



The Rum Tub or Norrie's Nocturnal and Nautical Natter.

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I didn't know that!

In the late 1700's, many houses consisted of a large room with only one chair. Commonly, a long wide board folded down from the wall, and was used for dining. The 'head of the household' always sat in the chair while everyone else ate sitting on the floor. Occasionally a guest, who was usually a man, would be invited to sit in this chair during a meal. To sit in the chair meant you were important and in charge. They called the one sitting in the chair the 'chair man.' Today in business, we use the expression or title 'Chairman' or 'Chairman of the Board.'

HMS Ulster

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Hi! Shipmates,

My sincere apologies for the long gap in newsletters, but personal family illness has seriously curtailed my free time.

Well here we are in another year, time seems to pass faster and faster as the years go by. Like the late George Burns; I check the obituary's to see if my name is there and if not have a shave! It is sad though as we grow older to see our shipmates, friends and families in these columns. Indeed we lost four of our 1958-60 crew in 2013; Brian Gallagher, Reg Ralph*, Sir Cameron and AB Mannion (anybody remember his first name?) Sadly I was unable to make contact with him before he "Crossed the bar" also in the past year I have seen three of my school chums pass away. (*As far as I know Reg still not interred)

I was looking through some old albums of my grandfather a few weeks ago and came across a magazine called The Trident – incorporating BLUE PETER, dated January 1946 and priced 1/6d (Anybody know what the 'd' stood for – I do, how about you?). This magazine is full of seas stories and articles on warships, which will make useful filler for future editions. Tucked away in the pages of the magazine was a newspaper cutting (no idea from what newspaper) which I thought would make interesting reading for this issue. It reports the visit to Dartmouth of the Royal Yacht – HMY Victoria & Albert, which you can read on other pages of this issue.

Talking about fillers several of you have provided excellent biographies of your time in the Royal Navy, however 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 to share with your shipmates.

I would like to hear from more of you on a regular basis, even if it's to tell me you are still on the right side of the green!

The way I see it any way!

Deep Thoughts

I live in my own little world but it's OK; everyone knows me here.
I don't do drugs 'cause I find I get the same effect just by standing up really fast.

ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA & ALBERT AT DARTMOUTH

King George Re-visits Scenes of Boyhood Days

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE TWO PRINCESSES

Arrival in the Dart This Morning

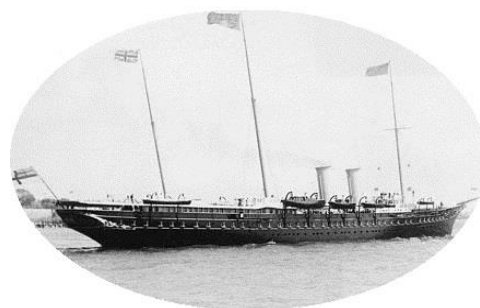
Steeped in ancient history and linked with English rulers for centuries, Dartmouth, nestling in an enchanting setting of wooded hills and the peaceful "English Rhine's" outlet to the sea, renewed its calm and long enduring association with Royalty to-day.

In the long ago from this peaceful and picturesque seaport sailed gallant little vessels to drive off an attempted invasion by the Spaniards. Here, Richard I assembled his crusade, and Warwick, the King-Maker, landed during the Wars of the Roses.

Dartmouth continued to be popular with Royalty as the years passed by. In more modern times succeeding Sovereigns favoured the town with their presence, and it was Queen Victoria whose delight at the beauties of the River Dart prompted her to compare it with the Rhine. Future Kings came to Dartmouth as cadets when the port became a naval training centre, and to-day one of these cadets, now King George VI., returned to the scenes of his boyhood days, bringing with him, in the famous yacht the Victoria and

Albert, his Queen and their family, Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret.

The Victoria and Albert, followed by the escorting destroyers H.M.S. Keppel and Versatile, came into sight at about a quarter to ten, and both



To-day the King and Queen with their two daughters are visiting Dartmouth—after spending the night on the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert in Torbay. They sailed from Weymouth last evening and moored in the harbour at Dartmouth this morning. The programme included a visit to the Royal Naval College and a series of social events. Departure from Dartmouth will be on Sunday afternoon. This is the last voyage of the Victoria and Albert, which is to be broken up after a long and useful life.

shores of the river-mouth were thronged with people to watch the Royal yacht steam slowly into Dart guided by Mr. R. Gatzial, the senior pilot efficiently manoeuvred through the estuary and into harbour. There she swung around completely with a gentle motion after her port anchor had been let go with a sudden short swing and splash, and as she did so onlookers who had gathered on the south embankment had a magnificent broadside view of her graceful black and gold lines.

