



The Rum Tub or Norrie's Nocturnal and Nautical Natter

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CONFUSCIUS DID NOT SAY...

Man who wants nurse must be patient.

Passionate kiss, like spider web, leads to undoing of fly,

Lady who goes camping with man must beware of evil intent.

Squirrel who runs up woman's leg will not find nuts.

Man who leaps off cliff jumps to conclusion

Man who runs in front of car gets tired, but man who runs behind car gets exhausted

Man who eats prunes gets good run for money

War does not determine who is right; it determines who is left

It takes many nails to build a crib, but only one screw to fill it.

Wise man not keep sledge hammer and slow computer in same room!

HMS Ulster

Rum Tub

Volume 4,

Issue 4

August, 2015

Editorial

By Shipmate Norrie Millen

Hi! Shipmates,



Firstly, my apologies for being a few days late with the July issue which I have altered to read August. One of the reasons being I spent a week up in 'Bonnie Scotland, visiting my eldest son and for those of you on the square a visit to A Scottish Rite Lodge. I had intended to drop in on Mac Macgregor, but my son summoned back early, from our road trip to Elgin to collect his dog from sitters, prevented this.

In addition to this, my wife Angela has spent the last four weeks in hospital and all the driving backwards and forwards obviously took a toll on my free time.

It has been a long hot summer this far in sunny south Devon, but alas I have not been able to get out and enjoy it as much as I would have liked, mainly for the reasons outlined above. Had some minor medical problems myself, blood tests earlier in year revealed a low white blood count, low iron and B12 and some problems with hemoglobin. These results saw me bunged off to local hospital for a three way scan, endoscopy, colonoscopy and a cystoscopy, took about forty minutes and my eyes did not even water! The resident Urologist was brilliant; I have had these procedures before, always experiencing discomfort or pain; but on this occasion nothing. The test revealed two polyps in my bowel that were removed. Now weeks later new tests have revealed no change in my iron levels or white blood count, so in near future its back for more scans. In the meantime, I am on iron pills and washing them down with Guinness!

Now I really do not mind spending hours compiling newsletters updating website etc. (keeps the dementia at bay! LOL) but I really would appreciate some feedback and acknowledgment from time to time to my numerous emails, which the majority of you tend to ignore or just cannot be bothered to hit the "Reply" button. Thank you to faithful few that maintain regular and frequent contact. Yes! I know I am playing a well-scratched record but I feel that communication is a two-way medium. You get a letter, you answer it, you receive a text, you answer it, your get a telephone call/message you answer it. So should email be any different? It does not cost anything, no paper or pen involved and no postage – therefore no reason not to reply.

The way I see it anyway!

HM S/M Torbay N79 – WWII ‘T’ Class submarine

WHEN Anthony Miers was a pupil at Wellington College, the school for “the sons of heroes”, a tutor predicted that he would either be court martialled or win the Victoria Cross. Anthony Miers achieved both.

For most of his life, he was a ñball of fireò, one of the Royal Navy’s most colourful and controversial officers. The short, stocky man with a penetrating glare was seen as ñtotally loyal, outstandingly keen, fearless, hot-tempered and incautiously spokenò.

His language was paint blistering. Miers hated losing, whether it was on the playing field or at sea hunting down the enemy. During the Second World War he carried out brilliant patrols as commander of the submarine HMS Torbay.

In addition to winning the VC, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Order and Bar. He rose to the rank of rear admiral and was knighted. After his death, the broadcaster Ludovic Kennedy alleged that he had been a war criminal. Kennedy, who died in October, created a controversy that continues to arouse passionate feelings.

Anthony Miers was seven years old when his father Douglas, a captain in the Queen’s Own Cameron Highlanders, was killed in action in France fewer than six weeks after the outbreak of the First World War. Two of his uncles also died serving as army officers ñ one was murdered by Boers in 1901 during the war in South Africa and the other was fatally wounded in 1917 before the Third Battle of Ypres. The young Anthony quickly developed a remarkable mental toughness thanks partly to his formidable mother, who lost three children.

