



Ahoy Shipmate RNA Torbay Newsletter

Volume 2

Issue 5

September 2013

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"We joined same day, what went wrong with your career path?"

Police are called to an apartment and find a woman holding a bloody 3-iron standing over a lifeless man.

The detective asks, "Ma'am, is that your husband?"

"Yes" says the woman.

"Did you hit him with that golf club?"

"Yes, yes, I did." The woman begins to sob, drops the club, and puts her hands on her face. "How many times did you hit him?" "I don't know -- put me down for a five."



Editorial

By Shipmate Norrie Millen

Having established a good contact with BRNC's First Lieutenant's 2 i/c a CPO ET(ME), Ben Petri; I managed to arrange a private tour of the Naval College. On August 8th, shipmates Ken Dustan, Arthur Coulton and Claudette, Ross & Kelly Barden and Callum & Ella their children along with Angela and I made up the small party. Sadly Peter Fawkes and his wife had to cancel at last moment.

Our guide was the First Lieutenant, Lieutenant Commander Henaghen, who was very knowledgeable and made the tour extremely interesting and indeed on occasion amusing. You may recall from previous issue that our guide had served 37 years in RN, starting as one of the last Junior Seaman, working his way up to WO1 before being commissioned. He is the first ex lower-decker to hold the position of 'Jimmy' of the college, a remarkable achievement and his many experiences came across during our tour (See Page 4)

I guess it is time to break out the winter woollies again, weather turning a bit cooler now after a remarkable summer, best in years. The weather even held for our car boot sale which achieved some success and will help Branch funds no doubt.

Many thanks to those shipmates that have submitted articles for newsletters, makes my job a lot easier and will make interesting reading for other shipmates.

I am sure you will be glad to know that as of the date of our September meeting there is only 89 shopping days to Christmas!

The way I see it anyway!



Chairman's Corner

By Shipmate John Soanes

On Sunday 15th September, Ann and I together with Peter and Pat Brown attended the Battle of Britain Service at St. Luke's Church Torquay. It was a very moving service very well conducted by the Reverend Pauline Lewis, MBE. Our Standard was paraded very smartly by Cadet Tom Stevenson from the Torbay Sea Cadet Unit. A total of seven standards were paraded with the local RAF Cadet Band in attendance. Following the service we all returned to the RAFA Club where we enjoyed a drink and 'big eats'.

The Branch has received an invitation to join the Torbay Sea Cadets at St. Pauls Church, Preston, Paignton on Sunday 20th October 2013 at 1030 am for the Annual Trafalgar day Service, and all Torbay members are invited. Our Standard will again be paraded by a Sea Cadet.

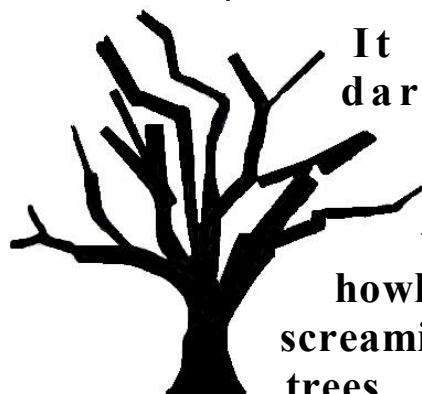
Arrangements are well in hand for our Trafalgar Dinner on the 19th October, I am very pleased to announce that our Patron Captain Christopher Wreford-Brown DSO has accepted our invitation to be the Guest of Honour and will propose the toast to the Immortal Memory during his after dinner speech. I am particularly pleased about this, as it has fallen to me for the last three or four years and I have just about run out of different Nelson themes! If you have not yet booked then please get in touch with Mike Neville our Treasurer a.s.a.p.

Finally, Don't forget our Social evening at the RAFA Club on Saturday 14th December, please think about providing a prize for our Grand Raffle to be held during the evening and remember everyone will get a 'free tot of Pussers'.

