



HMS
Pembroke will
not be open
to visitors
During her
Torbay visit



AHOY SHIPMATE

RNA Torbay Newsletter

Volume 3

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Deep Thoughts

If flying is so safe, why do they call the airport the "terminal"?

I don't approve of political jokes. I've seen too many of them get elected.

If life deals you lemons, make lemonade. If life deals you tomatoes, make Bloody Marys.

Shopping tip: You can get shoes for a pound at bowling alleys.

I am a nobody; nobody is perfect, and therefore I am perfect.

Every day I beat my own previous record for number of consecutive days I've stayed alive.



Editorial

By Shipmate Norrie Millen

Hi! Shipmates,

Looks like summers here at last. You can always tell as I break out my shorts and sandals! I even had a very enjoyable pint of ice cold cider in the Rock Gardens beer garden in Torquay dressed in my No. 10's!

I have included in this issue another article from "Trident" dated January 1946 and priced 1/6d which as I told you last issue I found looking through some old albums of my grandfather (Nobody answered question what the 'd' stood for in 1/6d, so that has saved me a tot)

The article entitled "Under Two Flags" tells of seven Canadian destroyers, which were ex US 'four stackers' similar to those the United Kingdom had on lend-lease during WWII. Quite a lengthy article so I will run it in two parts.

Sorry to keep 'playing the old scratched record' but I know some of you must have some amusing anecdotes that you could share with other shipmates. Several of you have provided excellent biographies of your time in the Royal Navy, you that have not, come on give the old grey cells a dust off and I am sure you could put together an interesting account of your time in services. Don't worry about the format I can soon put that in to (ship) shape.

If we have another nice summer, don't forget the epaulettes on sale in the slop chest. You will all look as smart as guardsman in 'shirt-sleeve' order. Whilst others are sweltering in blazers you can be cool and cool looking and also be advertising the Royal Naval Association.

The way I see it anyway!



Chairman's Corner

By Shipmate John Soanes

The Quiz evening on the 24th April went quite well. Although it was not as well attended as in the past, the occasion was enjoyed by all, and the branch, by way of the raffle and the one to hundred draw for a bottle of Pussers Rum managed to add a few pounds to Branch funds.

The bottle of Pussers was won by our very own connoisseur of fine rums John Hider, a well-deserved winner - "Bravo Zulu" and enjoy!

The 'D' Day Commemoration weekend is almost upon us and let us hope for good weather for the 'Sail Past' in Torbay harbour and for the Parade of veterans along the sea front. Most importantly a good turnout by the branch. *(See last paragraph of editorial)* Our standard will be paraded by Torbay Sea cadets.

A GONG IN HONG KONG - DING DONG

In Hong Kong They Strike A Gong And Fire Off A Noon Day Gun.

The noonday gun in Hong Kong is in situ on the very first plot of land to be sold by public auction in Hong Kong. It was purchased by Jardines in 1841. The trading company maintained its own gun battery and detachment of guards at East Point. The head of Jardines, known as the Taipan was given a gun salute whenever he arrived or departed Hong Kong.

The origins of the Noon day gun salute is unknown, but the story I like best is that a senior naval officer, who was new to the Colony was annoyed by the sound of the gun going off at odd times whenever the Taipan arrived or departed and ordered Jardines to fire the gun at noon each day as a time signal for the Colony. (The Royal Navy had quite some power over businesses in those days) This tradition continued until the Japanese occupation in 1941. The original cannon disappeared during the war and at the end of hostilities the Royal Navy presented Jardines with a six pound gun as a replacement and in August 1947 the tradition of firing at noon each day re-commenced.

However in 1961 following increasing complaints about the noise the Royal Hong Kong Marine Police exchanged it for a Hotchkiss Mk.1 Three pound quick firing naval piece.

