and he was instantly seized by six or seven of his pursuers. The P.O. closed the group thinking that a fifth columnist had been caught. When he was close enough he saw that the captured native was indeed a strange looking object, he was frothing at the mouth and his eyeballs seemed as though they were protruding from their sockets, the mouth was set rigid and he seemed to be extraordinarily strong. The muscles on his arms and legs stood out in sharp relief to the limbs.

The P.O. noticed now that the prisoner was handcuffed at the wrists and ankles and even then the natives were having a very hard job to hold him. There was a sudden yell when the prisoner neatly bit the hand of one of the men holding him, the bite had almost severed one of the fingers. At this another native hit the prisoner several times over the head with a revolver, but this only made the man struggle more furiously. The blows invoked more yelling and shouting by the on-lookers which appeared to be against the man who had struck the blows. Eventually, by pushing a pole through the armpits of the prisoner, the captors were able to lift the man and carry him on to the village.

Talking to an 'Elder' in pidgin English the P.O. learned that the man had 'run amok' having been discovered by the native police carrying out a robbery. The man who had struck the blows was in fact a Eurasian and a Policeman. It was also learned that one never harms a man who has gone 'amok' in the 'Elder's' religion.

The P.O. at this point remembered his original intent so turned back to the track he had previously followed. Nearing the bungalow he could see flashes of white through the trees and on shouting out some of his crew appeared, soon the others followed, some looking a little sheepish and tired. The Officer, hearing that he was required, returned to the Pier immediately and the rest headed back to the bungalow. They said they preferred the Air Raids to the Jungle any day. The Inspector was waiting for them at the bungalow to tell them that the White, the crews were wearing, stood out miles and unless they were in thick foliage the probability was that they would be sighted by the not so blind Japs and bombed! The men settled down again and the P.O., seeing his opposite number joining them, decided to have a shower then look around for more food. However, before he had a chance to look for something to eat, the Officer came up and told him that he had been instructed to take over a car ferry named the 'Tan Jong' and he wanted the No. 1 crew to man it that night. The P.O. suggested that it would be as well to get an E.R. party on board to check their department to make sure all was ready. This was agreed

upon and at the same time the Officer mentioned that two E.R.A.'s would be arriving by night train. At about dusk the two crews set off for their ferries and by 2000 the boats were under way and crossing the river to Penang. On reaching the berth at Penang it was learned that this was intended to be the last night for the evacuation of Civilians and in future Service personnel not required would be moved. During the loading of gear the problem of luggage was not so severe with two ferries running and the 'Tan Jong', being a car ferry, had a lot of deck space. Toward the early hours of the morning, when the initial rush was over, the P.O. on the 'Tan Jong' had his attention drawn to a stretcher case on the jetty. Going ashore he asked the woman who was lying on the stretcher, who was looking after her, she gave a wan smile and said her little girl was. The daughter (about five years old) was sitting on a bundle nearby almost asleep. On finding that the woman had been brought by ambulance and rudely left there some three hours earlier, the P.O. 'blew his top'. Calling on some of his crew he had the stretcher carried on board and placed adjacent to the bridge where she could be taken care of. Asked if there was anything she would like the woman asked for a glass of water as she hadn't had a drink since about nine o'clock the previous evening. To obtain a drink of water was difficult, as the 'Tan Jong' drinking water tank was contaminated but one of the Soldiers, acting as Embarkation Control' produced a water bottle. Her daughter was now fast asleep in the arms of a bewhiskered A.B. so he was detailed to act as nurse and guard to the woman and child. Embarkation completed, the 'Tan Jong' recrossed the river to the railway jetty on the Mainland where a train was waiting for the evacuees. As soon as the gangway was out, the civilians (mostly women) surged ashore to claim berths and seats on the train. It was during this period that the P.O. found time to sit and chat with the invalid. She was a Sergeant's wife and the previous morning had given birth to a stillborn child, her greatest concern now was how to get her daughter to Singapore and then home. By the time the stretcher party got to the train there wasn't a seat or berth to be had, all appeals to the others failed to obtain the necessary space until a rather large woman came along and asked what the trouble was. The P.O. explained briefly, whereupon she turned into the nearest berth and in a loud, booming voice said that the two occupants could either leave the berth quietly or be chucked out willy-nilly by her. Very sheepishly, the two occupants left and the stretcher was carried in, the large woman sitting on the floor stated that she intended to remain there till the train reached Singapore, ensuring that the invalid would not be disturbed en route.

[To be continued

W.R.N.S. NEWS

On June 22nd a most successful dance was held in the Cinema in aid of the W.R.N.S. Benevolent Trust, £48 clear profit was made. This being the largest donation ever sent to the Trust from 'Vernon'.

Much to the delight of the W.R.N.S., we are now victualled for our mid-day meal in 'Vernon', apart from it saving us the walk back to Quarters, the food is excellent and we feel that we now belong to 'Vernon'. The Chiefs' and Petty Officers' Messes have certainly treated us very well, we could not have had a warmer welcome. The Petty Officers even dressed ship for us last Pay Day with flags from unknown sources, they are certainly not in the International Code.