ONE FOR THE ROAD

Based on a true experience by

Shipmate Nome Millen



It was a dark and stormy night, the wind howling and screaming. The trees glistened

with ice, deep snow lay everywhere. I bent my head

lower and continued my slow walk up the narrow lane towards the pub. A shiver ran through me, I stopped and looked around. Was that someone back there or just my imagination? I moved ahead once more, my footsteps muffled by the fresh fall of snow. I shivered again, thinking about the strange experience of a few days ago.

It had long been my daily ritual, as a single man, both during the working week and at weekends, to partake of a glass of beer and a ploughman's meal or pie for my dinner. A few nights ago I had gone into the pub just after seven o'clock to find the lounge bar comfortably full, the buzz of conversation and the odd laughter drowning out the background music.

One of the other regulars, Alistair McKenzie, a really striking man would also stride in every single night with a little Scottie terrier, close at his heels. The dog was called Whisper, so named because of the very unusual hasping bark he had, a result of a throat defect at birth. Alistair was a little eccentric and it was rumoured around the town that he was the heir to a vast fortune somewhere overseas. He resided at a special rest home for wealthy

people, where he had a private suite of rooms. This added spice to the rumour / that his family had shipped him off out of sight to save them any further embarrassment.

I was sat at the bar drinking my beer and enjoying a delicious meat pie, when the door opened and in strode Alistair. He marched up to the bar and placed his usual order; a double Scotch and two quarter bottles to go. His routine never varied seven days a week. He would quickly place a small bottle in each of his jacket pockets, down his Scotch and then order: "One for the road". He would drink that down and stride quickly out.

Tonight was no exception. After the barman had served Alistair, he returned to lazily polishing some beer glasses with a linen towel. Alistair finished his drink, ordered his second drink, downed it and left the bar. The barman was engaged in some idle conversation about the weather with another of the regulars. I was casually glancing through the newspaper, when there was a loud sound of breaking glass. The bar man had dropped the glass he was polishing, and was stood, mouth wide open, face ashen.

The room went completely silent; conversation had died with the tinkling of breaking glass. We all looked expectantly toward the barman for an

explanation. Several seconds passed before the barman managed to regain his voice. "That was Alistair McKenzie!" he stuttered.

We all readily agreed that it was. "But, but he died six weeks ago and was buried along with his dog a few days later". We all suddenly realised that he was indeed right.

We all rushed for the door to try and catch a glimpse of Alistair. The long narrow road was completely empty and there was no trace of footprints in the snow. The wind died down a bit, almost to a whisper. Was that the wee dog Whisper hasping away, or was it our imagination. I guess Alistair had just stopped in for one last drink for the road.



"Did you name it after me, like you said you would?"

IMPORTANT NEWS RELEASE

Submitted by S/M Peter Fawkes

Senior Citizens are the **nation's** Leading carrier of **AIDS**! Hearing **AIDS**, Band **AIDS**, Roll **AIDS**, Walking **AIDS**, Medical **AIDS**, Government **AIDS** and most Monetary **AIDS** to their children!

THE GOLDEN YEARS HAVE COME AT LAST

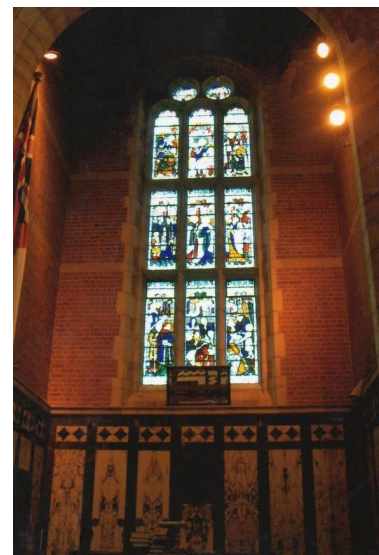
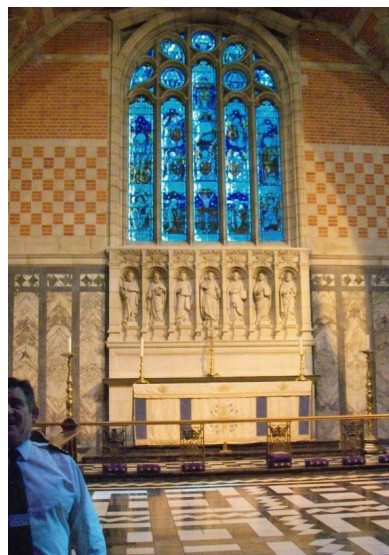
I cannot see, I cannot pee, I cannot chew, I cannot sc***. My memory shrinks, My hearing stinks. No sense of smell, I look like hell.