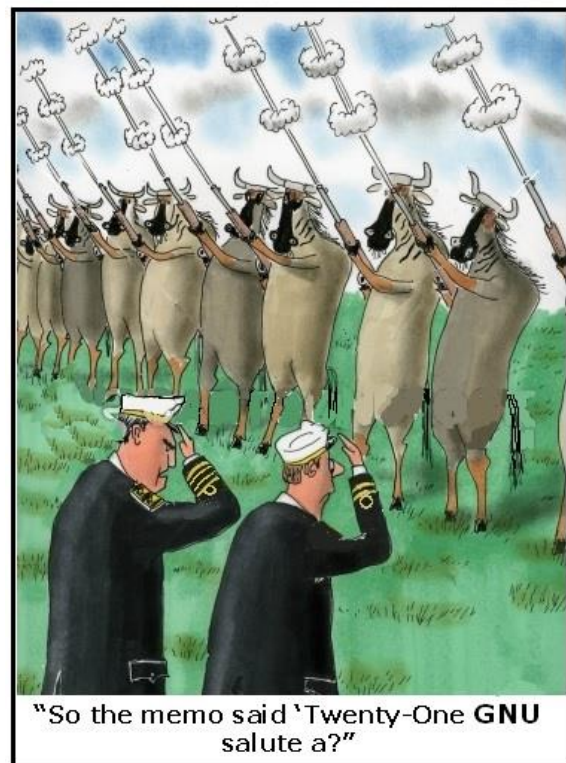
When the gun is fired, eight bells is sounded signalling the end of the forenoon watch.

Make and Mend to all matelots if you are lucky!

Eds. Notes: For those on Internet check this link out:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=37Gpu37SNd0>

Anyone who knows about the Noonday Gun will remember Noel Coward's 1924 song, "Mad Dogs and Englishmen," which tells the world: "In Hong Kong they strike a gong, and fire off a noonday gun, to reprimand each inmate, who's in late." This historic relic, built in 1901, is still fired every day and is the best-known landmark in Causeway Bay. It is situated in a small garden on Gloucester Road right across from the Excelsior Hotel .





The Canadian destroyer "Annapolis" (the former U.S. ship "Mackenzie") which gave her name to the Canadian class that included five ex-American destroyers. Side number changed to **104** on becoming a Canadian ship

Under Two Flags

The Story of Seven Canadian Destroyers

Aye, tear that tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.

Editor's Note: Remember this article was published in January 1946

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES' stirring words received a new meaning when six Canadian destroyers recently hauled down their ensigns for the last time. It is not certain yet when they are making their last bitter voyage that is the fate of all fighting ships unlucky enough to survive the hour of their glory.

Tacit admission on the part of the Canadian Navy Ministry that the six survivors of the seven former American destroyers which served with the Canadian Navy during the height of the Battle of the Atlantic will soon be headed for the wrecker's boneyard, could not but cause many a nostalgic heart tug on both sides of the International Border. There are many regular Navy old-timers, reservists and volunteer youngsters, who served in these ships, either under the Stars and Stripes or the White Ensign.

Better by far, the old-timers mused, if the six ships had met the fate that befell the seventh of the old U.S. destroyers which

were the Dominion's share of the fifty over-age destroyers traded in by Britain in 1940 in exchange for bases. That seventh ship was the **St. Croix**. She went down, on September 19th, 1943, in mid-Atlantic while fighting like a faithful sheepdog to protect a flock of merchantmen from the attacks of German wolf packs.

The end of the heroic little ship had dramatic reverberations in Parliament. Mr. Winston Churchill was addressing the House of Commons on the progress of the war. For four months the Atlantic had been quiet, ominously quiet. Not a single ship had been lost. Optimists began to believe that the Battle of the Atlantic was won. As the Prime Minister started his speech someone handed him a message and he changed his thesis abruptly. He told the Commons that the Hun had broken loose on the Atlantic again. Even as he was speaking the four-day battle in which the **St. Croix** found her doom was in progress. The German wolf-packs had returned to the fray stronger and more numerous than ever and equipped with new torpedoes of greater reach and detonation power than had been known heretofore.

The westward-bound convoy, to which the **St. Croix** was assigned as an escort vessel, was just about ready to catch up with another, slower convoy which had left British ports several days earlier. As the two

aggregates of ships converged to form one fleet, the raiders struck suddenly and with unexampled ferocity. The hit-and-run technique of World War I U-boats had been replaced by a new and highly efficient attack pattern.