As the royal yacht moved into position facing down the river and overlooked on one side by the wooded slopes of historic Gallant's Bower, the scene of fierce conflicts in the Civil War between the Parliamentary forces and Royalists, the bells of St. Saviour's Church rang out a gorgeous peal, as they did to celebrate the Armada victory and the signing of the Peace Treaty after the World War.

As soon as the Victoria and Albert was secure to Nos. 1 and 2 buoys in the harbour the Captain of the Royal Naval College, Captain P. H. G. Dalrymple-Hamilton, proceeded down the river from the College

landing stage to the yacht, and reported on board.

At the same time the officer of the guard at the College reported to the senior officer of the escorting destroyers and acquainted them with the position at which they had to moor. H.M.S. Keppel took up her berth at the Town buoy opposite the railway pontoon and the Versatile proceeded to the College buoy just north of the floating bridge ferry.

Shortly after Captain Dalrymple-Hamilton had greeted the King, their Majesties, accompanied by the Princesses, came on the bridge of the Victoria and Albert, and stayed there for about an hour while some of the great crowd ashore were delighted to catch a glimpse of little Princess Margaret looking out of one of the portholes.

The weather was dull, grey clouds filling the sky and sending down a slight drizzle, and the King wore a blue storm-proof coat over his naval uniform, while the Queen was dressed in a long white raincoat, and Princess Elizabeth had the protection of a brown hooded Macintosh.

The King and Queen, with Princess Elizabeth, returned below when rain began to fall more heavily. The King was making his first visit to Dartmouth since 1919, when shortly after the war finished; he spent a week-end at the Royal Naval College and devoted the Saturday afternoon to witnessing a Rugby match.

While his Majesty was on the bridge of the Victoria and Albert this morning he pointed out to Queen Elizabeth the College and other objects of interest in the town and harbour which he remembered from his cadet days.

THE SILVER OAR

The yacht is moored alongside an imposing house known as "Gunfields" the residence of Mr. E.E. Lort Phillips who was Mayor of Dartmouth in 1910 and 1911, the year in which the silver oar, emblematical of the Lordship of the Duchy of Cornwall over the waters of Dartmouth was presented to the then Prince of Wales.

His brother the present King was present in the Guildhall then, and both the Royal Princes on more than one occasion accepted the hospitality of Mr. Lort Phillips.

All the vessels in the harbour and river were dressed to-day, and as the Royal yacht approached the moorings she was welcomed by many River Dart pleasure boats crowded with holiday-makers, many of whom carried miniature Union Jacks.

Throughout the morning craft of every description circled around the yacht, but under the harbour master's orders no vessel was allowed to approach within 150 feet.

The G.W.R. ferry steamer, S.S. Mew, crossed the river continuously with crowds of visitors who arrived at Kingswear by train.

Despite pouring rain a large number of persons had already taken, up their positions opposite

the pontoon bridge more than two hours before their Majesties were due to step ashore.

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Happy Retirement

A few years ago, my wife and I moved into a retirement development on Florida's southwest coast. We are living in the

"Delray/Boca/Boynton Golf, Spa, Bath and Tennis Club on Lake Fake-a-Hachee". There are 3,000 lakes in Florida; only three are real. Our biggest retirement concern was time management. What were we going to do all day? Let me assure you, passing the time is not a problem.

Our days are eaten up by simple, daily activities. Just getting out of our car takes 15 minutes. Trying to find where we parked takes 20 minutes. It takes a half-hour in the check-out line in Wal-Mart and 1 hour to return the item the next day.

Let me take you through a typical day: We get up at 5:00 am, have a quick breakfast and join the early morning Walk-and-Fart Club. There are about 30 of us, and rain or shine, we walk around the streets, all talking at once.

Every development has some late risers who stay in bed until 6:00 am. After a nimble walk, avoiding irate drivers out to make us road kill, we go back home, shower and

change for the next activity.

My wife goes directly to the pool for her underwater Pilate's class, followed by gasping for breath and CPR. I put on my 'Ask me about my Grandchildren' T-shirt, my plaid mid-calf shorts, my black socks and sandals and go to the clubhouse lobby for a nice nap.

Before we know it, it's time for lunch. We go to Costco to partake of the many tasty samples dispensed by ladies in white hair nets. All free! After a filling lunch, if we don't have any doctor appointments, we might go to the flea market to see if any new white belts have come in or to buy a Rolex watch for \$2.00.

We're usually back home by 2:00 pm to get ready for dinner. People start lining up for the early bird about 3:00 pm, but we get there by 3:45 because we're late eaters. The dinners are very popular because of the large portions they serve. We can take home enough food for the next day's lunch and dinner, including extra bread, crackers, and packets of mustard, relish, ketchup and Splenda, along with mints.

At 5:30 pm we're home, ready to watch the 6 o'clock news. By 6:30 pm we're fast asleep. Then we get up and

make five or six trips to the bathroom during the night, and it's time to get up and start a new day all over again.

