



Ahoy Shipmate RNA Torbay Newsletter

Volume 2

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July 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.



"And another thing lad,
get your hair cut!"

Editorial

By Shipmate Norrie Millen



I attended the Torbay Armed Forces Day held on Babbacombe Downs along with shipmates Carl Goodwin, Shaun Runham, Ken Dustan Mike Readdy and Peter Roberts (who had driven from Spain just to march with the boys!). Although a miserable day at times, the weather stayed dry for the march. There were many booths and a very large marquee which was offering a full bar, live music and free teas for the veterans. One of the highlights was an RN mobile kitchen "Food for Life", which goes around schools and other shows and manned by a Royal Navy and Royal Marine chef. They were the highlight of the show, kept the crowd entertained with their very amusing act The Navy chef was concocting a meal out of emergency rations the main ingredient being Spam, whilst the Royal Marine was cooking up a Chicken Supreme, with all the trimmings. They could easily win Britain's Got Talent or suchlike competitions. HMS Brockelsby (visiting mine hunter) had a booth manned by her crew, and BRNC had a booth manned by a grovel of Upper Yardsmen; who had been recently commissioned as S/Lieutenants. One of them had been a submariner chef and would be returning to 'boats' on completion of training as a Torpedo Officer! A case of out of the frying pan and into the fire (excuse my pun).

I established a good contact with BRNC First Lieutenant's 2 i/c a CPO ET(ME), which simply means Chief Stoker! CV's of First Lieutenant and reviewing Officer Captain Fancy inside this issue.
.....Continued on page 2, bottom of right column

Chairman's Corner

By Shipmate John Soanes



According to reports the Royal Naval Association has enjoyed "A very good year" particularly with a strong performance on full member recruitment although the under-lying trend, represented by incoming subscriptions is down by £8900, mainly due to the demise of **eighteen branches**.

On the 'plus' side Legacy income amounted to almost £117,000 and interest from the fixed rate bond from the cash invested from the proceeds from selling the old HQ in London yielded £10,646. Other measures including a review of rent paid for Headquarters, together with a change in accounting procedures yielded a further saving of £4000, which, effectively increased the Association's reserves by over five per cent. I suggest this means there should not be an increase in subscriptions for some time yet.

With reference to our own funds, please do not forget to bring along any unwanted items to the next Branch meeting in order that Harry Harris can collect same for inclusion in the proposed boot sale due to take place shortly, alternatively get in touch with Harry and he will gladly collect items from your home address at a convenient time to all.

Mark Friday 23rd August, 8PM in your diary – A number of HMS Torbay's crew will descend on the RAFA Club for a drink or two, please be there to welcome them for what promises to be a very pleasant evening.

SWING THAT LAMP



Norrie has asked for us to submit a couple of pictures of ourselves at the start of our RN career and another at the end. I have very few photographs of my time in the old ñGrey Funnel Lineò. The younger one was taken in December 1955,

the later one in Hong Kong when yours truly was the Petty Officer of the Guard at the changeover ceremony of the Governor of Hong Kong in 1964.

As requested my ships:

HMS *Implacable* ñ 15th July 1953 to 2nd December 1953 ñ Portland Training Squadron and a quick emergency trip with the Argyle and Sutherland

Light Highlanders to British Guiana (Now Guyana)

HMS *Cygnets* - 9th February 1954 to 21st December 1954 ñ West Indies Guard Ship.

HMS *Savage*- 26th May 1955 to 9th November 1956 ñ (Trials and Experimental)

HMS *Ursa* - 1st May 1957 to 29th August 1958 Mediterranean Fleet. (Cyprus Patrols)

HMS *Rothsay*- 5th January 1960 to 2nd February 1962 ñ West Indies Guard Ship

HMS *Penston* -4th January 1964 to 27th January 1966 ñ Hong Kong Squadron and Indonesian Confrontation)



Shore Establishments:

HMS *Victory* (Victoria Barracks) 12th May 1953 to 14th July 1953 (Initial training)

HMS *Pembroke* (Chatham Barracks) 2nd December 1953 to 8th February 1954, and 5th March 1957 to 30th April 1957

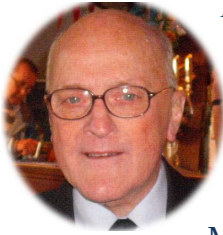
HMS *Vernon* ñ 21st February 1955 to 25th May 1955 (UW 3 Course) 9th November 1956 to 5th March 1957 (UW2 Course) and 3rd February 1962 to 30th July 1962 UW1 Course)