At Wellington College he developed a passion for sport, especially rugby. One naval officer would say of him: ñHe never became a good loser. He was fiercely competitive and determined, from his youngest years, to win ñ whatever and however.ò

Miers joined the navy in 1925 as a special-entry cadet, aged 19. Three years later he entered the submarine service.

As he rose in rank, men would dread his volcanic eruptions, which for those on the receiving end

might culminate in a black eye, close arrest or the sack. For someone really unlucky it was all three.

However, when the fire-eater cooled down he could be charm personified. Miers did not bear grudges; a man put under close arrest at lunchtime would probably find himself free by teatime as if nothing had happened and no one who came into contact with his fists ever made a formal complaint. When he was in command Miers was fiercely loyal to his crew.

It was in 1933 that he fulfilled one of his tutor’s prophecies. He was court-martialled for attempting to strike a stoker. The incident came to light only because Miers reported himself to his commanding officer. He may have been involved in an argument with the rating over a football match but at the hearing neither man offered an explanation.

Miers was dismissed from his ship and a few months later he was sent to Hong Kong as first lieutenant of the submarine HMS Rainbow. Here he acquired the lower-deck nickname Gamp ñ after the Charles Dickens character Mrs Gamp who carried a bulky umbrella. Gamp became a common expression for umbrella. Miers would often appear in the conning tower of Rainbow with an umbrella to ward off tropical storms.

That famous temper helped him to win the Victoria Cross in March 1942. He had already carried out nine successful patrols in HMS Torbay in the Mediterranean theatre, earning the plaudit ñNazi Public Enemy Number Oneò.

Two merchant ships were spotted near the Greek island of Paxos and he gave chase, eventually losing them in darkness. Miers set course for the Corfu Channel and soon saw a ñmagnificentò convoy of four large troopships, along with three destroyers and two aircraft.

But the targets were 11,000 yards away. Miers was angry. If he had not chased the other ships he would have been in an excellent position to attack the convoy. He gambled that the ships would anchor off Corfu harbour to pick up fuel. Torbay entered the enemy-held Corfu Channel, 30 miles long, with the island on one side and parts of the Greek and Albanian mainland on the other.



The submarine went to a spot opposite the harbour and remained for a time on the moonlit surface charging her batteries.

One sailor said later: "Small enemy boats passed to and fro, bringing back Nazi troops from the night's shore leave.

We saw people quite clearly silhouetted in the glare of car headlamps and pushbike lights. We watched ships unloading, and heard enemy voices shouting. How the devil they never saw 260 feet of submarine lying around is a miracle."

Torbay was forced to dive to avoid a patrol vessel. At dawn, she moved in to attack but was forced to turn away because of another vessel. Then the periscope showed two large supply ships, "perfect targets", at anchor. Torpedoes struck both of them. Torbay went deep, turned and headed for the southern entrance of the channel.

Search boats were joined by a destroyer and a plane and 40 depth charges were dropped. A large schooner acting as a boom defence vessel tried to block the southern entrance but Torbay escaped "after 17 hours in enemy waters.

It was hailed as one of the most remarkable submarine patrols carried out during the war.

One day in 1985 the telephone rang at the London home of Rear Admiral Sir Anthony Miers. His wife answered and the voice at the other end said: "This is Ludovic Kennedy and I wish to talk to Admiral Miers about an incident in the Aegean."

Lady Miers said she would ask him. The admiral, seriously ill, was sitting in the dining room. He said he could not speak to anyone. Lady Miers went back to the phone and said:

"Tony cannot speak to you " he is very ill with liver cancer and he is dying." Kennedy replied: "All right, then I can write what I like." So she hung up. The admiral died that June, removing any threat of a libel action. In 1989 Kennedy published his autobiography, in which he devoted several pages to "a submarine atrocity".

On the night of July 9, 1941, Miers had attacked several sailing ships carrying German troops and supplies off Crete. The submarine rose to the surface and opened fire with her four-inch gun. One of the boats surrendered but as the submarine drew alongside, a German tried to hurl a grenade and another soldier aimed a rifle. Both men were shot. Shortly afterwards a group of soldiers in a dinghy

tried to flee back to Crete and Miers gave an order to open fire with a machine gun.