Doctor-related activities eat up most of our retirement time. I enjoy reading old magazines in the waiting room, so I don't mind. Calling for test results also helps the days fly by. It takes at least a half-hour just getting through the doctor's phone menu. Then there's the hold time until we're connected to the right party. Sometimes they forget we're holding, and the whole office goes off to lunch.

Should we find we still have time on our hands, volunteering provides a rewarding opportunity to help the less fortunate. Florida has the largest concentration of seniors under five feet and they need our help. I myself am a volunteer for 'The Vertically Challenged Over 80.' I coach their basketball team, The Arthritic Avengers. The hoop is only 4-1/2 feet from the floor. You should see the look of confidence on their faces when they make a slam dunk.

Food shopping is a problem for short seniors or 'bottom feeders' as we call them, because they can't reach the items on the upper shelves. There are many foods they've never tasted. After shopping,

most seniors can't remember where they parked their cars and wander the parking lot for hours while their food defrosts.

Lastly, it's important to choose a development with an impressive name. Italian names are very popular in Florida. They convey world travellers, uppity sophistication and wealth. Where would you rather live: Murray's Condos or the Lakes of Venice? There's no difference -- they're both owned by Murray, who happens to be a cheap @!%&.

I hope this material has been of help to you retirees and future retirees. If I can be of any further assistance, please look me up when you're in Florida. I live in the Leaning Condos of Pisa in Boynton Beach.

THE TINY CABIN

A social worker from Ottawa recently transferred to the northern part of Saskatchewan, and a small community was on the first tour of her new territory when she came upon the tiniest cabin she had ever seen in her life.

Intrigued, she went up and knocked on the door.

'Anybody home?' she asked.

'Yep,' came a kid's voice through the door.

'Is your father there?' asked the social worker.

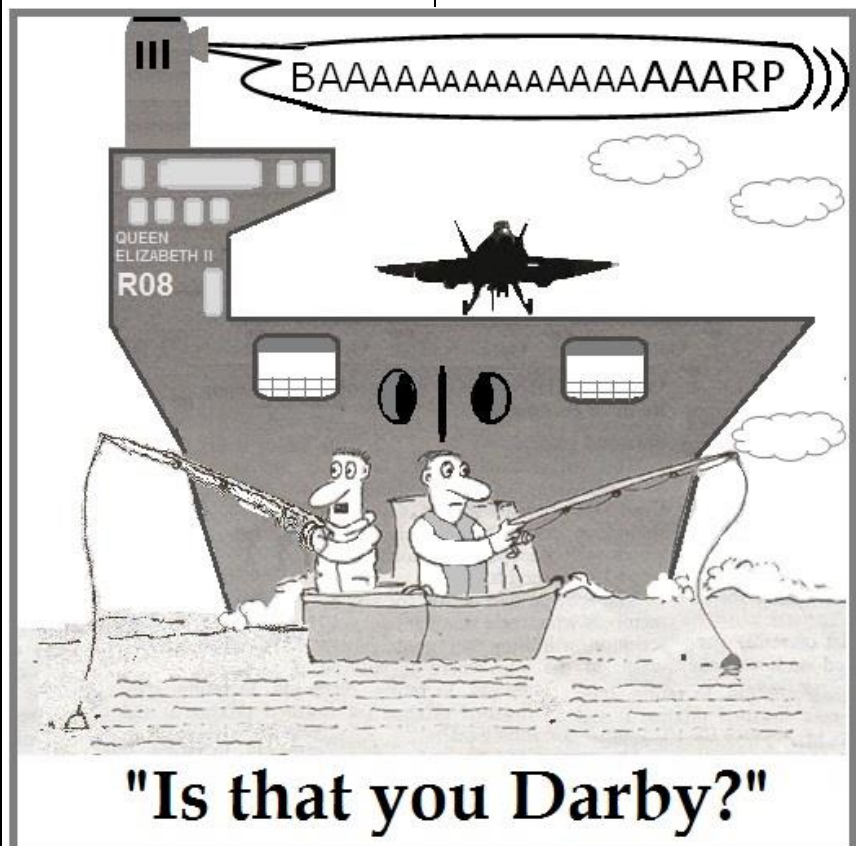
'Pa? Nope, he left afore Ma came in,' said the kid.

'Well, is your mother there?' persisted the social worker.

'Ma? Nope, she left just afore I got here,' said the kid.

'But,' protested the social worker, 'are you never together as a family?'

'Sure, but not here,' said the kid through the door.....'This is the Outhouse!'



Australia's first Navy sailors braved trying conditions in search of adventure

Part One

One-hundred years ago, Australia's fledgling Navy was comprised of men from all walks of life, joined together for the task of serving their nation in peace and in war.