HMS *Ganges* ñ 30th August 1958 to 4th January 1960 (Ship's Company ñ Boats Crew) 31st July 1962 to 3rd January 1964 (Class Instructor) and again 22nd March 1966 to 3rd January 1967 (Class Instructor)

Editorial continued from Page 1

Of all the years' service in our small Branch; I just cannot believe that you have no interesting anecdotes of your time in the Andrew that you wish to share with your shipmates. You must have something to submit. Here's an idea for you. Send me a picture of you when you joined up/or early in your career and one when you finished your career/near end of time. Then pen a few words about your time in the Andrew with any special moments/highlights in your career. Alternatively I could run your early RN picture in one edition and have members try to figure out who you are, then publish your navy account with a more later pictures in following edition. The way I see it anyway!

See this page and page 6.

"HMS Belfast, On the Bridge"*By shipmate Peter Brown*

Departing Shanghai for Hong Kong in December, 1945, the local river Pilot came aboard and was conducted to the Bridge by a Midshipman. We slipped the buoys in mid river and proceeded slowly down river at the first of the ebb tide; only a quarter of a mile on there is a right angle turn to starboard and as we approached the Pilot gave the order

"Starboard Fifteen" down the voice pipe.

The ship showed no sign of answering this wheel alteration.

"Starboard Twenty" was the next order from the Pilot, but still no sign of her starting to swing.

By this time we had come up to the mouth of the Soochow creek on the port side and the ebb tide was dragging us towards that opening! Now the Pilot was really agitated and yelled down the voice pipe

"Starboard Thirty"! Only then did the ship start to very slowly turn to starboard, but it was too late and the granite wall of the riverside was fast looming up ahead!

All this time the Captain sitting in his high chair was steadily losing patience with the Pilot's lack of skill in handling his ship and suddenly leaped to his feet and with one heavy sweep of his arm around the Pilot's shoulders, ordered our Navigator to "take this ----- man off my Bridge and never let him come aboard again".

At the same time the Captain roared down the voice pipe

"Full astern together"! With that the ship started to vibrate as the screws worked overtime to take the way off and believe it or not we hove to within about six feet of the wall ahead!

Phew! That was really a near miss!

LT CDR S J HENAGHEN RN**First Lieutenant Britannia Royal Naval College**

Steve Henaghen joined the Royal Navy as a Junior Seaman Operator in 1977 and spent the first 22 years of his career as a gunnery specialist, serving in various ships, including aircraft carriers, destroyers, frigates and mine hunters, and saw active service operations in the Gulf. He served in every rank as an NCO, culminating in selection to be a Searider on the staff of Flag Officer Sea Training at Devonport 1996-1999. Promoted to Warrant Officer in 2000, he had the honour of being the last live-firing Close Range Officer at HMS CAMBRIDGE Royal Naval Gunnery School before being commissioned.

Commissioned in 2001 he served as an OOW on the Type 22 frigate HMS CUMBERLAND after which he was appointed to the Principal Warfare Officers Course, (PWO), at the Maritime Warfare School, where he specialised in Above Water Warfare. On successful completion of PWO course in 2004 he was appointed as the first PWO(A) of LPD HMS BULWARK, completing her extensive trials programme, commissioning, FOST sea training package and the 1*/2* Battle Staff Ratification process with COMATG staff before deploying in support of coalition tasking in the Northern Gulf. On the return leg of this deployment he was involved in Non-Combatant Evacuation Operations in the Eastern Mediterranean in 2006 when HMS BULWARK was tasked with the extraction of British Citizens and other entitled personnel from Lebanon to Cyprus. Promoted to Lieutenant Commander in late 2006 he was appointed Tactical Specialist Anti-Air Warfare and Amphibious Warfare at the Netherlands Belgian Operational School, (NLBEOPS) in Den Helder North Holland, teaching the combined NL/BE/GE PWO course and the NL/GE Anti-Air Warfare Officers, (AAWO), course and all elements of Amphibious Warfare and Seariding duties on both NL LPD 1 HNLMS ROTTERDAM and NL LPD 2 HNLMS JOHAN DE WIT. He returned to the UK in 2010 for another Seariding appointment at FOST as the Staff Warfare Officer Littoral Manoeuvre, (SWO(LitM)), responsible for training UK and NATO amphibious platforms in all elements and the execution of amphibious operations, which encompassed an intense period of working up units to deploy to Libya for OP ELLAMY, culminating in the re-role of HMS ILLUSTRIOUS from strike to the commando

carrier role. In late 2012 he was appointed to Britannia Royal Naval College as First Lieutenant.