My body's drooping, Got trouble pooping!

**SO THE GOLDEN YEARS HAVE COME AT LAST?
WELL THE GOLDEN YEARS CAN KISS MY BURRO?**

(Equus africanus asinus)

BRNC Pictures ï More and larger ones on website



Clockwise from top: Great dining room, Admiral of Fleet coats of arms, The 'Jimmy' amuses the group, Side chapel window, Main chapel window, Prince Charles statuette, "Is it a bird, is it a plane, no its super cadet!",

Bunting Tosser

Shipmate John Hider D/JX20491



I joined the Royal Navy as a Signalman, fondly known as 'Bunting Tossers' or by some 'Flag Waggers' on 6th May 1947 (*Editor's Note: Almost 10 years to the day earlier than me May 7th 1957*) and after my twelve



months 'Boys' training was drafted to *HMS St James*. *HMS St James* was a Battle-class destroyer of the Royal Navy. She was named in honour of the Battle of St. James Day which took place in 1666.

HMS St James was 5th Destroyer Squadron and part of the Home Fleet. I served aboard her from July 1948 to June 1949 and during one RAS off the Azores in March of '49, we encountered some rather choppy conditions which made station



keeping a bit 'hairy'!

From July 1949 to January 1952 I served aboard *HMS Vigo*, another Battle Class destroyer and attached to 3rd Destroyer Squadron in the Mediterranean Fleet. She was named after the Battle of Vigo, which took place in 1702 during the War of Spanish Succession between a British-Dutch Fleet and the French, and which ended in a victory for the British. During this commission I enjoyed short loan drafts to RFA's *Wave Knight*, *Fort Duquesne* and Italian Frigate *ITS Aldebaran* an ex UX Navy Cannon Class *USS Thornhill*.

From March 1952 to May 1953 I served aboard *HMS Meon*, a River Class frigate attached to Amphibious Warfare Squadron. After this I became a barrack stanchion for a few months serving at RNSS Devonport, the Guzz Signal School.

I then joined *HMS Carisbrooke Castle* on detached duties in UK coastal waters, serving from October 1953 to November 1954. On to some more shore time I was drafted to *HMS Phoenixia*, Manoel Island Signal Station in Malta, serving from January 1955 to January 1956.



This was followed by a brief spell aboard *HMS Manxman*, a Fast Mine laying Cruiser in the Mediterranean Fleet from January to July 1956, after which I became a barrack stanchion back in 'Jago's Mansion' for three months until loaned drafted to *HMS Girdle Ness* for a few weeks.

From November 1956 to February 1957 I was on my PO's course at *HMS Mercury* Signal School. This completed I was drafted to *HMS Acute*, an Algerine class minesweeper attached to the Dartmouth Training Squadron serving from March 1957 to March 1958.

From March 1958 to January 1959 I served at RNSS Devonport as the National Serviceman's Instructor.

Back to sea again in January 1959 to July 1960 aboard *HMS St Brides Bay* attached to the 3rd Frigate Squadron in the Far East.

My time drawing to a close I was drafted to RNB Devonport from July 1960 to January 1961 (Awaiting disposal!)





Cooks to the Galley

Norrie's Meatloaf

One of the dishes I discovered in Canada, a great favourite there and in America. A great way to use up left over vegetables such as peppers, tomatoes, mushrooms celery etc. Serve with mashed potatoes, gravy and vegetables.

