

THE SEAMASTER



Vol. I

"QUI DOCET DISCIT"

No. 3



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

THE VERNON GIRLS

1/-

Summer Number '1960



Photograph by H. Manton
(Photographic Dept.)

SUNDAY BREAK

THE SEAMASTER

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

Volume 1. Number 3 "QUI DOCET DISCIT" Summer Number

* * PATRONS * *

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FOREWORD

By Lieutenant - Commander M. F. Bright, R.N.
Lieutenant - Commander Training, H.M.S. Vernon

My present job in the T.A.S. Branch is very largely concerned with training, and it naturally follows that I have a great interest in you the T.A.S.I., who do all the work. The T.A.S.I's Association has a most important function in building a close knit team with a common and supremely important purpose.

Now I know from my own experience that instructing can be a laborious and tiring business, and the only reward lies in the satisfaction of producing an enthusiastic and well trained man at the end of his course. I count myself fortunate in being able to have a few words with every man who completes a T.A.S. course. It is very encouraging to find that, almost without exception, our T.A.S. ratings came into the Branch because they wanted to and, further more, that the training and encouragement you have given them has consolidated and confirmed their choice. The essence of good instruction lies in the consideration of each man as an individual, and it is clear to me that you have this consideration uppermost.

The other day I was reading a report of an exercise. In summing-up it was particularly stressed that the safety of a valuable group of ships and the lives of those who man them may often depend on the skill and training of one very junior rating operating an Asdic set or manning a weapon. That man's skill and training depends on you, and I know you won't let him down.

EDITORIAL

"This happy band of men, these few . . ."

Richard I

A team is as strong as it's members, no matter how small it may be.

We are a team who's work affects the future, and whilst the Association is expanding in many directions, our membership grows slowly. This ultimately throws a larger proportion of work on the shrinking numbers remaining. The Association will be losing members in fairly large numbers later on, due to end of service. It is up to those of us who remain to continue, with more zeal to encourage the younger element of the Branch to prepare to take our places when at last we leave a vacant dias.

This, the third issue of The Seamaster can be instrumental in achieving that end. Sell it; lend it; circulate it round the mess and the ship. The Seamaster too, is part of the Team of that Happy band that can and does so much to weld our Branch into the most versatile team in the Navy.

The Editor.

ASSOCIATION NOTES

"The time has come," the walrus said, "to think of many things".

Are we going to stagnate, or are we going to look to the future and try to do something to keep our Association alive and full of vitality?

Ideas and your support, those are the things we want.

The Outing first. This will take place on 23rd of June and will be a visit to Farraday House. This is the Communication centre of the Post Office and should be a very good, interesting tour. Soon also, we must start thinking of the Annual Re-union Dinner. (How time flies.) Financially we are sound, but what about socially? All ideas will be received with an open mind. Those old Football Tickets are in a huge pile just waiting to be counted and burnt. What about it chaps? Come up to the office any Saturday morning and give a hand to do your good deed for the day.

Six Members have been re-settled in civilian life, aided by jobs from our Employment Bureau and the enquiries come rolling in from many more. What about a line from some of you re-settled chaps, giving us advice on how to retire gracefully?

The Magazine is looking resplendant in its new form, Though we are not selling many. Why not try to sell a few copies on your own ship? The Association will be glad to send as many copies as you require.

Useless Eustace tickets are selling alright though one Sub Lieutenant was heard to remark, "What is this, Daily Mirror?"

If you did not receive the last copy of the Magazine, please let me know, with your address, and one will be forwarded to you.

What about Xmas cards this year? Do we want our own or not? Write in and tell us what you think of the idea.

Any material, unusual stories or photographs which can be used in future magazines will be more than welcomed by the Editor. Anything to help keep up, and even improve the standard of the magazine is welcomed.

Three designs for Blazer Badges appear in this issue. Please fill in the form and let us know which one you prefer, or failing that, submit your own design.

If you are going on draft or coming into Vernon please let me know so that I can keep the books straight and you will receive your Magazines, etc., on time.

The Quarterly General Meeting was held on Friday, 20th May. It was attended by 24 members including the Committee.

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|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Vice Chairman's Address. | 6. Blazer Badges. |
| 2. Treasurer's Remarks. | 7. Re Annual Re-union Dinner. |
| 3. Editor's Comments. | 8. Magazine - - cost. |
| 4. Secretary's Report. | 10. Chairman's Address. |
| 5. Annual Outing. | 11. Any other Business. |

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

Piped Over The Side

It was towards the end of the war that *Devonshire* nosed her way through the break-water at Plymouth after a longish spell abroad. It was a miserable, cold, grey morning and to the sub-lieutenant (R.N.V.R.) trying hard to keep his feet in a launch which pitched and rolled in a lippy sea, it was a never ceasing source of wonder why the Navy always seemed to carry out its operations and manoeuvres so early in the morning! As "duty-boy" he'd been called while it was still very dark and had been told to go out and meet the *Devonshire*.

In good weather (and much later in the day of course) these "Officer of the Guard" trips could be quite pleasant, when the accredited representative of the Commander-in-Chief could relax in the warm sunshine while awaiting the arrival of ships he was to meet. He could even order his launch to put to sea well before the appointed time to enjoy to the full the escape into the sunshine from normal routine. The sudden promotion, too, from being general dogs-body to proudly bearing the C-in-C's pennant and receiving the salutes of all the ships that he passed could be savoured to the full. They were occasions in a sub-lieutenant's life that made him think of that second stripe and (who knows) perhaps even another half to follow. Alas! the other half never did.

The duties of his high office were not arduous, though they did entail a knowledge of dock-yard facilities which were being offered to the visiting ships and also the amenities which could be enjoyed by their crews. In addition, he carried with him to the captain the good wishes of the C-in-C. in whose name he was received aboard the ships. In other words he went along and said "welcome, to the port-what arrangements can we make for you?"

In good weather it was a snip, but this morning, with the *Devonshire* coming up out of the mist, the sub wiped the water out of his eyes for the umpteenth time, dragged his Burberry even closer round him and wished over and over again that he was back in the wardroom enjoying the breakfast that his "just ten more in bed" had made an impossibility.

"They've let down a rope ladder, sir - port side". The coxswain's voice roused him from the depressing survey of his uncomfortable state and he became aware that the launch was now being manoeuvred by expert hands alongside the still moving cruiser. Now he was right beside the point where the rope ladder hung swaying over its side. The launch rolled ominously, now almost touching the cruiser, now yawing away while the gap between the great ship and its small sister widened menacingly. Now another wave brought her almost up to the ladder only for the suck of the next one to draw her away again maddeningly out of reach.

"You'll have to jump for it, sir, next time we get near enough". The coxswain's voice only confirmed the horrible suspicion that had already formed in own mind as he stuffed confidential papers and books into his pockets and prepared to make the desperate leap on to the swaying ladder the next time the launch was brought round. Up, up, up, we go on the crest of the wave - now for it - jump you fool or you're going to provide the biggest laugh the Navy's had in years. In a desperate attempt not to provide a Roman holiday for the grinning faces which watched him from above, he jumped, clutching wildly at the ladder, while the launch, glad at last of the chance to get away from a possible source of damage, shot away and left him hanging from the cruiser's side.

Have you ever looked up the side of a County class cruiser from the water line and realised that you are faced with two alternatives? (a) to clamber up a rope ladder which, one moment against the ship's side, another, suspended above the horrible, green expanse below, threatens to elude your frozen grasp or - (b) the much easier solution of dropping into the sea.

Really there's only one answer to that hypothetical question, as he realised when he started on the long climb up the side.

Half-way up as he paused for breath he was still undecided whether to continue the climb or to drop into the sea and let one of the boat's crews fish him out. Once more the amused faces of some sailors, spurred him on. He'd show'em; - it was all right for them - they were inboard, he wasn't, not yet away.

After an age of climbing his head appeared over the brow of H.M.S. *Devonshire* and slowly he dragged himself up and over the side, finally arriving on all fours, cap over one ear, a smear of grey paint running the length of his Burberry, and gasping for breath like a stranded cod fish.

You should have been told before, but the C-in-C's. accredited representative is always piped aboard a Navy ship, and from his vantage point of deck level he could see two neat

rows of trousered legs - the official welcoming party. Even as he paused on hands and knees to gain sufficient breath to rise, the bosuns' pipes shrilled out and his upraised glance took in the ship's first lieutenant (a commander R.N.), the officer of the watch, several midshipmen, quartermasters, sideboys, in fact the whole shooting match, all standing rigidly to attention and solemnly saluting the C-in-C's. anointed!

He gives them full marks - none of them laughed (not out loud anyway) - but he did think that there was just a slight glint in the commander's eye.

Even after many years, the memory of the *Devonshire* could still bring a very healthy blush to his cheeks as again he heard in imagination the horrid shrilling of the bosuns' pipes and that frightful little midshipman saying in a rather strained voice, "The Officer of the Guard is coming aboard, Sir".

DO YOU KNOW?

That a Polythene strip to bind grafts or buds to root stocks is being offered to growers as preferable to raffia or wax, because it can expand as the plant grows, and because it does not support bacterial growth. Moreover, the plastic is reported to enable hardwood grafts to be made earlier in the season and allow the state of graft or bud to be watched.