Lt Cdr Steve Henaghen lives in Plympton, Devon is married to Carol and they have one son, Wayne (24); his interests include keeping fit, most sports, (unfortunately now conceding to armchair rugby), reading, gardening and entertaining



CAPTAIN FANCY RN OBE ADC MSc

Commanding Officer HMS Raleigh

Captain Fancy (b.1964) entered Britannia Royal Naval College in 1983 and completed his initial sea training with the Hong Kong Squadron and HMS MANCHESTER in the Gulf. Specialising as a submariner in 1985 he had appointments in diesel and nuclear submarines where he gained experience in numerous covert operations, arctic navigation and deterrent patrols. He completed the Submarine Command Course in 1995 and thereafter enjoyed several command appointments, including second in Command of HMS SPARTAN, Command Sea Rider for Captain Submarine Sea Training and most notably command of HMS TRAFALGAR in 2001. He was the first UK submarine CO to successfully integrate with 2 US Fleets (5th and 6th) and operate in combat under US OPCON. He was awarded the OBE for service in Afghanistan in 2002.

He has also completed a series of staff appointments in Fleet, the Permanent Joint Head Quarters and Ministry of Defence. A personal highlight was service with the Joint Force Head Quarters where he deployed to over 20 countries including Lebanon and Sri Lanka where he lead the forward element of NEO planning and subsequent operations. The 2006 NEO of Beirut, where he led the forward team, was the UK's largest and most complex evacuation since WWII. At the Ministry of Defence he provided maritime subject matter expertise to the Operations Directorate in support of all military operations which included briefing and supporting the highest levels of the MOD including Chiefs of Staff and Ministers. In 2008 he acted as an expert witness in the House of Lords for questions on Piracy.

In 2009 he was seconded into industry and worked for 6 months with Accenture where he developed 2 major leadership and training programmes for a leading multinational company with over 250k employees. After

designing a quality assurance and control framework for the closure and archiving of MOD's Streamlining Programme in early 2010, he was appointed to US CENTCOM J2 as Deputy Assistant Director (UK). Captain Fancy's penultimate appointment before taking command of HMS RALEIGH in September 2012 was a 1 year appointment as the Deputy Head of All Source Intelligence in Defence Intelligence, where he led Policy development for intelligence disciplines as well being responsible for Strategic Maritime Collection programmes. Captain Fancy was appointed Aide-de-Camp to Her Majesty the Queen on 7th January 2013.

Captain Fancy is a qualified Facilitative Mediator, has trained in Non Violent Communication techniques and is also a Managing Successful Programmes® (MSP) Registered Practitioner. An amateur photographer and geocacher* he is very interested in sea kayaking and sailing. Captain Fancy lives in Devon with his wife Sarah and adult daughters Charlotte and Harriet.

***For the uninitiated Geocacher definition is as follows:**

Geocaching is an outdoor treasure-hunting game in which the participants (Geocachers) use a Global Positioning System (GPS) receiver or other navigational techniques to hide and seek containers (called "geocaches" or "caches") anywhere in the world. A typical cache is a small waterproof container containing a logbook and "treasure," usually toys or trinkets of little value.

Currently over 823,000 geocaches are registered on various websites (listed on our community page) devoted to the pastime. Geocaches are currently placed in over 100 countries around the world and on all seven continents, including Antarctica.

Geocaching is a great activity that will get you out into the big outdoors. It's an ideal way of getting the kids away from the Playstation or xBox and as it involves walking and finding caches it is a healthy activity that is very cost effective. If you have a GPS enabled device such as a handheld GPSr, PDA or GPS enabled mobile phone its free to participate in this great activity.

The best thing about it is you will be taken to places of interest and beauty that are on your doorstep that you never even knew existed.

*Book Review taken from **Sunday Express**, July 7, 2013*

WHEN ARCHDUKE Franz Ferdinand was on his way to Sarajevo on June 24, 1914, the electric lights on the royal train failed. The experience was like travelling "in a tomb" said the heir to the ramshackle Austro-Hungarian Empire.