Kennedy claimed the men were shot but their fate is unclear. The soldiers, from a crack alpine regiment, were never prisoners.

The broadcaster also made other questionable claims, and compared Miers with a German U-boat commander who had been executed after the war for murdering merchant seamen. He did not name

Miers but a newspaper quickly identified him in a front-page story headlined "Was Royal Navy VC submariner a war criminal?" Paul Chapman, who had been Torbay's first lieutenant, accused Kennedy of staging a publicity stunt.

Kennedy's allegations are fully investigated for the first time in a book, Gamp VC.



Note the External Stern Torpedo Tube



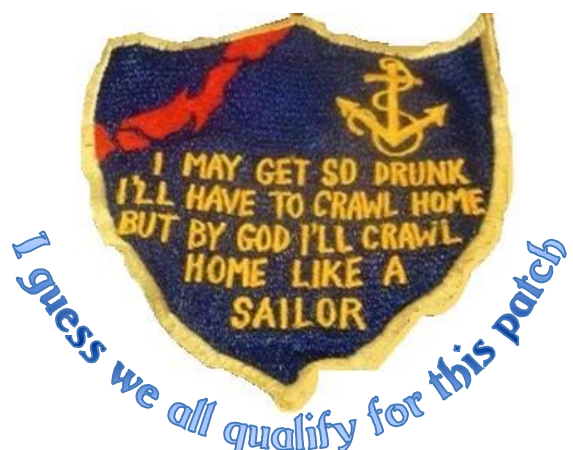
CONFUSCIUS DID NOT SAY...

Man who fight with wife all day will get no piece at night!

A lion will not cheat on his wife but a Tiger Wood!

Man who drives like hell is bound to get there.

Man who stands on toilet is high on pot.



An Old Man and a Bucket of Shrimp

Submitted by Shipmate Mike Seaward

This is a wonderful story and it is true. You will be glad that you read it, and I hope you will pass it on.

It happened every Friday evening, almost without fail, when the sun resembled a giant orange and was starting to dip into the blue ocean.

Old Ed came strolling along the beach to his favourite pier. Clutched in his bony hand was a bucket of shrimp. Ed walks out to the end of the pier, where it seems he almost has the world to himself. The glow of the sun is a golden bronze now.

Everybody has gone, except for a few joggers on the beach. Standing out on the end of the pier, Ed is alone with his thoughts...and his bucket of shrimp.

Before long, however, he is no longer alone. Up in the sky a thousand white dots come screeching and squawking, winging their way toward that lanky frame standing there on the end of the pier.

Before long, dozens of seagulls have enveloped him, their wings fluttering and flapping wildly. Ed stands there tossing shrimp to the hungry birds. As he does, if you listen closely, you can hear him say with a smile, 'Thank you. Thank you.'

In a few short minutes the bucket is empty. But Ed doesn't leave. He stands there lost in thought, as though transported to another time and place.

When he finally turns around and begins to walk back toward the beach, a few of the birds hop along the pier with him until he gets to the stairs, and then they, too, fly away. And old Ed quietly makes his way down to the end of the beach and on home.

If you were sitting there on the pier with your fishing line in the water, Ed might seem like a funny old duck,' as my dad used to say, or, to onlookers, he's just another old codger, lost in his own weird world, feeding the seagulls with a bucket full of shrimp.

To the onlooker, rituals can look either very strange or very empty. They can seem altogether unimportant maybe even a lot of nonsense.

Old folks often do strange things, at least in the eyes of Boomers and Busters.

Most of them would probably write Old Ed off, down there in Florida. That is too bad. They'd do well to know him better.

His full name, Eddie Rickenbacker. He was a famous hero in World War I, and then he was in WWII. On one of his flying missions across the Pacific, he and his seven-member crew went down. Miraculously, all of the men survived, crawled out of their plane, and climbed into a life raft.