That a research into passenger carrying capacity of certain routes in the Metropolitan Country areas will employ micro switches in the seats of certain buses. These will be activated by the weight of the passenger sitting down, and will be calibrated to respond to a minimum of 14lbs. It is thought that the weight of a shopping basket will not affect the record, but what about the courting couple in the back seat after Saturday night dancing?

That a new binder material now being developed for use in road making will provide a non-skid surface with a longer life. Mixed with local hardcore it will enable county councils to re-make the present scramble courses that for years have passed for roads in many areas, for an overall price of less than half the cost per mile per year. Since the binder is an off-by product of coal, will it be too much to hope that the Coal Board will take the plunge into profit making?

POOLS IN VERNON

Put away any dreams of spontaneous wealth that the title conjured up in the minds of you who are overseas. Due to the shortage of Instructors in this venerable establishment, a pool of Instructors has been formed.

Each Instructor is allocated a class commencing course, and he remains with them throughout their course, becoming their guide, mentor and friend, in all subjects. Provision has been made for the T.A.S.I. just in from sea and therefore a bit rusty on some aspects of T.A.S. training.

This is not such an Herculean task for the T.A.S.I. as may appear at first. It has, so far, and will for yet a little while, present some small difficulties in these early stages, but after all, if a T.A.S.I. can't handle them with his usual aplomb - - - well!

It is now that we need to put all our skill at the disposal of the Branch. Remember, it is with us that the future of the Branch rests. A thorough training of the younger members of the Branch will ensure a firm future, a staunch bulwark against the everpresent threat of the submarine.

* * * *

HOWLERS

Q. From how many positions can the 147F be raised and lowered?

- A. Two positions usually;
(a) Up to be raised.
(b) Down to be lowered.

Q. What do you understand by Submiss and Subsunk?

- A. Submiss is an unsuccessful attack. Sub-sunk is a successful attack, or submarine is not found for a considerable time.

Q. Divers are about to dive on the A/S Dome. How would you position their diving boat abreast the Dome?

- A. By use of 'Beacon Homing Device'.

Q. When transmitting by hand key why must you make as short a transmission as possible?

- A. If you made long transmissions, the echoes returning would be meeting those going out and they would get all jumbled up.

Q. How is a pattern marked in a mortar attack?

- A. In a mortar attack the centre barrel is used - - - it is fired through the computer to the centre of the explosion.

CIVIL DEFENCE INSTRUCTOR

As the coach took about 30 of us from York Station on its 13 mile trip to Easingwold Home Office Civil Defence School, I reflected that my appreciation of C.D. was confined to little men in tin hats blowing whistles and shouting "Put that light out!" How fantastically wrong I was soon began to prove itself.

My class divided into three syndicates, each consisting of a cross-section of students from Industry, Police, Prison Commission, and a few representatives from all over the British Isles doing a refresher or re-qualifying course.

I privately thought that this lot would be a piece of cake, and as an Instructor, R.N., I should find it easy. But it didn't work out that way.

From the Commandant downwards, the School presents a fine team doing an excellent job of real value. The next three weeks found us all coping with a formidable stream of facts, figures, lessons, lectures and practices that required a good bit of private study.

Our quarters were first class, the meals excellent, (served by charming Yorkshire lasses) and a cup of tea and shoe shine began our day. The Bar, manned by an ex-S.B.A., was a useful place to find but wasn't over populated at any time due to our syllabus. Seven or eight periods a day and we began to understand the real meaning of the 'H' bomb.

Terms like 'Radio-active fall-out' 'roentgens per hour' 'C.D.F.4.' 'Fall-out maximum' became familiar to our ears. Rescue parties, Ambulance Loading Points, Heavy Damage, became words that were real.

My syndicate, No. 1, was relentlessly taken to task by a Mr Holliday, M.B.E., a bluff Yorkshireman who called spades what they were, and spared no trouble to present his demonstrations, lessons, playlets and lectures in the best possible way. Yes all the C.D. Instructors and assistants were like that. A fire to be fought, a casualty to be rescued, a rescue party to be deployed, they showed how it should be done; and made sure we did it and did it right.

Lectures with a sting were given by Lieut.-Commander Eden, R.N. and were thoroughly enjoyed. At the end of the course we had four separate exams conducted with scrupulous fairness.

In between exams we had a full scale "night action". The training ground with its debris-blocked roads, shattered buildings, and buried (live) "casualties" was set ablaze, and from York came the real Rescue, Fire and Ambulance services. With this scene, reminiscent

of the nightly Blitz on London, I had to contend, for I was designated "Post Warden", which in naval parlance is equivalent to a sort of Damage Control Officer with certain marked differences. There was no shiny map to move symbols about, no staff, no messenger, no telephone. Only a pad and pencil, a rough map of the area on a sheet of foolscap, and a register of the approximate population.

The rest of the syndicate were in similar situations in different ways that covered stretcher-bearing to fire-fighting. The whole place seemed an inferno, and I was secretly perturbed lest my Warden's Post went up in flames also! Soon the various rescue services began arriving and were deployed into action. Hovering around were Instructors acting as Umpires. Many 'casualties' and 'hysteria' cases flooded my Post, and I was more than grateful to my Assistant Warden (a Police Sergeant from Wales) and his Warden (a Policeman) for sorting them out.

More Ambulances etc. arrived at the same time as the building across the way was set gloriously alight! As one body, the casualties (walking) sallied forth with the invaluable and time honoured stirrup pumps to put it out! Events were too many and varied to record, but it was an invaluable experience, and deep in my heart I felt it was a fair test of the training we had received.

All too soon the Course ended with a general discussion by staff and students, and an address by the Commandant. It is true to say that besides qualifying as a C.D. Warden (Instructor) I've learned a lot of other lessons. The semi-comic conception of the tin-hatted gentlemen is shattered. Its place has been taken by a trained (and vitally important) expert whose code and training is expressed in two lines.

1. To save life.
2. To do the greatest good to the greatest number.

So thanks to Civil Defence, I enjoyed expert teaching and amenities; and I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but I didn't know the N.A.T.O. alphabet 'til I reached Easingwold C.D. School!

Carl Hayman

VERNON CALLING

It was overheard in one of the Holy of Holies that between Guards and Parades it might be possible to teach a little T.A.S. Since April Vernon has certainly had a mammoth share of "gravel squelching".

Much to the disgust of the 'Buffer', our detail for the Royal Guard for Princess Royal, was accepted by R.N.B. complete into the Guard; ---we had expected the spare hands for working parties! At the same time another Vernon platoon was being knocked into shape in R.N.B. for the State Visit of General De Gaulle. They were cheered up no end by going on Easter leave, then straight on to the preparations for the Royal Wedding. They were lucky enough to be placed in Parliament Square, while our two Leading Hands were the Immediate Escort to the Portsmouth Command's Queen's Colours. At the time of writing we are preparing for the big "Sweat" on the Common --- The Queen's Birthday Parade.

The list of volunteers for the Field Gun's Crew grows every day. We have a very sturdy back-bone in five of last year's crew, and a mixture of ex-Command Field Gunners, the majority being "Guzz". How will Whaley feel when Vernon's crew enters the arena on Brickwood's Day to the chant of "Oggie, Oggie"!

Note to First Duty P.O's.

The crickets in the Parade Training Office have had their boots soled and re-studded.

CADET CORPS

We have now increased the strength of the Corps to 90 boys, with a waiting list of 20. These numbers speak for themselves.

We started 1960 in great style by winning the Inter-Corps Boxing; in fact on Finals night we had seven finalists in ten finals. The winning margin would have been greater if our Star turn nine year old six stone slogger hadn't been sloshed by his little sister. She used a tap-dancing shoe and cut his eye, so he was unable to fight! Petty Officer Bartlett is to be congratulated on the excellent team he produced; unfortunately, he is at present sick, and the staff and boys join me in wishing him a speedy recovery.

With a terrific final burst at the end of the Football season, we finished second by .02 of a goal. But Oh! the satisfaction we had in thrashing Excellent 7 nil at home, and rubbing it in at Whale Island by beating them 8-1. I now need a permit to enter the Naval Academy of Gunnery!

Right now we are in the throes of Knock-out cricket. Once again we are through to the finals, and a battle royal is raging with the

Marines. I'm quite sure though, that our boys will be bringing the Trophy back to Vernon.

If you see a boy walking around with a sign on his back "Drinka Pinta Milka Day", you'll know he is a "Vernon" Cadet. We have been invited by the Milk Marketing Board to do a Field Gun Run at the Dairy Show on the Common on 2nd July, so the Cadet will be drumming up business! We shall also be running at the Annual Portchester Fair in June. I must add that we are more than pleased with our running times at present.

The favourite activity just now is Archery, and Robin Hood (Sailmaker) has great satisfaction in demonstrating the noble art --- ask him!

The Corps will be at Earl's Court cheering for Pompey against Air on Wednesday, 22nd June. Our Camp this year is a combined affair. We are sharing Chickeral with Excellent, Victory and Dolphin. There is very likely to be some very keen rivalry between all four.

I'd like to thank all our patrons for their very kind assistance to our funds, and they are welcome to come and see us at any time in our may activities. You will have the satisfaction of seeing your monies put to good use.

G.I., P.T.O. Vernon.

* * * *

FAITH

The case was over and the employee of the contracting concern had been awarded £25,000 for total disablement and the certainty of an invalid chair for life.

