THE SEAMASTER

T·A·S·I's ASSOCIATION

1955

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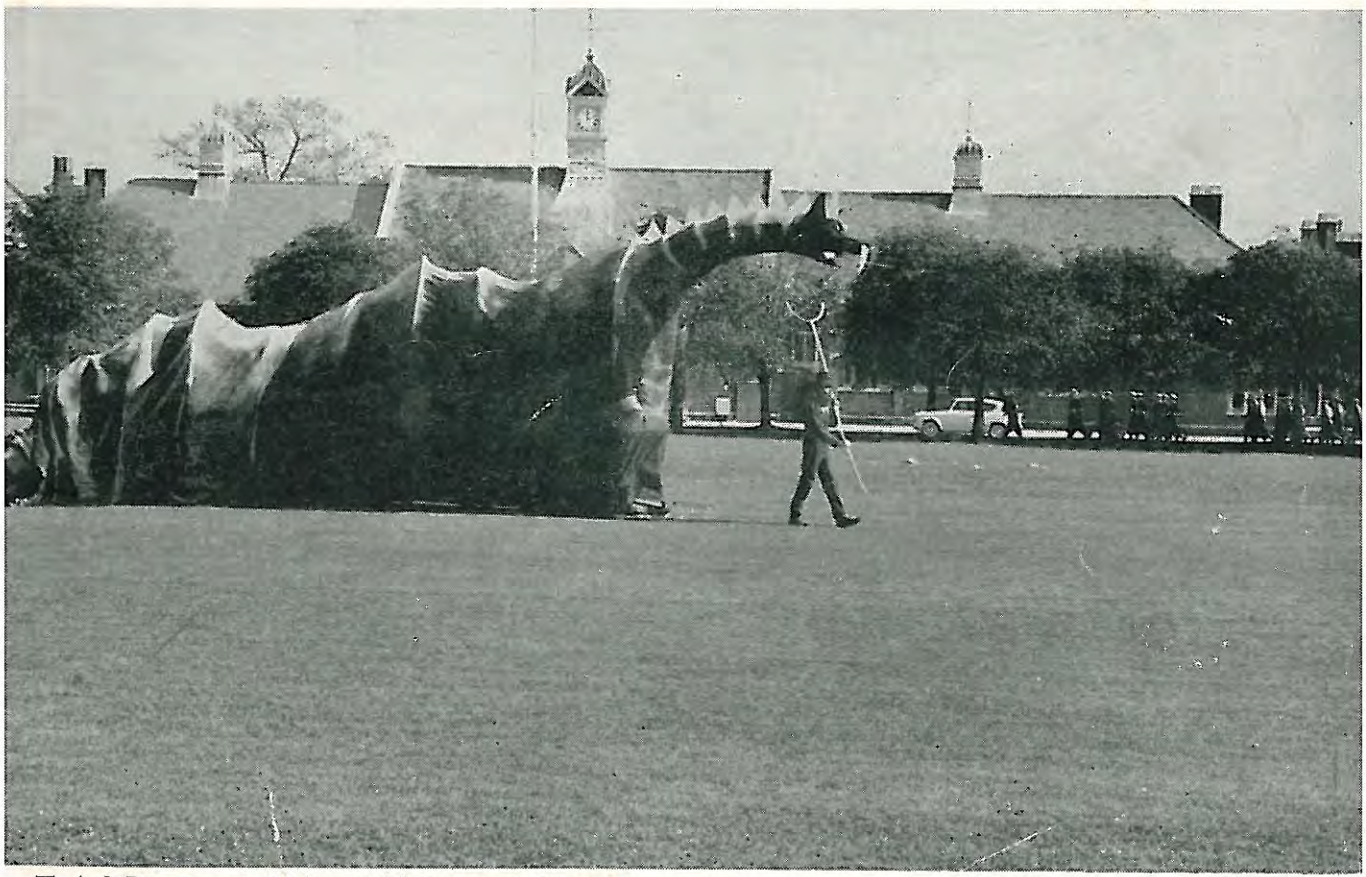

e T.A.S.I's view of Naval Notes and News

THIS IS THE SEAMASTER

1/-

Christmas Number 1960

Guess Who ?

THE SEAMASTER

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

Volume 1. Number 5 **"QUI DOCET DISCIT"** **Christmas Number**

* * PATRONS * *

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"Pings Ain't What They Used To Be"

FOREWORD

(By Commander J. R. Blake, R.N.)
Executive Commander H.M.S. Vernon

I am very grateful for the privilege of writing the Foreword of this issue of 'Seamaster', which gives me the opportunity to introduce myself as the new Housekeeper of our "alma mater". When I last lived in H.M.S. Vernon, Hitler was still busy knocking it down, and I find it very satisfying to return during a period when rebuilding and modernisation is in full swing.

During the last two years I have been serving in the Under-surface Warfare Division of the Naval Staff and have been grappling with the problem of mine counter measures. As some of you may know, successful trials of equipment in H.M.S. Shoulton took place during my time in office and the future picture of the mine counter measures field looks considerably brighter.

I am very conscious of the complexity of the T.A.S. Equipments in service, or about to come into service, all of which bring fresh headaches for the training organisation to solve. A heavy responsibility rests upon the shoulders of the T.A.S.I's who remain as always, the hub around which the whole future of the Branch and underwater warfare revolves. Let us have no illusions in this matter, the Officers may be masters of the tactics, but the destruction of the enemy ultimately depends on the mastery of the weapons by the men.

. . . EDITORIAL . . .

It has been implied through the medium of this magazine that there is an apathy in the Branch which augers no good for the Association. Indeed, this condition has been noticeable on the surface.

How true is the saying 'still waters run deep', and just how still and how deep we little know until an event strikes with an impact of shattering force on our conciousness.

A valuable contribution has recently been made to the safety of T.A.S. equipment by a member of the Association.

The person concerned is one who is well known to us all. His individual personality and strength of character has been noted by all who have met him; so it can be with little surprise that the news of his inventive powers is not merely confined to the rostrum. His conscientious enthusiasm for the Branch, and the interest he has in its efficiency are responsible for the modification to the Mortar Mk. 10 which, under certain circumstances, can be a very real danger to equipment and personnel. Details of his work can be read in the current A.F.O. 2539/60.

Surely this achievement, which has been generously recognised by Admiralty, (to the tune of £130 - - - the largest award ever to be made to a member of the lower deck) reflects some of its glory on the Association, since the inventor in our midst is none other than our Chairman 'Gerry' Abery! ! !

We take this opportunity to express our congratulations and admiration to one whom we know always turns in a good job. Good luck 'Gerry' and keep up the good work.

The Editor.

CHAIRMAN'S LETTER

As this will be my last letter as Chairman of the Association, I feel I would like to thank the Committee as a whole for the excellent work they have performed during the year. C.P.O. Firbank, P.O. Lissamer, and P.O. Gauntlett have done a great deal towards the smooth running of the Association, and I offer my sincere thanks for the many hours of their own time they have subscribed to this end.

The members this year have had their Outing and Dinner, and although we have tried to arouse enthusiasm for other social activities there has been a marked lack of response. We have, therefore, accepted the fact that there is little desire among the members for any other form of 'get together', and there has been no complaints on this score.

Osprey still seems to be out in the wilds, and we hear little of how they prosper. Although 'no news is good news' it would be appreciated by all if a 'newsy' letter were received now and then. This goes for all our members no matter where they are. Use the Magazine for the purpose for which it is intended - - A T.A.S.I's view of Naval Notes and News.

C.P.O. Sellars in Ganges does very well with the sale of football tickets, "Keep it up Shorty", all is grist to the mill. The Vernon sellers are doing well too, but if more people were to sell these fund raisers, we'd all be surprised at the difference it would make to our funds. These need boosting because the Magazine is a large drain on them, requiring as it does, £300 a year to produce it. It's appearance has impoved of late, and we hope that it will continue to do so.

This year, as was forecast, we are losing and have lost a large number of members to civvy street, and a lot of old faces and personalities are sorely missed. Although they are gone, they most certainly are not forgotten, and we look forward to seeing them at Outings and Dinners in the future. These Re-union Dinners play an important part in the life of the Association, and will continue to do so increasingly, and it is to be hoped that all members, retired and active, will attend them in large numbers. Don't forget that a 'Pink Chit' is not required since the Good Lady comes too.

Before I 'tune down', may I point out that in order to keep the Association in a healthy and active condition we must have more volunteers to perform the duties on the Committee as vacancies are made. New blood and ideas are essential all the time. It is a mistake to allow the reins to remain in the same hands for too long. Get out of the rut and go graze in a new field.

I have enjoyed my term of office, and in thanking you all for your support and confidence, I wish you all 'A Happy Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year'.

G. Abery, C.P.O. T.A.S.I.

Secretariat Review

Gentlemen, I have been a good twelve months with you and I am proud to be able to call myself a T.A.S.I.

It has been no easy task acting as your Secretary though I have enjoyed every minute of it. There is only one fault that I can find with our Association and that is there is not enough interest shown by the members.

Our funds have increased and we have prospered, but only by the very great efforts shewn by a few, (all too few) who put themselves out just a little bit to try and help where and when they can.

The magazine costs much more than you can imagine and needs so much material to keep it going that if each and every one of us was to contribute there would still not be enough. Once again it has been those faithful few who have helped to keep it going.

When I return to the fold, I would like to see many more social occasions and much more fun. Let us break out of the rut and give all we can to make our Association even better than it undoubtedly is now.

I shall still strive to make all the members I meet in my travels write in occasionally and, indeed, hope to do just that myself.

We could have a page of letters from members, if only we had the letters to put in the magazine, so come on chaps, when in the mess with an hour to spare why not write and tell us what you are doing (or even not doing, come to that) ?

I would like to give my personal thanks to all the ticket sellers and to friends who wrote in wherever they are in the world.

Thank you all for a great association,

W. Lissamer, P.O.,
Hon. Secretary

CHRISTMAS ISLAND

Much has been written in official journals, magazines, newspapers and the like, about the 'Bomb' test at Christmas Island in 1957. These dwelt at some length on the principles, both moral and technical, of the necessity of the tests, or indeed, the manufacture of them.

Opinions are many and varied, as are the reasons, why such tests must or must not go on. Leaving aside the ethics of the thing, and ignoring the possible damage to Homo Sapien and the Good Earth, the follwing is an account of one man who, having no thoughts on either, happened to be there because it was part of his job.

During the early part of 1957 the T.L.C. Messina was taken out of reserve in Malta where she had been for some years. Indeed, her last working days had been spent in conveying the 'Life line' of Britain during the 'Dark Days', and she had long forgotten the howling of the wind, and the lash of spray from the grey Atlantic rollers.

There was work aplenty to prepare her for her new role, and quite a few weeks went by before her new ship's company finally settled down on her mess-decks.

Pillars of Hercules

Buzzes were rampant. "Where are we going?" Why? When? The most impossible perigrinations and expeditions were envisaged, as is usual on such occasions. It was not until the last night in harbour that the company was officially informed of the destination. The next morning Messina left behind her home of fifteen years, and headed towards the Pillars of Hercules and the Atlantic Ocean.

Neptune's Green

The voyage was not uneventful. The Atlantic welcomed her with traditional violence which so weakened the strong-backs of the bow doors that they were practically useless in keeping the doors closed. The result was that large and continuous quantities of Neptune's Green cascaded over and about the cargo of tractors, earthmovers, L.C.M's. and Bulldozers. The work of getting rid of the water was not lightened by engine trouble that deprived the sons of the sea of the help that the pumps could have given.

However, Jamaica rose slowly over the horizon one afternoon, and with sighs of relief the repair of the damage was handed over to the Dockyard.

Pacific

Onward to the Panama Canal, and a run ashore in San Cristobel before the transcontinental canal passage. As she left Colon at the other end, the broad expanse of the Pacific Ocean rolled gracefully before her, and not a sign of impediment to the name that was bestowed by Magellan.

There were few among the company who had seen a tropical island, though everyone had his own idea of what one should look like. "A sleepy lagoon, a tropical moon and you" seemed to be the theme, while grass-skirted damsels swayed to the haunting tunes played on electric guitars. Coconuts and luscious fruits, crystal clear water from cool springs, and endless days under the shade of palm trees soughing in light breezes, with golden sands stretching invitingly into the hazy distance. Of such things dreams are made!

Sweat and Toil

Christmas Island had been made before Hollywood got around to creating tropical paradises, and no one had yet had the time to remake it. It was of horseshoe shape, the highest point being twenty feet above the sea. Tatty palm trees in ragged clumps dotted the fifteen mile length of this seven mile wide strip of coral sand, (which, incidentally, was nowhere near golden!) No sleepy lagoon in which the jolly tar could disport with langourous dusky maidens. No cooling streams to satisfy a parching thirst. Instead, under the broiling sun, the cargo was discharged, the company working below decks in temperatures of over 110 degrees.

No dock facilities were available, all the heavy immobile gear had to be hoisted outboard on the 30 ton derrick, and loaded into the L.C.M's for transport ashore. The kedge anchors were streamed to keep the ship's head in to the surf, and the constant pitching made

the work far more difficult than it would otherwise have been. Within two days the mobile machinery and some food stores had been unloaded, and the ship moved on to Malden Island, about two hundred miles away. It was here that a scientific base had to be built, and the gear required had to be unloaded (again by hand) for the Army Engineers to errect the various sheds and huts. Masses of equipment and food followed; while those hands that were not required on board assisted ashore wherever they could be useful. The living conditions ashore were infinitely worse than aboard ship. Water was rationed, and supplied entirely from the Messina's evaporators. Food rations were obtained from S.A.P. packs.

The native population had been evacuated to other islands, with the exception of sixty who were required as extra labour force, It was from these that it was learned that a Dutchman came to the island in 1901 and built himself a house. His purpose was to trade in pearls and copra, and in order to facilitate the loading of his cargoes, the coral was hacked and cleared away to form an inlet opposite the house. A trial landing at this inlet resulted in a twenty foot gash in the ship's side which, fortunately was successfully repaired. The house was eventually flattened by the combined efforts of two bulldozers, and in its place was built a recording shed filled with a varigation of electronic equipment.

Count Down

The day of the explosion was still some time off when the Count Down started. The Messina was withdrawn to a distance of 38 miles from the explosion point, and there waited until further orders would send her back to Christmas Island. The ship was strewn with dipsocounters and geiger counters; all personnel wore antiflash gear and were permitted to watch developments from the upper-deck. For quite some hours nothing happened that was worth watching. The blue of the sky was unmarked by any cloud; the sun glared unceasingly from the vault suspended above. The swell of the Pacific gently rolled the ship, and the occasional fin cutting through the water served to remind the expectant company that nature was somehow remarkably unconcerned at this latest evidence of man's groping search for knowledge.

Presently a Valiant Bomber, a shimmering speck in the vast canopy of space, snaked its way across the sky.