Several wolf packs were deployed *en echelon* over the routes convoys were sure to take. As the sound gear of the nearest submarine picked up the convoy it informed the other members of the pack and, in company with another lurking pack, they converged for a concentric attack. Part of a pack suicidally surfaced and feinted an attack to draw the escort vessels off.

Meanwhile the rest of them closed in on the convoy. The newly-developed German "fin fish" ripped into vessels right and left. British, American, Norwegian and other steamers went down. Over 300 members of their crews drifted on rafts, in boats and, by the grace of God, in the wake of the convoy. Untold others went down as their ships were torn to pieces by the torpedoes. Intermittently the battle continued for four days. The first attack occurred on a Sunday. Not until Wednesday, after long-range Liberator bombers had gone out from Canada to join the outnumbered escort vessels against the lurking enemies, did the wolves of the sea withdraw. Even then some of them showed their teeth by surfacing boldly and shooting it out with the patrol bombers, pitting their guns against the depth charges and aerial torpedoes of the planes. Losses sustained during the aerial attack finally convinced the U-boats that they had found their match. Yet only the timely appearance of the Canadian Air Force units saved the two convoys from utter destruction.

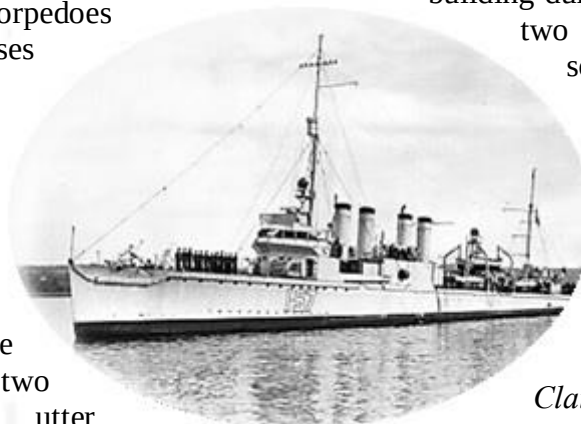
Meanwhile the old *St. Croix* had found her end. All but one of her 147 men went down with her.

That one survivor was too stunned when he was picked up to give a coherent account of what happened. All that is known is that the little flushdecker was fighting it out with a surfaced U-boat. At short range the two ships, the over-age destroyer and the giant sub-cruiser, believed to be the flagship of one of the wolfpacks, were circling each other. The *St. Croix's* four-inchers were hammering pieces out of the submarine's conning tower.



What happened next is still largely conjecture. Men, who from the deck of a nearby merchantman watched the uneven contest, later reported that the *St. Croix* suddenly seemed to be lifted bodily from the waters. There was the flame and crash of a shattering explosion. Before the eyes of the watchers she broke in two. Within seconds there was not a trace of the stout little ship left. Seemingly the German submarine had let go another spread of torpedoes, of which at least one must have found its mark in the magazine of the *St. Croix*. Depth charges stacked on deck did the rest.

Together with the *St. Francis*, the *St. Croix* formed the Canadian destroyer class named after her. Part of the famous fleet of flushdeckers the United States began building during the First World War; the two old four-pipers were somewhat larger than the other five former U.S. destroyers, which were grouped by the Canadian Navy into the "Annapolis" class. The class, which included, besides the ship that gave it her name, the *Columbia*, *Hamilton*, *Niagara* and *St. Clair*, were thousand-tonners, all of them launched between July and December, 1918, and they were at the time regarded as the last word in destroyer construction.



The Canadian destroyer "Niagara" (formerly the U.S. ship "Thatcher") were for some time used for high-sea training, on runs between Halifax and Newfoundland

There was still room for structural improvements, however, which were incorporated in the 1,200-tonners. They were even more weatherly ships and their gun platforms, raised seven feet above deck level, protected their gunners from the bane of every destroyer-man's existence, white water shipped over the side. At the same time the platforms permitted better sight and fire command. The *St. Croix* and *St. Francis*, both launched in the spring of 1919, were of this later flushdecker type.

