



Ahoy Shipmate RNA Torbay Newsletter

Volume 2

Issue 3

May 2013

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Welfare Report

I am pleased to report that I have nothing to report; so assume that all shipmates are doing fine. I wish the few on light duties a speedy recovery and hope to see you at Both Watches soon.



Editorial

By Shipmate Norrie Millen

The weather is slowly improving and at last summer seems to be here; well at least it is trying. Some really lovely warm sunny days interspersed with the overcast and misty ones. Hopefully we will enjoy better weather than last year, when almost as soon as they had declared a drought situation, it rained quite heavily for remainder of year. Mind you I don't have too much faith in weather forecasts, you watch it in evening and it seems whatever they forecast almost always seems to be opposite following day. The Farmers Almanac or damp finger held up in air works much better!

I only wish I could say the same about improvement to health issues. All in all it's been a bad start to the year for both Angela and I. Angela with severe chest infection which saw her end up in hospital with almost total kidney failure, and this followed by unresolved pain in her hips and unmentionable parts. Not to be outdone I have now had three bouts of chest infections and if that was not bad enough, I managed to find a pot hole and catching my toe in it, was flung forward, landing very heavily on my right side. Long story short I have two cracked ribs and quite massive deep internal bruising which makes my eyes water when I cough, laugh and exercise other bodily functions! Hospital ER doctor told me I can expect six weeks of pain and discomfort before I am A1 [P7R(D)] again

A big thank you to all of you that have submitted articles for the newsletter, especially Shaun who has sent me enough jokes to last a few years, sadly I will not be able to "Matelots Eyes Only" problem.

there are some that use, if it was it would be no





Chairman's Corner

By Shipmate John Soanes

May I remind shipmates to check garages; lofts etc. in order to locate no longer wanted items and kindly bring them along to the next meeting or make contact with Shipmate Harry Harris who will make arrangements to collect items from your home address. Date of the Boot Sale not yet known, but, it will help, if we can start the ball rolling with the collection of items for inclusion.

SWING THAT LAMP!

During the first commission of the Type 12 Frigate HMS Rothesay in the West Indies, on the 3rd February 1961 I and four others were dropped off at Tortola, British Virgin Islands to carry out what was described as a small task for the local government. This was to blast a channel through a coral reef. The reef in question, stretched all the way across the entrance to a small bay and was less than four feet below the surface, the bay was ear-marked for use as a shelter for yachts and other small vessels during the hurricane season.



Preparing to blow!

We were provided with a few cases of commercial gelnite and together with two Mortar Mark 10 projectiles, enough detonators and other necessities from the ship (I seem to recall that the two projectiles were written off as having been used in a practice shoot at sea) we were taken across the island to this rather remote bay, provided

with tents, plenty of victuals; together, with a boat, to transport equipment to the centre of the reef. Our 'brief' was to camp out for four



Swinging the lamp

days, giving us plenty of time to complete the task, the ship then sailed. The skipper told us he would be back in four days to pick us up, remember, this was in the days of no mobile telephones and we were not in possession of any form of communications.

The boat we were to use was a small wooden pram dinghy without oars! We had to secure one projectile at a time beneath the boat in order to paddle it across to the entrance of the bay; we had to make paddles from driftwood and anything else we could find. The weight of the projectile almost sunk the dinghy; we had to swim alongside to keep it from capsizing.

We worked from dusk to dawn in the hot sun for a full four days in order to transport, set up and prepare the charges. Each evening a truck would arrive, with ample quantities of victuals, beer and rum, a barbecue was enjoyed every



Birthday Tot

night, especially enjoyable on my 24th birthday!

Finally, we were ready to 'fire' the charges, we had positioned them as deep into the coral as we could and tamped them sufficiently, however, when we inspected the site, we were very disappointed to discover, the channel was nowhere near as deep as we had expected. However, we had made a start, and I believe another ship finished off the task the next season.

BANG!



John

All in all, a good run ashore and a great 24th birthday.

The Royal Navy is proud to announce its new fleet of Type 45 destroyers.

Submitted by Shaun Runham

Having initially named the first two ships *HMS Daring* and *HMS Dauntless*, the Naming Committee has, after intensive pressure from Brussels, renamed them *HMS Cautious* and *HMS Prudence*. The next five ships are to be *HMS Empathy*, *HMS Circumspect*, *HMS Nervous*, *HMS Timorous* and *HMS Apologist*.

Costing £850 million each, they comply with the very latest employment, equality, health & safety and human rights laws. The Royal Navy fully expects any future enemy to be jolly decent and to comply with the same high standards of behaviour.