Column of Fire

All hands on the upper deck were ordered to turn their backs on a particular bearing, and cover their eyes with their hands. Even then, when the bomb was set off, the flash of the explosion was blinding to the eye! The company was told to count down from ten before turning round. The sight that was to be seen will remain with the watchers for all time. Amid a ghastly silence, as if the world had suddenly died, there rose in the cloud of vapour a gigantic column of fire, writhing and billowing like a newly awakened monster. A rectangle of orange light, similar to viewing a blast furnace through the inspection port, cleaved the dense mass of cloud. Gradually the glow died, and the monstrous tower of vapour slowly rose higher in the sky. The awe inspiring scene struck the watchers to gaping insignificance. Their lack of knowledge of the mechanics of the 'Thing' that had just been unleashed frightened them to death. It seemed a rehearsal, a pre-view of the end of the world. The spiraling column climbed 40,000 feet, the expanding gases creating a vacuum that was suddenly filled by the sea as it was sucked up into the Maelstrom. Set on top of this pillar of night, like the crown of Mars, was a dome of pressurised gas that gradually expanded into a mushroom-like bonnet, and remained there.

Back to Base

The ship stayed outside the perimeter of the explosion area for some hours before being ordered back to base. During this time all radiation badges worn by personnel were checked, and none were found to have turned red, a sign of contamination. The ship was pronounced clean, and made her way towards Christmas Island once more, this time to continue the work of transporting supplies to and from the Army bases. It was later learned that fish in the sea some miles away from the centre of the explosion, were found to have been burned black on the side of them that was facing the heart of the bomb. These fish normally live at depths of up to two hundred feet below the surface, so what price sun tan lotion?

HURRAH for the Life of a SOLDIER

As a result (or was it?) of the story we published in our last edition, a party of T.A.S.I's became paying guests of the Duke of Edinburgh's Regiment as part of their course. Undoubtedly the opportunity to see how the other half lives should never be avoided, but after reading the following account you may perhaps acquire different ideas.

After a very warm reception in the Sergeants' Mess our first introduction to the Army was in the form of a talk from the Colonel of the Battalion, followed by a breakdown of that very mysterious Army quantity, a Battalion, into an actual number, and it's application to the infantry. Lunch was a welcomed respite, accompanied as it was by liquid refreshment, of the alchoholic variety, of course.

The afternoon consisted of a lecture on the reason for patrolling No-man's land, types of patrols, and the dress and equipment carried. Then came what at first seemed to be a shattering blow. Each one of us was to lead an actual patrol during a night exercise. At this point hearts beat faster, discs started to slip, and one would have thought that B.A.S. was an excuse for not going out into the dark; but t'was of no avail. Maps were issued, reference points established, patrols detailed off, and the whole scheme got under way.

The first step was the issue of binoculars and compasses, then a ride in a truck to what was to be our stepping off point once night had fallen. From here, with our patrol Corporals, we were allowed to spy out the land in daylight; establish likely routes and possible leading marks. Our objectives, which were about a mile and a half away, could only be studied hopefully to the accompaniment of prayers, the burning of Joss Sticks, and earnest supplications that their appearance wouldn't change so drastically that we would be unable to find them once the blanket of night had descended.

On our return to the barracks we were issued with combat clothing, and at 1800 we had to brief our patrols (Real Soldiers) on our plan of action. A luxurious dinner bolstered our waning confidence, and feeling a little more like what we were supposed to represent, we made our way to the muster point. Wearing unfamiliar clothes, and with blackened faces, a motley (good word that) looking shower of P.O's assembled to muster and check their patrols and equipment. As soon as this was done we all boarded the trucks and off we went to our various departure points.

2005 and the first patrols moved off into the wilderness with all the stealth of a sailor sliding back on board his 'oppo's' ship five minutes before Tot Time. Right here and now, I must proclaim that without the aid of either Decca or Plot, all objectives were reached; and what is more important, everyone managed to get back as well!

Each patrol objective was manned by about six soldiers armed with Brens (blank ammunition) two inch mortars (for firing flares) and the whole area was staked out with a fiendish anti-sailor device called a trip flare. The experiences of the various patrol-leaders vary, in fact the six differ so greatly that it is hard to believe that they all took part in the same exercise.

Be that as it may, there are two things that happened that night that will remain in my memory for all time. Fright number one was when a partridge took off from between my feet, and I nearly died of heart failure. Number two occured when, huddled as close to the deck as possible, two mortar flares failed to ignite, and landed with a dull thump inches (its my story!) from my left ear.

In spite of the fact that for most of us any previous experiences in long grass had been of an amourous nature, we didn't do too badly. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, strange to relate, and on return to barracks at midnight we were regaled with hot soup, tea and sandwiches which is, apparently, the normal way of ending an exercise. (Pusser please note). The following forenoon we spent bouncing (and believe me 'bounce' is the under statement of the year!) across the countryside in Land Rovers with a reconnaissance patrol. This was followed by demonstrations of three inch mortars; Anti-tank guns, and a Saracen armoured troop carrier. After lunch we went to the range where we had the time of our lives trying out Bren guns, sub machine guns, and the new self-loading rifle. All these and enough ammunition to make an annual musketry course look like a 'shillings worth' at Billy Manning's shooting gallery.

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Groete Van die Land Van Sonneskyn

On a cold dreary morning in January I made my way, accompanied by my wife and two young daughters, across the drab platform of the 'Town Station', on the first leg of our draft to 'Afrikander'. We were soon on the train and on our way to Southampton Central where, on arrival we were ushered to 104 berth of the Docks by the N.E.O. staff. At approximately 1100 we stepped up the gangway of the then Flagship of the Union Castle Line, 'Pendennis Castle'; to be met by a very pleasant Steward who showed us to our cabin accommodation.

Sailing at 1600, we were soon gliding down the Solent bound for South Africa. The trip was to take fourteen days with only one stop, at Madiera for about five hours. The luxury and service shown by Union Castle has to be tried before it can be appreciated to the full, and all too soon the shipboard dancing, swimming, deck games, tombola, competitions, cinema shows and just plain lounging in the sunshine came to an end.

Suddenly one morning we found ourselves viewing the fabulous Table Mountain, as the ship nosed her way into Cape Town Docks.

When the docking operation was completed, we were once again very swiftly and efficiently passed through Customs and Immigration Authorities by the Sea Transport staff (Petty Officer Porter), and were on our way to Afrikander before we were fully able to realise that we actually were in South Africa at last. The trip was only nine miles, but it seemed longer as we bowled along in brilliant sunshine through the splendour of Cape Town and surrounding districts, slightly awed by the many new sights and sounds that assailed us from every direction.

Once at my new place of duty, I was soon greeted by the person I was relieving, A. J. Mcquire, better known as Mac. Our turnover was a very swift one because on the following day Mac was to sail, along with his family, on their return trip to U.K. (I am still wondering how we did it Mac!) My new job was to take the form of being the Fleet T.A.S.I. to the S.A.S.A. station, and C.B.M. of Afrikander itself. To get the true perspective let's see where we are.

The camp is situated at a place called Youngsfield, which is about midway between Cape Town and Simons Town. On one side of us we have a civilian airfield, the other two sides are taken up by the buildings, workshops, etc. of the Union Defence Force which is virtually a training centre for the S.A. Army. On the last side we have the main line of the Cape Town—Simons Town railway. The camp which is the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, S.A. S.A., and also 'Depot Ship' for the three R.N. W/T stations on the Cape Peninsular, is equipped with playing fields, swimming pool, squash courts, tennis courts, and of course, married quarters. One very noticeable thing about the whole set up is the sense of solitude. There are no blaring Tannoys etc., in fact, no broadcast system whatsoever; and the whole place, amid its green lawns and gaily coloured flower beds, is mantled by the impressive back-cloth of Table Mountain.

Our total complement is approximately thirty two ratings and ten officers. The ratings are comprised of Writers, Communicators, Supply rates, one P.T.I., one R.P.O. and a small token force of R.M. Orderlies.

Now back to jobs. C.B.M. duties consist of overall charge of seventeen native labourers, who are the only 'part-of-ship' hands available; they take care of all the office cleaning, upkeep of grounds, etc. This is where my first difficulty arose, what name fitted which face? I almost supplied a set of numbered sports shirts to solve this problem, and in lieu of names referred to numbers. Now, however, I am glad to say that all troubles are over to such an extent that I am quite proficient in pronouncing Bantu names such as MELOMAKULU and HLATSHANINI not to mention MAGOQWANA! The other main requirements of C.B.M. are the rendering of all defects for the camp and married quarters to the department concerned, and a real heavy piece of seamanship in the form of a 14ft. dinghy which we have at one of the large lakes nearby.

For the T.A.S. side of the job, We have no T.A.S. gear in Afrikander. In Simons Town though, we find the S.A. Navy T.A.S. School, where R.N. personnel always receive a warm welcome. Their gear, which we are allowed to use, includes A.T.H's, 1st O.P., R/R and B/R Teachers, lecture rooms, and an S.C.H. Amongst many familiar faces about the place, we see ex R.N. people such as Sub Lt. Moore, W/O Moffat and W/O Davies. The T.A.S. side comes into its own when R.N. ships are in harbour,

mainly the Seventh Flotilla. During these occasions the T.A.S.I. can be seen heading towards Simons Town in his Hillman Minx on both social and departmental visits! Once a year we have our local big exercise for A/S etc., known as CAPEX, when I actually go to sea for its duration. In addition this year, I am going to Nigeria for a short stay with the Nigerian Navy whilst they do a spot of 'pinging', before I transfer to the 7th F/S for the remainder of the exercise. One of the big 'perks' of this job is that of being rated Acting local C.P.O. for the duration of the commission.

We are about to say 'Goodbye' to our present Fleet T.A.S. Officer, Commander Lewis, who is returning to U.K. His place has been taken by Commander Featherstone-Dilke. In December we have our new C.-in-C., the First Patron of our Association, Vice Admiral N. A. Copeman, C.B., D.S.C. Our fingers are crossed in the hope that he does not extend the duration of CAPEX during his term of office!

Although we are about five thousand miles from home, we keep in touch through the medium of letters and newspapers, and of course, 'Seamaster'. It would indeed be pleasant to hear from old acquaintances through this medium, and to know what is going on in other parts of the world too.

To wind up, I would like to wish the Association all success in the future, and through these pages, which are eagerly awaited by all out here, to be remembered to all old faces and wish them luck wherever they may be.

Yours from the Land of Sunshine,

Ron. Feasey.

P.S. There is no Rum Issue in Afrikander - - - - - but the Bar is Duty Free! ! !

* * * *

continued from page 8

In the evening, social life was resumed in the mess where many tankards of ale were quaffed, numerous life stories told and a good time was had by all. The next morning with all farewells said, and our Army days behind us, six very enlightened P.O's returned to Vernon.

To sum up, the Value was marvellous,
Food, Pusser must just hang his head in shame.
Hospitality, One word is sufficient:—
WHOOPEE!

Question: Who gave one Sergeant hysterics by saluting the Battalion Bandmaster?

—CINEPHOTOGRAPHY—

PROJECTORS

These vary both in style and price. The simplest is the 'Kodak 25' which costs £25. This model can only take up to 200 ft. spools, but does the job very well.

For those of you with a Bell and Howell camera the most obvious choice is the 'Moviemaster' which has the new "Truflector" lamp which gives much better illumination. It also has power rewind (a boon this), with a capacity for 400 ft. spools. One 400 ft. spool will give you a good half hours entertainment.

Then there is the 'Screenmaster', (model 606H), which is light to carry (10lbs.) and features automatic oil feed. Cost £48.
This model is also featured for 110 volts (606M) and 32 volts (606L).

Next is the 'Specto Royal'. This machine is on the same lines as the Kodak. It is built into the case, making it most compact. Can take up to 400 ft. capacity and has a fast power rewind. This model also incorporates the 'Truflector' lamp. An interesting feature here is the 'Vario' adjustable lens. This can be adjusted to make the picture fill the screen without moving from your seat. Cost £37.

The 'Eumig' P8 is a grand little machine. This series of Eumig projectors feature nylon bearings and does indeed run very quietly. It also has a connection so that you can control the room lighting from your machine. There are two editions of this machine, the basic one costs £37 10/- and the same machine with sound coupling attachment (Eumig P8 Imperial) costs £45.

All these projectors have their own star features and it is difficult to pick out the most outstanding one. However, if your pocket is the dictator, then the 'Kodak' for £25 is a good bargain. There are many more machines of course and I couldn't hope to cover them all. I hope this has helped you a little and if you want detailed reports or brochures on any one machine, I will be glad to send them on request, or, write direct to, Cross Cameras, Guildhall Square, Portsmouth, who will be very pleased to assist you at any time.

If anyone is interested in forming a Camera Club or has any ideas on the subject, please write and let us know how you feel about it.

What ideas on a Photographic Contest, funniest, most interesting, etc.?

W. G. L.

I REMEMBER

My first introduction to a ship of the Royal Navy was made in 1924 at Lowestoft. The ship was H.M.S. Godetia of the Fishery Protection group operating round the coast. There was very little glamour attached to this type of ship, and it was certainly not that meeting which induced me to join the Navy and commence the career that is now coming to an end. No, that decision had been made for me some years before. At the time of the visit to the Godetia I was a boy at a Naval Training School situated in the heart of Norfolk.

However, it must have been the sight of the Godetia, with its gun and mess-deck, bridge and wheel-house, that in some small way influenced my eventual induction, for the impression that old warship made on my mind then is still vivid today.

Reminiscing must necessarily call to mind the names of people one has met, and it seems to me that the unpleasant moments are the faintest of one's memories. Many of these names will be familiar to readers whose opinions may differ from mine; thank goodness though, that this is permitted, and we may each express our own views in our own way.

I commenced my service in the Navy on a cold dry day in early March, 1927. A dozen or so of us young lads had travelled from County School Station to Harwich, and were waiting in the Sick Bay at Ganges exitedly debating whether we had been accepted or not. I remember being fearful that I might be rejected, for I had told the bearded Surgeon Lieutenant that I had broken my arm at the age of nine. That seemed so important to me then.

Shotley in those days was no harder than it is now in many ways. True, we were not allowed to smoke, but we used to be able to obtain the occasional Woodbine at twopence each from one of the more adventurous types who dared to go out after dark and get a packet of five for twopence!

How many of you remember Pay-Days? When you left the pay table with a shilling and the definite promise of 10A if your hair was not cut by 1300. Dinner time was always brightened by a bottle of pop and a quimola bar. The choice of name for this delicacy always puzzled me until a more worldly wise character explained that the similarity in shape might provide the answer.

Two names come to mind immediately; pensioner C.P.O. Polly who seemed so very, very old, and Boy Randall. The first I have never seen since, and the latter I met again when I reached C.P.O. Polly's age. We did not seem complimentary to each other on this second meeting; but then time passes, and none of us can afford to regret its passing.