Captain Rickenbacker and his crew floated for days on the rough waters of the Pacific. They fought the sun. They fought sharks. Most of all, they fought hunger and thirst. By the eighth day their rations ran out. No food. No water. They were hundreds of miles from land and no one knew where they were or even if they were alive. Every day across America, millions wondered and prayed that Eddie Rickenbacker might somehow be found alive.

The men adrift needed a miracle. That afternoon they had a simple devotional service and prayed for a miracle. They tried to nap. Eddie leaned back and pulled his military cap over his nose. Time dragged on. All he could hear was the slap of the waves against the raft...suddenly Eddie felt something land on the top of his cap. It was a seagull!

Old Ed would later describe how he sat perfectly still, planning his next move. With a flash of his hand and a squawk from the gull, he managed to grab it and wring its neck. He tore the feathers off, and he and his starving crew made a meal of it - a very slight meal for eight men. Then they used the intestines for bait. With it, they caught fish, which gave them food and more bait and the cycle continued. With that simple survival technique, they were able to endure the rigors of the sea until they were found and rescued after 24 days at sea!

Eddie Rickenbacker lived many years beyond that ordeal, but he never forgot the sacrifice of that first life-saving seagull. And he never stopped saying, 'Thank you.' That's why almost every Friday night he would walk to the end of the pier with a bucket full of shrimp and a heart full of gratitude.



Stolen from another page, via another page.

Submitted by Shipmate Shaun Runham

I was Staff Secretary to Flag Officer Plymouth. Many of you will recall that after Admiral Grose took over, the Flag became more excited about vitally important things like saluting the Admiral's car in the dockyard when his starred plates or flag were displayed.

I would often be summoned when, once more, some unsuspecting matelot bimbled through Devonport hadn't saluted. You may recall the snotty signals I had to send or the many mentions of this operationally significant failure in PLYMTEMS. You must not take such failures lightly. Wars have been lost through failure to salute Admirals!

One day this lamentable failure of Jack to show proper respects met its Waterloo. Admiral Grose arrived back at Mount Wise and told me how he had stopped his car and ordered a sailor into the back with him because he had failed to salute. All the way back from Devonport dockyard the lad was given an Admiral's bollocking. Finally, after they arrived outside Admiralty House in Mount Wise he was allowed to leave and told to walk back to the dockyard.

Now, I used to check every document before I presented the Admiral with his in-tray. This wasn't just good secretarial practice. I knew any mistake in his paperwork or badly thought out proposals by a staff officer would cause a ripple effect of grief not least for his secretary.

One day I checked carefully a Punishment Warrant and covering letter recommending a long spell in DQs for a lad who had missed his ship. His CO wrote that he did not believe the sailor's outlandish defence that he had been kidnapped by an Admiral and driven miles away.

I presented the Admiral with the Warrant and suggested that he signal the CO to find him not guilty. (Guilt is not found as a verdict until the moment the Admiral signs the Punishment Warrant). I was duly instructed to write a CO's eyes only DELTEXT explaining that the outlandish defence was actually entirely true!



Cough

The owner of a drug store walks in to find a guy leaning heavily against wall.

The owner asks the clerk, "What's with that guy over there by the wall?"

The clerk says, "Well, he came in here this morning to get something for his cough. I couldn't find the cough syrup, so I gave him an entire bottle of laxative."

The owner says, "You idiot! You can't treat a cough with laxatives!"

The clerk says, "Oh yeah? Look at him, he's afraid to cough!"

The Real Field Gun Story

Submitted by Ken Jones – HMS Tenby Association – HMS Ulster 1961-63

During my time in the mob, I was an avid field gun fan and often watched Pompey and Guzz in both practice and competition runs when the chance arose. Even as a gunnery rate, I knew little more than that the gun run became a tradition that dated from the Boer war when Jack pulled his guns across the African veldt and came to the rescue of the besieged Townships of Ladysmith and Mafeking, and that the various features of the run were representative of obstacles encountered.