The new user-friendly crow's nest has excellent wheelchair access. Live ammunition has been replaced with paintballs to reduce the risk of anyone getting hurt and to cut down on the number of compensation claims. Stress counsellors and lawyers will be on board, as will a full sympathetic industrial tribunal.

The crew will be 50/50 men and women, and will contain the correct balance of race, gender, sexuality and disability. Sailors will only work a maximum of 37 hours per week as per Brussels Rules on Working Hours, even in wartime. All the vessels are equipped with a maternity ward, a crèche and a Gay Disco.

Tobacco will be banned throughout the ship, but recreational cannabis will be allowed in wardrooms and messes. The Royal Navy is eager to shed its traditional reputation for; "Rum, sodomy and the lash"; so out has gone the rum ration, replaced by sparkling water. Sodomy remains, now extended to include all ratings under 18. The lash will still be available on request.

Saluting of officers is now considered elitist and has been replaced by "Hello Sailor". All information on notice boards will be in 37 different languages and Braille. Crew members will now no longer have to ask permission to grow beards and/or moustaches. This applies equally to female crew.

The MoD is inviting suggestions for a "non-specific" flag because the White Ensign may offend minorities. The Union Jack must never be seen.

The newly re-named *HMS Cautious* will be commissioned shortly by Captain Hook from the Finsbury Park Mosque who will break a petrol bomb over the hull. She will gently slide into the sea as the Royal Marines Band plays "In the Navy" by the Village People. Her first deployment will be to escort boatloads of illegal immigrants to ports on England's south coast.

The Prime Minister said, "Our ships reflect the very latest in modern thinking and they will always be able to comply with any new legislation from Brussels."

His final words were, "**Britannia waives the rules.**"



SHOVEWOOD

*From "Roll on My Twelve" by David Bolster
Adapted by Norrie Millen*

Part II

It was better to confess to the departing Admiral that the shovewood could not be produced. C.S.33 was displeased: "Send me a signal when I can come and see it."

As soon as he had been piped away, an inquest was held. The P.O. Jack Dusty swore he'd seen the shovewood only the other day, so did the TGM. The wretched storekeeper swore he'd never seen it at all. The Boatswain said the damn thing must be somewhere, you could hardly run a ship of this class without a shovewood. The CERA concurred. The Pay Bob said the thing to do was to find out whose charge the shovewood was on and then jump on him, by God! The Chief GI said that in all his twenty-two years in the service he'd never known a shovewood lost before. The Commander said he doesn't want to listen to drivel; he wanted something done. At this point the Gunner (G) who wanted to get to his gin, took his courage in both hands and, feeling moderately sure that all those present were as ignorant of the shovewood as himself, said, "Well sir, if it can't be found, I'm sure my department could run up quite a satisfactory one in no time, something like this ë ë " and he began to sketch on a signal pad.

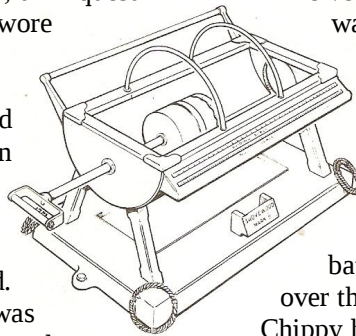
But the Commander (E) broke in with "I think this is a matter for my department," and snatched the sketch out of the gunner's hand.

Commander (E) bustled off with the CERA in attendance, but the Chief Shipwright wasn't going to let him away with it on his own, so he too shot off towards the workshops. The Boatswain strolled away with the Chief Boatswain's Mate. All the others looked wise and seamanlike and drifted off to lunch.

The messdecks, of course, by now had the whole story. At first some of the younger ratings were bold enough to say that they'd never heard of a shovewood, they couldn't believe there was such a thing. But this talk came to an ignominious end as one three-badgeman after another spoke of shovewoods they had had; had lost and had mended. They talked of modifications that had come out in the shovewoods; of different marks of shovewoods; they recalled dates on which the allowance of shovewoods to Cruisers and above had been revised; but most of all they told how they personally, had been congratulated on the

way they kept their shovewoodë .."an', e says to me, e 'says, I 'aven't seen a polish like that what you've got on that there shovewood, not since I was No.1 on the Yacht."