Ingredients

Serves 8

- 1 tbsp. vegetable oil
- 2 large onions, chopped
- 2 large celery sticks, chopped
- 1 large green pepper, seeded and chopped
- 3 garlic cloves, crushed
- 1 kg lean minced beef
- 75 g fresh breadcrumbs (white or wholemeal)
- 1 egg, lightly beaten
- 227 g can chopped tomatoes
- 4 tbsp. tomato ketchup
- salt and freshly ground black pepper

Directions

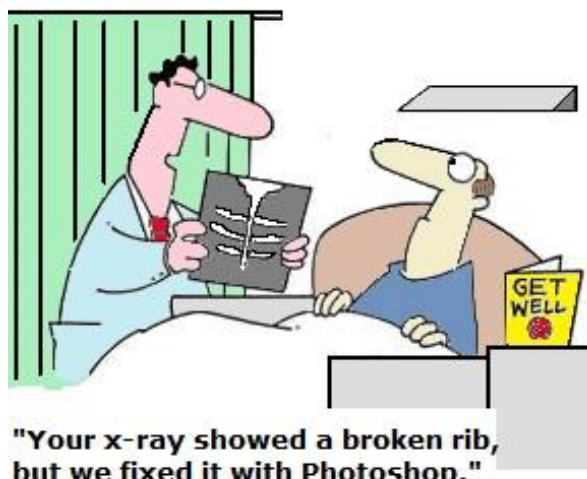
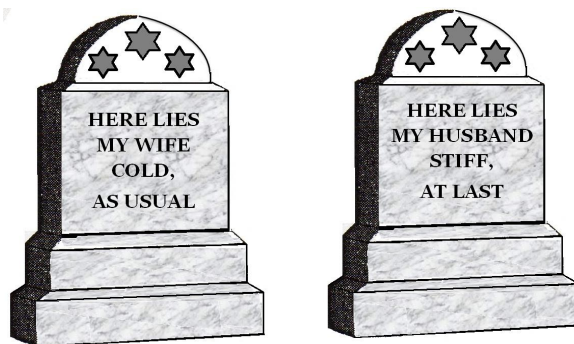
Prep: 35 min, Cook: 1hr15min Ready : 1hr50min

1. Preheat the oven to 180°C (gas 4). Heat the oil in a large, deep frying pan, add the onions, celery, green pepper and garlic and cook gently for 5 minutes over a medium heat until soft. Transfer the vegetables to a large bowl.
2. Add the beef, breadcrumbs and egg to the vegetables, season with salt and pepper and knead the mixture with your hands.
3. Combine the tomatoes with their juice and the ketchup in a small bowl. Add half to the meatloaf mixture and mix again.
4. Transfer the mixture to a lightly greased baking dish and shape to make a loaf or loaf tin, measuring about 25 x 18 cm, mounding it slightly in the centre. Make a lengthways groove down the centre with the side of your hand and pour the remaining tomato mixture into the groove.
5. Bake for 1¼ hours or until cooked through to the centre. (If you have a meat thermometer, it should read 71°C when the loaf is cooked.) Allow to stand for 10 minutes before slicing, using a sharp knife.

COOK SMART

Breadcrumbs are often added to minced meat dishes, not only as a 'stretcher' but also as a 'tightener'. So never waste the ends of loaves instead turn them into breadcrumbs and keep in the freezer, handy for when you need them.

Grave Concerns



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. No response from Patricia Haward to the letter I wrote enquiring after her health; although she was seen getting off a bus by S/M John Hider

After 100 years lying on the sea bed, Irish divers were amazed to find that the Titanic's swimming pool was still full.

The Final Freedom March of HMS Cardiff

Hosted by The Right Honourable The Lord Mayor of Cardiff Councillor Freda Salway
On Saturday 9 July 2005 at Cardiff Castle

Submitted by S/M Fred Nowell

It is with very great pleasure that I welcome the Commanding Officer and the ship's company of *HMS Cardiff* to the Capital City of the Principality for the final time.