Joining one's first ship must be one of the stepping stones of life, and I well remember arriving at Chatham station with kit-bag and hammock, faintly apprehensive, and at the same eager to see what she looked like. A crowd of us went from the station to Bull's Nose by lorry, and boarded the boat that was to take us to Sheerness. As we passed the Outer Basin I gazed at H.M.S. Birmingham, a four funnelled coal burner on the Reserve, and wondered if the Benbow looked at all like her. We had been drafted to the Battleship Training Squadron comprising the "Marlborough", "Emporor of India", "Benbow", and attached more or less independently. the "Iron Duke". Each about 28.000 tons, they had a major compliment of 600 boys needing a weekly average of two holy stones. Steps in promotion were:—
Holy Stone to Scrubber, to Squeegee, and given the right personality, one could advance to assistant locker boy.

The requirements for such an exalted position depended upon the Captain of the Top, and when this happened to be a P.O. like Bugs Herman, with his great black beard and his ever ready stonicky, it could be certain that His locker boys were definitely Mate candidates!

At the other end of the scale, bathroom sweepers with P.O. Dodger Long in charge, were equally certain to be guided along a somewhat different route on the 'Old Man and Winger' principle.

The coal capacity of these ships was about 2,800 tons and the bunkers had to be replenished when stocks fell below 1,500 to 800 tons. Normally it took a half day to prepare, a full day to coal ship, and a day to clean ship, though most members of the crew needed at least three days to get rid of the tell-tale black rim round the edges of the eyelids. I used to envy the

Boy telegraphists whose sole job it was to dispense lime juice amongst all the groups from Main Derrick Guys, dumps and chutes, to hold, bagging up and empty bag parties. The main hazard on these occasions was the possibility of being knocked over the side between the ship and the collier by a swinging hoist, an experience I tasted at Sheerness; fortunately the tide kept me against a coir fender, and an almost drowned mouse was quickly recovered.

Spring cruises meant combined Fleet manoeuvres, and visits to foreign lands - - - mainly Spain and Portugal, with the accent on Arosa Bay. Boys' leave was from 1300 to 1800 on Saturdays and Sundays only, with little opportunity of being mis-lead by older ratings. In spite of this I remember, on one occasion, enquiring of a staid Ordinary Seaman "What are all those sailors queueing for?" The queue was two or three hundred yards long, and led up a hill to a large white house at the top. Remember, with the Fleet in there were probably some 10,000 matelots ashore, mainly as recreational parties. I was told, "Just follow the queue, and you'll soon find out." Half of the local inhabitants were rapidly making their fortunes by selling oranges, soft drinks and beer along the length of the column of aspiring sailors, while the other half was equally as quickly making theirs at the working end. I was learning about life quite rapidly.

On becoming Boy 1st Class a draft chit was inevitable, though there was a certain amount of anticipation attached to the thought of where one was to go after leaving the Training Squadron. I found myself on a cruiser, the 'Cambrian' which was about the same tonnage as the present day Daring class destroyer. The 'Cambrian' and her class were oil burners, and while they were much less comfortable in a heavy sea than my last ship, were far better ships to live on. Mess bills now presented a problem. My first one, as a brand new O.D. was 15/9d. Such a staggering sum as this I had never imagined since it represented quite a few runs ashore.

Those early days soon became hazy in one's mind, though occasionally an odd memory comes shooting out of the blue. Changing over from 'Cambrian' to 'Frobisher', words of a ship's ditty that was quite popular amongst the company:—

"Old Frankie Larkin is always sky-larkin'
Away all boats crews in the rain.
Oh won't it be jolly when he ends his folly
And we are in Chatham again."

I believe his son has now reached the high rank of his father.

General Drill does not seem to hold such an important place in Naval Training now as it did then. It used to be a regular Monday morning shambles; rigging the Starboard lower boom as a Top-Mast with half the ship's company, and away Bower Anchor with the other. Good fun was usually had by all, but it seemed rather out of date to me even then.

After Heaven, - - back to Hades. Quite literally since the next ship, 'Cyclops' a S/M parent ship, was a coal burner. She had a permanent billet in Pieta Creek in Malta, which was later changed to Mesida Creek, and boarding her after having taken passage in 'Royal Oak' was like going from a palace to a hovel. Her rats were the biggest I've ever seen before or since. Their headquarters were in the sail bins (the sails were in fact wind-scoops) and each night they would perambulate about the hammock bars and angle lines. They believed in the principle that 'if you leave nutty loafing I can have it.'

It was while I was in the 'Cyclops' that I first heard of the A/S branch. Few people outside the A/S fitted craft knew much about the branch, and it wasn't 'til a screed went up on the notice board asking for volunteers as submarine detectors that I knew of an alternative to the Gunnery and Torpedo Branches, neither of which had ever appealed to me.

A few of us young seamen were interviewed by the A/S Officer, Lt.-Cdr. Mann, who explained just what the branch was. It sounded alright, and certainly held more attractions than living in 'Cyclops' with its coaling every few months, and 'up ashes' every night. Eager though I was, I had to wait until 'Cyclops' returned to U.K. early in 1931, before I finally found my way to 'Osprey' in Portland for an S.D. 3's course. And with that recollection names pile up in my memory. Fred Watson, John Farley, Bill Stratton; Instructors Ivor Oxley, Nutty Bouette and Ginger Mould. History recounts all the changes that have taken place in the branch since those days, but it is still a far cry from the Hydrophones and 112—115 sets to our present 170 and later sets. Its worth mentioning, I think, that the Oscillator, (Transducer) of the 112 set not only could be trained, but Tilted too! Is then, the 170 so modern after all?

Sea operating experience was gained in such ships as 'Cachelot' and P.C. 74 with the 112 sets, and occasionally with the more modern 115 set in 'Thruster', 'Torrid' and 'Rowena'. After training, a draft chit to H.M.S. Wolfhound, as

a fully blown S.D. 3 proudly wearing the still comparatively new branch badge. This was in no way to be confused with its very elaborate, but short lived predecessor. 'Wolfhound' was at Invergordon, and it was at this time that a certain amount of unrest due to changes in the pay of the Navy, was being called the Invergordon 'mutiny'. It certainly had far reaching effects, - - mainly in the form of 'pier-head jumps'! Whilst efforts were being made to sort things out, ships were required to remain in Scapa Flow and Invergordon, and long, monotonous, drab days they were too. It is in places like these that a man's character can be badly scarred. There were also many characters somewhat damaged in odd corners round the Canteen when a M.A.A. and a Patrol made their frequent pounces on the Crown and Anchor schools that flourished. It was a profitable job to take look-out duty for one of the boards, since there were considerable amounts of money changing hands, and a warning in time could prevent, or at least, put off the inevitable appearance at the Captain's table on a charge of gambling.

Life in the Services in those days went smoothly, and time passed easily. Things were not so rosy ashore where unemployment figures soared every month. Little impact of those conditions was felt by members of the Fleets when they were enjoying the yearly cruises to Gibraltar in the Spring, with the looked forward to visits to the French and Italian Rivieras. In the Summer and Autumn, Scandinavia was the place to see. Places such as Veyle, Copenhagen, Stockholm and the Baltic. The states of Latvia, Estonia and Danzig were independent then, though it is difficult to imagine that they could be any the worse off now than they were then. A bar of Pusser's Hard had unbelievable purchasing potential. Valuable hand-made ornaments, finely embroidered cloth, or the hand, or something, of a man's daughter.

It was in that year that the Fleet was Reviewed in Weymouth Bay. A small Review it was considered to be at that time, but Weymouth will not see so many matelots at one time again. I discovered that sleeping on the sands can be quite pleasant, - - until it rains! 1932 saw the abolition of the second class rate in the branch, and the course for which I had returned to Osprey had become a 1st class rates course. Many of the Instructors were the same, but a new rank had been added to the officer structure, and Jack Frost, Dolly Gray and Harvey Hollands (studying hard) had been promoted to S.D. Boatswain. S.D. 1 classes were as large as some of the classes that pass through Vernon now, and among those in our collection of 23 were Don Parfitt, Ted Cheeseman, Fred Watson and Willy Offen. Willy was doing a lot of long distance walking at the time, and I accompanied him. Fortunately I had a bicycle, but apart from those walks, we had some darned good runs ashore as well.

Back to sea after the course, this time in P. 40 and 'Torrid'. One of the S.D. 1's perks in this boat was the mortar on the fo'c'stle. This was a blunderbuss-barrelled bomb thrower that could be trained through the bow from beam to beam. Shades of the Mortar Mk. 10! What price Progress!!

Types 119 and 121 were now in service, and being generally fitted. They were not so greatly different from the predecessors but the operating procedure was simpler. The M.7 amplifier and the K.7 heterodyne units were no longer used so it was no longer necessary to live in the Transmitter Panel. It was a well known feature of sets fitted with these units that a change from Reverbs to London Radio (national programme) could be quickly achieved, and practically all ships fitted with the 112 set boasted a single earpiece and a cardboard loud speaker on the lower mess-deck! It was only a short step to the 124, and in the Med. there were some wonderful detection results achieved by the 'Brilliant' and the Fourth Destroyer Flotilla.

It was here that I again met with the now firm friends of Osprey days. Ginger Mould and Nutty Bouette were the Flotilla S.D. Instructors; Fred Watson, Bill Offen, Don Parfitt and myself were the S.D. 1's of 'Brazen', 'Kieth', 'Boreas', and 'Brilliant' respectively. It was during this commission that the first Submarine Detector Meetings were held. In 1934 a gathering was held in Tony's Bar in Strada Reale, Malta, and if my memory serves me well we started off with about 30, increased to 50, and wandered off to finish what was left of the night in places of our own choice. Dick Palmer's Rag and Mesidas Rag, though out of bounds, must have had a largely increased revenue that night. Another 'get together' of S.D. ratings was held in Pompey during the Fleet Review of 1935, but this was a more ragged and impromptu affair.

When at last I left 'Brilliant' in 1936, I returned to a much improved and more modern Osprey. South Block had been built, and Whipsnade had completely disappeared. A Chief S.D.1 was carrying out the duties of G.I., discipline was tightening up, and it was no longer possible to say that you knew everyone in the branch. Asdic Officers had become senior in rank, and John Farquhar, an A/S Officer, was

Commander of the establishment. It would not be policy to name all the officers that one can remember, for many of them are now Flag Rank, and many others have since been killed in action.

It was during my stay at Osprey this time that King Edward VIII made an inspection of Portland Dockyard and Osprey. Apart from the greatly exaggerated process of preparation, the actual parade was no different from a C.O's inspection and Divisions. Having by now picked up the hook I was given the "Oh so important " job of making sure that the 'Pets Cemetary' and surrounding 'Divisions Hideout' was skimished and tidy. It would have been 'up all bags and hammocks' if His Majesty had gone anywhere near that area, for it was overcrowded with 'Hook rope' parties, and odd bods who had not attended Divisions since last Michaelmas, and no intention of doing so now.

By 1936 happenings on the continent made it apparent that the Navy might be required for its main function within the next few years. Up to now the branch had been so small that it was possible to know everyone in it by name, but now the expansion of the service was becoming markedly noticable, it was not so easy to keep tabs on all members.

Asdic ships were coming from the builders practically every week or so, and my next move was to standby H.M.S. Kittiwake at Southampton and remain with her when she joined the Portland Flotilla. It was an uneventful twelve months, and apart from one purely and strictly personal memory, leaves little other impressions. Operating as she was from Portland, I was able to keep in touch with Osprey, so that when a fill-gap class of S.D.I's was made up in the latter part of 1937 I was on the spot.

Being a small class we all got on very well together under the guidance of Lt. Clutton Baker, who will be remembered by some readers as T.A.S. (P) in Vernon, some fifteen years later. The last time I saw him he had an important clerical position with the firm of Lucas in Birmingham. It seemed strange to meet him on terms of civilian curtesy as opposed to service discipline.

The A/S set forming the main part of our course at that time was the 124, with the maid of all work Type 123 in secondary position. 132 had also entered the field, and was being fitted in Town Class Cruisers, and it was to one of these that I next moved. Five days after the course finished I joined 'Southampton' and since I was now a P.O. I was not only S.D.I. but Boys Instructor as well. Not exactly an enviable task at sea even though 'Southampton' was a good seaboat. She generally managed to get quite a movement on during some of our trips.

King Edward VIII having abdicated, King George VI was on the throne as the war clouds gathered. Shortly before the deluge he made an official visit to the United States. 'Southampton' acted as escort both ways across the Atlantic. Our stays at New York, Boston, Halifax and St. Johns will always be remembered as a matelot's paradise. Ban-yan parties, Barons, and the New York World's Fair stick in my mind, - I had been to the World's Fair in Barcelona some years before, but this one exceeded all else for the spectacular representation of Progress. The Wembley World's Fair which had so thrilled me as a boy faded into insignificance.

After the Munich crisis which had caused a partial mobilisation and withdrawal of ships from reserve, the attack on Poland at the end of August, 1939 had made war a grim reality, and many of our ships were virtually in battle positions.

The "Phoney War' existed only in newspapers; at sea it was already quite real. Sometimes quiet and melancholy, at others hectic and dangerous - - even pathetically amusing. On October 9th of that year a quite large force were returning from the Skagerack area, when we experienced a bombing raid by aircraft. Standing on the upper deck watching the attacking planes, we little realised the damage that can be caused by a hit with only a small bomb.

I had seen bombing before, during the Spanish Civil War, when the battleship Jaime was hit by a barrel type bomb. Most of her damage was internal, and it didn't register with me since I was only an interested spectator. The feeling was much the same now, but how quickly one learns the hard way was made evident just one week later. On Monday, October 16th, a bombing raid occurred in the Firth of Forth. It followed an attack just off the coast when H.M.S. Cossack was badly mauled by aircraft, who made the most of the situation.

(To be continued in next issue)

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Motoring Notes – This Edition's Review

The Lambretta: News & Views: Ten Tips

"THE LAMBRETTA"

A scooter is, I think, an ideal means of transport for the short run. It has many other qualities too, such as being easy on the pocket; easy to park and garage, and last but not least it is comfortable. I feel that considering all these points, I am well justified in selecting a scooter for my second review,—and what else but the "LAMB".

Styled by INNOCENTI of Milan, this scooter certainly has the vote for looks. Many other manufacturers have tried, with no success to copy it, and underneath that body work is a very robust frame which supports an engine of either 125, 150, or 175 cc's. The engine on all models is blower cooled, and of two-stroke design. Ignition is by mag-dyno type of generator, which is a continuation of the crankshaft drive, fed through an H.T. coil.

Gears on all the latest models are four in number, but some of the older L.D. 150's are three gear type. Gear change is done by a swivel handgrip on the handlebars with a locking system to prevent changing before declutching.

Suspension of the rear wheel is achieved by mounting the engine and drive shaft as a swinging arm the axis of which is a torsion bar bedded in rubber. There is a normal type suspension damper over the wheel itself. Front suspension is by the drag-link method.

Brakes are controlled by foot pedal for the rear, and a hand lever for the front, and very positive they are too.