That is it! Then, in my dotage I decided to look things up and research the legend, I know. What I found was that, although the history books portray it as an army war, I concluded that, were it not for the Navy's involvement we would almost certainly have been kicked out of the Cape, and that fact is more interesting than any fiction. What follows is the real field gun story and it will in several parts as a serial in much the same way as other large article in previous issues.

Part One - The historical background

It would be more accurate to call this war the second Boer war. There had been an uprising some years before in which the relatively poorly equipped Boers had come off second best against the British Army and had been punished by being driven off the fertile land they had once occupied and forced onto land that no one really wanted. This of course left them with a simmering grudge (standard superpower foreign policy down the ages that just ensures future conflict I hear you say).

The difference this time round though was that the land the Boers had been driven onto proved to be rich in gold deposits and so we now have a people with a grudge and the wealth to buy the very latest weapons. Sounds familiar, does not it. In fact, the more I read history the more it becomes apparent that the same mistakes are made over and over again by the successors to the people who had made them in the past.

The Boers had occupied two states; the Transvaal and the Orange Free State and it had been obvious for a couple of years that they had been preparing for war. In 1897 President Kruger of the Transvaal had signed a mutual assistance pact with their sister state, the Orange Free State. From around that time the Boers had been steadily importing arms through the Portuguese colonial port of Lourenco Marques. Now in theory it would have been easy to blockade the port, but there was a diplomatic angle to this in that Portugal was our oldest ally and the powers-that-be did not want to upset this relationship.

The Boers were well able to afford the latest in weaponry and began to amass 57,000 German Mouser rifles that not only outranged our Lee-Metfords, but also in common with all the heavier stuff, used smokeless powder. They also obtained the latest German Krupp 7.5cm and French Creusot (of saucepan fame) 6" field guns. It was state normal for France and Germany to leap at the chance to arm any



A khaki painted naval 12-pounder and crew from Ladysmith

potential enemy of Britain.

As well as the heavy guns they also obtained twenty, one-pounder Maxim-Nordenfelt (Pom Pom) rapid-fire guns, which originated in Britain, before they had even been issued to our forces they also, had Krupp 3.7cm mountain guns. Of equal significance was the fact that they employed French and German mercenaries to operate these heavy weapons.

Typically, intelligence on this arms build-up had been available to the British government for some years, but had not been acted upon.

On the British side, we had around 25,000 troops in South Africa, scattered around in small cantons and really deployed and equipped to contain any tribal uprising. The standard field gun was a 7 pounder.

So it was that when 50,000 Boers erupted out of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State in October 1899. They quickly pushed back the British troops and were soon threatening the townships of Ladysmith and Johannesburg! It was fortunate indeed that at this time the Navy's two biggest cruisers were converging on the Cape from East and West. H.M.S. *Terrible* was outbound from the UK on her way to relieve H.M.S. *Powerful*, which had just completed two years on the station and had been diverted enroute to take on a battalion of troops at Mauritius to re-enforce the army in the Cape. Both cruisers were armed with 6

"guns as main armament and 'long twelves' basically a heavier version of the field gun with a longer barrel and range. In addition, all ships of any size carried the 12-pounder field gun and were fitted with maxim machine guns. Significantly, *Terrible* was commanded by the famous Captain Percy Scott, who was a gunnery specialist and a great innovator and had already deployed field guns and even 4.70 guns ashore in China and the Sudan.

It is also worth mentioning that the Navy was well used to operating on land both as infantry and artillery. They had been doing so for the past seventy odd years in China, Sudan, Crimea and during the Indian mutiny. The sailors had used horses, camels and even elephants to haul their guns in different campaigns in support of the 'Pax Britannica' that existed at that time. Sailors practiced daily with cutlass and rifle at sea and a favourite evolution was to take away a 12 pounder by cutter or launch to land it ashore, man the drag ropes, run it inland to a set point and create a battery. In fact, the RN had become so used to fighting on land that it had neglected its fleet action skills and this was to become all too

evident when the First World War broke out some thirteen years later.