All these ships became officially over age in 1935. Merely proverbial Navy Department frugality, dictated by Congress, prevented their scrapping at that time and thus eventually provided a welcome addition to the arsenal of the world's democracies when the need for fighting ships was most dire and acute.



Cooks to the Galley

Norrie's Bread & Butter Pudding

Fed up with all that left over stale bread? Here's an appetising solution.

Ingredients

- ✓ 2 oz/ 50g soft butter
- ✓ 10 slices white /fruit bread, cut diagonally across.
- ✓ 2 oz / 50g golden raisins/sultanas
- ✓ ¼ tsp grated nutmeg
- ✓ ¼ tsp cinnamon
- ✓ 12 fl oz/ 350 ml milk
- ✓ 2 fl oz/ 50 ml custard
- ✓ 2 large free-range eggs
- ✓ 1 oz/ 25g sugar
- ✓ 1 tsp vanilla extract

Preparation:

Heat the oven 355°F/180°C/Gas 4.

- Grease a 2 pint/1 litre pie dish with a little of the butter. Spread each of the bread triangles with butter.
- Cover the base of the pie dish with overlapping triangles of bread, butter side up. Sprinkle half the golden raisins/sultanas evenly over the bread, then lightly sprinkle with a little nutmeg

and cinnamon. Repeat this layer one more time or until the dish is filled, finishing with the raisins on top.

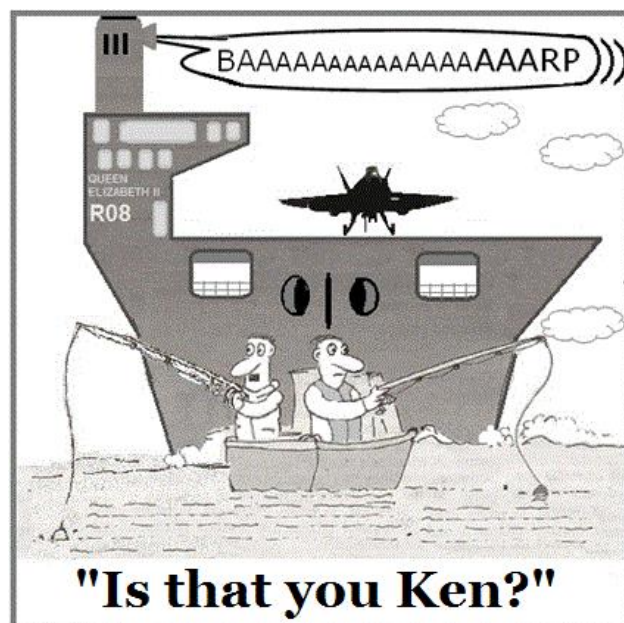
- In a saucepan gently heat the milk and cream - DO NOT BOIL.
- In a large baking bowl beat the eggs with ¾ sugar and the vanilla extract until light and airy and pale in colour. Pour the warm milk over the eggs and continue beating until all the milk is added.
- Pour the egg mixture slowly and evenly over the bread until all the liquid is added. Gently press the surface with your hand to push the bread into the liquid. Sprinkle the remaining sugar over the surface then leave to one side for 30 mins.
- Bake the pudding in the hot oven for 40 - 45 mins, until the surface is golden brown and the pudding well risen and the egg is set. Serve hot.

Bread and Butter Pudding reheats well covered with aluminium foil in a hot oven, I also love it cold cut into large wedges - perfect for a lunch box.



Money can't buy happiness but it sure makes misery easier to live with.

I got a sweater for Christmas. I really wanted a screamer or a moaner.



Moe Berg**March 2, 1902-May 29, 1972***Who was Moe Berg?*

When baseball greats Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig went on tour in baseball-crazy Japan in 1934, some fans wondered why a third-string catcher named Moe Berg was included. Although he played with 5 major league teams from 1923 to 1939, he was a very mediocre ball player. He was regarded as the brainiest ballplayer of all time. In fact Casey Stengel once said: "*That is the strangest man ever to*



play baseball." When all the baseball stars went to Japan, Moe Berg went with them and many people wondered why he went with "the team". The answer was simple: Moe Berg was a United States spy working undercover with the CIA.