The very next day it was reported the shovewood was ready. A signal was made. The Admirals barge was seen to leave the flagship, and as he came over the side, there in the waist, just before the quarterdeck, stood the shovewood. It was a fine wooden



trough standing on four stout legs painted battleship grey, with gleaming copper hoops over the top and brass capping and corner-plates. Chippy had supplied a teak stand with eyes to take deck bolts, a rubbing- strake of mahogany and a plunger with a handle, also of mahogany, as well as brass work on the trough. The ERA's had fitted a brass band around the plunger; and the Boatswain's party had given it a leather capping and a baize grip secured with a couple of Turk's heads. They had, further, pointed four eighteen inch lengths of white manila and fitted them at the corners of the stand by way of fenders. The Gunner's party, off their own bat had made and supplied two stainless steel rules, one in inches and one in centimeters, which were bolted along the sides of the main trough, where they caused more jealousy and ill-feeling than ever with the Engine-room department who felt that supplying precision rulers was their pigeon. Finally, a canvas cover, complete with hemp lanyards, had been made by the men under No. 9 punishment; and this was folded down on the deck at the head of the noble appliance.

"Aha," said the Admiral, "I see, you wanted to tiddly it up a bit before I saw it. I believe you were sent out here in rather a rush, weren't you? Well you've made a very fine job of it. Tell me do you find it useful?"

Yes Sir," replied the Captain unblushingly, "very useful."

On the strength of this reply, the Admiral, when he got back to his flagship, made a signal to the squadron; "Report number of shovewoods held." There was of course a nil report, so 'His Nibs' made another signal; "Technical staffs of all ships are to repair on board 'Mombresia' to take measurements and details for shovewoods which are to be constructed by ship's staffs."

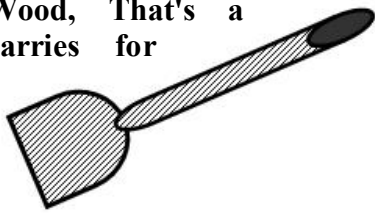
It was not until every ship in the 33rd Destroyer Cruiser Squadron could boast a gleaming new shovewood that Nobby, the three-badger Jack Dusty, reported fit for duty. He was met, as he came over the side, by his relief and straightway hauled down to the store.

óere Nobby, now tell me, will yer, what is a bloomin' shovewood?"

óShovewood? Never 'eard of it, ain't no such thing."

Yes there is. 'ere Look at this yer entry own in 'andwritin'."

"**Good Lord,**" breathed Nobby' "**that ain't shovewood, that's meant to be - Shovel Wood, That's a spare we carries for the baker.**"



H.M.S Royal Oak

Submitted by Shipmate Arthur Coulton additions by Shipmate Norrie Millen

H.M.S Royal Oak was one of five Royal Sovereign Class battleships constructed for the Royal Navy between 1913 and 1917, the other four being *Royal Sovereign*, *Resolution*, *Ramilies* and *Revenge*. Two units of the class- *Renown* and *Repulse*- had been completed as battle cruisers and one, *Resistance*, had been cancelled.

Royal Oak was laid down at Devonport Dockyard on January 15th 1914 and launched later that year on November 17th and commissioned in May 1916. Royal Oak was completed with a displacement of 25, 750 tons and measured 580 feet in length with a beam of 88.5 feet and a draught of 27 feet. Just under one thousand officers and men were needed to operate this mighty vessel. Royal Oak served in the Great War (1914-1918), fighting at the battle of Jutland, and was refitted between 1922 and 1924.

Sixty years after she was sunk as a Royal Navy battleship she is still leaking oil. This

poses a serious and unusual environmental problem for the Scottish Island of Orkney and the race is on to find a solution without disturbing one of Britain's largest official war graves.

Tragedy at Scapa Flow



On the night of October 14th 1939 Royal Oak became the first battleship to be lost in the Second World War while moored in Scapa Flow. This remote Scottish anchorage, most famous for the scuttling of the German Fleet in 1919 was first used during the First World War in order to prevent the German fleet reaching the Atlantic; and soon became the largest and most important anchorage in the British Isles. Accordingly it was a tempting target although heavily protected.

Nevertheless a German U-boat under the command of Gunther Prien had managed to penetrate Scapa Flow. The sunken block ships designed to prevent this had changed position slightly since 1915 and at high tide there was enough room for a craft to enter the anchorage. U47 proceeded to fire three torpedoes at the battleship, none of which had any success. A short while later the submarine fired three more torpedoes, this time with devastating effect. The

Royal Oak blew up, rolled over and began to sink. This was a truly terrible

tragedy: a capital ship had been lost in the first months of the war with the loss of 833 lives- only 375 survived.

Added to this was the humiliation of a U-boat sailing undetected into an area with such a large concentration of Royal

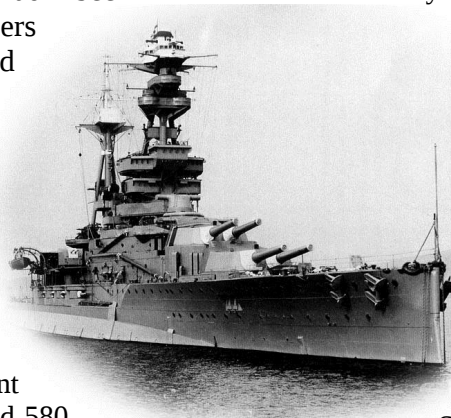
Navy activity, subsequently

forcing the home fleet to leave

Scapa Flow in favour of a safer

anchorage.