Within days of the Boer invasion, both cruisers were alongside in Simons Bay, later to become known as Simonstown Naval Base. Reputedly, Captain Scott went ashore to the dockyard smithy and drew his design for a field mounting for his 'long twelves' in chalk on the back of the smithy door and the Blacksmith had it ready inside 24 hours. This while his ship's staff were dismantling the guns from their mountings, can you imagine this happening in a Pusser's dockyard today?

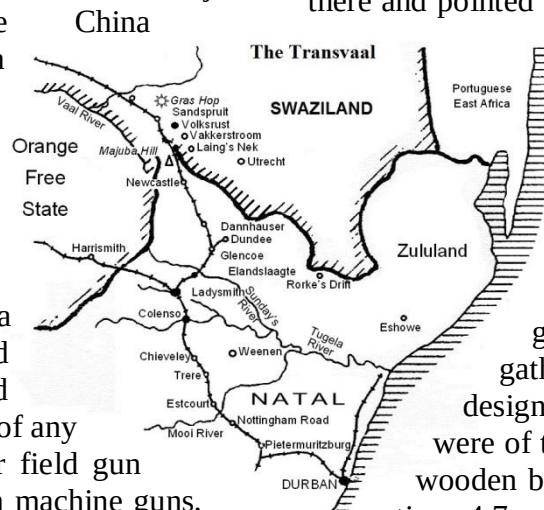
He also looked through the steel stock held there and pointed out what he wanted made up

from the various angle iron and sheet steel in order to produce a field mounting for a 4.70. The first prototype was made up and married to a gun barrel within 48 hours.

Word went around and a group of artillery officers gathered to witness these designs about to be test fired. They were of the opinion that the long 12's wooden baulk tail would split. At that time 4.7 was mounted too high in its chassis and would somersault with the recoil.

Following the proof firings at which the long 12 achieved a range of 9,000 yards and the 1.7 a range of 12,000 yards it was noticed that the high mounted gun spread its recoil so well over the extent of the carriage that the Royal Artillery officers declared it was better than anything that had been produced by Woolwich arsenal.

The Army's first and most urgent request was for an artillery equipped naval brigade to join its forces in trying to stem the Boers advance on Ladysmith. To that end a brigade was formed which would be landed at Durban and entrain for Ladysmith, which was about a hundred miles to the north of the port. It was decided that Captain Lampton would be in command and it would comprise *Powerful's* 2nd of Port, plus ten Officers made up of gunners, engineers, a fleet paymaster, a surgeon and an additional eight midshipmen,



two of them from *Terrible*. There were 267 ratings made up of seamen as guns crews and rifle companies, plus 48 stokers as stretcher-bearers, ammunition carriers and gun mounting parties, two E.R.A.'S cooks, Royal Marine servants, a blacksmith and a carpenter, a ship's corporal, one steward and an S.B.A.

Some of the men making up this force were drawn from H.M. Ships *Doris* and *Monarch*. Their rig was a curious mixture as it consisted of the standard sennet hat, army issue high-necked khaki tunic, duck trousers topped off with high canvas gaiters and boots. After their loose-necked sailor's jumpers, the high-necked tunics felt alien and uncomfortable.

The hardware was comprised of three long twelves, two 4.7" guns, one standard 12 pounder field gun, and four Maxim machine guns plus their Lee-Metford rifles and the officer's revolvers.

Of course we must not forget the cutlass's which were carried by the seamen and were considered an integral part of infantry dress in those days. Before the campaign was over they had good reason to be thankful for them.

Whilst the guns were being modified for their land role in the dockyard shops and by *Powerful's* chippies and smithies the seamen and sail-makers manufactured as many drag ropes as they could get manila ropes and leather for as they had no idea, at that stage, how long the campaign would last. In the event it turned out that they and other brigades were to be deployed ashore for just short of a year.

Meanwhile the men drilled in the Dockyard but, as soon as the guns had been modified and test fired, they were loaded back on board and *Powerful* sailed for Durban.

To be continued next issue.

A man and woman were married for many years. Whenever there was a confrontation, arguing could be heard deep into the night. The old man would shout,

"When I die, I will dig my way up and out of the grave and come back and haunt you for the rest of your life!"