Moe spoke 15 languages - including Japanese - Moe Berg had two loves: baseball and spying.

In Tokyo, garbed in a kimono, Berg took flowers to the daughter of an American diplomat being treated in St. Luke's Hospital - the tallest building in the Japanese capital.

He never delivered the flowers. The ball-player ascended to the hospital roof and filmed key features: the harbour, military installations, railway yards, etc.

Eight years later, General Jimmy Doolittle studied Berg's films in planning his spectacular raid on



Tokyo

Berg's father, Bernard Berg, a pharmacist in Newark, New Jersey, taught his son *Hebrew* and *Yiddish*. Moe, against his wishes, began playing baseball on the street aged four.

His father disapproved and never once watched his son play. In Barringer High School, Moe learned *Latin*, *Greek* and *French*. Moe read at least 10 newspapers every day.

He graduated magna cum laude from Princeton - having added *Spanish*, *Italian*, *German* and *Sanskrit* to his linguistic quiver.

During further studies at the Sorbonne, in Paris, and Columbia Law School, he picked up *Japanese*, *Chinese*, *Korean*, *Indian*, *Arabic*, *Portuguese* and *Hungarian* - 15 languages in all, plus some regional dialects.

While playing baseball for Princeton University, Moe Berg would describe plays in *Latin* or *Sanskrit*.

Tito's partisans

During World War II, he was parachuted into Yugoslavia to assess the value to the war effort of the two groups of partisans there. He reported back that Marshall Tito's forces were widely supported by the people and Winston Churchill ordered all-out support for the Yugoslav underground fighter, rather than Mihajlovic's Serbians.



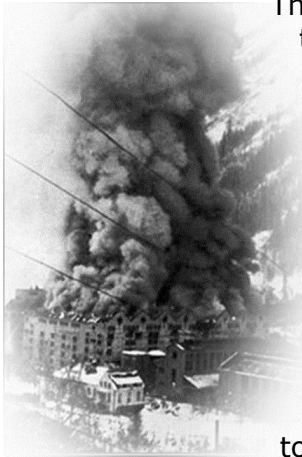
General Mihajlovic

The parachute jump at age 41 undoubtedly was a challenge. But there was more to come in that same year.

Berg penetrated German-held Norway, met with members of the underground and located a secret heavy water plant - part of the Nazis' effort to build an atomic bomb.

His information guided the Royal Air Force in a bombing raid to destroy the

plant. The R.A.F. destroys the Norwegian heavy water plant targeted by Moe Berg.



There still remained the question of how far had the Nazis progressed in the race to build the first Atomic bomb. If the Nazis were successful, they would win the war. Berg (under the code name "Remus") was sent to Switzerland to hear leading German physicist

Werner Heisenberg, a Nobel Laureate, lecture and determine if the Nazis were close to building an A-bomb. Moe managed to slip past the SS guards at the auditorium, posing as a Swiss graduate student. The spy carried in his pocket a pistol and a cyanide pill.

If the German indicated the Nazis were close to building a weapon, Berg was to shoot him - and then swallow the cyanide pill.

Moe, sitting in the front row, determined that the Germans were nowhere near their goal, so he complimented Heisenberg on his speech and walked him back to his hotel.

Werner Heisenberg - he blocked the Nazis from acquiring an atomic bomb.

Moe Berg's report was distributed to Britain's Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, President Franklin D. Roosevelt and key figures in the team developing the Atomic Bomb. Roosevelt responded: "Give my regards to the catcher."

Most of Germany's leading physicists had been Jewish and had fled the Nazis mainly to Britain and the United States. After the war, Moe Berg was awarded the Medal of Freedom - America's highest honour for a civilian in wartime. But Berg refused to accept, as he couldn't tell people about his exploits.