The Royal Oak sank within thirteen minutes and came to rest on her side, with her superstructure crushed underneath her, 90 feet below the surface. The Royal Oak has remained where she sank ever since that dreadful October night, and is designated as an official war grave. Every year Royal Navy divers change the white ensign at her stern and a memorial service is



held. Diving in the wreck area is strictly forbidden.

Environmental concerns

Royal Oak sank with up to 3,000 tons of fuel oil aboard, the precise amount being unknown since such records were lost with the ship. Oil leaked from the corroding hull at an increased rate during the 1990s and concerns about the environmental impact led the Ministry of Defence to consider plans for extracting it. *Royal Oak's* status as a war grave required that surveys and any proposed techniques for removing the oil be handled sensitively: plans in the 1950s to raise and salvage the wreck had been dropped in response to public opposition. In addition to the ethical concerns, poorly managed efforts could destabilise the wreck, resulting in a mass release of the remaining oil; the ship also contains many tons of unexploded ordnance



Vice Chairman's' Chat

On Saturday 11th May 2013 Judy and I attended a reunion of the Falklands war patrol crew of HMS Splendid.

This took place at Kingston Maurward just outside Dorchester.

HM SUBMARINE SPLENDID FALKLANDS RE-UNION

Kingston Maurward

11 May 2013 1930 - 2000

Black Tie - Cocktail Dresses

Pimms on arrival

Menu

Smoked Salmon

Served with lemon wedges, cracked black pepper, wholemeal bread and crème fraîche

Chicken Tornado

Corn fed chicken

Fillet steak with chestnut mushroom, sage and lemon sauce

Selection of Vegetables and Roast Potatoes

Homemade Passion Fruit and Raspberry Cheesecake

Served with a fruit coulis

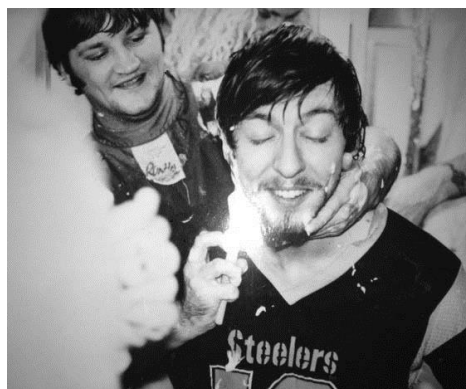
Vegetarian Option Available

Plus lots of wine (hic!!!hic!!!) Plus Port.

This was a most enjoyable night and wasn't just a reunion for me but also for the wives of the crew, some haven't seen each other for 30 years.

The wives were nattering to each other all night. Bit like a big hen party. (I suppose they had to catch up on 30 years of gossip).

The atmosphere was very homely, just like one big happy family. Although we've all got on in years, everybody still had the same glint in their eyes and the same sense of humour, bringing back many happy memories.



Shaun the Barber Crossing line 1982

The whole evening made me very humble and so proud to be part of that very special crew, who were more like brothers.

The camaraderie was still unbelievable among both officers and men, something a common civilian wouldn't understand.

I'm sure this is why we join the RNA and other various associations to carry on this same camaraderie and humour. Something which we would definitely greatly miss otherwise.

Our Captain at the time Roger Lane-Nott is writing a book about life on submarines which is mainly based around life on the Splendid during the Falklands War.

Some of the lads brought along some photos taken during the time on board. I've attached a copy of a photo you can use with me in it doing the Sweeny Todd as we crossed the line.

Also a photo taken on the reunion night of the crew members and wives who were able to attend the reunion, about 20 per cent of us made it.

Photo of reunion crew attendees is on next page, names and their rates as I remember them at the time below picture.