In the Sporting World - Leading Wren Wilson has been selected to play cricket for the Service, and Wren S. A. Clark was selected to swim for the Command.

Several Wrens took part in the Canoeing Expeditions, much to the amusement of the men taking part, the first time we went armed with all but the kitchen sink, nevertheless, our Chip fryer and Brillo Pads were in great demand. Before being allowed to take part we had to do capsizing drill and learn how to rig a canoe. So far we have only paddled on rivers and canals but we are hoping to go to sea this term.

The Wrens are so keen on this sport, we are now trying to get a grant to build our own canoes.

J. King—R.P.O. Wren

SOME CATCH

The Middle Watch is always the longest and the job of Quartermaster at Vernon Pierhead can be monotonous during this watch, particularly during the Summer Leave closed period. Thus it transpired that one, Petty Officer Ali Baba, of bearded visage, was wont to cast his line into the waters of Pompey Harbour in the hopes of supplementing his meagre General Mess Fare. This particular Middle Watch the harbour was befouled by oil fuel so Ali Baba reeled in his line and placed the rod against the wall of the Q.M.'s caboose, and promptly forgot it. Some time later, he heard a scuffling noise and looking round was surprised to see his line paying out at the rate of knots. Seizing the rod he commenced to play his mysterious catch rather as if he had a Tunny on the other end. Eventually, after a demonstration of skill which would have done credit to the 'Compleat Angler' he began to reel in his catch. The struggling prize was gaffed and was seen to be an unfortunate kitten, which had taken the still baited hook and belted off down the road in high panic. Little Pussy was more shocked than hurt and, once the hook had been carefully extracted, was soon mollified with a saucer of milk. Still it makes you wonder what will happen next in 'Vernon'.

NE EXEAT (5)

".....Preserve us from the dangers of the sea and the violence of the enemy....." said Osprey's Padre during one Winter's Sunday morning Service in the mid 1930's. The lovely words of the Naval Prayer passed unheeded by Mac., a rebellious young A.B. seated in the congregation. Compulsory Church to Mac was the last straw, anything else he could stick, but compulsory church, no. He had been simmering for weeks passed, ever since his girl friend in the 'Jersey' had passed him up. As the strains of 'Eternal Father' drew the Service to a close, Mac had an idea, its very brilliance made him say an an entirely subconscious and loud 'Amen' to the final blessing.

That night, in the beer bar below, Mac outlined his plan to his Submarine detector pals. After several pints, THE PLAN was passed from table to table and verdict passed. It was 'on'. It was breathtaking in its simplicity for, as Mac profoundly declared to his cohorts, "they can make you go to church, but they can't make you sing."

So it was, that the next Sunday the Service began much as usual, the Wardroom in the front two rows of seats then a couple of rows of C.P.O's and P.O's with the Ship's Company filling the remainder of the available space. "Hymn 541 'Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep'..." announced the Padre. A full throated roar started the first blast of the musical sea storm. Waves of sound broke on the beach of the first half dozen rows of chairs, the strong drive of current coming from the Port side of the hall where the Royal Marines and Stokers sat. On the Starboard hand, a small silent pool of grim faced rebels sat rigidly with red faces and tightly clamped jaws. A few stalwarts, loyal to the church militant here on earth, sang in small isolated island groups.

The third verse reached - "The wild winds hushed, the angry deep sank like a little child to sleep", and they too eddied to silence. By this time, nearly all the Starboard side apart from the beach-head, had stilled. The final line "...Say, lest we sink to rise no more - Peace be still..." coincided with a barrier reef of silence to Starboard, and the Port side getting restless. Several front row occupants threw puzzled glances astern.

So the Service proceeded or rather surged towards its final hymn ... "And ever let there rise to Thee, Glad Hymns of praise from land and sea..." was a rather hollow glad paen of praise that made the Commander half turn round and take a good look. At this a faint-hearted 90% joined in with a fervent 'Amen' that made the windows rattle. All joined in the National Anthem.

At a sign from the Commander, all the Officers left, followed by the Chief Petty Officers and Petty Officers; the Commander turned and faced the remainder of the congregation and spoke quietly. "It appears

that some of us do not know how to behave in Church. One day you will learn that the secret of the Royal Navy's strength, is found in Officers and men with a real faith in God...". Abruptly, the Commander turned and walked out.

A tidal wave of voices rose and swirled around Mac as he sat there red of face, gripping his seat till his knuckles showed white. As the church emptied, he emerged into the sunlight puzzled, angry, baffled. Oddly enough on subsequent Sundays, there was never another attempt at silent protest. In fact, the singing improved so much that the B.B.C. broadcast one of the Services and several hundred appreciative letters were received! Neither Mac nor his pals ever raised the subject again.