It was an ill omen too. Four days later, a teenage Serbian fanatic called Gavrilo Princip, described as "thin and in poor health", assassinated the Archduke and his wife as their car turned outside Sarajevo's Moritz Schiller Spice Emporium. Those two shots from Princip's pistol detonated the First World War.

Sean McMeekin's splendid July 1914 unravels all the shenanigans, bluffs and bungling's by which Europe's leaders and diplomats turned a minor murder in a Balkans backwater into total war.

July 1914 is unashamedly history "from above", the view of the crisis from the wood-panelled government rooms and crystal-chandeliered ballrooms of Berlin, Vienna, St Petersburg, Paris and London. The book is almost worth the price to find out that the private residence of the Austrian foreign secretary was called The Strudel House.

Austria really did want to have its cake and to eat it. That nation wanted to muscledly punish Serbia for the assassination but without antagonising Russia, Serbia's best friend. Some hope that was.

Like a child in the playground, Austria called in its big brother Germany. As every GCSE history student knows, Berlin gave Austria "blank cheque" unconditional support, regardless of whether Russia fought in Serbia's behalf or whether France, Russia's ally, joined in.

Half- fascinated, half-horrified, Europe's leaders rattled their sabres at each other and put their armies on a war footing just in case.

When the Tsar realised that war was likely, he shouted: "I will not become responsible for a monstrous slaughter."

It was too late. The careering of Europe towards the precipice had developed a momentum that no one had the energy or will to halt.

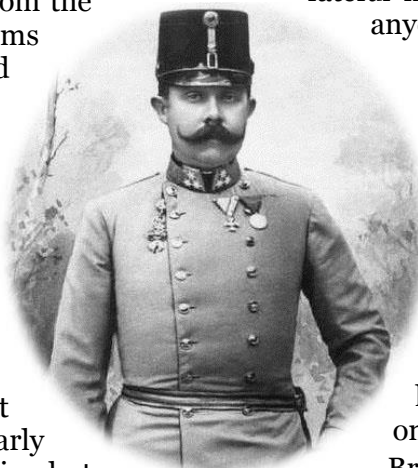
There are scenes in July 1914 that linger long after the cover is closed. Most poignant of all is King Albert of Belgium riding his horse to Parliament and asking the deputies, now that Germany had invaded, whether they wished to maintain "the sacred gift of our forefathers". The reply was unanimous: Belgium would fight.

Britain, bound by honour and treaty, rallied to Belgium's defence. The war went global.

Unless you are professor of diplomatic history at Oxford, July 1914 is unlikely to be beach reading. For mere mortals McMeekin has rendered the complicated events of that fateful month as clearly and vividly as anyone could desire.

To use diplomacy-speak, there is only one codicil. An epilogue on war guilt lets off Bethmann-Hollweg, the German Chancellor, too lightly. This despite the fact that McMeekin even spots the smoking gun: Bethmann-Hollweg's slip in conversation to a diplomat that Germany harboured imperialistic designs on France.

Britain's Foreign Secretary Sir Edward Grey famously remarked about the onset of the war that "the lamps are going out all over Europe". Ultimately, Germany pulled the switch and tomb-like darkness descended on the whole world.



Written by JOHN LEWIS-STEMPEL

QUESTIONS THAT HAUNT ME!

Why does a round pizza come in a square box?

What disease did cured ham actually have?

Can you cry under water?

Why doesn't Tarzan have a beard?

Who is this handsome young sailor?



I joined the Royal Navy as a 'Boy' (Junior Seaman II Class) aged 15 years and 2 months, on May 7th, 1957; as a Seaman, Signalman or Telegraphist, for a period of nine years to date from age 18, so effectively committed to 12 years' service.

Twelve months 'boys' training, at HMS St Vincent, partially

academic, partially nautical subjects and a lot of time laying out kit, doubling around the shuffle track and several sessions of that old St Vincent favourite punishment "Dartmouth Routine" also known to Ganges boys a "Shotley Routine".

"Dartmouth Routine" entailed packing ones entire kit, with duty instructor ensuring that next item of kit to be worn was at very bottom of kitbag. The class were then doubled to some other point in the camp, where we were ordered to strip, put on the bottom item in our kit bags, repack the kitbags then double to some other point where the procedure was repeated Ad Nauseam.