After his death, his sister accepted the Medal and it hangs in the Baseball Hall of Fame, in Cooperstown



Presidential Medal of Freedom (the highest award to be awarded to civilians during wartime)

Moe Berg's baseball card is the only card on display at the CIA Headquarters in Washington DC



Welfare Report

Once again I am pleased to report that I have nothing much to report; so assume that all shipmates are doing fine. Shipmate Patricia Haward now back in her own flat at last after her medical problems. Please phone me if you know of any shipmate on sick list. I wish the few on light duties a speedy recovery and hope to see you at Both Watches soon.



Vice Presidents Report By S/M Norrie Millen

Vice President Mike Seaward, is living out of his kit bag and between draft chits (moving home) at the moment so apologised for not submitting a report (Could not find his quill either!) so on his behalf I can report that Shipmate Mike recently placed a wreath on the memorial on Roundham Head, Paignton. Thus commemorating local hero Lieutenant Commander Arthur Leyland Harrison VC RN, on behalf of the Branch (This was agreed at the last meeting) He also reports that the inscription on the stone is in need of attention. This will be discussed at the May meeting.

HE MUST PAY Husband and wife had a tiff. Wife called up her mom and said, "He fought with me again, I am coming to live with you." Mom said, "No darling, he must pay for his mistake. I am coming to live with you."

GOFFER TIME

By "Nautivox"

(from 1946 Trident)

D ICTIONARIES do not include the word "goffer"; but step on board a warship on a sultry summer afternoon and mention it to the first bluejacket you come across and it is ten chances to one he will grin and say: "Thanks. Don't mind if I do." Then he will steer you for'ard to the recreation space and indicate a corner that boasts a small hatch marked "NAAFIò

It may seem strange to some, remembering the tough, hard-living individuals who once formed the crews of our earlier men-o'-war, that to-day's sailor should take so readily to soft drinks. But progress bows to neither race nor creed and the days of the swashbuckling seadog whose main interest was rum and lots of it are now, happily, passed. "Goffers," imported from our American cousins, have come to stay.

Nevertheless, it must not be thought that the Navy has gone completely T.T. It is merely that a happy medium has been reached. While the issue of rum has lost little of its long-standing appeal, it is interesting to note that the man who draws his grog to-day seems equally partial to the less intoxicating effects of the humble "goffer."

Probably few of the many compartments of a warship are as busy as the "goffer barò; it vies with its popular counterpart, the canteen. The reason for its importance is plain, for, almost unobserved perhaps, it has done a great deal towards the elimination of branch consciousness, for many years a most disturbing feature of lower deck life. Nowadays, stokers, marines, communications, E.R.A.s, writers and all the various specialists that comprise a warship's company, gather together in perfect harmonyò at the ship's "pub." (Eds Note: Different navy than I served in - Probably "The Golden Rivet Pub"!)

Though a newcomer, the "gofferò is fast earning a respected place among the long traditions of the Senior Service. For instance,

the losers of a darts match are expected to pay for their defeat in "goffers"; a like ceremony takes place when a man's birthday arrives, for he celebrates by forking out for all the members of his mess. Custom also has it that those among his messmates who take their rum invariably reward him in kind with "sippers" from their tots. In fact, almost everything seems worthy of a round or two of raspberry, pineapple, vanilla, lemon or strawberry-flavoured "goffers" at 4d a pint.

At the moment, however, soda fountains are exclusive to the Navy's "elder brethren," the capital ships of the fleet. Yet, in spite of this handicap, the smaller fellows do not go without their ñgoffers." Most of them carry among their crew a sick-berth rating whose knowledge of dispensing stands him in good stead; for the price of a penny he quenches many a thirst on a hot day.

A sailor's tot of rum, it has often been said, makes far more friends than his money. The day is not far distant when we shall hear of "goffers" having similar power.

Editor's Note: The word Goffer may not have appeared in dictionaries in 1946, but it does appear in my 1991 Collins Dictionary and is defined as: to press pleats into a frill, to decorate the edges of a book, the iron or tool for making goffers.

**HMS Pembroke will not be open
to visitors**

During her Torbay visit

Water in the carburettor

WIFE: "There is trouble with the car. It has water in the carburettor."