Left to Right - Paddy Porter(MECH), Nick Slide (LS)(S), Taff Simons (WEM), Phil Potterton (MECH), Steve Hogg (OA), Shaun Runham (PO)(TS), Paul Slemon (DWE0), Geoff Thomas (TACO), Roger Lane-Nott (CAPT), Ian Richards (1st LT), Nick Addison (LWEM), Pete Harris (POWE), Frank Grinnall (MEM), Jim Knight (MECH) Mark Phillipson (MEM), Allan Wall(LWTR), David Crothers (WEO) and Tiny Holmes (TASO)



Cooks to the Galley

Thai Green Curry

Ingredients:

Boneless Chicken Breast
Courgettes or Green Peppers
Mushrooms
Onion
Tin Coconut Milk
Fish Sauce
Lemon or Lime Juice
Table spoon curry powder
Table spoon fresh chopped Coriander

Thai Seven Spice
Teaspoon of cornflower
[If required to thicken]
Chopped Spring Onion

Method:

Fry Chicken & Vegetables

Add

Coconut Milk
Spices
Curry Powder
Table Spoon Fish sauce
Simmer for 25 minutes
Thicken as required
Just before serving add chopped green onions
Serve with Long Grain or Basmati Rice

HELM From *The Gentleman's Dictionary* by Georges Guillet de Saint-Georges, 1705, we read: 'HELM, or Tiller, of a Ship; is that Piece of timber which is fastened into the Rudder, and so comes forward into the Steerage, or Place where he at the Helm Steers the Ship, by holding the Whipstaff in his Hand. Some Ships have a Wheel, like those in Cranes, placed between the Quarter-Deck and Coach; which has several Advantages, to what the Common Methods have.' Wheels started to become common in the 1730's, replacing the tiller, as they required considerably less effort to control.

Rum, tobacco, turpentine; Royal Navy had the cure; A ship surgeon's notebooks from the 18th and 19th centuries reveal some eccentric remedies.

Tobacco smoke was a cure for drowning, rum was a tonic for tarantula bites, and brandy was good for almost anything.

Medical tips from the golden age of the Britain's Royal Navy were released this week as the National Archives completes its project to allow searches of ship surgeons' notebooks of the 18th and 19th centuries.

The books feature records of mutiny, drunkenness and theft, but some of the most compelling stories concern the gruesome illnesses suffered by the crew and doctors' eccentric attempts to cure them.

Ben Lara, surgeon aboard HMS Princess Royal during a deployment in the English Channel in 1802, knew what to do when Seaman James Calloway was dragged from the water after being submerged for 12 minutes.

Lara warmed him with heated plates wrapped in flannel, but saw no improvement until he resorted to tobacco. "Tobacco smoke was conveyed to the lungs through the tube of a common pipe," he wrote. "In three-quarters of an hour I observed an obscure palpitation of the heart ... In four hours from our first applications he was perfectly collected."

The tobacco method was more successful than other drowning treatments. *Belgrave Ninnis*, senior surgeon on HMS Garnet in November 1880, failed to revive James Farley after a series of questionable treatments. "Brandy injected into the rectum and strychnine at the epigastrium (the area immediately below the heart), brandy and ammonia to wet his mouth," he wrote. Ninnis concluded that Farley was definitely dead.

Rum was the favoured medicine aboard HMS Arab in 1800, when *Thomas Sappen* used it for spider bites and scorpion stings.

The most stomach-churning case, though, may be that of *Ellen McCarthy*, 12, afflicted by tapeworms on a transport ship from Cork to Quebec in 1825. "Mr. Power,"

the ship's surgeon, noted: "Her mother brought me a lumbricus (worm) 87 inches long which this patient vomited."

He believed he had hastened the expulsion of two worms by getting Ellen to ingest calamine and turpentine, either of which might have killed her. She survived, prompting *Power* to recommend turpentine as a "most certain anthelmintic (worm treatment)"

A woman and a baby were in the doctor's examining room, waiting for the doctor to come in for the baby's first exam.

The doctor arrived, and examined the baby, checked his weight, and being a little concerned, asked if the baby was breast-fed or bottle-fed.

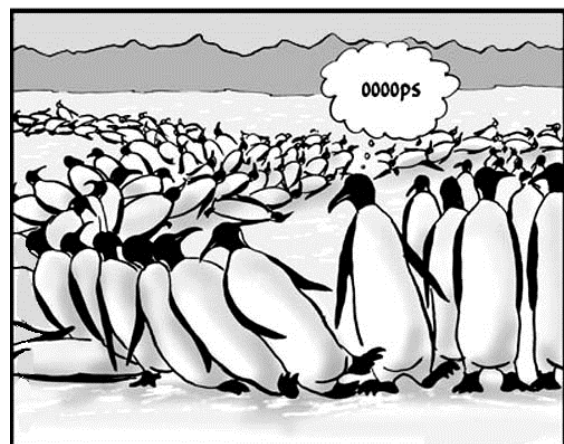
'Breast-fed,' she replied.

'Well, strip down to your waist,' the doctor ordered.

She did. He pinched her nipples, pressed, kneaded, and rubbed both breasts for a while in a very professional and detailed examination.