However, the day is tinged with sadness, as the ship is allocated for decommissioning at the end of August we must, however, celebrate the relationship that the ship has had with our City since being granted the Freedom of the City on 3rd February 1988.

Throughout that period, the ship, and the City and County of Cardiff have enjoyed consistently strong links, with regular visits by the ship since that time. Since being granted its Freedom, *HMS Cardiff* has shared its relationship with our City around the world, and, the ship, each Commanding Officer, as well as every member of the ship's company have been superb ambassadors for our City. We have always welcomed this fact, and have been delighted to welcome the ship back to our shores 20 times since 1979, when the relationship began.

During this exciting year for Cardiff, when we are celebrating 100 years as a City, and 50 years as a Capital, we have been provided with the opportunity to celebrate Cardiff's history, and heritage, and this is just such a day.

Cardiff wants to share its celebrations within the City with the people of Wales, Europe, and the rest of the World. We want to use the year as a platform for taking forward the relationship between the nation and its Capital.

It is with the greatest pleasure that I extend civic greetings to all of those that take part in *HMS Cardiff's* final Freedom March today, and to the Commanding officer, and all of the ship's company I wish you well in the future you have all served the City and County of Cardiff with distinction we are honoured to salute you today!

Councillor Freda Salway
The Right Honourable The Lord Mayor of Cardiff



DINAS A SIR CAERDYDD



Agris in cardine rerum

HISTORY OF HMS CARDIFF

The first *HMS Cardiff* was a renamed Dunkirk privateer originally named "FORTUNE". She was a 360 ton 8 gun vessel captured by CAPT. James Peacock in *HMS TIGER* in 1652. Her main role was fishery protection in the Irish Sea during the Dutch war before being sold in Jamaica in 1658.

The second *HMS Cardiff* was a light cruiser of the Ceres class displacing 4190 tons and armed with 5 x 6" guns. She was ordered under the emergency plan in April 1916, laid down in July 1916 and launched in April 1917. The wife of the Prime Minister Mrs David Lloyd George named her *CARDIFF* at the request of the City of Cardiff. In July 1917 *CARDIFF* became the flagship of the 6th Light Cruiser Squadron of the Grand Fleet, based at Scapa Flow. She saw action in the Battle of Heligoland Bight on the 17th November 1917. A year later flying the flag of Rear Admiral E S Alexander Sinclair she had the honour of leading the German High Seas Fleet into internment in the River Forth. A month later she was again on active service operating against the Bolsheviks near Reval in the Baltic. Between the wars she was on general fleet duties worldwide before serving as a Clyde Gunnery Training Ship until disposal in 1945.

The present *HMS Cardiff* is the third ship to bear the name. Laid down at Vickers' Shipbuilding Yard, Barrow in Furness in 1972, she was launched by Lady Caroline Gilmore in 1974 and commissioned at Portsmouth in 1979. *CARDIFF* is the last of the original Batch of the Type 42 Air Defence Destroyers.

During her career *HMS CARDIFF* has been in the front line on many occasions, she has seen action in the Falklands, the Arabian Gulf and the Adriatic Sea. The ship's motto is "Agris in cardine rerum" (Keen in Emergency).

The Type 42 Destroyer still forms the backbone of the anti-air capability and will continue to do so until the introduction of the Type 45 Destroyer. They are equipped with the Sea Dart medium range air defence missile system, which in its primary role is designed to provide area air defence to a

group of ships, although it is also effective against surface targets at sea. In addition to their role as an air defence platform the Type 42 Destroyer can operate independently carrying out patrol and boarding operations. In her final year *HMS Cardiff* has been deployed to the South Atlantic and more recently the Mediterranean as part of a multinational NATO force. *HMS Cardiff* will enter Portsmouth for the final time on the 15 July 2005 prior to officially decommissioning on 31 August 2005.