HUSBAND: "Water in the carburettor? That's ridiculous"

WIFE: "I tell you the car has water in the carburettor."

HUSBAND: "You don't even know what a carburettor is. I'll check it out. Where's the car?"

WIFE: "In the pool"



President's Patter

By S/M Peter Brown

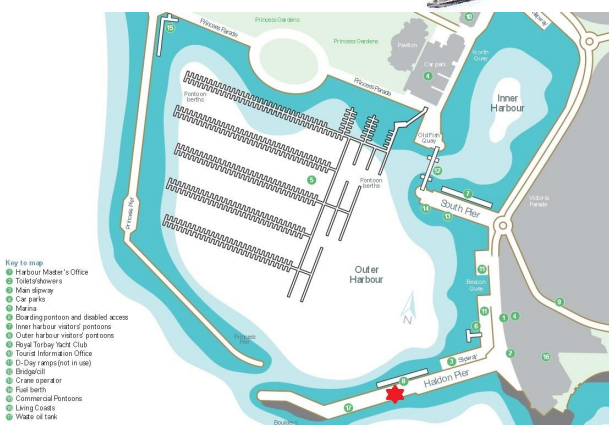
D-Day Commemoration 2014

RNA Branch should muster on Haldon Pier (*See map at end of article*) at 10 am on Saturday 7th June for the short parade from there around the corner along Beacon Quay to the area outside the Harvester pub and by the memorials, where the service will be conducted at 1100 (*six bells of the forenoon*) The parade will be dismissed on completion.

On Sunday, 8th June, there will be the largest Sail Past that Torbay has ever known. A Fairmile Launch from WW2 will board passengers at Haldon Pier, 1330 (*3 bells of the afternoon*) and I have arranged with Tony Rider of Normandy Veterans for 8 RNA Torbay members to be taken on board. The Fairmile will then proceed to anchor off Livermead and at 1400 the Sail Past will commence from Torquay, led by **HMS Pembroke M107** (MCMV) escorted by two other HM launches. As each craft passes the Fairmile the crews will stand to salute the Normandy Veterans and continue on past Paignton pier and Brixham Battery.

Three DVDs which I obtained last year from the Imperial War Museum will be shown on Sat/Sunday PMs on a mobile screen in Princess Gardens, Paignton at the Vue Cinema and Brixham at the Battery. Two of these DVDs are on the Normandy D-Day landings and the third is on "From D-Day to Paris". Many other events will be taking place but I have focused on the main items.

Peter



Lieutenant Commander

M.A Hammon - RN

Commanding Officer MCM1
CREW 7 - Currently CO on
HMS Pembroke

Born in Dorset and educated at Kings School Bruton and Cardiff University, Mark Hammon joined the Royal Navy in 1998. Initial training and Fleet Time were conducted in *HMS SHEFFIELD*, *HMS NEWCASTLE* and an exchange with the Spanish in their Tall Ship *JUAN SEBASTIAN de ELCANO*.

Following Officer of the Watch training, he joined *HMS HURWORTH* initially as the Gunnery Officer in 2000, becoming the Navigating Officer after six months. In 2003 he joined *HMS CHATHAM* in the Gulf during Op TELIC and for the remainder of her deployment which included Op ORACLE off the coast of East Africa. After Frigate Navigating Officers Course he was assigned to *HMS EXETER* in 2005. His eighteen months onboard included and exercises in the Mediterranean and inside the Arctic Circle around the coast of Norway.

Completing the first generic Principle Warfare Officers Course in 2007, he joined *HMS GLOUCESTER* initially as the Principle Warfare Officer (Underwater) and subsequently as the Operations Officer. This period included a number of exercises in European Waters and was completed during a deployment to the South Atlantic.

Having left *GLOUCESTER* to complete Air Warfare Officers Course, he rejoined the Ship as the Air Warfare Officer early in 2010 fulfilling the role of Operations Officer for a short time prior to becoming the Senior Warfare Officer. This period saw *GLOUCESTER* successfully undertaking an eight month regeneration between deployments, which included the reintroduction of the Salvo capability of Sea Dart to the Fleet, a period of Operational Sea Training and a further deployment to the South Atlantic.