Lighting for most models is 6 volt supplied from the mag-dyno, though some models have a battery for parking etc. Two seats are provided on all models, although the big T.V.175 is supplied with a dual seat, and very comfortable they are too.

As you will have gathered, there are three models of the "LAMB". The 125 and 150 are the most popular because of the price; but for the enthusiast I may say that the 175 has been described as the "Jaguar of the scooter world". I may have stuck my neck out when I said that the scooter was ideal for short runs only. I know all of you two-wheelers will be telling me how many miles you've travelled. I too have travelled over the hundred on an L.D. 150 myself, but still feel the scooter is designed for town work and short runs, and in this respect is ideally suited.

Specification.

125 cc. Type L.1. Price £159-19-6.
Consumption 120 miles per. gallon.

125 cc. Type L.D. Mk. 4. Price £134-4-0.
Consumption 120 miles per. gallon.

150 cc. Type L.1. Price £169-17-6.
Consumption 120 miles per. gallon.

175 cc. Type T.V. 175. Price £189-17-6.
Consumption 95 miles per. gallon.

NEWS AND VIEWS

Karting.

Since the last edition your correspondent has joined the GO-KART Committee, and been elected President. Ted Beeching is my very able secretary. We feel now, that with the assistance of a very enthusiastic committee we are all set for great things. At this time of writing we have attended three outside meetings, competing against R.N.B., Collingwood, Lee-on-Solent, Eastney and the Army. After a few set backs of design etc. we have learned how to modify our karts for peak performance. At the last meeting Vernon Team scored two first places. By the time this edition is issued we hope to have some trophies in our cupboard. Most of the credit for the re-design must go to the engine room department for their expert assistance in the person of M.E. Etiene, a valuable member of the team. The team itself, by the way, is a very broad cross section of from all branches.

BLUEBIRD.

Perhaps my wishes of good luck to Donald Cambell was a bad omen, but nevertheless after what happened to him and his car he's going to try again. "Good on yer sport"! Keep trying, because you will make it I'm sure.

Petrol.

With such a choice of super grades available these days, the motorist is inclined to become confused as to which grade is best for his particular type of car. Realising this, the A.A. have recently published a pamphlet which is a guide to petrol grades. The main points of the pamphlet are as follows :—

Low grade. For the saloon car owner who wants economy, and long life for his engine. A High grade fuel should be used with every

continued on page 26

CAMERA FOR SALE

Life had become fairly settled in the camp by the end of 1943. We were living in the Selerang area now, and found that although the food and accommodation were very insufficient, life was fairly comfortable from the Jap P.O.W. aspect.

The daily work parties consisted of different size groups for road repairs outside the camp, Singapore ship workers, and inside camp fatigues. These were classed as hard or heavy labour, light duty, or special duty.

The popular duty was of course the Singapore work party as opportunity was always prevalent for "borrowing" food, clothing or tobacco from the go downs (not returnable of course) or making a deal with the Chinese who were prepared to buy most articles, such as pens, watches, cigarette lighters (not Japanese make) or jewellery. A camera would bring a fabulous price, anything up from 4,000 dollars, but these of course were very rare after almost two years of captivity.

Trading, of course, carried a big risk for both parties. The Chinese expected at least death, whilst the P.O.W. just lost the article, then received anything from a plain bashing to a severe beating that usually ended up in hospital. It depended upon how lucky you were with the guard discovering you. If he was one of your own guards it wouldn't be too bad, but if he was a guard from another company, then he and your own guard went to town on you. This could be very painful. Still, much better than if one of the Kempi picked you up, because he would beat up your guard, who would then take his revenge on other members of your work party, meanwhile you would be taken off to the Kempie Headquarters at Outram Road jail. It is much better to leave the subject there - - - so many cruel happenings took place there!

It sometimes happened that the guard, on discovering you in possession of a 'trade' article, would barter with you for it, not paying much less than half of the value that the Chinese would place on it. So strange is the mind of the Jap!

Late one afternoon I wandered over to visit my American friends. Two of the Sergeants known as Chippy and Tex were well known to be in the trade. In fact they were very clever operators in as much that instead of undergoing the risks previously mentioned and going out on work parties they stayed 'home' and waited for "customers'.

If a prisoner had an article to sell he would contact Tex or Chippy and ask if they would sell the article. When a price had been determined Tex and Chippy would send for one of their trusted sellers to come and collect the article, tell the man how much he must ask and the amount he would receive for selling. The only danger was that the seller might be searched by the guards and have the article confiscated. The alternative was to engage the services of one of two characters known to have native contacts through the perimeter wire. The disadvantage here was that the commission required was fairly high. In the event of the article being confiscated Tex and Chippy made good the loss in cash. They therefore always tried to make at least a hundred per cent profit.

If someone in the camp wanted to buy an article, they would ask for the Tex Chippy services, and state their maximum price. Then Tex and Chippy would send their runners to the various units and eventually came up with a person in possession of the required article. From then on it was a case of persuading the possessor to sell.

The afternoon I arrived, Tex and Chippy were all set for the sale of a camera. I was told that a 'tame' guard was interested and would be arriving soon. Tex and Chippy were living on the verandah of the first floor and intended doing the business there. The other Americans (about sixteen strong) lived in the two rooms of the same floor, and were lolling about on their sleeping mats.

When the 'tame' guard arrived he seemed very nervous, and as we knew he was guilty of illicit trading we pointedly ignored him as he passed by on his way to the verandah where Chippy and Tex awaited him. When he arrived at the table he was invited to sit down and in fact was offered a cigarette. This seemed to us to mean that the guard was being softened up prior to being forced into a tough bargain for the Camera.

The Camera lay on the table in front of the Jap who couldn't take his eyes off it. He eventually asked if he could examine the camera, this was agreed to and the way in which he grabbed the object showed clearly the extent to which he coveted it. Bartering commenced, and after some five minutes a price

of 5,000 dollars was under argument when a Japanese wearing the uniform of a Warrant Officer entered. We all sprang to attention and saluted. With cursory acknowledgement the W/O passed through our midst over to the very guilty looking trio at the table. The camera was still in the centre of the table and was very obvious. The Jap W/O halted at the table and shouted at the tame guard who was shaking with fright. The W/O blasphemed and threatened the guard and finally slapped his face. He then shouted at Tex and Chippy who looked a little bewildered at the way things were going, also a little nervous. The W/O was telling them that it was so wrong to treat their hosts in such a way, to corrupt guards was a serious crime, to possess cameras was a worse crime and not to be honest with the I.J.A. was the worst of all. Ending abruptly he slapped their faces, picked up the camera and with the guard leading left the room.

We sat down feeling relieved that nothing drastic had happened to us. We had felt during the time the Jap W/O was there, that he would start a bashing session and then have us escorted down to the Guard Gate, where we could expect to sit down in the road for a few hours. And sitting still on rough sharp edged stones, not being allowed to move, is not the best way of enjoying the day.

However none of this had happened. We burst into relief by loudly discussing the pros and cons of the whole affair. Tex and Chippy were already lamenting that they were some couple of thousand dollars out of pocket. Then someone thought maybe the Japs would be back with the guards to take us away for punishment.

It was then that I laughed! I laughed for some minutes as the enormity of the joke that had been played on the two sergeants became obvious to me. The others quietened down and looked inquiringly at me. Solemnly I asked, "Who ever saw a Jap W/O wearing splay footed rubber boots and puttees?".

Some of the others then realized what I meant. Only ranks below sergeant in the I.J.A. wore this type of rubber boots with a separate portion for the big toe. This meant that one of the tame guards chums had dressed in the uniform of a W/O except for the hard boots or shoes (with a very high polish) and the usual highly polished leather gaiters. The alternative to these boots or shoes would be the favoured knee length boots.

The room burst into an uproar of laughter as the full enormity of the joke caught on. Only Tex and Chippy were looking miserable. They had lost a lot of money and had been made to look foolish in front of their juniors, and no American takes kindly to that.

However, there was nothing they could do about it, trafficking was illegal to our own Command as well as to the I.J.A.

The average Britisher would have "grinned and beared it". The Americans sulked for several weeks, partly because the next day they found out that the 'tame' guard had been moved out of Singapore to a new camp and beyond their possible retaliation in a future deal!

It was in fact a complete loss! Which just goes to show that you just can't trust no one. Not even a nice 'tame' simple Jap guard.

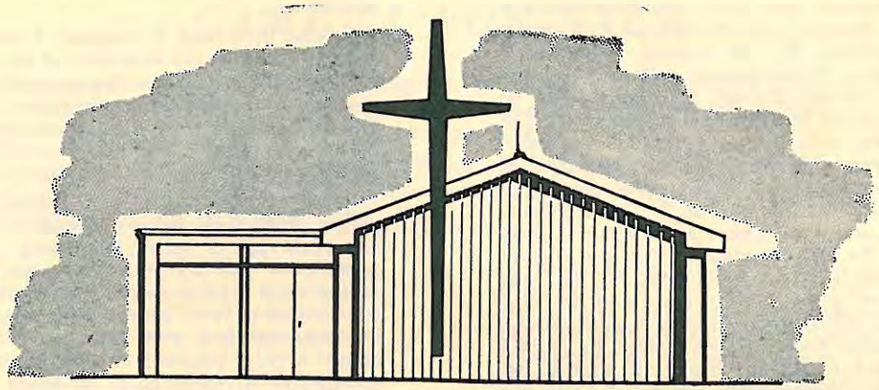
WANTED — 100 N.A.A.F.I. GIRLS FOR GERMANY

N.A.A.F.I. is making one of its rare appeals for volunteers to serve the British Servicemen in Germany.

Last time the call was for 500 men and girl volunteers for service in Cyprus during the troubles - and N.A.A.F.I. Headquarters was swamped with 17,000 applications in three days. This time the immediate need is for 100 British girls to work in N.A.A.F.I. Clubs for Servicemen throughout the British Zone in Germany, including Berlin. They will go straight to Germany and receive their training there; they will then work as Manageresses, Assistant Manageresses, or counter Assistants. Their two year contracts will entitle them to 20 days leave a year, including one free holiday passage home during their two year stay, or a cash grant towards a Continental holiday.

"Full employment in Germany today", said a N.A.A.F.I. spokesman, "is making it more and more difficult to staff N.A.A.F.I. Clubs and maintain a high standard of service. We must have some volunteers from home if the service to the troops is not to suffer. We want a hundred girls immediately and probably more later on. In any case the 'marriage wastage' is so high that we shall be planning replacements almost as soon as the first batch arrives in Germany! To enable these girls to see something of the country we shall arrange for occasional changes of location".

"It is a great chance for a girl who would like to see something of life in Germany today and at the same time do a really worthwhile job for the young men in the Forces there".



The first words of my contribution to your Magazine must be to express my gratitude for the hospitality of your pages. I am no prolific writer, but I very much appreciate this link that you have given me with the T.A.S.I's Association which I hope may be strengthened during my time in H.M.S. Vernon.

My next words must be of a valedictory nature. I must place on record how much we are all indebted to my predecessor, the Rev. Basil Watson, for the results of his efforts as Chaplain here. He spared no effort to bring home the lesson that life in the Navy must be founded on religion and virtue, but going further into bricks and mortar, his achievement in converting the Pound Hut into a very beautiful Chapel worthy of its purpose and position was no mean feat.

The improvement of the Chapel still goes forward, for the last Long Course made a presentation of a window in stained glass. At the same time five more windows were ordered to complete the six on the Quarterdeck side of the Chapel. These take the form of six figures representing Virtues. The artist, Mr John Baker, has brought a sense of dignity and brilliance of colour to his work which is going to add considerably to the adornment of the Chapel.

The Dockyard have been asked to fit the windows and we hope that they will be in position before long.

Mr Moore of the Illustrator's Department has once again contributed examples of his notable work in the Roll of Honour of H.M.S. Osprey. In this Book of Remembrance are recorded the names of all officers and ratings of the A/S Branch who gave their lives in World War II. Those who would like to look through it are welcome at any time in the Chapel. The Book is, indeed, a work of art.

But in spite of all the improvements and the efforts given towards them a church can become little more than a museum unless and until it becomes a House of Prayer. I am glad to say that the Vernon Chapel is not a museum, and I am determined that it shall not become any such thing. I want to invite you to lend me your support in this matter. It is YOUR church just as much as it is mine - more so perhaps, for I echo the suggestion of my predecessor that the Vernon Chapel should come to be regarded as the T.A.S.I's spiritual home. Already, in the short time I have been here, the support on Sundays and the weekly Communion Services has been encouraging, but we have some way to go yet before an overflowing Church is achieved. Of course, I know that many potential members of Church life here are already taking an active and useful part in the affairs of their local parish churches, but amongst them are some very helpful people who make a point of coming to church in Vernon at regular intervals. They are not less valued than the more regular members. This is worth turning over in your mind.

When I was appointed to H.M.S. Vernon my feelings were those of pleasant anticipation mingled with not a little trepidation as to how I would fare amongst, what was to me, a new species. I had been in consecutive appointments with the Fleet Air Arm for fourteen years. But the general friendliness and cooperation extended to me took my thoughts back nearly twenty years to what was amongst the happiest and most rewarding of appointments I have had in my time. That appointment was to Osprey at Dunoon in wartime. Though the A/S Branch of those days has since contracted a marriage, that good family spirit that I knew so well seems to have been enhanced by the union. They say that a ship is known by her boats. Is it not equally true that she is equally well known by the first contacts you make when you first come on board?

As I pen these notes the Vernon Choir is raising melodious voices in rehearsal for the traditional Carol Service in the Cathedral on Monday, December 12th. On this occasion it will be the full service of nine lessons and carols, the lessons being read by representatives of different sections of our activities. And then, looking further onwards to Christmas we shall celebrate God's great gift to mankind with the Midnight Eucharist on Christmas Eve and a Service for Christmas Day in our own Chapel at 10 a.m.

Bill Richardson,
Chaplain

TANKER TOW

Recently there was published in the press the information that members of the crew of H.M.S. Bulwark were to be awarded one of the largest amounts in prize money that had ever been made available. This large sum was earned from the salvage of the Tanker "Melika". In the following account of that rescue you can read an 'inside story of what occurred, written by the people who actually took part.

Just before 0700 on Saturday, 13th September, distress traffic concerning surviviors was intercepted. One of the ships, the Tanker "Anglian Diligence", was asked for a situation report, and at 0718 Bulwark received the following signal from her:

> "At 122215z approx. Liberian Tanker Melika and the French tanker Fernand Gilabert collision. Both ablaze and abandoned, several vessels in position picking up survivors, and Ceres in communication with Colombo who is sending aircraft with doctors for various injured".

Bulwark was at this time exercising with the frigate 'Loch Killisport' in the Gulf of Oman. The position of the collision was approximately 2145N., 5940E., about 150 miles from Bulwark. Bulwark recovered the aircraft that were airborne, except for one Skyraider, and proceeded at 23 knots towards the collision area, telling Loch Killisport to follow at her best speed. The Skyraider was sent to search in the reported position of the collision. The frigates 'Puma' and 'St. Brides Bay', who were in the area, were ordered to proceed to the scene of the collision. The cruiser H.M.S. Sheffield signalled her intention of joining the search, but later decided that she was not required and proceeded for Bahrein.