Defending counsel and his medical adviser were convinced that the successful plea made on behalf of the injured party was mostly blarney.

Approaching him as he left the court, defending counsel whispered:—"Don't think you will get away with. We intend to have you watched every day, and if you take just one step from that chair, you'll be for the high jump."

"That doesn't worry me", came the reply, "I'm going to an International Faith Healing Conference in France tomorrow and when I return you will see the biggest ruddy miracle you ever saw in your life!"

NUCLEAR NAVY NOTES

A start has been made on our first nuclear Submarine but it will be powered by the American Skipjack reactor. The U.S. Navy has three nuclear submarines in commission, and others building on the stocks. There are also in preparation three surface vessels, one of which is an oil-tanker that is hoped to be launched this year. Passenger liners are also in line for nuclear power. Mrs. Eisenhower launched one last year, and another is in course of construction.

America is not the only ones to take advantage of this means of propulsion. The U.S.S.R. and France have a programme of construction under way. The Russians have the ice-breaker "Lenin", and Sweden, Norway, Holland, Germany and Japan all have plans for nuclear powered ships.

The Submarines that have captured the imagination of the T.A.S. branch have been the "Skipjack" and "Triton". Their atomic plants have driven them around the world, deeper and faster than any other under-water vessels. Their performance under any sea condition is fantastic, and their living quarters are luxurious. Every sailor has his own bunk complete with ventilator louvre, curtains and reading lamp. They have four decks and a big stock of films for off duty relaxation periods. On the mess-decks are tape recorders, with a large

number of classical recordings, a fifty record juke-box, a library of over six hundred books.

The two berth cabins are shared by eleven Officers, and in the spacious Wardroom is a Hi-Fi player. Air-conditioning makes it possible for the crew members to smoke anywhere in the ship.

When "Skipjack's" Captain, 36 year old Commander W. W. Behrens, was asked how deep and how fast he had taken the submarine, he grinned and replied, "You can say we did over 20 knots, and dived to more than 400 feet". Our experts think that 50% can be added to both figures and probably more.

It's nice to feel that our "Dreadnought" submarine will have much in common with "Skipjack", including her reactor. It will be nicer still to see a flotilla of such a type actually at sea.

Thoughts on Today

With respect and admiration
We, of the British Nation
and our Family of Dominions Overseas,
Submit with trepidation
and a little hesitation,
that the Natives of this Universe unfreeze.
Though with mighty castigation,
We're chastised in each Legation,
and our T.U.C. at home cannot unite.
We've warned and are condemned,
Now 'tis very near the end,
and the seige of Armageddon is in sight.
We'll not destroy an Institution,
Nor the air fill with pollution,
for the sake of Cant and Hate and Pharisee.
We'd rather go down fighting,
not with venom or backbiting,
for the sake of manners learned at Mother's knee.
In these days of moon-struck lovers
and the hordes of teen-age Mothers,
With their Coke and Rock and Roll philosophy.

We hope that in their heyday,
they'll not forget that payday,
is more important than a bird and bee.
Now it is the human vein
to strive with might and main,
to settle down and Colonise the Moon.
To install Ivan and Hank,
with the help of Jodrell Bank,
at the seaside of Serenity and Gloom.
So with every mighty rocket,
(each one helps deplete a pocket)
that goes soaring ever upwards in the Blue.
We would say with faultless diction
in our boldest science fiction,
"Look out for bug-eyed monsters in your shoe".
When at last the race is over,
and we've voted in Markova
as the Queen of the Outer Galaxy.
We can sit around and ponder
on the Worlds we've left out yonder.
and deplore the rising price of powdered Tea!
Ted "G"

The Parking Problem

Recent headlines in the newspapers have highlighted the current parking problem in London. Also the attempts of Mr Marples to prevent the chaos and frustration resulting from too many vehicles trying to park in too few places.

This problem is not confined to London only. It is very much with us here in H.M.S. Vernon. It is a constant problem and an ever increasing one. A short survey of the trend in mobilisation of Naval personnel may well cause one to ponder an alternative answer to our particular problem here.

In pre-war Vernon the present 'Old Parade Ground' (surely now overdue for re-naming as 'The Main Car-Park'), was in fact THE Parade Ground. Marlborough Building and the Cinema did not exist and all musters and parades took place on that ground.

In those days vehicle owners were few and far between. Speed limit, cautionary road signs and parking problems just did not happen within the walls of this establishment.

The aftermath of war left Vernon with a blitzed South Area; the Parade Ground reduced in size due to temporary accommodation (Marlborough Building), and a Cinema. In addition there was the policy of focussing Torpedo and A/S instruction in Vernon now that it had returned from its war-time accommodation at Roedean, near Brighton. The effect of the bombing of instructional buildings presented the planners with the problem of finding temporary space for this purpose. The upper floor of Warrior Block was converted to an instructional section for the period of re-construction. When this started there began a flow of builders trucks with materials that has continued to the present day. The material had to be dumped, and this again used up space and caused obstruction.

Sign of the Times

In general, the available clear space was being taken up for one reason or another, at a time when the average person no longer found a cycle convenient to his purpose. He raised his sights to the motor cycle, combination, or small car. At the same time, this visible sign of improved times was apparent outside the Navy, as the numbers of vehicles registered on the roads will testify. This increase of vehicles brought an increase in traffic accidents, that has today reached such staggering proportions that it is almost taken for granted. Accident figures that in the past would have provoked feelings of horror, are now being regarded as commonplace.

Gateway to Gosport

To return to Vernon.
This Establishment, by virtue of its geological position, forms a gateway for both service and

civilian personnel who have cause (it is hoped official) to cross the water to Gosport, Dolphin, Hasler, etc., via the service ferry. The great advantage of which is that it is free and hence most popular. Dockyard employees find it most convenient to embark from Vernon, and-of-course-the fact that most of these folk have a cycle or car, brings just one more problem, where to park it in Vernon.

Strategic Position

Undoubtedly many would be pleased to say "Leave it to the customer", and park where there is space. But this Establishment is also a Command Heliport - a stopping off place for V.I.P's. Its strategic position makes it a focal point for Ceremonies, and therefore it is necessary to retain some clear space. Particularly in view of the fact that not ALL tradition has faded out.

More than One

The civilians employed in H.M.S. Vernon number over 200. They also appreciate the facilities of parking their private vehicles; and it is not unknown for the modern seaman to have not one but TWO private vehicles, and even three! The average number of vehicles parking within the establishment, including those belonging to Dolphin personnel and Vernon Tenders is 420!. This does not include bicycles which probably number about 200!

What Next

The Parade as such no longer exists—it is a car-park. Every suitable space is taken without infringing upon the facilities provided for personnel who may not be so keen on the Road as a means of recreation. Thus the Sports Field and Tennis Courts remain—but for how long?

It is for consideration on whether these spaces, reserved for such pastimes, should not also be allocated as car-parks. Obviously the boundaries of Vernon cannot expand; but the numbers of vehicles in the establishment continue to increase. Everyone today considers his rights with not a thought given to the overall problem.

No Gimmicks

The increased tempo of living with its need for mobility, is bringing or has brought an increased level of danger to the pedestrian within Establishments. Formed Parties of Personnel, or the individual going from place to place, can be surprised by the sudden appearance of a vehicle rushing to the Pierhead, to the South area—Parade ground, or to a billet adjacent to a mess. Disaster can be upon them at once!

This is true also for one and all outside the Establishment, but there, recall, are traffic lights, Belisha crossings, road islands, and police to help give the pedestrian a chance.

Such trimmings are no part of an Establishment. With economies of manpower, available personnel prohibits unlimited traffic control. The next best is an appeal to the common sense of the driver, and the use of warning signs and road marks to control traffic that is moving. To help make the parking problem easier, the use of the "Ticket" when a car is parked in an improper place, will, it is hoped, alay frayed nerves and emphasise the importance of Control.

Without it—Chaos would prevail!

Security

An additional problem associated with this influx of vehicles is the Security factor. For the gate staff to stop every vehicle for search, or even check identity would result in a further state of chaos at peak traffic periods. Incoming traffic would pile up outside the Establishment, causing congestion in the city. Outgoing traffic would be delayed to such an extent as to make it worth while to consider using public transport—if such a vehicle should arrive with empty seats!

No Accidents—Yet

Accepting the fact that Control is necessary, the immediate answer has been to register the vehicles—which at least provides the means of locating the owner of a vehicle parked just where perhaps the C-in-C's car has been scheduled to stop. The speed limit is specified at 10m.p.h.; an almost impossibility, but it does emphasise the requirement of moderate speed and utmost caution. So far Vernon has had no serious accidents.

'Make the Boat'

At particular danger points One-Way traffic has been instituted. Though the vision of some drivers has unfortunately faded to the extent that they do not see such signs. Inconvenience there is bound to be, but that has to be balanced against the safety of our personnel. It is poor consolation for the driver to 'Make the Boat' if it carries his victims across the water to Haslar! The amazing thing is that most drivers are convinced that their speedometers are over reading by approximately 10m.p.h.

Everyone's Problem

Finally it is left to be said that every owner must appreciate this ever growing problem, which is here to stay—and get worse, whether we like it or not. It is every person's problem.

It is every driver's problem:—

To appreciate that the very fact of having a vehicle should enable him to display a little more patience, and take more time.