Since commissioning she has steamed nearly 34 million nautical miles, the equivalent of going around the world 200 times. *HMS Cardiff* has visited 73 countries and this is her 20th visit to the City since 1979.

During her career, *Cardiff* served in the Falklands War, where she shot down the last Argentine aircraft of the conflict and accepted the surrender of a 700-strong garrison in the settlement of Port Howard. During the 1991 Gulf War, her Lynx helicopter sank two Iraqi minesweepers. She later participated in the build-up to the 2003 invasion of Iraq as part of the constant Armilla patrol; *Cardiff* thwarted attempts to smuggle oil out of the country, but was not involved in the actual invasion.

Cardiff was decommissioned in July 2005, having earned two battle honours for service in the Falklands and Gulf wars. She was sent to Turkey for scrapping despite calls by former servicemen for her to be preserved as a museum ship and local tourist attraction in Cardiff.

The Senuous Wife...

"Have you ever seen a twenty pound note all crumpled up?" asked the wife. "No," said her husband. She gave him a sexy little smile, slowly reached into her cleavage and pulled out a crumpled twenty pound note. "Have you ever seen a fifty pound note crumpled up?" she asked. "Uh, no," he said. She gave him another sexy little smile, seductively reached into her panties and pulled out a crumpled fifty pound note. "Now," she said, "Have you ever seen £40,000 pounds all crumpled up?" "No," he said, now really intrigued. "Well go look in the garage".

BATTLE HONOURS

1982 FALKLAND ISLANDS 1991 GULF WAR

DEPLOYMENTS

1981	WEST INDIES GUARDSHIP (WIGS)
1982	ARMILLA PATROL
1982	OPERATION CORPORATE
1983	FALKLAND ISLANDS
1984	ARMILLA PATROL
1985	UK, DED
1986	ARMILLA PATROL
1987	WIGS, ARMILLA PATROL
1988	REFIT, PORTSMOUTH
1989	POST REFIT, UK
1990	ARMILLA PATROL GULF OPS
1991	OPERATION DESERT STORM
1992	WIGS
1993	SNFM (ADRIATIC OPS)
1994	ARMILLA PATROL
1995	UK, BALTIC, MEDITERRANEAN
1996	2ND REFIT ROSYTH
1997	2ND REFIT, UK
1998	SNFM (MEDITERRANEAN, ADRIATIC)
1999	BALTIC, UK
2000	APT(N) WEST INDIES
2001	UK, 2ND DED
2002	UK, ARMILLA PATROL
2003	ARMILLA PATROL, UK
2004	APT(S), FALKLAND ISLANDS
2005	SNMG2 (MEDITERRANEAN)

HMS CARDIFF COMMANDING OFFICERS

Capt. B.N Wilson	22	Sep 79	18 Nov	80
Capt. M.G.T Harris	18	Nov 80	24 Aug	82
Cmdr. C.K.D Cobley	24	Aug 82	14 Mar	84
Capt. M.H.G Layard	14	Mar 84	01 Aug	85
Capt. B Burns	01	Aug 85	13 Mar	87
Cmdr. R.A Des Cosby	13	Mar 87	30 Nov	87
Cmdr. J.H Morgan	22	Aug 88	07 Aug	90
Cmdr. A.R. Nance	07	Aug 90	05 Nov	91
Cmdr. R.D Leaman	05	Nov 91	30 July	93
Cmdr. N Morisetti	30	July 93	02 Dec	94
Cmdr. N Butler	02	Dec 94	01 Apr	96
Capt. H.A.H.G Edleston	19	May 97	25 July	98
Capt. S.C Jermy	25	July 98	13 Dec	99
Capt. N Morisetti	13	Dec 99	05 June	01
Capt. T P Fraser	05	June 01	03 June	03
Cmdr. MJD Beardall	03	June 03	July	05

I never knew this....

Did you know 'listen' and 'silent' use the same letters?

Do you also know that the words 'race car' spelled backwards still spells 'race car'?

And that 'eat' is the only word that if you take the first letter and move it to the last, it spells its past tense 'ate'?