A short period on the staff of Flag Officer Sea Training followed as a Staff Warfare Officer, specializing in Above Water Warfare.

He then assumed Command of MCM1 Crew 7 in July 2012 which has included time in *HMS PENZNACE*, *HMS SHOREHAM* (in the Arabian Gulf), *HMS GRIMSBY* and most recently *HMS PEMBROKE*.

Mark is married and has two young sons. When time allows interests include sailing, kayaking, skiing, cycling and supporting Bath Rugby.

HMS Pembroke is one of seven Sandown-class mine-hunters based down river at HMNB Clyde at Faslane.



The small ship returned to her home port in August last year, after spending over three years working in the Gulf alongside multinational forces. However the 7,000-mile journey home was not without its excitements, when she and sister ship

HMS Middleton were called upon to guard a merchant ship in pirate-infested waters.

October saw the small ship lofted skywards when she was hauled out of the water in Faslane's submarine shed for the first two-weeks of an eight-week overhaul – a necessary tasking after her long duty overseas. Refreshed and rejuvenated, she returns to duty this year conducting training and tasking in British home waters.

The hull and large amounts of the superstructure are built from glass reinforced plastic (GRP), ensuring a strong non-magnetic ship, fit to survive the shocks associated with mine hunting activities.

HMS Pembroke uses high-powered sonar to search underwater for mine-like contacts. Upon detection of a contact, classification runs are conducted on various frequencies. Once identified as a potential mine, the Seafox mine disposal system is able to visually identify the target as a mine and then destroy it.

HMS Pembroke also has her own mine clearance diving team which is used to identify potential mine threats beneath the surface.

Nine ships and a number of shore establishments of the Royal Navy have been named **HMS Pembroke**.

HMS Pembroke was a 28-gun fifth rate launched in 1655 and lost in a collision off Portland in 1667.

HMS Pembroke was a 32-gun fifth rate launched in 1690, captured by the French in 1694 and subsequently wrecked.

HMS Pembroke was a 60-gun fourth-rate launched in 1694 and captured by the French in 1709. She was recaptured in 1711. In 1713 was purchased in Genoa by Spain.

HMS Pembroke was a 54-gun fourth rate launched in 1710 and broken up in 1726.

HMS Pembroke was a 60-gun fourth rate launched in 1733. She foundered in 1745, but

was raised and wrecked off the East Indies in 1749.

HMS Pembroke was a 60-gun fourth rate launched in 1757, hulked in 1776 before being broken-up in 1793.

HMS Pembroke was a 74-gun third rate launched in 1812.

She was converted to a screw ship in 1855, transferred to the Coastguard in 1858, and used as a base ship from 1887. She was renamed

HMS *Forte* as a receiving hulk in 1890, and was sold in 1905.

HMS Pembroke was a 101-gun screw propelled first rate launched in 1859 as HMS *Duncan*. She was renamed HMS Pembroke on her transferral to harbour service in 1890, renamed HMS *Tenedos II* in 1905 and was sold in 1910.

HMS Pembroke is a *Sandown*-class mine hunter launched in 1997 and currently in service.



EIGHT THOUGHTS TO PONDER

Number 8

Life is sexually transmitted.

Number 7

Good health is merely the slowest possible rate at which one can die.

Number 6

Men have two emotions: Hungry and Horny. They can't tell them apart. If you see a gleam in his eyes, make him a sandwich.

Number 5

Give a person a fish and you feed them for a day. Teach a person to use the Internet and they won't bother you for weeks, months, maybe years.

Number 4

Health nuts are going to feel stupid someday, lying in the hospitals, dying of nothing.

Number 3

All of us could take a lesson from the weather. It pays no attention to criticism.

Number 2

In the 60's, people took acid to make the world weird. Now the world is weird and people take Prozac to make it normal.

And The Number 1 Thought

Life is like a jar of Jalapeno peppers- What you do today, might burn you a** tomorrow.

é and as someone recently said to me: "Don't worry about old age-- It doesn't last that long."