To realise that the pedestrian cannot hop out of the way at anything like the speed of the vehicle. Organisation and parking rules must be—so comply with these and PLAY THE GAME!

* * * *

What is a Wren? — Sailors View

Between runs ashore in Malta, and NATO exercises in the Arctic, it is comforting to know that on return to the Home Command we'll be greeted by the Wren in the Pay Office asking how much pay we want this time. She'll smile angelically while she sweetly tells us why we had that last Nor'easter, but listen consolingly while we tell her we can't live without her—help.

From the security of her position behind the counter of the Naval Clothing Store, she'll firmly tell us "Those are not listed now" and the next minute give advice on how to sew on a badge.

She's a mixture of sweet femininity and brusque business-like career girl. She'll discuss the girls who share her mess, with a frankness that will surprise us; yet defend them with a ferocity that will shock us.

When we know her we don't; when we don't, we want to. She'll talk the hind leg off a donkey, yet listen enraptured while you tell her how an Asdic set works. She's a fiend for work, but can't be driven. She'll criticize anything and anybody (including us) yet has a loyalty that defies all authority.

She's poorly paid, but dresses like a Princess.

She's two persons in one, changing her personality as she changes her uniform. After a day's work among sailors, she'll spend her evenings in their company. She understands them, yet is not of them. She has a divergency of interests that range from dancing to mountain climbing, and enjoys them all hugely. She's sharply keen on showing she's as good as any sailor—and frequently is!

She'll listen to every word we tell her - if she likes us, but we'd not get a word in edge wise if she doesn't. Friendly, Gay and charming, she's a wonderful companion. Serious and enthusiastic, she's a conscientious worker.

She's an excellent example of the Ideal Woman. But don't tell her so—she won't believe you!

WHY PORTSMOUTH?

It is a fact that of the many sailors who use the port of Portsmouth and its many amenities and facilities, a very small number know of the history that lies beneath their feet as they take that 'run ashore.' The modern sailor, like his counterpart of nine centuries ago, seeks first food, then drink to wash it down, and convivial company in which to partake of both. It is mere chance that enables him to do that here in Portsmouth and not in Southampton; for the latter city was developed as a port long before Portsmouth found prosperity in that direction, and there has always been rivalry between the two cities.

Hampshire with its flat coast line and many inlets and water-ways has always been the goal for many who would make use of these natural facilities. History assumes that the Brythres (Britons) landed on this coast from the continental mainland, and finding conditions to their liking settled here some centuries before the Saxons and Danes. They made their way up the Southampton water and Hamble river, and infiltrated into Langstone and Portsmouth Harbours. They left behind, when they were finally ousted by the Romans, evidence of their influence in place names such as 'Gatcombe', 'Bowcombe', 'combe' meaning 'Hollow'. 'Ashley', 'Ashfield' and 'Ashford' indicate the proximity of these places to streams. Wymering and Paulsgrove too, Paulsgrove from the Celtic 'pwl' meaning pool. Since even the Brythres weren't free from marauding hordes, they built earthworks to form places of refuge from the invaders, and from which they fought for the right to continue to live in their mud and thatch huts. Such an earthwork is still to be seen on St. Catherine's Hill just outside Winchester, which incidentally, takes its name from Venta Belgarum the original town on that site.

Portes Mutha

In spite of the fact that they built Portchester Castle, the Romans did not settle in Southern Hampshire. The country was too flat, too heavily wooded; and marshy heathland was not suitable to the latin constitution. The castle at the head of Portsmouth Harbour was used as a base from which the galleys patrolled the coast in search of the ever present invaders. The facilities of the Harbour were appreciated by the merchants, and under the protection of the castle walls a substantial trade was carried on across the Channel.

When, after three centuries of occupation, trouble at home caused the Romans to withdraw from Britain, the country was left prey to the Saxons who lost no time in helping themselves to the rich pickings. It is recorded that the leader of an attacking band, by name Portes Mutha, slew the son of the leader of the defending force on Portsea Island, and so gave his name to the miserable collection of huts at

the entrance to the harbour. The names of many districts that we find so commonplace today have their origins in the Saxon settlements. Fratton, Buckland, Cosham, Bedhampton, Fareham, and Widley, were hamlets founded by the Saxons.

Great Salterns

A district out on the east coast of Portsmouth is known to us as Great Salterns. At present it provides a pleasant Sunday afternoon walk; a school provides education for our youth, and many golfers have reduced their handicap on the links adjoining the Eastern Road. What motorist has not felt the urge to put his foot down along that stretch of road. Yet at one time that land was a salt producing area. Salterns means 'a basin where salt water was evaporated by the sun's rays, and the salt afterwards collected'. The Salterns at Cosham, Bedhampton, Wymering and Paulsgrove were small and remained so; but that at Copnor was developed and expanded, and a flourishing trade was carried on,—hence Great Salterns.

Danes Move In

The Danes when they invaded the country governed by division of land. The Manor, (literally Lord's land) administered the land in the area, and the Lord of the Manor employed Villeins, Bordars and Serfs. The Serfs were slaves and had no rights, but the Villeins and Bordars were allocated pieces of land and paid a tithe, usually farm produce, yearly for the privilege. The small collection of huts at the entrance of the harbour grew slowly, expanding as the harbour facilities were used more and more for trading. The Manors of Fratton and Buckland became prosperous. Indeed in 1277 it was recorded in the Domesday Book that they were valued at 60/- each. Copnor, held by Robert son of Copenore, having salt pans and able to employ 5 Villeins and two Bordars with their families, was able to work three ploughs and was also valued at 60/-. Fratton (Frodington) Manor was in the same class, though doubtless their football team was not in the league.

Taking Shape

By 1085 the population of Portsea Island was about 200, divided between the three Manors of Fratton, Buckland and Copnor. As yet the town of Portsmouth had no existence, being still a hamlet situated at the end of what we know as Point.

In 1123 Henry I, brother of Robert of Normandy, and contender for the throne, passed the island to embark at the harbour for Normandy. During an enforced stay due to bad weather on one occasion, he noted the strategic possibilities of the harbour, and had the castle at Portchester now in a ruined condition, repaired. He expected trouble with his brother and wished to strengthen the defences of what by now had become a fairly busy harbour. His expectations were not realised, however, since an agreement with his brother at a later meeting placed him on the throne. Fifty seven years later a vast gathering of ships assembled in the harbour, prepared to transport an army to Barfleur.

The intervening years had done much for the town, as it now was, and in 1185 the townsmen asked the King for a charter. They based their petition on the fact that the town was important to his defence plans, and the increased prosperity of the trade of the port, much of the profit of which went into the King's pocket. It was eventually granted by Richard the Lion Hearted in 1194, after his stay in the town when he built a hall and kitchen to aid his comfort. The site of this Hall is where Clarence Barracks now stands. The Charter excused the townsmen of their tithes, permitted them to hold a Fair once a year, establish a market in the High Street, and pay £18 a year for the privilege.

First Dock

Apart from merchant ships, few naval craft used the harbour for anything more than a rendezvous. However the use of the town as a stopping off place for the Norman Kings had brought to it some prominence as well as the charter. King John (1199—1216) thought to make use of the sheltered position of the harbour in order to refit some of his ships. In May of 1212 he ordered the Sheriff of Southampton to "enclose our docks at Portsmouth with a good and strong wall, to preserve our ships and galleys". Storehouses and penthouses for ship's tackle were to be built also, and all was to be completed before the end of that year.

The dock of which John wrote was the Mill-Pond that he had given to the Norman Abbey of Font Evraud, Where King Henry II, his Father, and Robert his brother were buried. The Mill-Pond is now H.M.S. Vernon and the U.S. Grounds alongside Park Road.

It is interesting to note that the definition of

a dock was recorded as follows:—

'A dock is any creek or place where we may cast in a ship out of the tide-way into the ooze, and then when the ship has made a place to lie in, we say she has docked herself'. Unfortunately the tide was stronger than the enclosing earth walls of the dock, and it was destroyed in 1228.

The fortunes of the town waxed and waned with the wind of political favouritism. In 1262 it was razed to the ground by fire started by the Barons fleeing from the wrath of Henry III; only the church of St. Thomas and the Hospital of St. Nicholas surviving due to their stone structure. An attack by Sir Nicholas Béhutchet with a fleet of galleys destroyed the town again in 1338. Getting a little tired, no doubt, of this knock down run in procedure, the townsmen encircled the town with a wall in 1342. Unlike the men of Southampton who used stone, Portsmouth, hard up for money, built their wall of earth and timber. Influenced perhaps by this show of seeming poverty and poor defences, the naval fleets of the day refused to use the harbour as a rendezvous, favouring Southampton and Plymouth instead.

Doldrums

Had Henry V's reign been longer Portsmouth may never have become the Naval Port she eventually did. It was to Southampton that Henry went for his ships, and Bucklers Hard became famous during his reign for the ships built there. Timber cut in the New Forest was handily transported to the River Itchen where access to the sea down Southampton Water afforded shelter for the ship-yards and stocks. The "Grace Dieu" was the largest ever built in England at that time, and was launched from Bucklers Hard, a gross tonnage of 400 tons.

Inactivity eventually bred indifference and lack of interest however, and in 1423 the fleet was in a rotting condition. The total amount spent on it that year was £4—4—4½d; compare that with our own Naval Estimates!