HMS Dreadnought

Submitted by A/M Arthur Coulton

In number 10 Downing Street, Henry Campbell-Bannerman was settling into his new job, just five days in post, from today the 69-year-old Liberal Democrat MP would officially be known no longer as First Lord of the Treasury, but 'Prime Minister'. In the Far East, there was an uneasy peace between Russia and Japan in the wake of the Treaty of Portsmouth, which brought the two countries' bitter conflict to an end.



In the historic naval dockyard of Portsmouth, His Britannic Majesty and Emperor of India, King Edward VII, prepared to launch the world's largest warship: HMS Dreadnought.

Everything about her was impressive. Bigger, faster, more powerful, more deadly than any vessel which had taken to the sea, she had even been built in record time.

Her launch was, naval cadet Stephen King Hall wrote excitedly to his parents, "The greatest sight I have ever seen. It made me proud of my country and of the Navy, she is an enormous ship." Dreadnought inspired books, songs, post-cards. She inspired naval patriotism.

She was a floating ambassador for Britain and the Royal Navy. Whenever the opportunity arose, Dreadnought was shown off to foreign dignitaries (some genuine, some not as we shall read later, but she also provoked envy and fear. Dreadnought would usher in a new arms race that would end in the cataclysm of the 1914-1918 war she would change the face of the world's navies. At a stroke, every battleship on earth was rendered obsolete.

HMS Dreadnought, the Admiralty predicted, would "mark the beginning of a new naval epoch" henceforth battleships would be known as Dreadnoughts in honour of the ship which led the revolution, all her predecessors were relegated to 'pre-dreadnought' status.

Henceforth a nation's stature would be judged depending on the number of dreadnoughts it possessed - just as today the nuclear powers stand in a league of their own.

Germany, France, the United States, Japan, Chile, Turkey, Italy, Austria-Hungary - all ordered or built their own dreadnoughts.

Within one decade, the dreadnoughts would clash in the North Sea haze of a spring afternoon off the shores of Jutland. The thunder of the guns could be heard on the Danish mainland, dozens of miles to the east.

Within three decades they would be obsolete, out-stripped by technological advances and by the advent of the aircraft carrier.

But in the first decade of the 20th Century, HMS Dreadnought and the ships which succeeded her

were the apotheosis of martial spirit and technology.

February 10 1906 is a day which

HMS Dreadnought Built Portsmouth

Dockyard, laid down October 1905, completed December 1906. Cost £1,785,683

Size: Length 520 feet waterline 527 feet overall, beam 82 feet 1 inch, draught 26 feet 6 inches (normal), displacement 18,120 tons normal 20,730 tons deep

Propulsion: 4 shaft Parsons turbines, 23,000 shp, 21kts. On sea trials: 24,712 shp = 21.05 knots

Armour: 11-4in belt, 11 in barbettes, 11 in turret faces, 3-1.5in decks

Armament: 10 x 12in 45cal MK X (5 x 2 turrets), 24 x 12 pounder (24 x 1), 5 x 18in torpedo tubes.

Complement: 700.

changed the world forever.

Commentary

When Admiral Sir John Fisher became First Sea Lord in October 1904 one of the first things he did was to set up a Design Committee to consider possible "all big gun" ship designs. The switch from the mixed armament of previous battleships to a uniform main calibre main gun and a light anti-torpedo boat defensive armament was controversial but soon copied by those navies that were not already thinking along similar lines. Just as revolutionary was the adoption of steam turbines which enabled higher speeds for less weight and volume of machinery as well as causing less vibration. Protection was slightly less than the last British pre-Dreadnoughts but better than most pre-Dreadnoughts and considered adequate. The slight reduction was necessary in order to provide better underwater protection with greater sub-division and the introduction of partial anti-

torpedo bulkheads (screens) which protected the ships magazines against underwater explosions.