Motioning to her to get dressed, the doctor said, 'No wonder this baby is underweight. You don't have any milk.'

I know,' she said, 'I'm his Grandma, but I am glad I came!



The total crew of H.M.S. "Bounty" December 23rd 1787 Portsmouth.

"Bounty" length 90' - Beam 24' - weight 215 tons - "Longboat" length 23' - Beam 6' 9" - Gunwale to waterline 7"

From Naval Archives

Part II (Continued from last issue)

Tahitian's taken aboard "Bounty" to assist with sailing duties

Talaloo	from Tahiti	Oho	from Tubai
Timoa	"	Tetaheite	"
Nehow	"		
Menalee	"		

Females for the above six males Nancy, Mareeva, and Tinafanea

The crew takes as wives

Fletcher Christian	Isabella
Edward Young	Susan
John Williams	Pashotu
Mathew Quintal	Sarah
John Adams	Paurai
William McKoy	Mary
Isaac Martin	Jenny
John Mills	Vahineatua
William Brown	Teakuahitea

Pashotu dies in a cliff fall collecting birdsö eggs, Tinafanea develops a large growth on her neck and quickly dies. Mathew Quintal murders his wife Sarah by throwing her off a cliff.

The bloodbath on Pitcairn begins when the crew take one of the women from the Tahitians leaving them one woman to share amongst the six.

September 1793

Tetaheite	kills	 Fletcher Christian
Tetaheite	kills	 Jack Williams
Menalee	kills	 Isaac Martin
Menalee	kills	 John Mills
Menalee	kills	 William Brown
Menalee	kills	 Timoa

William Peckover the gunner on "Bounty" travelled with Captain Cook on his three world voyages between the years 1758 and 1778 prior to joining "Bounty"

With Norton, attacked the savages on Tofua with sword allowing Men to get back aboard the longboat. He also managed to climb into the longboat. John Norton the Quartermaster is credited with saving the lives of the longboat crew.

The longboat went ashore on Tofua (Samoa) for fresh water, John Norton grabbed a sword and threw himself into scores of hostile savages allowing the longboat crew to get back aboard and pull away from the island. He was stoned to death by the savages.

A Royal Navy Frigate, H.M.S. "Pandora" picked up all the mutineers who stayed behind on Tahiti

Tetaheite	 kills	 Menalee
Susan	 kills	 Tetaheite
Edward Young	 kills	 Nehow
Matt Quintal	 kills	 Talaloo
Matt Quintal	 kills	 Oho
William McKoy	 dies	 from a fall on Pitcairn
John Adams & Edward Young	kill	Matt Quintal

A few years pass and Edward Young dies from Asthma. When the Royal Navy re-discover Pitcairn Island in 1820 only John Adams is alive with nine females and twenty three children. The oldest child being Friday October Christian, the son of Fletcher Christian.

Of all the mutineers, only three were hanged for their crimes at Spithead, Portsmouth.

Thomas Burkett, Thomas Ellison and John Millward October 29th 1794.

December	23 rd	1787	Bounty leaves Spithead
April	22 nd	1788	Bligh abandons route around Cape Horn
October	26 th	1788	Bounty arrives in Tahiti, via the Cape of Good Hope
April	4 th	1789	Bounty leaves Tahiti with breadfruit plants.
April	28 th	1789	Mutiny, - Bligh and 18 others set adrift in longboat
June	14 th	1789	Longboat arrives in Timor after 3,690 miles
Sept	23 rd	1789	Mutineers leave Tahiti on Bounty.
Jan	17 th	1790	Mutineers arrive at Pitcairn's Island
Jan	24 th	1790	Bounty is burned after being stripped of all necessary timbers and materials.

and Matavai plus all the others who were not mutineers but there was no room in the Longboat for them and whether they were mutineers or not were placed in chains in the hold of the "Pandora." Four of these Non-mutineers were drowned when "Pandora" was wrecked on the Great Barrier Reef. These were:-

George Stewart	 Acting Midshipman
Henry Hillbrant	 Able Seaman
Richard Skinner	 Able Seaman
John Sumner	 Able Seaman

These men were chained in the hold. The Captain of the "Pandora" refused to unlock them even though he knew his ship was doomed; even though he knew them to be innocent of the mutiny

Alphabet

The following sea shanty is called 'The Sailor's Alphabet'

- A** is the anchor that holds a brave ship,
- B** is the bowsprit that often does dip,
- C** is the capstan on which we do wind, and
- D** is the davits on which the jolly boat hangs.