Once we had completed our years 'sentence', we were dispatched to various trade and training establishments for next phase of our training, in my case HMS Osprey at Portland, which was then the ASDIC training school (later known by American term of SONAR).

Many ships including; big and small ships, their lordships, hardships but most importantly friendships. Nothing like "Swinging the lamp" from time to time and recalling All the good times and maybe some of the bad ones too!

Still I persevered and after a slow start, clawed by way eventually up to Chief Petty Officer Torpedo & Anti-Submarine Instructor

(CPO TASI), but when MOD(N) decided to form the Operations Branch in mid-70's and abolish all instructor rates, I was officially known then as a PO(Sonar) and later CPO Ops Sonar or CHOPS for short. Having said all that as far as I am aware we all refused to change and relinquish our two-star instructor badges and still drew our shilling a day instructors pay until discharge, in my case 1982.

One shilling may seem a paltry amount, but when the instructor rate was introduced in the mid 40's, Petty Officers pay was 4/s (four shillings old money approximately 20 new pence in today's money) a day so the extra 'bob' was a massive pay increase. Sadly their Lordships never index linked Instructors pay so hence shilling a day until demob. (See poem bottom of page)

My ships (full commissions) included HMS Ulster, Vigilant, Loch Killisport, Daring, Blake and Zulu; with loans drafts to Gay Charger, Ramehead, Miner III & Murray. After my initial training at HMS St Vincent, I served at Osprey, Drake, Vernon (numerous times) Cochrane (x3), Neptune, Caledonia and Fort August Abbey Public school (CCF Instructor). From each I drew many skills and experiences which enabled me to obtain a first class position as a Senior Support Engineer First Class in Canada after discharge from RN.



ALL FOR A SHILLING A DAY

The TAS Instructors are a happy band
Some serve at sea and some on land
He has a lot to learn and a lot to say,
And for that gets a shilling a day.
The RAF and Army have instructors as well,
And they are always quick to tell,
They do not get any extra pay,
So be thankful for your shilling a day.
But like all sailors we like to drip,
When shall we see the GI & Part of shipô
Theres no difference between us I would say
Don't ALL qualified Instructors get a shilling a day?



Cooks to the Galley

Basic Macaroni Salad

My simple basic Macaroni Salad recipe runs rings around store bought. With its fresh, homey taste, this

favourite cold salad goes along on comfort your plate.

Serves: 8

Cooking Time: 15 min



Ingredients:

- 1 pound elbow macaroni
- 5 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 1 cup chopped celery
- ½ cup finely chopped red onion
- 2 cups mayonnaise
- ½ teaspoon garlic powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¾ teaspoon black pepper

Method:

1. In a large pot of boiling water, cook macaroni over high heat for 7 to 9 minutes, or just until tender. Drain, rinse, and let cool.
2. Place macaroni in a large bowl, add remaining ingredients, and mix well. Cover and refrigerate for at least 1 hour before serving.

ARABIAN FABLE

THERE ARE FOUR TYPES OF MEN*

He who knows not, and knows not he knows not.

HE IS A FOOL - SHUN HIM.

He who knows not, and knows he knows not.

HE IS SIMPLE - TEACH HIM.

He who knows, and knows not he knows.

HE IS ASLEEP - WAKE HIM.

He who knows, and knows he knows.

HE IS WISE - FOLLOW HIM.

(I can think of a better answer, but I dare not publish it. ED)

Love?

It's just a lot of distaff and nonsense

History books are full of women, who've caused problems for some men.

Eve, the one who tempted Adam, started it way back then.

Samson dallied with Delilah, when his hair was shoulder length,

But she gave his locks a trimming - that's how he lost his strength.

David fancied fair Bathsheba, only trouble she was wed.

So he sent her man Uriah, where he knew he'd end up dead.

There are stories from the bible but there are many more to tell,

Like Van Gogh who cut ear off for a girl who he knew well.

One lass from troy called Helen, must have had some shapely hips,

Though, it seems it was her face that launched a thousand ships.

Her it was caused all the fighting that involved a wooden horse.

When at school I heard that story, was all Greek to me of course.

Antony and Cleopatra, what a tale to make you gasp.

Not a "happy ever after" for she went out with an asp.

Lady Hamilton and Nelson they're a pair we cannot miss.

Wonder why though, as he's dying, he asked Hardy for a kiss.

Henry VIII was rather foolish; six wives can't have been much fun.

Most men I know are quite happy just settle for the one.