AN IMPERIAL VISIT "BUNGA BUNGA"

ON A February morning four years after her auspicious launch, HMS Dreadnought lay at anchor off Portland with the mighty Home Fleet, now augmented.

A sailor hurriedly handed a telegram to Admiral Sir William May, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet.

The Emperor of Abyssinia - today Ethiopia - his entourage, a Foreign Office minion and a translator were bound for Weymouth. "Kindly make all arrangements to receive them," the telegram ended. *Signed Hardinge* - Sir Charles Hardinge, Under Secretary of the Foreign Office.

The admiral responded quickly. The illustrious visitors would receive a tour of the world's most famous battleship.

The red carpet was laid at Weymouth station, where a barrier was hastily erected; a guard of honour was arranged.

The Emperor and his retinue stepped off the train from Paddington to find a small crowd eagerly pressing against the makeshift barrier, while a Royal Navy officer in full ceremonial uniform greeted the Abyssinians.

A car carried the visitors to the harbour, where a waiting launch swiftly took them to Dreadnought, dressed overall for this famous occasion. A guard of honour formed up; the national flag of Zanzibar was hoisted - no-one could find the Abyssinian ensign, nor the national anthem; the Royal Marines band struck up Zanzibar's instead. But the guests did not mind, far from it, they were delighted by the hospitality shown by the Royal Navy, and in particular Dreadnought's modern fittings, notably her electric light bulbs and her main armament.

"Bunga Bunga," the Abyssinians shouted with approval.

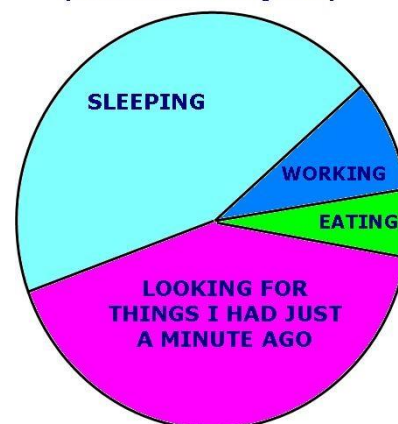
All the time. Admiral May and his officers dutifully hosted their visitors while the translator struggled to convey Jackspeak in Abyssinian. Dreadnought's senior officers were presented with Abyssinian medals' in recognition of their hospitality, while the party handed out small cards printed in Swahili to the bemused ship's company.

For forty minutes the distinguished guests enjoyed their tour of the pride of the Fleet before returning to London, where they posed for a group photograph to celebrate a great day.

Except that the Abyssinians were not really Abyssinians, they were blackened up Brits led by arch practical joker Horace de Vere Cole and including the future Virginia Woolf who donned a fake beard and turban to disguise herself. Cole played the role of Foreign Office official Herbert Cholmondeley and played it to a T. At Paddington he had demanded staff bow and treat the imperial party with suitable respect, and on the return journey, the train was delayed at Reading while a railwayman purchased some white kid gloves to serve the Abyssinians their meal. As for the Abyssinian spoken... it was little more than bastardised Latin and Greek mispronounced. The British public was amused, Admiral May was greeted with cries of "Bunga Bunga" a catch phrase apparently adopted by many Edwardian Britons to express delight, surprise or satisfaction.

The Royal Navy was not amused, it demanded Cole be brought to justice and even dispatched two officers to his home to cane him. Questions were asked in the House, puffed newspaper editors demanded punishment, Horace de Vere Cole enjoyed an unofficial title Prince of Practical Jokers. *The imperial imposters... Horace de Vere Cole and pals, including a young Virginia Woolf, posed for the camera after duping the Admiralty and tricking their way on to HMS Dreadnought*

THIS IS YOUR LIFE
(Broken down into segments)



Airline ticket office, Copenhagen: *We take your bags and send them in all directions.* (Just Like Easyjet!)

A Laundry in Rome: *Ladies, leave your clothes here and then spend the afternoon having a good time.*

And finally the all-time classic:

Seen in an Abu Dhabi Souk shop window:
If the front is closed please enter through my backside.