Skyraider 426 reached the scene of the collision at about 0840. She saw one burning tanker with oil slick stretching about fifteen miles up wind. This tanker was on fire forward, was belching black smoke and was down by the bow. She could not be identified. In the area searching, were the Swedish tankers Ceres and Sira, and the British tankers Anglian Diligence, and Border Hunter. Sira was seen to have a life-boat alongside. An upturned life-boat with two life-jackets and a life-belt were sighted. The Skyraider saw no sign of the second tanker.

During the forenoon Sira reported she had only two corpses on board and expressed her intention of continuing her voyage. The other three tankers had all picked up survivors, some burned and injured, and were asked to steam to the north to close Bulwark so that helicopters could fly medical aid to them. A relief Skyraider identified the burning tanker as the Fernand Gilabert. From the rescuing ships it was learned that Melika had had a crew of 45, and the Fernand Gilabert 40. Ceres picked up 20 of the Fernand Gilabert, Border Hunter 3 of the Fernand Gilabert, and Anglian Diligence 30 of the Melika and 9 of the Fernand Gilabert.

Just before mid-day Bulwark's two doctors were flown ahead by helicopters of 854 Squadron to give medical aid to the casualties in the rescue ships. At about 1300 Bulwark joined company with Ceres, Anglian Diligence, and Border Hunter. The ships steamed southwards in what was almost a formed body, while helicopters of 845 Squadron ferried the injured from each ship to Bulwark. Two other helicopters ferried the Bulwark's Executive Officer, Commander R.H.H. Brunner, Royal Navy, and a small fire fighting team to the Fernand Gilabert, which was about twelve miles away to the East. This team immediately set about getting the fires under control.

Reports from the rescue ships and the survivors indicated that after the collision, Melika, although abandoned, continued to steam South. When last seen, at about 0600, she was stopped and burning. At 1400 a searching Skyraider reported Melika on fire and listing over in position twenty-five miles to the South of Bulwark. Having embarked the injured, Bulwark continued Southwards to pass close to Melika, which was blazing amidships. A party under the command of Lieutenant Commander P. P. R. Dane, Royal Navy, was lowered from helicopters of 845 Squadron on to the foc'sle of the burning ship. First on board was Lieutenant D. P. (Weary) Weil, Royal Australian Navy, of Brisbane, Australia.

Bulwark steamed towards Masira Island to fly off three helicopters and a Skyraider to take the seriously injured survivors to the R.A.F. Station at Masira. The Skyraider acted as navigational shepherd for the helicopters. The injured landed at Masira were later flown to Bahrein by the R.A.F.

While the injured were on their way to Masira, Bulwark steamed back to join H.M.S. Puma, who had arrived to stand by Melika. Puma had managed to put a party on to the after end of Melika. It was just possible, but highly dangerous to go from one end of the tanker to the other, as every few seconds the roll of the ship caused the flames to leap right across from port to starboard. Puma's boat brought a small portable pump over, and this was in action against a big fire in the stores aft. At this time a report was received from Commander Brunner in Fernand Gilabert that all fires had been extinguished and that the frigates Loch Killisport, and St. Brides Bay were standing by her.

During the first watch Bulwark attempted to pass a tow to Melika. A moderate swell was running, causing Melika to roll heavily. Amidships the fires were still burning. Boatwork was extremely difficult, and while passing a rope from Melika to Bulwark the sea boat was caught under the stern. Two in the boat were injured.

Shortly after 0100 on Sunday, 14th September, the first attempt to pass a tow was abandoned as the Bulwark had drifted into a difficult down wind position. As soon as all the lines had been recovered, a second attempt was made. The Captain positioned Bulwark by approaching close along the Melika's port side, stopping with the Bulwark's stern just clear of Melika's bow but upwind of her, as we, being higher out of the water, would drift faster. The engines were used as required to keep Bulwark parallel with the derelict, and to move a little closer or a little further away.

The Captain conned his ship from the after end of the flight deck, passing orders to the bridge through a specially rigged telephone wire. The second attempt was almost successful, the five and a half inch wire being within three inches of the securing point on Melika's foc'sle when Bulwark's starboard engine, which was overheating badly, had to be moved ahead to avoid it being seized up. This surge ahead, unexpected in Melika, parted the light tackles holding the wire. Efforts were then postponed, and Puma and Bulwark steamed up and down near Melika till daylight.

At about sunset on Saturday, St. Brides Bay had managed to take the Fernand Gilabert in tow by the stern, and attempted to steer for the shelter of Ras el Hadd. Towing the damaged tanker was extremely difficult owing to the weather, the relative sizes of the two ships, and the rudder action of the tanker's damaged bows. Little progress had been made when, at 0240 the tow parted. St. Brides Bay suffered some damage during the towing operations, both her boats being put out of action. When the tow parted, Fernand Gilabert was thirty five miles to the East of Ras el Hadd. Adrift, the wind caused her to travel north-east at about two knots.

At 0630 Bulwark closed Melika to transfer breakfast to those on board her. It was then observed that only one small fire remained. Later it was learned that this fire was considered a safety valve for an oil tank which was occasionally covered by the sea, and that without it, the mixture of vapour and air might have become explosive. Soon after 0800 a renewed attempt was made to pass a tow. Coston gun lines were used to make contact, and the manila was soon across. While the towing wire was being hauled over, Bulwark's stern drifted on to the bow of Melika. Melika's bow was pushed back, and a hole was cut in the carrier's side above the quarter deck. On the quarterdeck this was a very tense moment, and an axe was raised ready to sever the towing wire, as it looked as if we would have to cut adrift, A short time later, as the heavy wire was paid out, the turns on the bollard jammed. Everyone was cleared off the quarterdeck as it looked as if the wire would part. However, the strain came off and the wire once again became managable. After only fifty five minutes from the time the Coston gun line being fired, the tow was secured ready to proceed. Progress was very slow in the sea conditions prevailing. Melika yawed very badly. At 1220 the tow parted. In Bulwark spirits fell a little. Many of the ship's company had worked for much of the night and most of the forenoon, and some were very tired. The

Captain had had little sleep too. It was, in a way, as well that the weather was too bad just then for further towing efforts, since it enabled the sailors to rest.

Loch Killisport reported that during the forenoon the weather was unsuitable for passing a tow to Fernand Gilabert, but that they hoped to raise steam in her. During the afternoon Bulwark left Melika to steam North towards Fernand Gilabert in order to effect a transfer by helicopter of some engine-room personnel. From that time the fires in each ship were under control, engine room and electrical personnel set to work to raise power. Electricity was soon made available in each ship, and progress was made towards raising steam.

By the morning of Monday, 15th, the wind had dropped to force 4, and the sea and swell were moderating. St. Brides Bay had left Fernand Gilabert and joined Bulwark. Bulwark spent the forenoon refuelling from the R.F.A. Wave Knight, at the same time once more preparing to tow. This time it was intended to use the largest wire in the ship, a six and a halt inch!

While this was going on in Bulwark, Loch Killisport reported that she had successfully taken Fernand Gilabert in tow, and they were proceeding towards Karachi at three knots. Progress had been made towards raising steam, and hopes were high that eventually Fernand Gilabert's own engines might help get her back to port.

In the afternoon Bulwark stationed herself again on Melika's port bow, and passed the six and half inch wire across. Shortly before 1600, Bulwark commenced to tow, but again it seemed that Melika would yaw badly. Puma attached her starboard cable by wire to Melika's stern to act as a rudder. A very slow turn to starboard was made, and the tow pointed in the direction of Karachi, 350 miles away. It was soon seen that the swell from her quarter was putting a serious stress on the weakened midship section of Melika, and that in the course of time the ship might break in two. Course was altered towards Ras el Hadd, much closer, and with the wind abaft the beam.

A signalled report received in Bulwark stated that an Arab dhow with several hundred Arabs on board had sunk off Masira Island. Although one of the Skyraiders carried out several searches, it failed to find either wreckage or survivors.

During Monday night the tow progressed at about one knot towards Ras el Hadd, and by 0800 Tuesday the convoy (Bulwark, Melika and Puma, with St. Brides Bay and Wave Knight in company) was seventy five miles from the nearest land. The cruiser, H.M.S. Newfoundland, on passage from Bahrein to Singapore, joined company to transfer mail, at the same time signalling a message of good luck. Puma, and Loch Alvie (who had joined us) both went close alongside Melika to pass fresh water to her. The helicopters of 845 Squadron spent a busy day ferrying drums of diesel oil across. On Monday evening and Tuesday morning the wind dropped considerably, and the swell went down. But by Tuesday evening the wind was back to force 6 and the sea was rough, these conditions prevailing throughout Wednesday.

Towards evening on Wednesday Puma's tow parted. We continued towing while she recovered it to pass it again; but without the frigate as a rudder, the Melika was almost unmanageable.

From Saturday night onwards, about fifty Officers and ratings from both Bulwark and Puma were permanently in Melika. Each day twenty volunteers were sent across as a working party. Melika, with a fifteen degree list to port, was intact forward of the bridge but the midships section was a shambles of burnt and twisted steel. The port side, which in any sea was awash, had a terriffic hole in it where the bow of the Fernand Gilabert had come inboard, and the sea flowed freely in and out. The thick steel deck was buckled and twisted. Aft, the superstructure paintwork was blistered, and inside a bad fire had gutted the provision room. The original boarding party were kept busy for hours getting this fire under control.

The major difficulty in getting power back on the ship was the state of the boilers, which apparently had not been cleaned since the ship was built. Several experts said they were the dirtiest boilers they had ever seen. They had to be cleaned before steam could be raised, so the permanent crew set to, working watch and watch by night, and backed up by volunteers from the Bulwark by day. These volunteers were mainly aircrew Officers many of whom now proudly display Stokers badges on their flying suits. Nobody enjoyed the work; it was extremely hot and indescribably filthy. After a watch below one came on deck blackened from head to foot by a mixture of soot and sweat. Several had to be helicoptered to Bulwark to have the soot cleared from their eyes. There was plenty of other work as well. Manhandling heavy drums of diesel oil, unloading stores from the boats, humping gear which the helicopters winched down, cleaning

the living quarters and repairing the electrics. Whenever a tow was passed or parted, all hands had to be turned out; for without steam for the capstan all the working of the heavy chain cable and the large wires had to be done by hand. Hours were long, the work hard, sleep was scarce and comforts were few. But throughout the ship a tremendous spirit prevailed, derived from knowing that there was a worth-while task to be performed.

Sometimes the seaboat was lowered to take the working party from ship to ship, but if the conditions were bad a helicopter was used instead. On Wednesday evening the working party came back by seaboat. Several attempted to climb the life-lines thirty feet to the deck above, and one aircrew Officer, not realising how the hard day's work had effected him, fell. Had the seaboat been directly below him he would have seriously injured himself, but by good fortune he fell clear. Another Officer jumped into the sea and supported him until the boat reached them.

Puma's tow parted again on Thursday morning, but the drill was well rehearsed by now and it was soon replaced. Just before breakfast time Bulwark performed what must be a unique operation. A Skyraider of 849D Flight was launched by free take-off. We claim that this is the first time an aircraft carrier towing a derelict tanker has operated fixed wing aircraft.

Do You Know . . .

That an ambitious American scheme recently applied to the trans-Atlantic cable is the new time sharing one known as T.A.S.I. (Time Assignment Speech Interpolation) It is the result of many years of research in the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and permits full use of the time availability on the cable channels.

It seems that on an average call the talker actually talks for only about 40% of the time. For the other 60% he is either listening, waiting for connections, or maybe waiting for the party at the other end to come to the 'phone.

In T.A.S.I., during the 60% waiting time additional "talk spurts" from other calls are rapidly inserted, switching instructions being sent to the far end so that the talker is always connected to the correct listener.

* * * *

That Echo-sounding is not now merely confined to the charting of the sea bottom, searching for shoals of fish, or for detecting the presence of submarines. It is now being applied to the visualisation of structures within the human body.

Equipment has been devised, based on standard radar techniques, which displays a sort of map of a cross section of the human eye on a cathode ray tube. The frequency of 15 m/c's. was chosen to obtain the best compromise between resolution and penetration. Sound waves at this frequency will penetrate far enough to obtain good echoes from structures behind the retina, and at the same time enable objects as close together as 0.2m.m. to be distinguished from each other.

Furthermore, it can show up structures which do not appear on a conventional X-radiograph. For example, a splinter of wood in the eye transmits nearly the same proportion of X-ray beams as does the eye itself; but it gives a strong echo when the ultrasonic technique is used.

* * * *

That . . . The Ministry of Transport, in an effort to cut the appalling number of road accidents, is instigating a campaign to get drivers to have fitted to their cars, and use, safety belts.

It has been found in Sweden, where they are fitted as standard in Volo cars, that few people bother to use them on long journeys, and many never use them at all.

There are three main types. The single 'lap strap' as used in aircraft. The full lap and shoulder harness, and the Swedish cross strap attached to the top of the door pillar and crossing the body to a fixing point by the transmission tunnel. The full shoulder harness is probably the best of the three, but is also the most annoying to wear. To be effective it must be tight, and this restricts movement of the passenger. In a crash the whole body is restrained but the head is left free, and this can cause injury through the 'whip lash' effect. Headrests, however, can reduce this type of injury.

If safety belts are to be made popular, their price must be reduced, and insurance companies should take some part in offering more attractive policies for drivers who have them fitted. At present a pair of front seat harness straps cost between £10 and £20. It is estimated that some 700 deaths and 50,000 injuries could be prevented each year if all cars had safety belts fitted, and they were used.

Reminiscence of
CYPRUS PATROL
(or, the One that got Away)

The sun was already up when the Morning Watchmen were called on this our fourth day out on patrol off the Cyprus coast.

After a quiet night we were looking forward to a well earned day in Famagusta, but while steaming S.W. from Cape Andreas the Captain sighted a small spherical bouy bobbing some distance off our starboard bow.

Having completed some fourteen months of this type of patrol he was naturally wary of such a suspicious looking object. Sending the Leading Hand down to the waist, he brought the Coastal Minesweeper abreast the buoy and ordered a grapnel to be cast. After a few attempts the bouy was secured and efforts were made to bring it alongside. However, this proved to be beyond the manpower available and the last fifty fathoms was taken to the after winch.