My advice is, lads, don't bother, you enjoy the single life.

**There, I think I've said enough now
I'm in trouble with the wife.**

Ark Royal's perfect swan song

Submitted by shipmate Fred Nowell from Daily Mirror

READING about the fate of HMS Ark Royal, which is on its way to Turkey be broken up, reminded me of song I heard on record as a little girl, sung by a choir boy about a sailor. It was called Goodbye Old Ship of Mine, and the words are rather sad:

Remember When

"Goodbye old ship of mine; No more we'll cross the line; Your days are through; Sailing on the blue." Then it goes on: "When they break you up at dawn; In the yard where you were born;

Your name will still live on; Even though you're gone." Well that quayside I'll always remember, And those words that I happened to hear.

W Clarke, Ilkeston, Derby

Ed's Note: researched the song on internet and found a few slightly different versions, but this one seemed the best

GOODBYE, OLD SHIP OF MINE

(Rodd Arden and Dominic Pelosi, 1935)

One day by the docks I was straying,
By the quayside I happened to be,
When I overheard someone saying
To an old ship just in from the sea:

CHORUS:

Goodbye, old ship of mine.
No more you'll cross the line.
Well, your days are through
sailing on the blue.
Goodbye, old ship of mine

They came from a voice soft and tender,
And in each word was a tear.

CHORUS:

Well, your logbook I'll always remember
In memory of you, Mary Ann.
I'd give the whole world to save you,
But I'm just a poor sailing man.

CHORUS:

When they break you up at dawn,
In the yard where you were born,
Oh, they'll break a part of a poor sailor's heart.

CHORUS:

Goodbye, old ship of mine.
So goodbye, old ship of mine,
For the sake of Auld Lang Syne.
Your name will live on 'til the day you're gone.
Goodbye, old ship of mine

ITS A LONG WAY..... TO THE DOCK BOTTOM

submitted by Shipmate Norrie Millen

The ship was in long refit and high and dry in the graving dock. A young sailor, who had joined the ship that day, was asked to complete a preliminary 'Hurt Certificate' report, explaining the accident that had landed him in the Royal Naval Hospital after only a few hours aboard his new ship.

The task that the Chief Bosun's Mate had allocated him was simple enough. He had been instructed to unrig some wooden staging on the ship's side and take it to the dock bottom. His report was as follows:

Thinking I could save some time, I rigged a block and tackle, securing it to a piece of scaffolding. I lowered one end of the rope to the dock bottom. I tied an old dhobi bucket to the other end of the rope and hauled it up to the top of the scaffolding, then secured the rope to a large ring bolt on the floor of the dock. Climbing back to the top of the scaffolding, I filled the bucket with the metal scaffold securing clamps.



My neighbour knocked on my door at 2.30 this morning. Imagine Luckily I was still up, practising my bagpipes!

I then returned to the dock-bottom and unfastened the rope, to let the bucket down. Unfortunately the bucket of clamps was now heavier than I and before I knew what was happening, the bucket jerked me up into the air. I clung to the rope and halfway up, I met the bucket coming down, receiving a severe blow to my left shoulder. I continued my unplanned trip to the top of the staging, banging my head on the scaffolding and jamming my fingers in the block and tackle.

When the bucket hit the ground, it split, spilling the clamps onto the dock floor. As I was now heavier than the bucket, I started to descend at high speed. Halfway down I met the bucket for a second time, receiving severe lacerations to my shins. When I hit the dock bottom, I landed on the clamps, receiving more cuts and contusions from the sharp edges of the clamp bolts. At this point I was very confused, and let the rope go. The bucket came down again, striking me on the head. I awoke in Royal Naval Hospital

SONIA SNELL

This is the tale of Sonia Snell

To whom an accident befell,

An accident, as will be seen,

Embarrassing In the extreme.

It happened as it does to many

That Sonia went to spend a penny,

And entering with unconscious grace

The properly appointed place,

There behind the railway station

She sat in silent meditation,

Unfortunately unacquainted

The seat had recently been painted.

Too late did Sonia realise

Her inability to rise,

And though she struggled pilled and yelled

She found that she was firmly held.

She raised her voice in mournful shout,

"Please-- someone come and get me out"

A crowd stood round and feebly

sniggered,

A signalman said "Well I'll be

.jiggered".

"Cor blimey" said an ancient porter

"We ought to soak her off with

water"

The station master and his staff

Were most polite and did not laugh.