Chorus:

*O derry, hey derry, ho derry down,
Give sailors their grog and there's nothing goes
wrong,
So merry, so merry, so merry are we,
No matter who's laughing at sailors at sea.*

- E** is the ensign, the red, white and blue,
- F** is the fo'c'sle, holds the ship's crew,
- G** is the gangway on which the mate takes his stand,
- H** is the hawser that seldom does strand.

Chorus:

- I** is the irons where the stuns'l boom sits,
- J** is the jib-boom that often does dip,
- K** are the keelsons of which you've told, and
- L** is the lanyards that always will hold.

Chorus:

- M** is the main mast, so stout and so strong,
- N** is the north point that never points wrong,
- O** are the orders of which we must beware,
- P** are the pumps that cause sailors to swear.

Chorus:

- Q** is the quadrant, the sun for to take,
- R** is the riggin' that always does shake,
- S** is the starboard of our bold ship, and
- T** are the topmasts that often do split.

Chorus:

- U** is the ugliest old Captain of all,
- V** are the vapours that come with the squall,
- W** is the windlass on which we do wind, and
- X Y and Z** well, I can't put in rhyme!

Chorus:



This must be your lucky day Ken – your favourite cheese on special and the used by date is two weeks longer than Dr. Bone has given you!

Bale Out?

It is a slow day in a damp little Irish town. The rain is beating down and the streets are deserted. Times are tough, everybody is in debt, and everybody lives on credit.

On this particular day a rich German tourist is driving through the town, stops at the local hotel and lays a €100 note on the desk, telling the hotel owner he wants to inspect the rooms upstairs in order to pick one to spend the night. The owner gives him some keys and, as soon as the visitor has walked upstairs, the hotelier grabs the €100 note and runs next door to pay his debt to the butcher.

The butcher takes the €100 note and runs down the street to repay his debt to the pig farmer.

The pig farmer takes the €100 note and heads off to pay his bill at the supplier of feed and fuel.

The guy at the Farmers' Co-op takes the €100 note and runs to pay his drinks bill at the pub.

The publican slips the money along to the local prostitute drinking at the bar, who has also been facing hard times and has had to offer him "services" on credit.

The hooker then rushes to the hotel and pays off her room bill to the hotel owner with the €100 note. The hotel proprietor then places the €100 note back on the counter so the rich traveller will not suspect anything. At that moment the traveller comes down the stairs, picks up the €100 note, states that the rooms are not satisfactory, pockets the money, and leaves town.

No one produced anything. No one earned anything. However, the whole town is now out of debt and looking to the future with a lot more optimism.

And that, Shipmates, is how the bailout package works.

Postbag (Electronic)

Received from Grant Ness

Hello Norrie

Salutations suitable for the time of day from this fair land of sunflowers, (not many around at the moment), processed grapes, (many goblets full), and garlic drenched escargot, (that's nine o'clockers), I offer a few words for the newsletter, I know well the work involved in getting one out!

Yours aye

Grant (Elliot) Ness

"Recreate Your Andrew Days"**Yearn for days gone by and life in the "Grey Funnel Line"?**

Recreate those happy times with these few simple tips, and of course your family will also enjoy and no doubt provide understanding support!

- 1) Build a shelf in the top of your wardrobe and sleep on it inside a small sleeping bag.
- 2) Remove the wardrobe door and replace it with a curtain that's too small.
- 3) Wash your socks and underwear every night in a bucket and hang them over the water pipes to dry.
- 4) Four hours after you turn in have your wife whip open the curtain, shine a torch in your eyes and say "Sorry Mate"
- 5) Renovate your bathroom. Build a wall across the center of your bath and move the shower head to chest level. Store beer barrels in the shower enclosure, and remember, turn off the water while you soap.
- 6) Don't watch TV except for movies in the middle of the night, for added realism have your family vote for the movie they want to watch then select a different one.
- 7) Put oil instead of water into a humidifier then set it to high, leave a lawnmower running in your lounge 24 hours a day thus creating the correct atmosphere and noise levels.
- 8) Once a week blow compressed air up through your chimney. Ensure the wind carries the soot over into your neighbours, laugh off complaints. (A must for "Gentlemen Stokers"!)
- 9) Buy a rubbish compactor, and use it once a week, at night, during the week store your rubbish in the other side of the bath.
- 10) Invite about 80 people you don't like to come and stay for a month.
- 11) Install a small fluorescent light under your coffee table and lie underneath it to read books.
- 12) Every now and again throw your cat /dog/budgie in the bath and shout "man overboard", then run into the kitchen and sweep

all the dishes and pans onto the floor whilst yelling at your wife for failing to secure for sea.

(On that note No 1 seems a good idea!)

A TRUE WORD SPOKEN IN JEST.