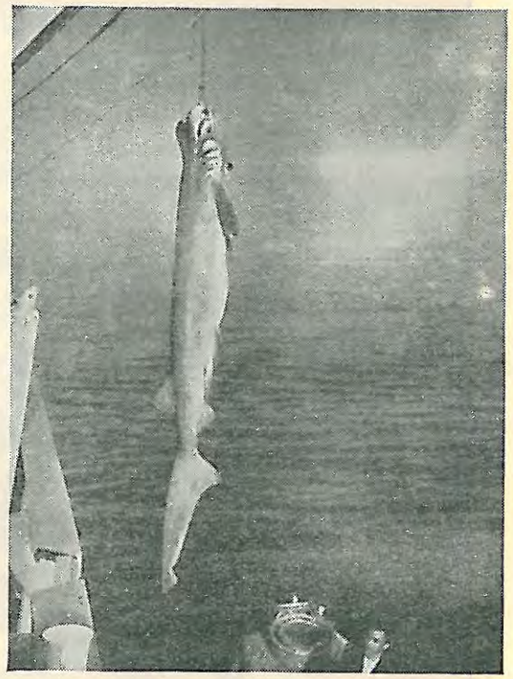
At last a murky shape became visible; moving slowly it broke surface. Securing another rope by grapnel, and leading it over a davit head the object was heaved clear of the water where it proved to be an eight foot shark!!

The unfortunate creature had swallowed the bait attached to a fisherman's bouyed night line and had exhausted itself trying to regain its freedom. Now it lay on the deck in its death throes, a rather pathetic being, devoid of any terror it may have held for us.

While we were discussing what should be done with it, the 'put-put' of a local fishing boat drifted across the calm sea. 'George', a Cypriot policeman and our interpreter, exchanged a veritable barrage of enquiry and gesticulations with the occupant of the lone vessel, and at last conveyed the gist of the conversation to us.

It seemed that the fisherman was claiming our prize exhibit as his own because it was on his bouy. We were not ready to admit this as we felt a strong sense of pride of achievement in capturing the monster.

'George' could see our disappointment, and pointed out that the price of fish was very high ashore, and since this speciman weighed at least three hundred-weight its value in hard cash would keep the man and his family in comparative luxury for weeks. This argument won the day, and with great reluctance we lowered the now lifeless shark into the fishing boat. Displaying a broad smile, and sending forth a cascading torrent of thanks at us, the fisherman made off as fast as his ancient craft could take him before we changed our minds.



I still smile when I recall the expressions on the faces of the crew when 'Hands to Bathe' was piped during the dogs that day.

I wonder why none of them did?

"Ne Exeat"

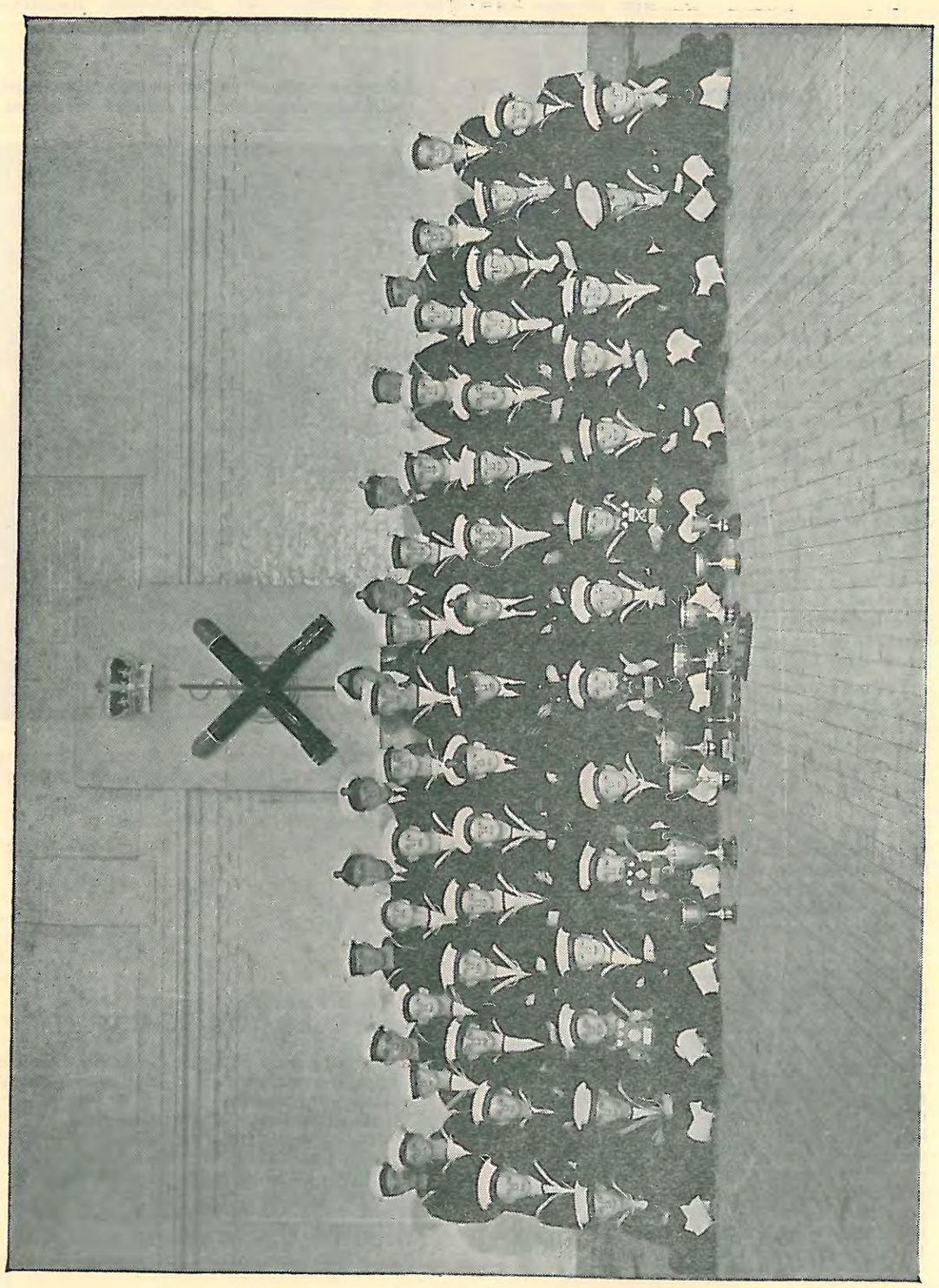
* * * *

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT ?

Envelope received by the Secretary the other day, was addressed in a most peculiar manner, vis;

Sec: Torpedo and Anti Instructors
Association Submarine.

* * * *



THIS, A GLORIOUS YEAR

Through the gloom of a foggy, rainy January Saturday morning at Dryad, ten very wet boys in yellow vests of Vernon Cadets, displaying great guts and perseverance, ran them selves into second position in the Combined Corps Annual Cross Country. Great credit to the boys, only getting beaten by four points by the host Corps, Dryad.

Only three weeks later the same yellow vests were climbing into the ring at the Boxing Championships at R.N.B.(P); on the final night with seven finalists out of ten, Petty Officer Cadet Stevens had great pleasure in collecting the Boxing Trophy for Vernon, winners by a considerable margin. Vernon were now hitting the headlines in the Cadet community. Also during this period the football team were getting better and better, and after a ding-dong battle with the Royal Marines, the game finished in a goal-less draw, this was the only point the Royal Marine team lost all season. To finish the season in true T.A.S. style, we beat Excellent 7—0 on our own ground. The following Saturday at Whale Island we had a fright; we were trailing 1—0 at half time, but finished off winners 8-1, this put us runners up in the league. Easter was on us, light nights, and outside activity, as winter nights with the restricted room we have for activities, it is hard work, and light nights came as a great relief.

It was agreed at the Cadet Monthly Meeting that to give us plenty of time for other activities a cricket knock out competition would be played, and we were narrowly beaten in the final by a very good "Dolphin" team.

By now, bruises and bandages were prominent, the field gun season was in full swing, and Vernon finished the season with fantastic record of never being beaten, when running a full crew, and did themselves great credit at Portchester Gala Day, Southern Counties Milk Marketing Board show and then a win by 2 secs. at Vernon Family Day over "Excellent".

Athletics, this year "Vernon" were host corps, and our appreciation to Lt. Hunt and his staff for a very successful athletic meeting that was held on one of the very few glorious afternoons, where "Vernon", feeling their oats as "COCK" corps, won the athletic cup, and runners up to a very strong "Dolphin" tug of war team.

This year a new venture was tried, a combined annual camp at Chickerell, with VICTORY, EXCELLENT, DOLPHIN and R.M's, and it proved successful. We had a complete army camp to ourselves, and it was a new experience for the boys, daily security guard etc. even to manning the telephone exchange.

We had one big enemy, the weather, but we overcame that quite easily, by film shows, tombola etc. Our Corps were lucky in that our C.O. arranged a day at sea with one of the Portland Flotilla, the boys really enjoyed that, so did L/Sea. Davis. A trip to the Helicopter base proved very interesting to the boys. But it was hard work trying to keep track of the boys at Bovington Tank Museum. They were disappearing into the turrets of tanks, etc. and by the filth and state of their uniforms I feel it was a most enjoyable day out.

By far the most popular activity was "Wide Games", and the boys just could not get enough of "Foreign Agents" and Atom Bomb components, it is the complete answer to getting all boys to take part in games; and the rifle range at Chickerell gives us plenty of room and imagination. I think the only one glad to be home was 'Butch', my dog. Poor beast was always being used, security, or tracker dog in Wide Games, but he was most useful for the Duty Instructor to keep the boys in their bil lets after 'Pipe-down', until they realised he was just one big playful pup.

Last night, camp fire, and a barbeque, I believe some of the staff still suffer from sore seats, after 'BUNDLES and DUMPS'. Once again into the dark nights, and the first of the season, the swimming gala, we had bad luck. Our star performers, the Morgan brothers went sick with 'flu. before the gala, and we finished 3rd, the R.M's winning.

The next big meeting is the .22 shooting shoulder to shoulder competition at Whale Island. At present we are in the middle of the soccer season, with a new look, two teams entered, Seniors (13years to 15 years) and Juniors (under 13 years). To date the Seniors have played three, won two and lost one, and the Juniors played two, won one, drawn one. So, a very successful season is anticipated.

The Corps was represented at the Savoy Cinema, for the showing of 'Watch Your Stern', when they marched from the Guildhall and lined the stairs and aisle for the V.I.P's

We will be on view in Vernon on Remembrance Sunday when we will parade the Corps Colour. Christmas will be on us soon, the draw tickets are going fast. I hope I can expect your help. We take this opportunity to welcome our new C.O., Lt. Fox, and our congratulations to the following promotions:—

To C.P.O.:
P.O. Cooper, T.A.S.I.

To P.O. Cadet:
Ldg. Cdts. Ford, Wallace and Oliver

To Ldg. Cadet:
Cdts. Brooks ,Martin and Daniel

To Act/Ldg. Cadet:
Thomas, Heslop and Dabson

SPECIAL MENTIONS

Athletics:—

P.O. Cadet Wallace—Winning all his events, and a new high jump record.

Ldg. Cadet Brooks—Winning all his events, and a new long jump record.

Cadet Collinson—Winning the Junior diving and Junior free style.

Cadet Bourner—(smallest boy in the crew) for field gunning though injured, at Victory Gala Day.

C.P.O. Cadet Harfield—Winner Senior free style.

Cadet Hallem—Runner up in Plate diving, and a brilliant display in goal for the Juniors against 'Victory'.

Cadet Piddington—For fortitude and cheerfulness, after a very long illness and many operations.

Cadet Tracey—For swatting a wasp on a window at Camp, with a coal shovel.

W. C. Brooks, C.P.O., G.I.

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Motoring Notes— continued from page 15

fourth gallon as a tonic, but no more.
High and Super grades. Strictly for high compression engines of the Jaguar and T.R.2 type.

Metal forming by explosive.

It seems that you demolition experts will have yet another job to go to in civvy street. In America, experiments are being carried out on metal forming by explosive. By immersing a mould with a metal sheet strapped across it in to a tank of water, and firing a charge against it, the sheet of metal will be blown into the shape of the mould. This method has it's teething troubles because a scale has yet to be worked out of CHARGE—PLATE THICKNESS. Experiments, however, are very encouraging with a scrap rate of only 20%. It is also stated that the old process of Pressing, Scaling and Polishing in three separate stages is achieved in one go by this new process.

TEN TIPS

1. If your clutch cable breaks on your bike, you can get home by rocking the bike into 2nd gear, push start and ride home in 2nd.
2. You don't know if your flashers are working, so use hand signals always.
3. Keep your battery well charged this time or year.
4. Check the waterproofing of and connections of all the electrical equipment.
5. A torch is a must now Winter is nigh.
6. TRICO sell a very effective anti-mist preparation for windscreens.
7. A cupfull of parafin in a bucket of water makes a very efficient tar remover from the body-work of your car.
8. If you have to work on your car at night by the roadside, pull right off the road. Another driver will see your car but not you.
9. Check your wheel nuts weekly. With the cold weather coming, nuts have an unfortunate habit of working loose.
10. The law and you. If you have to get out, or off and push, the Code says you must still obey all the road signs etc. So don't walk across the lights!

T. Roe.

* * * *

ANNUAL REUNION DINNER 1960

November 14th. Surely everyone who attended the dinner that evening will remember it. One gathers the impression from those who were there, that our dinners get better and better. This one was a winner from all accounts, and it's success was due, so everyone says, to the organisation. We were honoured to receive Rear Admiral J. Grant as our guest of honour, and also Captain Morgan Giles, along with Captain E. A. Blundell, who represented the past and present Captain's of Vernon.

The main theme of this year's dinner was of course the emphasis on the re-union side and we were very glad to see many of our civilian members present. The time 1900, and as the Bar and reception room filled up, all present were enveloped with a sense of well being and good comradeship, and many an old friendship renewed. Members and friends were asked to take their places at 1930, and after a little persuasion by the secretary, finally did so.

Due to the absence of Mr. G. Hawkins, (we missed your luxurious moustache George) the secretary was pleased to present the bouquet to Mrs. J. Grant, on behalf of the Association. During dinner we were entertained to light music presented by the Kimbell's Trio. The dinner was enjoyed by everyone as was evident by the amount consumed by one member, who shall remain anonymous. After coffee had been served, the Loyal Toast, was proposed by the Chairman. Rear Admiral J. Grant was introduced by Captain Morgan Giles who referred to the Highlights of Admiral Grants career, recalling that he had been an old time pre-war "pinger"—One of a breed of officers and men who knew their Asdic set backwards and could almost "smell out" a submarine.

Admirals Grant's appointments during the war had been entirely in the Western Approaches, where he had experience of every facet of the Anti-"U" boat problem, including command of the American "Fourstacker" destroyer "Burnley", and of the H.M.S. Philante - a luxury yacht converted into an Asdic training vessel. Since the war Admiral Grant has had a wide variety of different appointments, including time as the Commander, and later as the Captain of H.M.S. Vernon. His last two years have been spent as Flag Officer Reserve Fleet. Captain Morgan Giles also discussed some aspects of present day recruiting, and the Navy's task in the "Cold War". Referring to his time in the Vernon, which ends early in the new year, Captain Morgan Giles thanked the T.A.S. Instructors - the backbone of the branch - for their unfailing support and Loyalty. The Toast to the Guest of Honour was then drunk.