Piracy was always a remunerative calling, if it was a little risky; and the men of Portsmouth were not backward in coming forward when the gains were high. It is recorded that one Henry Spicer was summoned before the Council at Southampton for acts of piracy. We may assume that his sentence was a fore gone conclusion.

Revival

When Henry VIII ascended the throne the fortunes of Portsmouth waxed to a new high. He had the defences strengthened by the addition of two Round Towers, one on either side of the Harbour entrance. Stretched between them was a great iron chain boom to be raised

in event of attack. The Towers can be seen today at Dolphin and at the end of High Street, Old Portsmouth.

Many holiday-makers and indeed residents too, walking along the 'Hot Walls' little realise the significance of their name. As part of the Harbour defence, along the walls were ranged cannon and braziers. Grape and chain shot were heated red hot in the braziers and fired at the sails and rigging of the attacking ships.

Southsea Castle was built to command the approaches to the Harbour, and afforded an unparalleled position from which the King could review his fleet. He also had built a new dock on a site north of the one chosen by John. This dock was in fact the first dry dock ever built in this country, and was designed by Sir Robert Bray. Employing 60 men it took a year to construct, at a cost of £193—0—6½d.

The first ship to enter it was the 'Sovereign' which remained in it for eight months.

The cost of fitting her out was £500 this included her armament which consisted of:—

140 serpentes (used against rigging)

5 barrels of gun powder

400 pellets of lead

200 'dyce' of iron

Indeed the largest part of her armament was taken up by 200 bows and eight hundred quivers of arrows!

Later on ships were built in Portsmouth yard and the first one seems to be the "Sweepstake" in 1498 at a cost of £120—3—2d.

Walk Through The Island

Do you know Portsmouth well? Come for a walk then from the Hill to the Point. Descending the gentle slopes of Portsdown Hill we'll pass through the tiny hamlet of Cosham. Wooden huts plastered with mud and strengthened with stones, thatched of course. Cross the stone bridge, a small affair, into the island of Portsea. A long walk now confronts us over a rough track that today we'd call London Rd. There is little sign of habitation out here on the wooded heath, and it is not until we approach Kingston Cross that we can see the squat square tower of Kingston church built in 1166. (after its destruction the present one was built in 1843) Some wooden houses stand near the Cross where the track divides; the left fork leading on down to Langston, through the trees. Taking the right turn we pass into what is now Commercial Road leaving Whale Gate to our right (Rudmore Road).

Just about where the Savoy Cinema is now we pass the Mile stone on our left with just a mile to go before we enter the town. Further on over the heath we pass Lake Gate through which a stream meanders on its way to flow into the Mill Pond.

Moving South we stop on Town Field and

gaze about us. We know this field better as the Guildhall Square; looking to the South and East we see the edge of the Common land on which the townsmen graze their livestock, and the millers grind corn in the various windmills we can see dotted about. Somewhat to our right, covered with grass, the town wall looms, topped by the chimneys of the houses and the tower of St. Thomas's church. Built in 1180 it is still the oldest church in the island. Close to it stands the Domus Dei. Built as a hospital in 1212, it tended to the poor and sick, and provided hospitality for travellers. Closed in 1540, it subsequently became a store for cannon, bows and arrows, and munitions for 'fireworks'. Many years later it became the Royal Garrison Church, and the Portsmouth Garrison paraded on Sunday mornings before service, on Southsea Common.

Hard Times

During the reign of Elizabeth I Portsmouth once more fell on hard times. Ships were laid up, no building took place, and the black-smiths, carpenters, riggers, copper-smiths and shipwrights endeavoured to live as best they could. Some moved down the coast to Plymouth which was flourishing at the time, and to Deptford. Others again, loath to leave Hampshire soil, found work in the yards at Southampton.

The Mayor of Portsmouth was eventually forced to petition the Queen to ask her to consider the ruin and decay of the town. The fishing fleet found market enough for their catch, and although the oyster beds at Emsworth produced a commendable revenue, this had very little effect on Portsmouth. The result of the petition was that the fleets once more rendezvoused in Portsmouth Harbour, causing the storehouses of the yard to be opened and, with the sailors ashore again, money moved if not exactly flowed in the town. When later on the English Fleet chased the Armada up the Channel, there was ceaseless activity for weeks as the ships raced into the harbour, stored up with victuals and gun powder then rushed out again to continue to hound the Spaniards.

And so for the next two hundred years the town grew and prospered and suffered the slings and arrows of misfortune. In the course of this development many people who were to find fame and notoriety began their lives within the boundaries of this town.

Celebrities

An important figure in the education of youth today was John Pounds. Born in Portsmouth in 1776, he worked as a shipwright in the Dockyard for many years even though he was a cripple. Eventually he retired, and being concerned at the illiteracy he saw around him, opened a school for poor children. His house in

Highbury Street, Old Portsmouth, proved to be very cramped quarters since it had only two rooms; in spite of this he persevered and laid the foundation for free schooling which followed many years later. Isambard Brunel, the famous engineer and builder of the Great Western Railway, was born in Portsmouth too, in 1806. Charles Dickens was born here and spent many of his early years in the town, as did George Meridith who lived in Broad Street in 1828.

Jane Austen visited here often, and Arthur Conan Doyle practiced as a Doctor of Medicine in Victoria Road South, basing the action of "Micha Clarke" on Langston Harbour.

In an effort to compete with the congestion on the roads, and to provide a faster means of transport, a system of canals was built throughout the country. Portsmouth too made the venture, and at the beginning of the 19th Century a canal was dug from the harbour to Arundel. Passing through the Island and following a line now used by the railway between the two main stations, it entered Langston Harbour through a lock system; the remains of which can still be seen at Locksway in Milton. Skirting the east shoreline it passed through Farlington Marshes, Bosham and Chichester, and so to Arundel. Alas! its life was but a short one. It would not hold water; and although many attempts were made to repair and even to redesign it, the canal was finally abandoned. 1835 saw the dawn of steam propulsion in shipping, and in that year the Hermes was the first to be built at Portsmouth. Between then and 1871 the 'Devastation', 'Campertown', 'Trafalgar' and 'London' were built, and in 1905 the pattern for later capital ships was laid down with the building of 'Dreadnought'. Defences of the harbour were improved against the threat of invasion by Napoleon in 1859; and while five Sea-forts were planned only three now guard the approaches to the harbour at Spithead. Placed in a triangle they are, from seaward, 'Horsesands', 'No-mans' and 'Spit'. A system of land forts encircled the town to the north along the ridge of Portsdown Hill. From East to West they are 'Farlington', 'Southwick', 'Nelson', 'Wallington' and 'Fareham'. A gun mounted in Fort Southwick had this inscription on it, "Keep me clean and polish me bright, and I'll fire a shot to the Isle of Wight". Fortunately they were never called on to do their duty, and have been used ever since by the Military for a variety of purposes.

Additional defences were also erected along the North shore of the town. An earth-work Bastion and defended arches where the Lido is now, was a land mark for many years. The Bastion is still there, although the arches were demolished and the wooden bridge replaced with

the present one.

In 1808 the Farlington Manor Water Works were opened. Previous to this water was obtained from wells situated in various parts of the island. Transportation received a fillip when the railway became the prime mover. The South Coast Railway Company was formed to provide quick and economical transport between London and the South coast towns in 1837. Before the Town station was built the main terminus was Fratton, with an intermediate station at Festing Road after passing under the bridge at Francis Avenue, then on to Southsea station in Granada Road. It was some years later that Copnor Bridge was built in order to carry the road over the line instead of across it through level crossing gates at the end of Tangiers Road.

Horse trams had been in use in the town since 1865 when they ran from Town Station to South Parade Pier at a fare of 3d. with luggage. In 1901 the electric tram was introduced to the clamour of argument and discussion equal to that which accompanied the decision to dispense with trolley buses at a later date. The service was first run along the Horse tram route and Commercial Road then gradually extended to North End, Clarence Pier and Eastney and then out to Copnor Bridge. Omnibuses with open upper deck and solid tyres first appeared in 1919 and have slowly ousted all other forms of public transport in the town. Who remembers the Green Tram? On this one could travel from, eventually, Clarence Pier to Horndean, climbing majestically up the slope of Portsdown Hill to look across the flat expanse of Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight in the distance hazy in the heat of a summer's day.

Until 1823 candles and oil lamps had been the only means of illumination. It was in this year that Rudmore Gas Works was opened to supply gas lighting to the town. The Mill Pond of King John's Dock memory, was filled in during the years immediately following 1876, and later on became the recreation ground for the services.

Guildhall

The present Guildhall was opened in 1890 by the Prince of Wales, later to be King Edward VII. He said at the opening ceremony "You have every right to feel proud of this fine building, worthy of the largest Naval Port in the United Kingdom, . . . and I sincerely hope that the deliberations that take place within its walls may tend to promote the welfare and prosperity of the Town".

The new Town Hall was in fact the expression of the town's cumulative progress throughout the centuries. The first one had been built in 1531 in High Street, where indeed its successors were later built in 1739, and again in 1838.

Theatres

Among the places of entertainment in Portsmouth the Theatre Royal has the distinction of being the oldest still standing.