'If the enemy is in range, so are you.' - *Infantry Journal*

'It is generally inadvisable to eject directly over the area you just bombed.' - *US. Air Force Manual* -

'Whoever said the pen is mightier than the sword, obviously never encountered automatic weapons.' - *General MacArthur* -

'You, you, and you ... Panic. The rest of you, come with me.' - *Infantry Sgt.*-

'Tracers work both ways.' - *Army Ordnance Manual*-

'Five second fuses last about three seconds.' - *Infantry Journal* -

The three most useless things in aviation are: Fuel in the bowser; Runway behind you; and air above you. -*Basic Flight Training Manual*-

'Any ship can be a minesweeper. Once.' - *Naval Operations Manual* -

'Never tell the Platoon Sergeant you have nothing to do.' - *Unknown Infantry Recruit*-

'If you see a bomb technician running, try to keep up with him.' - *Infantry Journal*-

'When one engine fails on a twin-engine airplane, you always have enough power left to get you to the scene of the crash.' -*Multi-Engine Training Manual*-

'Without ammunition the Air Force is just an expensive flying club.' -*Unknown Author*-

'If you hear me yell; "Eject, Eject, Eject!", the last two will be echoes.' If you stop to ask "Why?", you will be talking to yourself, because by then you'll be the pilot.' -*Pre-flight Briefing from a Canadian F104 Pilot*-

'What is the similarity between air traffic controllers and pilots? If a pilot screws up, the pilot dies; if Air Traffic Control screws up, . the pilot dies.' -*Sign over Control Tower Door*-

On a lighter note (For Seniors)

With all the new technology regarding fertility recently, a 65-year-old friend of mine was able to give birth.

When she was discharged from the hospital and went home, I went to visit.

'May I see the new baby?' I asked.

'Not yet,' she said 'I'll make coffee and we can chat for a while first.' Thirty minutes had passed, and I asked,

'May I see the new baby now?'

'No, not yet,' She said. After another few minutes had elapsed, I asked again,

'May I see the baby now?'

'No, not yet,' replied my friend. Growing very impatient, I asked,

'Well, when can I see the baby?' **WHEN HE CRIES!** she told me.

'WHEN HE CRIES?' I demanded.
'Why do I have to wait until he cries?'
'BECAUSE I FORGOT WHERE I PUT HIM, O.K.!

At 85 years of age. Roger married Jenny, a lovely 25 year old. Since her new husband is so old, Jenny decides that after their wedding she and Roger should have separate bedrooms because she is concerned that her new but aged husband may overexert himself if they spend their entire night together.

After the wedding festivities Jenny prepares herself for bed and the expected knock on the door.

Sure enough the knock comes, the door opens and there is Roger ready for action. They unite as one. All goes well, Roger takes leave of his bride and she prepares to go to sleep.

After a few minutes, Jenny hears another knock on her bedroom door and it's Roger. Again he is ready for more action. Somewhat surprised Jenny consents for more coupling. When the newlyweds are done, Roger kisses his bride, bids her good night and leaves.

She is set to go to sleep again, but, you guessed it, Roger is back again rapping on the door and is as fresh as a 20 year

old, ready for more action. Once more they enjoy each other.

But as Roger get set to leave again, his young bride says to him I am thoroughly impressed that at your age you can perform so well and so often. I have been with guys less than a third of your age who were only good once. You are truly a great lover Roger.

Roger, somewhat embarrassed turns to Jenny and says, 'You mean I was here already?'

A Florida senior citizen drove his brand new Corvette convertible out of the dealership. Taking off down the road, he pushed it to 80 mph, enjoying the wind blowing through what little hair he had left. "Amazing," he thought as he flew down I-95, pushing the pedal even more.

Looking in his rear view mirror, he saw a Florida State Trooper, blue lights flashing and siren blaring. He floored it to 100 mph, then 110, then 120. Suddenly he thought, "What am I doing? I'm too old for this!" and pulled over to await the trooper's arrival.

Pulling in behind him, the trooper got out of his vehicle and walked up to the Corvette. He looked at his watch, then said, "Sir, my shift ends in 30 minutes. Today is Friday. If you can give me a new reason for speeding--a reason I've never before heard -- I'll let you go."

The old gentleman paused then said: "Three years ago, my wife ran off with a Florida State Trooper. I thought you were bringing her back.

"Have a good day, Sir," replied the trooper.

The elderly owner of a golf course in Georgia was confused about paying an invoice, so he decided to ask his young secretary for some mathematical help. He called her into his office and said, "Y'all graduated from the University of Georgia and I need some help. If I wuz to give yew \$20,000, minus 14%, how much would you take off?" The secretary thought a moment, and then replied, "Everthang but my earrings."