Admiral J. Grant, in his speech, paid tribute to the "T.A.S." men of the Service, and stressed the ever growing importance of their work. They were recognised as the experts in mine and anti-submarine warfare, and held a vital role in the present structure of the Royal Navy.

Recalling the early days of the Torpedo Branch, he said that the 'trade' had been well learned from the Royal Engineers in the first instance, and the amalgamation with the Asdic Branch had produced a breed of men on whom the Nation could rely with confidence. The Navy's present role had been the result of the efforts and leadership of Admiral of the Fleet, Earl Mountbatten who, during his term as First Sea Lord, had been responsible for the 'New Look' Navy.

The following is the Chairman's address in replying to Admiral Grant.

Admiral Grant, Mrs. Grant, Ladies and Gentlemen representing all members of our Association, both here and those unable to be present. I welcome you to our re-union dinner, and trust you will have a memorable and entertaining evening. It is my honour and duty as your Chairman to sincerely thank Admiral and Mrs. Grant for so kindly consenting to grace our board and to pass to Admiral Grant the thanks of all our members for his continued interest and the kind remarks he has made about us as a body, and as individuals. I also wish to thank Captain Morgan Giles for introducing our guests of Honour.

Our first patron Vice Admiral Copeman is unable to be with us tonight as he is taking up the appointment as C.-in-C. South Atlantic and sails this Thursday for South Africa. We are very pleased and honoured to have Captain and Mrs. Blundell with us this year, who, you will remember, was taken ill last year just before the dinner. To all those Officers who have guided and advised and co-operated with us we tender our thanks and to Lt.-Cdr. Davies who has just taken the job as liaison Officer. To all our ex-service members who are present tonight, I hope you will be able to renew old aquaintance at this our first re-union dinner, it seems that the stern world outside is kind to T.A.S.I's judging by the look of members like Mr. Gardiner whom we all know sells us such fine cars, long may he and all other retired members continue to prosper. It is indeed a pleasure to see you all here tonight.

To the serving T.A.S.I's, we have had a year of steady progress toward the Navy of the latter half of the sixties, smaller than of earlier years, as many of those present will remember, but the need for the T.A.S.I. to set a high example to the junior rates is greater than it ever was. This I am sure we are able to do and that our Magazine the "Seamaster" will show we are doing so. Before calling for the Toast, I would like to tender our greetings to brother Associations, the G.I's represented by P.O. L. Hance at whose last Ladies night my wife and I had such a good and enjoyable evening. To the Divers Association represented by C.P.O. Benfield.

Now to introduce the toast, to all Ladies and our gentlemen guests who have joined and supported us here tonight, and for providing a true social atmosphere. Will all members, Life members, and Honorary members please rise to the Toast "The Ladies and Guests".

The Vice Chairman rose and said, "I propose to cut my speech short" (cheers) but before I do I would like to read this telegram from Mr. Norman Little. " I hope you all have an enjoyable evening, my loss not being with you", and now Ladies and gentlemen I give you the toast, "Absent Friends". The secretary requested that the room be vacated to faciliate the removal of chairs and tables, to clear a dance floor.

I assure you that it was pure coincidence that Mrs. J. Grant partnered by Captain Morgan Giles, and our Curly headed Treasurer partnering his wife won spot prizes, (which we hope were different from the usual run of the mill prizes). All good things come to an end and with great reluctance our evening came also to an end at 0100 with the departure of the two coaches to various parts of the Hampshire countryside.

We sincerely hope that you will all be with us again next year and we expect to have a great many more civilian members at our next re-union dinner as more and more of our company go out into the great wide world known as Civvy street. Come along, bring your wife, and have a marvellous time with all your old comrades, keep in touch with the Association through the medium of the "Seamaster", and do not forget, this is your Association so join in all the activities and help to make it a 100% success.

THE PURPLE MENACE

There's a bloke down our way who's a bit of a gardener. Nothing elaborate mind you, but he likes to potter about. His ground is always tidy though he never seems to do a lot to it, and he gets some wonderful shows of cabbage and 'taters'. Rarely seems to get blight, and yet every night he's down at the Sloop. So is old Len Coombes.

He's a miserable old so and so. Always grumbling about something, and argues like mad about the daftest things. He's got a nice bit of ground 'longside his house, but he goes mad at it. Never seems to do much else 'cept digging and weeding, and trying new things. His potting shed is full of catalogues and seed packets, and what little room there is left is taken up with all sorts of different fertilizers. There's always bin a bit of rivalry between Len Coombes and the bloke I was telling you about before - Tansey Leagh. Y'see they hold a competition every year in the village flower show to judge the best garden, and old Len has won it three years running. He got it again last year, and he's been crowing about it ever since. The only reason 'e's got it is because no one else 'cept Tansey will compete and he don't care too much. Len got the committee to introduce a new condition of entry too. He wanted them to award marks for the variation and different types of vegetables, just so he would be sure of winning. Course everyone on the committee knew 'e was always trying different things, but they thought it might rouse a bit more interest in the village, so they agreed. And thats why he won last year —'cos 'e had two sorts of cabbage that no 'ad heard of before, and some parsnips that were as big as marrows.

Mind you, Tansey didn't care a bit. He always said "if the silly old fool wanted to play silly 'ounds he was welcome and good luck to 'im". The show is held in the grounds of the village hall in August come rain or shine, and for weeks before there's a marvellous smell as you walk down the lanes. Jam cooking, and pastry and cakes, fill the air till a man what likes to eat could go near daft with the thought of what was coming out of the ovens, and all to be put in the show later on. Missus Burbridge, she's the wife of the Sloop's landlord, a nice little woman and always ready for a laugh, well she won the jam making last year and was determined to do it again this time. Well she and Tansey had always got on well together. Some do say that they was going to marry before she met Tom, that's the landlord, but they changed their minds and that's why they get on so well now. Like I was tellin you, they always had a bit of a laugh before the bar filled up in the evening before the others came in. They was discussing something pretty serious one night, which was in the way of a change, and when old Len came in they stops sharp like, and she goes on with polishing the glasses while Tansey sort of looks at nothing in particular and didn't even say 'evening' to Len like he always does.

It didn't last long though, and soon they were arguing about who had the best chance in the Show. For a change Tansey seemed real serious about it; not like he usually was 'bout this time of year, joshing and joking about it and pulling old Len's leg. He sort of was insistent that old Len never had a chance like. "You wait and see" he told Len as they parted at closing time. "You won't get the cup this year". "Bah", replied old Len, "I ll show yer". And with that they went on to their homes at different ends of the village. Tansey was a bachelor, and after a bit of supper went off to bed, but old Len spent 'alf the night nattering to his old woman 'bout how he was going to win the cup or he would dig up his garden and plant birdseed.

The day of the show was bright and sunny. the best in a crop of squalls and rain that 'ad played 'oly Joe with the crops here abouts. The vicar opened it as usual, and the jumble sales and odds and ends stalls got busy collecting money for the repairs to the church and the war memorial. The tent where the exhibits were judged was roped off and the judges entered it in a solemn procession. Pretty soon there was a raising of voices, and old Len's could be heard above the rest, "It's not allowed". He was quietened down though, and the announcement was made that Tansey had won the cup for the best and unusual showing. At the same time Missus Burbridge had won the Jam making, and old Len was hopping mad at every one. "A dirty trick", he kept saying. "A freak", was all he'd say to anyone who asked him what was up.

Later on though we got the story from Tom Burbridge; we was all in the bar celebrating, not Len 'cos he was at home sulking, and Tom said maybe we'd like to know how Tansey won. Course we said 'Yes', and after filling the tankards Tom told us.

It seems Tansey had a pal up in Derby who was with an agricultural laboratory, and had sent Tansey some examples of an experiment that had failed. Beans it was. An unusual type that had never grown outside the laboratory, and were purple. They were called Purple Pod or some such, and were a cross between a runner and a french bean, but at the same time it weren't like either if you get my meaning. Now Tansey hadn't got time for such fancy things, and was going to throw them away when Len started his arguement about the show. This made Tansey determined to give the old boy his lesson, and to make it doubly sure he had Missus Burbridge make a jelly out of those he wasn't going to show. And there it was. That was that as the saying goes, —or so we thought.

T'was about a fortnight later that we heard Len was took bad. His wife had sent for the doctor, Missus Burbridge said, who said there was nothing he could do, and they best send him to London. "A daft old man", 'is wife called him. "All on account of those purple whats its", she said. "Been experimentin' in the shed 'e 'as, and look what 'e done!. Don't know whats to become of 'im I'm sure". Neither did we when we went to see him. Poor old Len was all purple and as mad as a hatter about it. "Purple Pod!" he roared, "Purple Pod! Purple Ruddy Menace, that's what it is"! We're still waiting to know if he'll ever go back the right colour; and the bar is awful quiet without him. Still, I'll bet he'll argue 'imself out of this before next flower show!

Ted 'G'

THE EGG AND YOU

Recently a series of experiments involving the requirements and shape for a space vessel were carried out based on the theory that an egg or ovular shape was aerodynamically the best for atmospheric flight. Examination of the physical structure of an egg demonstrates clearly that it is designed for atmospheric flight with precautions against damage under conditions of abrupt deceleration. This is probably an evolutionary relic of a period when eggs were laid on the wing, before the present decadent habit of nest building developed.

The external form of an egg is a perfect example of streamlining, which affords maximum aerodynamic stability when the egg is travelling through the air at subsonic speeds. Internally we find a chamber filled with readily compressible gas, at exactly the point where it is required to combat the deformation caused by the leading end of the egg on the grass.

The remainder of the contents are not homogenous, but consist of a spherical mass, the yolk, suspended by elastic supports in a viscuous medium of lower density. This arrangement, providing both viscuous and elastic damping, is ideal for the dissipation of the energy of impact. In previous experiments, the failure of the egg to remain intact was due to the fact that with such a short drop of three foot six, there was insufficient time for the egg to assume its correct flight orientation, or for internal equilibrium to be established. This failure is hardly surprising, for what bird would ever lay an egg sideways from a mere 3ft. 6ins.?

However, in subsequent experiments it was discovered that eggs which land on gravel paths break instantly, whether they are thrown over a house or a hen coop. Eggs which land on a dry lawn from a height of approximately 10 metres, also shatter on impact, as do those that fall on a wet lawn from approximately the same height. No difference in performance was found between 'fresh farm' eggs and those of the national variety.

As a result of this latest batch of experiments the following conclusions were arrived at:—

Bull terrier bitches aged about five years will eat raw eggs found on wet grass (and on gravel paths) with avidity. Raw eggs running down the face of a newly painted stucco house is neither decorative nor desirable, and hard boiled eggs of a temperature of approximately 80deg. C. also shatter on impact!

With eggs the price they are at present, and likely to be, it would seem that it would not be at all out of place to conduct any future experiments with out dated I.C.B.M's. At least it would not be any more expensive!

THE TOWN THAT DIED

The culmination of short-sightedness, mismanagement, failure to face facts, selfishness and plain cussedness was reached during the days between June and October.

For years the nation had stood idly by and watched the traffic problem grow out of all reason, whilst various committees dickered and fussed, and a series of Ministers became bogged down with Policy.

The short programme of road building that had promised a solution in the sixties came to an abrupt end due to lack of money and the obvious inability of the majority of drivers to handle their vehicles at high speed. Subsequent increase of the tax on private vehicles coupled with an increased price of petrol, had no effect at all on the steady stream of cars that left the factories each day. Appeals to use the byways, supplications to both motorist and pedestrian alike to 'Honour your Code' did nothing to reduce the mounting toll of dead and injured every month.

The situation was not helped by the public and private transport undertakings raising their fares at frequent intervals, due to increased operating costs. The public retaliated by purchasing yet more cars and so added to the fantastic congestion that occured in the towns and cities, relegating the road and rail services with their inadequate service, non-existent time-tables and inferior comfort to Limbo.

Car parks were designed and built to ease the overcrowded roads, but the charges were too high to make them popular. The design of most houses did not allow for a garage to be added to the property, and so the street parking continued. As the years went by the growing menace, often written about but never really expected, loomed nearer and on the 30th June, at 5.55p.m. the town of Haylmouth on the south coast began to die.

The number of private vehicles leaving the island town by the only two roads there were had become so great that it was virtually impossible to disperse them. The selfishness of a half dozen drivers at critical points resulted in a traffic block that took two days to unravel. The stranded occupants of the vehicles invaded the restaurants and cafes, and even begged food from residents. Supplies rapidly dwindled, and an effort to bring in fresh ones by sea failed due to the impossibility of distributing them. Since the generating plant was near the harbour there was no difficulty in maintaining electrical power, and the illuminated streets at night revealed a strange scene where motorists talked and blamed everyone or played cards 'till it was time to sleep in their cars.

When at last the mass of metal was made to move there were many who were left behind to queue at the petrol stations, while others, showing extreme bad temper, were the causes of pile ups of two or more vehicles and numerous injuries and deaths.

As a result of the experience the Town Fathers, in a fit of indignation and righteous but misguided anger, passed an ordinance prohibiting the entry into the town of all privately owned vehicles, including bicycles, and the movement of privately owned vehicles within the limits of the town. They hoped that by this means the whole traffic problem of the town could be solved at one stroke of the pen. At the same time their own axe would be well and truly ground, since they wanted to encourage the use of the public transport undertaking which had been losing large quantities of the rates over the last five years. Road barriers were erected at the most effective points at the north end of the town, and all vehicles, except buses and trade vehicles were prevented from entering or leaving.

For a few weeks the system worked well. In spite of the tremendous outcry from car owners it was decided to continue the prohibition, and it was possible to move from one end of the town to the other with comparative ease either by foot or by the greatly improved bus service. Unfortunately, seeing "gold in them thar" feet, the undertaking raised the fares by frequent stages until they were more than five times their previous level; both the working and residential population boycotted the system, and thousands of working hours were lost at business houses as well as industrial establishments. A petition by the employers to be allowed to carry their work people in their trade trucks and cars was turned down.

Business hit the doldrums and began to move away from the town. Because of the need for work, the population followed it, and the town

slowly took on the aspect of a dormitory town. Gradually the pulse slowed. People no longer wanted to live there, and houses became empty by the street. Gaunt buildings with eyeless windows that gaped out on deserted roads; litter blown by fickle winds collected in corners and areas. The few people who lingered did not stay long, and finally the echoes of the wind as it chased itself round lifeless homes was the only sound to be heard. The Town was dead.

The East-West trunk road carried traffic that had neither wish nor purpose to enter the desolate collection of buildings. The ghosts of the past wandered aimlessly amid the listless shell-like buildings, thoughtlessly blaming others for what they had started. Louts, bent on destruction, roamed the town smashing everything within reach; stray animals became wild and preyed on each other, even attacking the senseless youths. The site of a once flourishing centre became an eyrie for seagulls, and the shopping district fell to the onslaught of the waves when they broke through the sea wall.