Prior to the 1914 war it was to the Royal that opera lovers went to hear well known singers. If one's taste was towards the Drama, then the Princes in Lake Road could more than adequately satisfy. Presented by various touring companies, the audience was held breathless as the villain carried off the heroine to a fate worse than death, aided by musical interpretations of the orchestra under the direction of Mr E. Greene - - - brother to Evie Greene the musical comedy actress. The Kings opened in about 1906-8 with a controversial play called "When it was Dark" but later turned to musical comedy and produced some excellent entertainment. These three theatres were owned and managed by Mr Broughton, a man of far sightedness in the entertainment world, who knew what the public wanted before it had made up its mind. Other theatres now long gone, were Ventoos in Lake Rd, The Bell in Queen's Street near the Dockyard Main Gate, and the Coliseum in Edinburgh Rd. now fast becoming a Supermarket.

The two Piers have also provided entertainment in many forms, from all-in wrestling to beauty contests. Clarence Pier was the first of the two to be built. A hundred years ago a private company obtained permission from the Admiralty to erect a small pier as an additional landing for the ferries that plied between Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight. Permission was granted, although the Admiralty required holding clauses in the agreement and as time went on, the pier was gradually expanded until it reached its pre-war size. The

Pavilion that was built on it was used for a variety of entertainment purposes, and a popular Saturday Dance was held there before the last war, at which dance-bands of national repute played. During the war, the Admiralty exercised its power and used the Pier as a research depot into the problem, among others, of the magnetic mine, until the decorator plastered it. The New Pier, now under construction, will be finished and opened at Whitsun next year; when once more it will become a centre for indoor entertainment, and a rendezvous for those who like dancing within sound of the sea.

The original South Parade Pier was also owned by a private company, and built about the same time. It was destroyed by fire in 1904, and later rebuilt by the Corporation, who acquired the site, and opened in 1908. During the years since the war it took over much of the entertainment that was provided by the Guildhall in the past, besides its own programmes of Summer Shows, Musical Festivals and dramatic presentations.

Whither Bound

What of the future? The reduction of the Navy has once again caused Portsmouth to develop other means of trade. Light industrial factories have been erected in what was once rural districts. The boundaries have extended from the original village at the Point out to Havant in the East, Portchester Westward and Waterloo to the North. She has prospered throughout the years, and now seeks once more to challenge Southampton in a bid to win the ocean passenger traffic. New roads and building developments will once more change the face of the Island that was once known as Portes Mutha.

Ted "G"

ANNUAL MEETING of N.A.A.F.I. COUNCIL

At the 39th Annual General Meeting of the Council of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes held today (Friday, 6th May, 1960), the N.A.A.F.I. Balance Sheet as at 31st October, 1959, and the Profit and Loss Account for the 12 months ended on that date were approved.

The turn over for the year was £56,538,625 compared with £56,719,206 for the previous year — a reduction of only £180,581 despite the continued reduction in the strength of the Forces.

After rebate and discount totalling £2,142,150 had been paid to the Services during the year there was a surplus of £232,371. This was increased by bringing in £130,347 from sums provided in previous years to meet liabilities not now required, making a final surplus for the year of £362,718. After the transfer of £53,290 to Development Reserve on Navy Ac-

count, and £61,377 to the Staff Pension and Benefit Reserve, and after setting aside £100,000 for payment of extra rebate in the future, a balance of £148,051 remained which, by agreement with the Service Ministries, will be paid to the Navy (£20,000), Army (£81,000), and the R.A.F. (£46,000).

Sir William F. Beale, O.B.E., the chairman of the Board of Management, reviewing current trading prospects stated:—

"I am pleased to say that for the first four months of the current financial year, our turnover was slightly in excess of that for the comparable period last year despite a further fall in the strength of the Services. In other words, spendings per head of the Armed Forces are higher than last year — due largely to the continued expansion of our family trade. I feel reasonably confident, therefore, in forecasting a surplus for the current year."

THE DOMESTICK

The Grand Fleet was anchored in Cromarty Firth, the Capital ships being much nearer to Cromarty than to Invergordon. It was a bright sunny Sunday afternoon in Winter, when at about 1530 a signal was received in the Flagship.

It read "One Dome Stick for you at Invergordon Pier. Please collect." The Commander, on seeing the signal was somewhat taken aback as he had no idea what a Dome Stick was. "Ah ha", he said, "The Bo'sun will know the answer to this one. Send for the Bo'sun."

The poor old Bo'sun was unceremoniously disturbed from his afternoon's slumber, and in due course presented himself outside the Commander's cabin. "Sent for me Sir?" he said, as the Commander looked up from the signal. "Yes Bo'sun. There's a Dome Stick for us at the Pier at Invergordon. What boat should we send in for it?". With no hesitation the reply came, "The largest boat in the Ship sir. The Forty Two foot launch." "That will mean working Main Derrick," the Commander said. "Yes Sir," replied the Bo'sun, "And we shall also have to get the Second Picket Boat out to tow her!"

This decision caused a bit of a 'flap', and soon the Bo'sun's mate and the call boys were heard making the pipe "Away Second Picket Boat's crew. Away Boat Keepers of the Launch. Second Part of Port Watch work Main Derrick". Down on the Torpedomen's mess-deck someone stirred. The first and second duty L.T.O's went up to work the Purchase and Topping Lift winches. The stand-by switch board watch-keeper went down to help his 'oppo' put another dynamo on the board. The S.T's of the duty part went to their stations to work the motor bollards for the Derrick guys. Other seamen of the duty part were busy clearing away the guys, and preparing to work Main Derrick.

Before long the Boat Officer was on the Boat

Deck with his Red and Green flags, and cries of, "Up Topping Lift", "Lower Purchase" "Haul away Port Fore Guy—Check Starboard After guy" filled the air. The creak of ropes through blocks, the 'slap-slap' of bare feet on wooden decks, accompanied the smothered mutterings of the duty part of the watch as they saw the traditional Sunday 'quiet' go over the side with the boats.

Some time later, the Second Picket Boat with the Launch in tow was seen making it's way toward Invergordon Pier with the Bo'sun in charge. On arrival, all that could be seen was one very young, inexperienced, travel worn Officer's Steward, with his bag and hammock. "What are you waiting for son?" asked the Bo'sun. "A boat to take me to the Flagship Sir", replied the youth. The silence in the boats could be felt. The Bo'sun's jaw dropped, and his face assumed the colour of a ripe plum. In spite of this, he said, with magnificent composure, "Alright son, hop in". Soon a very dejected Bo'sun, a Forty Two foot launch, a Picket boat, and a very young and confused Officer's Steward were on their way to the Flagship.

Of course there was some explaining to do. What had happened was that the signalman had read the word DOMESTICK and thought it was wrong, so added a K and split the word in two.

Note:—The collective name for Officer's Stewards and Cooks in those days was "Domesticks"

I wonder if this is the reason why it was changed?. I know—we'll ask the Bo'sun.

A.J.B.

DO YOU KNOW?

That the twitchings of an adolescent while gazing at the T.V. Screen during a session of Rock-a-Billy Boogie may not be attributable to the syncopated off-beat rythm of the garbled cacaphony emanating from the inoffensive electron projector. A psychiatric clinic in Malmo,

Sweden, has traced the cause of minor epileptic phases to the flickering light of T.V.

The cure is, apparently, not to stare at the screen, and to wear red filter glasses when viewing. What if it really is the Rock'n Roll Jitters? Any suggestions?

Sea Slug

This was the opinion of the officer commanding H.M.S. Girdle Ness, the Royal Navy's guided weapons trials ship, after extensive trials in the Mediterranean. He was commenting in Britain's first ship-to-air missile and he added: "It is extremely accurate — a most excellent and necessary addition to the Fleet armoury." Since 1956 extensive trials have been carried out on every part of the Seaslug system aboard H.M.S. Girdle Ness. Many Missiles have been fired, scoring direct hits on

target aircraft — though the Seaslug, which can engage bombers at maximum ceiling, need not score a hit to destroy its objective. Both the missile and the shipborne equipment passed the rigorous tests with flying colours. The Seaslug is due to be fitted into four ships of the new County class. It has been designed and constructed by A.W.A. in collaboration with Sperry Gyroscope Co., Ltd., and The General Electric Co., Ltd.

Two rabbits were chased by two foxes into a hole in a tree. The foxes sat back on their haunches to lay seige.

"What shall we do" asked the more timid of the two rabbits.

"It looks" said the bolder partner, "as if we'll have to stay here until we outnumber them."

"Betty, darling," said the embarrassed young sailor, "before we get married there's something I must get off my chest."

"Of course, dearest," said the girl sympathetically. "What is it?"

The young lover tore open his shirt, exposing a large, magnificently tattooed declaration: "I love Alice."

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Articles and letters for publication must reach the Editor not later than 21st July, 1960. Unusual photographs are welcome.