They tugged at Sonia's hands and

feet.

But could not shift her off the Seat.

Remarked "I know what I can do"

And quickly sawed the seat in two

Sonia arose only to find

she'd a wooden halo on her behind

But an ambulance drove down the street

And bore her off complete with seat.

They rushed the wooden bustled girl

Quickly to the Hospital

And grasping her hands and her head

Placed her face downward on a bed.

The Doctors came and cast their eyes

Upon the seat with some surprise.

A surgeon said "Now mark my word,

Could anything be more absurd?".

Have any of you, I implore,

Seen anything like this before?"

"Yes cried a student, unashamed

Frequently.....**but never framed!**"



10 years ago the USA had Steve Jobs,
Bob Hope and Johnny Cash.
Now the USA has no Jobs, no Hope and
no Cash



What the papers say

Teignmouth Post 5th July 2013

From Chris Dunn's "View from the bridge"

We are the boys who will stop your little game

'RIGHT men, gather round. Now it may have come to your attention that it has been more than 48 hours since the A381 Teignmouth to Newton road was last dug up and the traffic brought to a standstill.

I don't need to tell you about the problem this is causing, with traffic able to come and go freely and buses running on time, so it's up to us to get out there and put a stop to it as promptly as we can.

'Our task is, quite simply, to restore the status quo on the A381. That means lengthy roadwork's, preferably uncoordinated with other "essential" projects, causing really long traffic queues, furious drivers and plentiful clouds of exhaust emissions to foul up the atmosphere.

'Any questions?'

'Ooh, does that mean we'll be mending potholes, Mr Mainwaring?'

'Stupid boy. No Pike, I'm talking about digging some proper holes here. Temporary traffic lights, cones, portable lavatories, hard hats and Day-Glo jackets. This is about digging for victory.

'Our job is to hold the fort and spin the work out until reinforcements arrive to start excavating the Morrison's junction for the fifth time since Christmas.

'Jones, Wilson, I shall need you to stand around leaning on shovels and conspicuously doing nothing at all except having a smoke...'

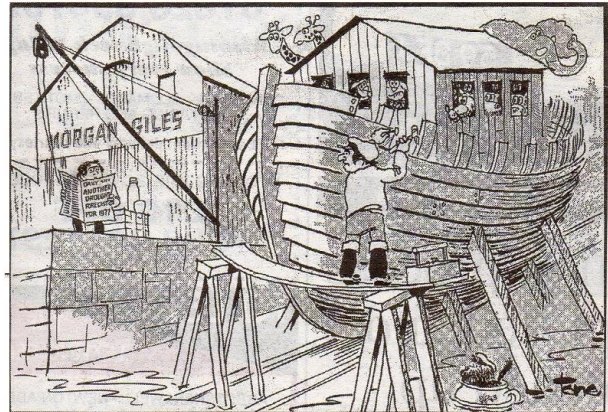
More repeats than Dad's Army? The continuing saga of continuing roadwork's on the A381.

Ed's Note: It certainly put a smile on my face



TEIGNMOUTH POST & GAZETTE, FRIDAY, 20 MAY, 1977

"POST" CARTOON



"It's not that I am religious

I just don't believe them weather forecasts!"

Signalman Douglas J. Palmer

C/JX 228654

Submitted by S/M John Soanes



An approach was made earlier this year by Mr Charlie Mondahl where he explained that his uncle was near to 'Crossing the Bar' and as his uncle was an Ex-Royal Naval man, he requested if an RN presence

would be possible at his funeral when the time came. We of course agreed.

On Thursday 11th July our Standard was paraded and a guard of honour of five Torbay RNA shipmates paid their respects at the funeral of Signalman Douglas J. Palmer 98 years C/JX 228654 of Paignton, his coffin was adorned with a White Ensign and a photograph frame containing his medals.

Doug was a veteran of the Second World War serving most of his time in merchant ships as a Royal Navy Signalman on Atlantic convoys, mainly between Liverpool and Halifax Nova Scotia. A very proud and well respected gentleman, who for most of his long married life was a devoted carer for his late wife. For a number of years he was the manager of the YMCA in Paignton.

Mr and Mrs Mondahl and family were very grateful to the Branch for helping to ensure their uncle received a good send off, both commented that Doug would have been very proud.

The family made a very generous donation of £100 to the Branch."