Eventually, the military took over and patrolled the litter strewn streets. Questions were asked in the 'House' and petitions fluttered from office to office. No one, it seemed had any authority to do anything. As the years went by, speculators approached the War Office with ideas for development, but these were turned away.

The neighbouring towns grew in size 'till their boundaries touched, and the traffic problem again loomed. The answer was finally found amid the shambles of Haylmouth. The deserted acres of the dead town were cleared, and a holiday resort of fabulous proportions was planned and built.

To provide the utmost pleasure and leisure, no cars were allowed south of a line half a mile from the north coast. A car park was constructed over the whole north area, where repairs and refurbishing was carried out as part of the hotel service and the only transport on the Holiday Island was horses!

Ted 'G'

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*M*On*key* Bu*Sin*ESS

There is a rope hanging over a pulley with a weight at one end and a monkey of the same weight as the weight at the other end. The rope weighs 4 ozs. per foot. The age of the monkey and the monkey's mother together, is 4 years. The weight of the monkey is as many pounds as the monkey's mother is years old. The monkey's mother is twice as old as the monkey was when the monkeys mother was half as old as the monkey will be when the monkey is three times as old as the monkeys mother was when she was three times as old as the monkey was. The weight of the weight plus the weight of the rope is half as much again as the difference between the weight of the weight and the weight of the weight plus the weight of the monkey.

How long is the rope?

Answer: 5 feet.

Letters From All Over

Dear Sec.,

On my last visit to your office I promised faithfully I would drop a few lines every so often to let you know just how this new addition to Naval Warfare functions. We are about half way through the commission and this is the first of those few. Excuse? - -well, I could use that old expression 'too much time at sea', and looking back, there's an element of truth in that. During one brief period of ten days we steamed over six thousand miles - - from Singapore to Mombassa via the Maldive Islands, Colombo and Aden.

The ship is not all that different from the normal Aircraft Carrier, externally. The differences are to be noted between decks. One comes across places tallied as Troop Offices, Troop Stores and Assault Stores. There are also hundreds of khaki clad individuals supporting green berets trampling everywhere. We get on reasonably well with them however, even though their ship sense was nil at the beginning of the commission. Time aboard has corrected that, and now they are quite old hands.

When the commission started it became known that an additional station was required on the Watch-bill. This caused the G.I. quite a headache for a couple of days, until he remembered that there was a T.A.S. party on board. The extra station became known as Assault Station, and this is the T.A.S. party manning it! Believe me it is no picnic either. The other two branches are busy enough manning their own stations, but there is little use for T.A.S. in their job, so we are kept run off our feet as we supply the Assault parties ashore. It is possible to find oneself working all hours of the day and night to fulfil this role.

When I saw the list of T.A.S. rates to join the ship on commissioning, I was horrified to find that it included three Basic Junior Seamen, as well as two Basic Ordinary Seamen. Although, since then, we have gone ahead and starred the U.W. rates, we find that the U.C's are a different kettle of fish altogether.

The only experience they are likely to get on board here is a very occasional A/S exercise operating our ancient 149 set. That plus one or two visits to an A.T.H. will comprise the total of their A/S work. This lead our T.A.S. Officer to decide not to star them, since it would not be fair either to them or to their next ship. In order to implement a training programme for them, we are sending them to the A/S frigates during the all too few A/S exercises out here. To date they have done two spells of three days each on H.M.A.S. Queenborough, Quiberon and Vampire; and H.M.N.Z.S. Rotoiti. At this point I should like to thank the T.A.S.I's and Senior T.A.S. rates of those ships for their assistance to my lads.

If these visits to the frigates were more frequent, the T.A.S. Officer could see his way clear to star them, knowing that the next commission they do they will be useful members of the community and not one who has not seen a set for months. At this early stage of their time in the Control Branch, it seems fatal to send them to a Big Ship where their operating experience is practically nil. To date I've not yet succeeded in signing Lt.-Cdr. Sherrard as an Honorary Member, but I've not given up trying.

Should my relief, (sweet words) be detailed before I scribe you again perhaps he would care to drop me a line. I will give him the low-down on the job here, and attempt to work out details for him before he joins, thus making his start here a lot easier.

All the best to all in the School,

Yours faithfully,

G. Murray, P.O.

Dear Ed.,

I am sorry that I have not written before, I've just not got around to it. After the last Journal I realised that if we want to make it interesting we must write to make it so.

First item is:

Duggie of the 'Acute' is now C.P.O. Douglas. I was able to do the Honours out of the Ch. M.E's. bottle. It is true that Duggie did not seem to mind whose bottle it was. He is waiting for a relief, and since 'Acute' is junior ship it will have to be a P.O. So, for the benefit of Duggie's relief, and the next T.A.S.I. to join 'Jewel', I will try to give an idea of what goes on in this squadron.

We are seamanship instructors, and we also do a bit of mine-sweeping on the side. I also have the mess-decks and flats. The ships are at sea on an average of four days a week. We get 42 days leave a year, plus one long weekend a term. Short weekends are there aplenty, but if you live north of Exeter and don't have

your own transport, its not much good. All leave periods are spent in Devonport Yard, with an extra two weeks for an extended refit; 'Jewel' at Christmas, and 'Acute' at Easter. The summer leave period is four weeks only, with 'Acute' taking 21 days for the trip to Norway with the Outward Bounders from the college before she gives leave. 'Jewel' does the return trip after she has had her leave, so the chore is evenly divided. A weekend in St. Malo with the yachts during the Easter term, and a trip to some Channel port during the Summer term. At some time during each term, we have mine-sweeping exercises in West Bay, spending one night in Portland. There are only two of the ship's company who like this mine-sweeping - - - - - the other chap comes from Portland! Summer term we are together for Captain 'F's' inspection, and the Regatta ('Jewel' has the Cock) and usually end up in the Pool of London.

'Jewel' is half leader with a Commander as Captain, hence the C.P.O. T.A.S.I. as Training Chief. We use all the various training aids that are available, as well as the equipment on board. In fact its a good number for a T.A.S.I. who makes rugs, in other words there are long periods of nothing to do.

Plymouth, Tavistock, Exeter and Torquay are the R.A. areas, though transport is a problem. Married Quarters are obtainable in Dartmouth and Devonport, and Hirings are available in Dartmouth. The job is a Home Sea Service commitment, so if there's any T.A.S.I. who doesn't like Portland and prefers 270 . . . just let me know!

Reg. Norley,
Dartmouth Squadron.

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LOCAL INTEREST

The sweeper lay alongside in a port in Scotland. The ship was open to visitors, and the reporter of the local rag was ready to take photos of the visitors as they came crowding on board.

Snag! No Visitors!!

Suddenly the reporter spied two civilians in company with a chief in full rig. Seizing his chance, the reporter arranged the trio for a photo. That evening it duly appeared in the local dust sheet, . . . two visitors paying rapt attention to the Chief Chippy's lecture on mine-sweeping gear.

For those ex 'Defiance' T.A.S.I's, the Chief was Shpt. Quick. The two 'visitors' were Chief Mech. Thompson, and Mech. Roberts - - - all of the same mess! ! !

TOT-TIME TALES

The Battle of Trafalgar was ended. Nelson was dead. Out of the Fleet there was one ship whose duties kept her from the battle. This was the ship that was sent to England with the news.

The port of arrival was Falmouth, the ship was the 'Pickle'. When she arrived off the Lizard, she passed the news to a fishing boat out of Penzance who raced back to her home port. As soon as the local 'Big-wigs' heard what her Captain had to say, a church service was held to thank God for Victory, and to mourn Nelson's death.

This was considered to be the first service ever to be held for these two momentous occasions. Since then, at the same church on Trafalgar Day, a Naval parade has been held. In 1960 it fell to the 'Jewel' to land a church party.

We arrived off Penzance at 0830 on the Saturday when the swell was high, though not too high for Libertymen. Those of us who were to attend church on the 'morrow watched the weather to note if it would be too rough to land. As usual however, Admiralty weather prevailed, and thirty of us landed with the Captain. On shore he was met by a gorgeous Wren in a car. We had hopes that maybe we too would be as lucky, but it was not to be. A Pusser's bus, driven by a grizzly old gent was our lot. He possessed features that only long years of hard scrumpy drinking can produce. Nevertheless he was a cheerful old codger, and with a "Get in me lads" we were away to the start of the parade. It was here that we had some idea of the importance with which this occasion is viewed by the locals. In addition to ourselves, there were about sixty W.R.N.S., and a fine body of the local Cadet Force, all in the charge of an ex-G.I. It was easy to tell he had been a G.I. because his scrumpy hardened features were softened by Pusser's rum. After falling in and being mustered, dressed and reported, we moved off to the church, the entire parade being headed by a band from Culdrose. It was a good band and as we all marched behind it we had a feeling that we were doing credit to the occasion.

At the church we formed a lane for the Mayor and company to walk through. The service was good, but since I am a reluctant Baptist, I was not always in phase, and spent quite a bit of time trying to catch up the last echo. The Captain of 'Jewel' read the Lesson and the Dean of Truro gave a talk about Nelson. He spoke as if he meant every word, and put it

over to us very well. He is an ex R.N. Chaplain, D.S.O. and two bars, I don't know his name.

After church we fell in outside and the Squire told us why the Service was held at this particular church just outside of Penzance. It seems that all churches below this one had been raided and destroyed, and this was the only one left. It was also the Mother Church of Penzance. The Squire was pointing out features of the countryside as he spoke, but as we were all on parade (properly at ease) no one was able to look in the directions in which he was pointing, so we rather lost the point.

After this little interlude, we marched past the Mayor and Company, and into the Village Hall where a bottle of beer was issued to each of us. I, and the other C.P.O. and the P.O's seeing the cups of tea laid out ready, did a smart about turn and made for the local brew shop. Unfortunately, we couldn't get a drink 'cos the slower thinking junior rates had got there first!

Half an hour later old 'scrumpy' drove us back to the boat. Within a short time afterwards, we were hull down and heading for Dartmouth, having garnered a bit more information to use at Tot-Time in the future.

Reg. Norley.

PINGS Ain't What They Used To Be

As sons of 'Collingwood' and thus grandsons of 'Vernon', it is with pleasure we accept "Seamaster's" invitation to gently, and not too seriously, 'take the lid off' electrical maintenance in 'Vernon'. First, however, we must refute the defamatory rumours that electrical ratings here have had previous experience in T.A.S. maintenance, that we have enough hands to do the job in normal working hours, and are only here to rest after a strenuous period at sea. Let us now look in on the instructional sections.

Our spotlight falls first on the six "More or less Antiquated Sonar Training Units" which, moored on the Heliport, form the First Synthetic Frigate Squadron. These splendid Pantechnicons, luxuriously furnished with the Asdic equipment of ships considered to be 'non-U', were built before the enlightened era of Planned Maintenance. Although since converted to the new "religion", they provide many a headache, and in their cavernous depths much midnight oil is burnt. Spare a thought for the maintainer who, with his head inside an attack table searching for a "demned elusive stray echo", is dragged away to another 'bus to renew a taper-pin, sheered by a ham-handed student of anti-submarine warfare, - - - "must be done right away chief - its a P.C.T. class". The 'shore based' sisters of these capacious caravans, modified so extensively and frequently that even the maintainer has difficulty in keeping abreast the latest developments, have become a poor man's A.S.U.A.T. It is rumoured the next project is to link 7 and 109 with 49 building! In the A.T.H's, production of daily echos is but part of the job; one faces the daily hazard of being responsible for that most dreaded (by maintainer and Instructor alike) of defects, the broken 'Glass. Plotting. Neutral' type defect! Election to the First or Second Class of the Order of Glass Breakers is an honour little sought after. How woefully inadequate sound the words "it came off in my hand, Sir".

In pursuance of our study of Echophony we produce in Walker Wing the very best "no"-echoes, "low"-echoes, "slight-high" echoes, "apple-pie" echoes, "firm" echoes, "weak" echoes, "spurious" echoes. "little sir . . . . .", the variations are infinite! Unfortunately tests with the Asdic Effects Simulator have shown that electricians are naturally tone deaf; this, no doubt, is the cause of the prevalent "wrong echoes at the right time" defect. Hooray for visual presentation! Now we can all see!

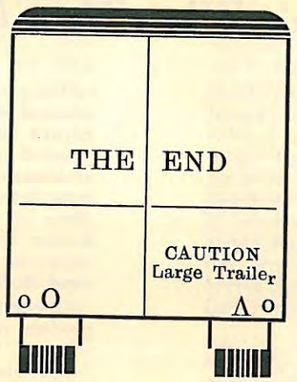
The 'Awfully Sophisticated Universal Attack Teachers' are 'Vernon's' pride and joy, and its here that our maintainer has real scope. At last the piece of string and looking glass has disappeared from the teachers. Electronics has "arrived", and with it compact computers, sensitive servos, sonorous simulators and the mumbo-jumbo of the Techno-crat. See this! and a new high is efficiency!

You may well ask "What is a firm echo without the weapon?" In 43 and 49 buildings the task of keeping the ironmongery gyrating, loading and firing; not to mention 'making one' in a mortars crew for demonstrations, keeps

our maintainer on his toes. Across the road Torpedo Attacks are carried out with 'Vernon's' own "son et Lumiere" thrown in for good measure. The prehistoric equipment producing these wondrous effects requires the loving care (and maintenance) only a devoted stage electrician can give. Meanwhile, next door, thousands of tons of F.F.O. (and not a few courts martial) are saved as convoys "battle" their way across the auditorium under the escort of cubicle Frigates and Aircraft Carriers, their progress being delightfully plotted by "Les Girls". Of necessity, maintenance is integrated with a very tight training programme and except for occasional lapses on the part of the Radar Simulator, the task here is one of standing by to pounce on a snag as soon as it appears.

Our tour over, we reflect that the halcyon days when an Asdic set could be kept efficient by adjustment of the H.F.M.A. governor and intelligent use of a low-power test lamp are over. Misquoting the immortal Bard, you may think "Pings aren't what they used to be"; but, let's face it, "You've never had it so good"! Modern Asdic sets are quite sophisticated and future equipments will be even more so. They require a high degree of electronic knowledge on the part of the maintainer, and skilful operation on the part of the user. In 'Vernon' the very close harmony which exists between Instructor and Maintainer augers well for the future at sea. For our part, we will leave Grandma with a very real appreciation of the problems facing the T.A.S. Branch, and with a fond respect for its members.

S/Lt. Murdoch



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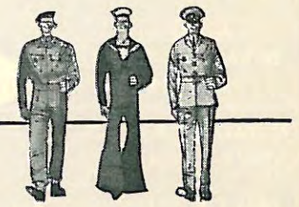

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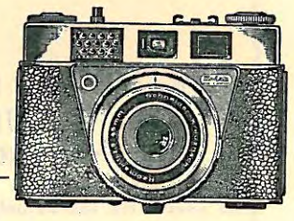

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