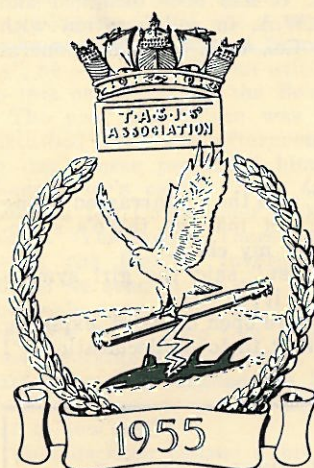
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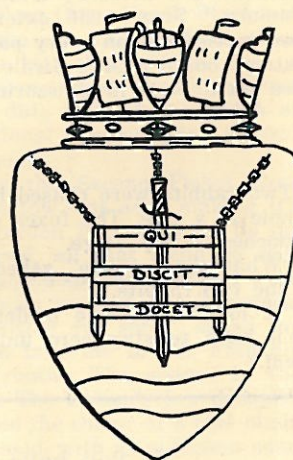
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Number Two.....

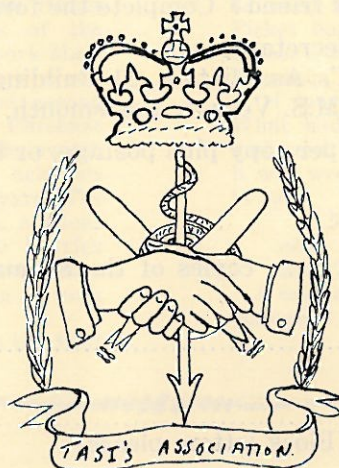
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1



2



3

Put a tick alongside number of your choice. When you've filled in this form please mail it to :—

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21 Building, H.M.S. Vernon.
Portsmouth.

Hail and Farewell

A cheerful "Hello" is heartily extended to all members who have recently rejoined Vernon and Osprey.

VERNON

C.P.O. Pink
P.O. Clemson
P.O. Gladwish
P.O. Edowes

OSPREY

C.P.O. Avery
P.O. Underwood
P.O. Phillips

Our very good wishes to those who are leaving.

From Vernon

P.O. Gladden

To

Jutland

From Osprey

C.P.O. Norley
C.P.O. Curtis
P.O. Marchant

To

Jewel
Phoenicia
Victorious

The great Exodus starts this month, and we wish members who are leaving the Service for a new life in the Great Outside the very Best of Good Luck. We'll be thinking of them at Tot-Time.

C.P.O. Banks
C.P.O. Bradley
C.P.O. Caygill
C.P.O. Cotton

C.P.O. Lloyd
P.O. Grosvenor
P.O. Peacock

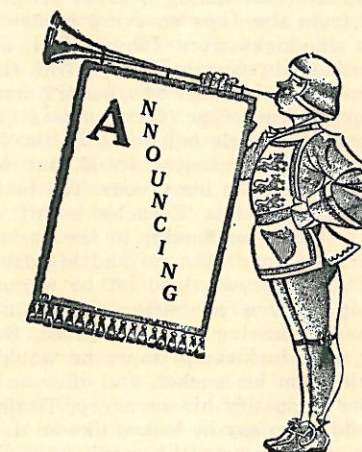
The Chair in T.A.S. (P) is now being kept warm by C.P.O. James, whilst the hottest seat in Vernon is occupied by C.P.O. Gray.

NEW MEMBERS

282 A.P.O. A. W. Brown
283 P.O. J. E. Farries
284 P.O. Pearce

HONORARY MEMBERS

H45 Lt. Garrish
Lt. Bevan



Incident of the Pig

Time; APRIL, 1945.

Place; Singapore Island — Pasar Pan Jang District.

The day had started normally. At 7-30 a.m. my work party of nearly one hundred men had stood in the Compound and waited for our particlur Gunse (other-wise corporal in the I.J.A.). Our pet name for this character was "Joe Penny". Heaven only knows why this name was given, but once a guard was named it stuck where-ever he went. Strangely enough most of the guards became proud of their nick names, even though many of them were very uncomplimentary.

Joe arrived and proceeded to give us his requirements for the day. These were the same every day but he had to show us he was the Boss, and lost no opportunity to make sure that we knew it! The only variation each day was in my own duties. Joe would decide whether I should accompany him on his tour, or make one on my own, within limits. Sometimes he would require me to go to one particular pit where I would spend the day supervising the work.

Most of the work parties were employed in digging bombardment shelters in the sides of the hills above Tar Ling Barracks, on the West side of the island. The remainder of the parties were split up into seven groups of twelve men each; four men were kept behind for cook-house fatigues, and four or five were sent out with a guard to cut timber props for the tunnels leading to the shelters.

This day I was to go with the prop cutting party, which had been together now for some weeks. They were Australians, and the acknowledged leader was a black-skinned Aboriginal throw-back named Langley Murray. He knew no fear, and was a dare-devil of the highest order, taking a great delight in stealing from the Japs on every occasion possible. His side-kicks were Johnny Hill, a lay-about who had his uses, and Lloyd Gill. Gill was the opposite of the other two, being a hard working deep thinking type. He also was quick to remove any article belonging to the Nips if the opportunity presented itself, but only if the chances were in his favour. The last character in this party was 'Frenchy' a shifty character who, though unpopular in the party, was suffered because even he had his usefulness.

The party was lead off by a guard named 'Holy Joe', a practicing Christian who was proud of having been converted. Before beating up a luckless prisoner he would extract a Bible from his pocket, and offer up prayers in order to justify his savagery. To describe him would be to say he looked like an ugly monkey. (My apologies to the monkey race). The site where we were to work was some four miles from the work compound, and by nine o'clock we found ourselves on top of a hill overlooking the Pasar Jang Road. Here we set to work fell-

ing trees of about eight inches diameter, trimming them, then cutting them into two metre lengths.

At about 1000 we heard a grunting in the bush, and on going to investigate we were startled by a pig that came tearing out and rushed past us. It was a animal typical of those reared in Malaya, about 120 pounds full grown, low to the ground, and fierce! 'Holy Joe' became very excited and indicated that we were to chase it, adding that there was a lot of meat in a pig. We entered the chase with delight, and spread out quickly, arming ourselves with the axes we had been using for the trees. Moving cautiously, we listened for sounds of our quarry. Presently we heard it ahead and slightly to our right; altering direction, we drove the pig towards the slope in order to beat it to the top where the brush thinned out. Our strategy worked, and soon after we sighted the pig in a clearing.

As we approached, the animal turned and was preparing to charge when Murray, with a fierce shout, ran forward and heaved his axe. It struck the pig on the head, stunning it, and before it could move, Murray charged in and cut it's throat.

'Holy Joe' jumped around in high delight at the thought of a whole pig in his possession. When he calmed down he told us to carry the pig back to the place we had been using as a camp site. Our own thoughts now were how much of the pig we would be given, plus how much more we could quietly remove without arousing the suspicions of 'Holy Joe'

As we made our way down to the road, two Japanese civilians met us and stopoed to question 'Joe' about the carcass we had. On reaching our camp site we found Joe Penny waiting for us; he threw a fit when he saw the pig. He started in on 'Holy Joe' slapping him about and cussing till we could almost see the unfortunate guard shrink in size. When finally he simmered down. I discovered that he was short of props, and had anticipated finding some dozens or so at our site. Of course catching a pig is so much more fun than cutting timber, and work had produced a mere half dozen props.

Joe Penny's harangue against 'Holy Joe' continued, we sat around eyeing the corpse, and mentally dissected that very enticing and inert object. As we sat dreaming, a new voice joined the cacaphony of noise. Looking up we saw an irrate Nip of large size surging towards us. Following timidly in his wake were four Chinese who obviously expected trouble. The newcomer faced up to the corporal. The two of them bowed to each other. I had observed that the stranger was a private 1st class, now I realized that he also belonged to a different Butil (company). After the ceremonial greeting, he informed 'Joe' that the pig was his; he was cook at the surveyer's camp just up the road.

'Joe's' face was a picture! He looked at once alarmed, embarrassed, indignant and furious. That he was about to lose this pig, that it did not belong to either Malay or Chinese, but to another unit of the I.J.A. was more than he appeared to be able to contemplate. Fear crossed his face as the thought that had already occurred to us now seeped into his mind. The I.J.A. had a simple remedy with thieves—they were shot! Quickly recovering his composure, he pointed out that the P.O.W's had killed the pig (no pun intended) and it was in fact the guard 'Holy Joe' who had led the chase. The cook listened thoughtfully to this explanation, then coming over to me he told me how grateful he was that the P.O.W's had recaptured his pig dead or alive. It had escaped three days ago, and he had become resigned to the fact that the Chinese in the kampongs had captured it and eaten it. And now here it was! One of the Chinese helpers who had acted as interpreter for all this, added on his own initiative, that the cook had received a jolly good bashing for losing the pig, and that this find would restore his 'Face' in the unit. Eventually the Chinese picked up the porker and, with the cook as 'driver', hurried away.

That, we thought sadly, is the last of the pig. Joe Penny had quietly recovered from the shock. He had lost 'Face' with 'Holy Joe' and us, but luckily most of the blame fell on the miserable guard. He now became the recipient of a torrent of verbal abuse, accompanied by a sound physical thrashing. We started to move off under the pretext of returning to work, but the corporal made us stay while he continued to thrash poor old 'Holy Joe'. Finally he ran out of words and told us to get back to work. We didn't complain, as we had dodged out of three hour's work since sighting the pig.

About two o'clock the guard was approached by a Chinese from the surveying unit. He informed the guard that the cook wanted to see one of the P.O.W's. The guard yelled a query to the corporal, who replied that he would take me down to the unit to see what what it was all

about. I asked to take Murray with me to get some tea water, and this was agreed upon.