Few could have foreseen the trials and stresses of the War just on the horizon and the part to be played by the Royal Navy generally and the Anti-Submarine Arm in particular. Quite a few of that Sunday morning's congregation are still Officers or Instructors of the T.A.S. branch today. War has taught them the truth of the Osprey Commander's remarks on that Sunday morning long ago..... "The secret of the Royal Navy's strength is Officers and Men with a real Faith in God". Mac knows it, all real people know it, and to that truth there is definitely "Ne Exeat".....

Carl Hayman

RETROSPECT

The Horse and Mule live 30 years,
And nothing knows of wines and beers.
The Goat and Sheep at 20 die,
And never tasted scotch and rye.
The Cow drinks water by the ton,
And at 18 is mostly done.
The Dog at 15 cashes in,
Without the aid of rum or gin.
The Cat in milk and water soaks,
And then in 12 short years it croaks.
The modest sober bone dry Hen,
Lays eggs for nogs then dies at 10.
All animals are strictly dry,
The sinless live and swiftly die.
But sinful-ginful-rum-soaked men,
Survive for three-score years and ten.
And some of us, the mighty few,
Stay pickled till we're 92.

VERNON SPORTS NEWS

Sporting activities during the last term were certainly greatly assisted by the ideal weather we had, and indeed, still enjoy, pity we can't have it like this every year!!

CRICKET

Every fixture was played, which, to any cricket enthusiast in England, was quite an achievement. We played 21 games, lost 14 and won 7 and though the results don't appear very favourable to us who's to worry? after all, the real sport took place after the cricket when we got our opponents in the 'Local'!!

The Inter-Part Knockout Shield was won by Warrior Division after a very exciting final with the Ordnance boys.

WATER-POLO

By far the coolest sport of the Term and one in which we did exceedingly well. We won the Portsmouth Command League Shield, having played 8 games, won 7, lost 1. Three of our swimmers have played regularly in the Command Team and one represented the Royal Navy in the Combined Services games.

SWIMMING

The swimming Gala at Pitt Street Baths on Wednesday, 8th July, was a great success. Competition between Divisions was keen and consequently an exciting afternoon ensued. The Ordnance Division, however, hung on to their early lead over Deepwater and Warrior and were presented with the Aggregate Cup at the end of the Gala by Mrs. Morgan Giles.

FOOTBALL

The Football season is with us once again and Vernon is busy these days with Trials and are hoping to be able to turn out a couple of good Teams. The real trouble is, of course, the fluctuating population of the Depot and the problem of trying to turn out the best Team for every game. But then, almost every other Depot has the same task ahead of them. Supporters are always a great help to a Team and are worth a goal before the kick-off, so if you are able, turn out and shout for the Home Side.

EXTRACT FROM THE BRITISH INSULATED CALLENDER'S CONSTRUCTION COMPANY LIMITED Supervisory Staff

Although there are no other vacancies in this Department at the present time, I have recently learned that there are openings in the Company for Supervisors on Traction work; I believe that Chief and Petty Officers of the T.A.S. branch, with their experience in handling men and their smattering of Electrical knowledge, could readily adapt themselves to this sort of work.

Candidates would have to start at the bottom and serve a preliminary period as Mates in order to pick up the job, but a good living wage could be earned from the outset. I should be glad if you will bring this information to the notice of the T.A.S.I's Association so that any suitable ratings about to leave the Navy could apply.

Intending applicants should write to the Hon. Secretary as soon as possible'.

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OUR MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

QUICK TIPS

For the Pipe smoker...A small clip screwed to the dashboard will keep the pipe handy and prevent it rolling around in the glove compartment or burning holes in your jacket pocket.

An ideal use for the old polythene bags from Recorder Paper Rolls! Keep a damp chamois leather in it for a quick windscreen wipe.

Fog Tip Brown cardboard held by a strip of Sellotape on top of headlamps makes a quick temporary but effective shield from back-glare. Cardboard must be brown, white stuff will only increase reflection.

How good is your Driving? Try yourself out on the following without sneaking a look at the bottom of the page!!

- (1) Driving on ice, is it better to engage:
(a) First. (b) Second. (c) Third or (d) Top gear
- (2) You are approaching a Zebra crossing at correct speed and a child suddenly steps onto the crossing. In your mirror you can see a car coming up fast behind you, do you?
(a) Signal and Stop.
(b) Carry on normally.
(c) Give a loud 'Toot' on the horn to warn the child and carry on.
- (3) You suddenly come on an icy patch on the road and the car begins to broadside, do you:
(a) Turn into the slide and release the throttle.
(b) Turn into the slide and accelerate.
(c) Turn into the slide and brake.
- (4) Driving on ice or hard packed snow, do your braking distances go up by:
(a) Five times (b) Ten times (c) Fifteen times.

Answers:- 1.(c); 2(c); 3(a); 4(b). (as if you didn't know)

Thanks...

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Mechanical Warehousing



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