HMAS Australia's arrival in 1913 was heralded as signifying the coming of age of a country, a demonstration of the willingness to adopt the growing responsibilities of

nationhood.

Less than a year later, those duties were thrust upon Australia's Navy as it was called into service in World War I against ships guarding German colonies in the Pacific.

The men who served on HMAS Australia, and indeed all the Royal Australian Navy's ships at the time, endured hardships and conditions far removed from their counterparts 100 years on.

Dr David Stevens, director of strategic and historical studies at the Defence Sea Power Centre, says just by being at sea, sailors put themselves in a hazardous position.

He says conditions on the first Navy ships were physically demanding, and many sailors required on deck were

"They started off with about

230 people in 1911 and grew to 3,000 to 4,000 by 1913."

Although the food was not great, it was regular, which may not have been the case at home in Australia.

"After you'd been at sea for a few days, all of the fresh fruit and vegetables would have been used up," Dr Stevens said.



Meal time aboard HMAS Australia.

swept overboard to their deaths in wild weather. "Safety equipment wasn't really the same as it is today - you would see people running around with bare feet on the ships, for example, which you would never see today.

"It wasn't unknown for people to get hit in the head by a block and tackle and suffer severe injuries or die ... helmets weren't an item of kit.

"You are manually loading sacks of coal and bringing them on board and putting them into bunkers - that is quite a dangerous task both physically and longer term for breathing.

"There haven't been any studies into the causes,

but many sailors suffered lung disease later in life."

Young men looking for adventure

Despite the tough physical labour and long periods of time away from home, many young men joined the Navy looking for adventure and to escape the declining conditions at home during the war.

"The Navy offered regular meals, regular pay, and you got to see the world - so from all those aspects it would really suit a young man seeking adventure," Dr Stevens said.

"There was a great recruiting program going on and they did get a lot of people in.

"Refrigeration was rare, so your

meat wouldn't last for all that long. You were really reliant either on going into a port to get fresh fruit and vegetables or tin food."

Tough conditions, long periods away take toll

At the time, Australia had a compulsory system for military training.



Preparations for a function on the modern-day HMAS Sydney.

until December 1912.

Langrell was part of the crew that brought HMAS Australia (I) from England to Sydney. After serving in the Navy for 22 years and discharging in 1933, he became a sergeant for the Naval Dockyard Police at Garden Island.

Meanwhile, his son Jack joined HMAS Hobart (I) as a civilian canteen assistant in 1938. He served on Australia (II) between 1939 and 1948 and was on board when it came under attack during the Battle of the Coral Sea on May 7, 1942.

He became the canteen manager in 1944. In 1948 he transferred to HMAS Kanimbla (I) and went to England to pick up the new aircraft carrier HMAS Sydney (III). He left Sydney (III) in 1955 when the RAN took over the management of canteens.



Mo 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



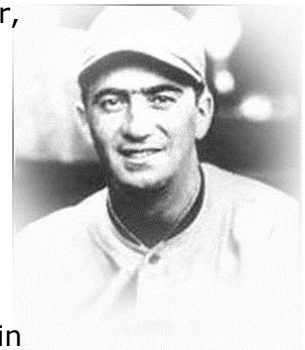
said: "That is the strangest man ever to play baseball." When all the baseball stars went to Japan, Moe Berg went with them and many people wondered why he went with "the team". The answer was simple: Moe Berg was a United States spy working undercover with the CIA.

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.

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.

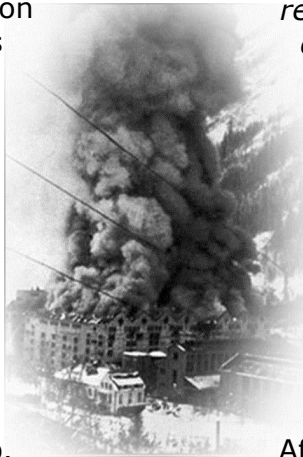
Werner Heisenberg - he blocked the Nazis from acquiring an atomic bomb.

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."

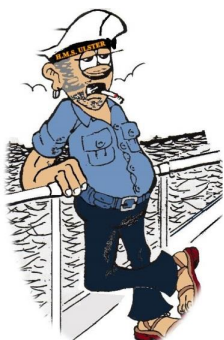


Most of Germany's leading physicists had been Jewish and had fled the Nazis mainly to Britain and the United States. After the war, Moe Berg was awarded the Medal of Freedom - America's highest honour for a civilian in wartime. But Berg refused to accept, as he couldn't tell people about his exploits.

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



Out and about

By Norrie Millen

Well not too much to report this issue, not done much roaming, only to drive over and see the terrible damage caused by high seas at Dawlish. Talk of a sea wall breaker further out to prevent a repeat of devastating damage to rail and nearby homes, which had to be evacuated very rapidly and without any warning, but I doubt it will ever happen!

"That's all for now folks"