We entered the cook-house to see the remains of the pig lying on a table, hacked and cut up for the evening meal. The cook informed me that he was so pleased at getting the pig bac back that he wanted to give the P.O.W's a small 'presento!' This, as it turned out, was the chitterling bag; and as he handed it to me I boldly asked for some other bits to make a meal for four P.O.W's. The Jap hesitated for a bit, then gave me the heart and liver which they wouldn't have eaten anyway. As he handed it over, the Chinese set up a wail that they were being robbed of what was rightly theirs; they normally had the offal. Pushing my luck, I asked for some sweet potatoes to go with it, but this time I had gone too far. With furious gesticulations he ordered me to clear off. Leaving the cook-house I found Murray waiting for me with the water tin (an empty kerosine can) and without waiting for our corporal, we started back up the road to the camp. The expression on Langley's face had told me he had 'brought something off'.

When at least we reached the camp we found the others having a 'Yasmi' (a rest). Observing that 'Holy Joe' was out of ear-shot, Langley told us that he had filled the water tin with sweet potatoes and a few handfuls of soya beans. This, with the meat, meant a bumper feast for all of us. We worked out details of how to get the spuds peeled, then using the meat and beans make a stew. But first we had to get permission to cook it. Knowing how 'Joe Penny' liked his stomach, we decided to bribe him with some of the meat. When he returned I propositioned him, and he agreed providing he got the heart and liver. Johnny Hill said he would be damned if he would see a so and so Nip get any of our food. However, it was agreed upon, and Johnny later surprised us all by volunteering to do the cooking chores.

Some hours later Johnny called out that the food was ready. The Corporal let us secure early, and led us to the eagerly awaited feast. Sitting down in a circle round the food tin, we impatiently watched while Johnny selected some special pieces of meat from a dixie that had been used for frying. With ostentatious ritual he went over to 'Joe', and presented him with the choice food; 'Joe', without so much as a 'by your leave', started to wolf it down to the accompaniment of much lip smacking. We noticed that his jaw seemed to be working over-time, and that he was using quite some energy in his chewing and champing. A feeling of annoyance passed through us at the sight of his so obvious enjoyment. This was soon forgotten, however when we in our turn received a large helping of rich stew. For the first time in months our bellies were utterly

distended to their limits with solid food.

I couldn't help remarking to the others how tender were the bits of meat I found in my share. I supposed that 'Joe Penny's' was tough because Johnny had fried them first as well as stewing them. However, the extra meal had put 'Joe Penny' in a very amiable frame of mind, and he told us we could return to the work compound on the completion of the meal. We felt highly honoured since this was a half an hour before the normal time. During the meal poor old 'Holy Joe' had been sitting disconsolately by himself. Because of the bashings he had earned during the morning he had not been invited to the feast. To make up in

some way for his part in the capture of the pig, we offered him the scrapings of the pot, which brought a flash of gleaming teeth from the centre of his swarthy pudding face.

On the way back to the compound we noticed Johnny had a lot of scratches on his arms. Knowing the risk of infection that we ran in our condition, I told him to have them attended to when we got back to camp that night. I enquired how he got them, and nearly collapsed when he replied, "Collecting the snails for that blasted Nip's Pork Dinner!". We merrily went on our way.

C.F.F.

ANSWER TO T.A.S.I's PROBLEM

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Now YOU test the answer!

H.M.S. Osprey

Dear Editor,

C.P.O. "Reg." Norley has now left us for the Dartmouth Squadron, but before leaving asked me if I would take over the writing of the Quarterly News Letter from "Osprey". Unfortunately the general feeling down here is that we are rather neglected by the Association, hence, I think, the reason why so many T.A.S.I's down here are not in the Association. In fact, on having a quick check, about 50% are non-members, which is surely a lamentable state of affairs. Would not a letter to each of these serving T.A.S.I's perhaps help? It is rather a sore subject with me as I am always trying to get Long Course T.A.S. Officers and S.D. Officers to join as Honorary Members, and feel it is not much of an incentive to them to join if I have to tell them that half of our own Instructors are not even members of their own Association.

So much for the drips. For the record, the following T.A.S.I's have joined us or left or will be doing so very shortly.

JOINED

C.P.O. Avery — from "Jewel"
P.O. Underwood — from "Cheviot"
P.O. Phillips — from "Teazer"

LEFT

C.P.O. Norley — to "Jewel"
C.P.O. Curtis — to "Phoenicia"
C.P.O. Banks — Outside
P.O. Marchant — to "Victorious"

As I am a member of the WORK-UP Staff, I would like to put in my own personal little oar to all T.A.S.I's who commission ships. So many come down here with the idea that we are here to act as a spy for F.O.S.T., whereas we are in fact here to give all the help we can to ships working-up 'TASWISE'. 'Nough said.

Osprey now of course is devoted more to the flying side than to the Pinging side and the cry is frequently heard "Chopper's got his balls in the water" I leave you on that happy note.

P.O. S. G. Bryan

H.M.S. Trafalgar

Secretary, T.A.S.I's Association,

Perhaps the enclosed photograph may be of interest to members of the Association. It caused endless amusement to those on board, namely, C.P.O. Treneman and P.O. Turner.

We are still proud to be able to say "Am in T.A.S." and to have it advertised. Well, what more could we ask? All best wishes to the 'Stay at Homes' from all in Naples,

Yours Sincerely,

D. Thompson,

S/Lt. (S.D.) (T.A.S.)



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MEMBERSHIP

Dear Reader,

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

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

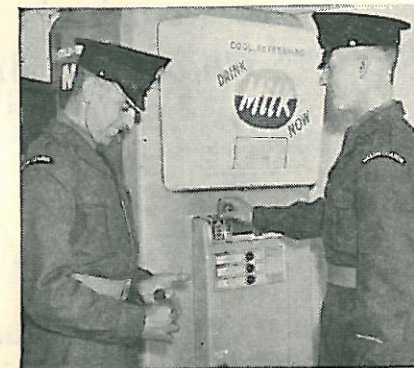
Please complete the form below and return it to the Association Office either by hand or post, we will do the rest.

I, Rank

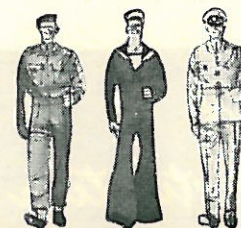
wish to be enrolled as an Honorary Member of the T.A.S.I's Association (1955).
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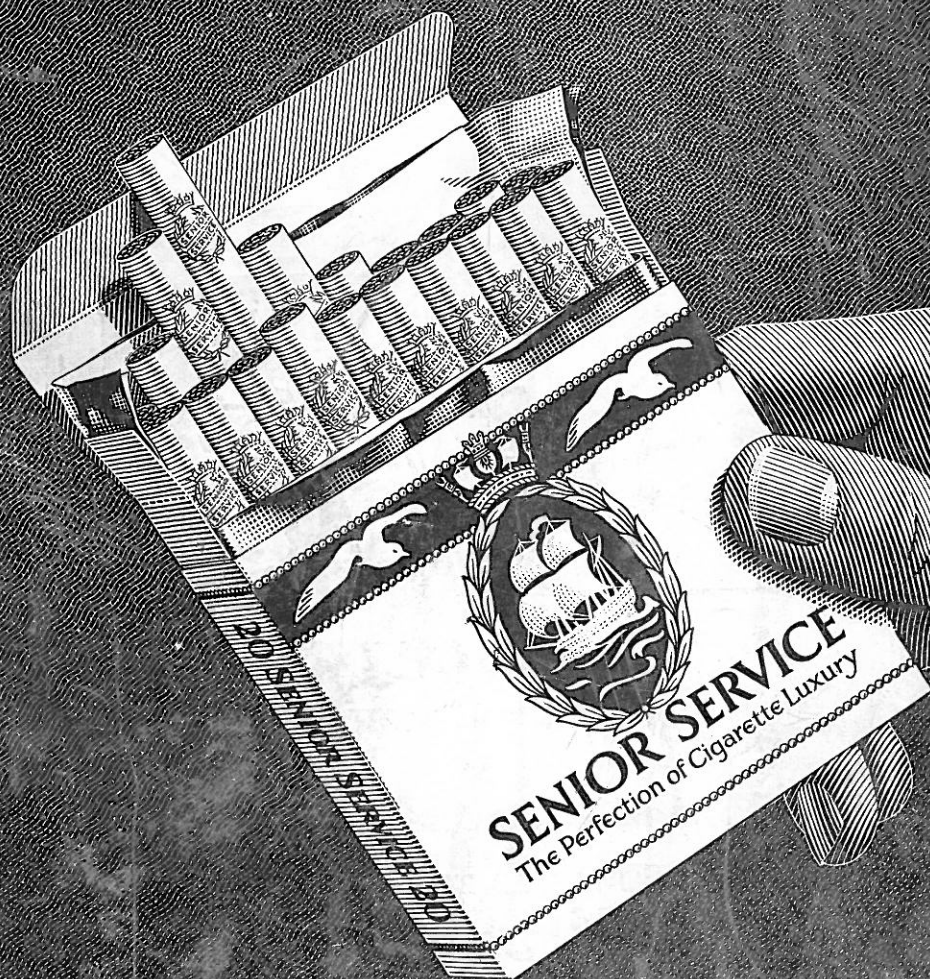
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