Neighbours feared him. The old man liked the fact that he was feared. Then one evening, he died when he was 98. After the burial, her neighbours, concerned for her safety, asked,

"Aren't you afraid that he may indeed be able to dig his way out of the grave and haunt you for the rest of your life?"

The wife said, "Let him dig. I had him buried upside down...and I know he won't ask for directions."

G ï Gentlemen
O ï Only
L ï Ladies
F - Forbidden



A Man with No Enemies

Meet Walter Barnes - All golfers should live so long as to become this kind of old man!

Toward the end of the Sunday service, the Minister asked, "How many of you have forgiven your enemies?"

80% held up their hands. The Minister then repeated his question. All responded this time, except one man, Walter Barnes.

"Mr Barnes, are you not willing to forgive your enemies?"

"I don't have any," he replied gruffly.

"Mr Barnes, that is very unusual. How old are you?"

"Ninety-eight," he replied. The congregation stood up and clapped their hands.

"Oh, Mr Barnes, would you please come down in front and tell us all how a person can live ninety-eight years and not have an enemy in the world?"

The old golfer tottered down the aisle, stopped in front of the pulpit, turned around, faced the congregation, and said simply, "I outlived all them as*****s" - and he calmly returned to his seat.

India's First Home grown Aircraft Carrier Floats Out

India on Wednesday (Late July) undocked its first indigenous-built aircraft carrier INS Vikrant at a ceremony at Cochin Shipyard Limited. AFP

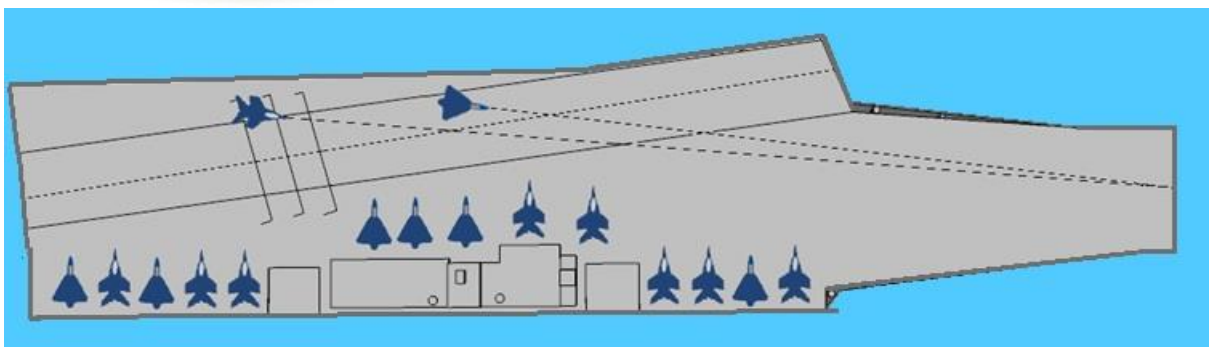
INS Vikrant – The largest and the first endogenously-built aircraft carrier (IAC) to be built for the Indian Navy India yesterday undocked its first indigenously-built aircraft carrier INS Vikrant at a simple ceremony at Cochin Shipyard Limited (CSL). INS Vikrant is the first aircraft carrier built in India and the first warship built by Cochin.

Work on the ship's design began in 1999, and the keel was laid in February 2009. The

carrier was floated out of its dry dock on 29 December 2011 and was launched in 2013

The name Vikrant means “courageous” or “bold”. She is 262 meters (860 ft) long and 60 meters (200 ft) wide, and displaces about 40,000 metric tons (39,000 long tons). The vessel features a Short Take-Off But Arrested Recovery (STOBAR) configuration with a ski-jump.

Major outfitting work of the ship will start this week. Later, basin trials and extensive sea trials will be undertaken prior to delivery to the Navy, said CSL officials.



Australian Love Poem

Of course, I love ya darling
You're a bloody top-notch bird
And when I say you're gorgeous
I mean every single word

So ya bum is on the big side
I don't mind a bit of flab
It means that when I'm ready
There's something there to grab

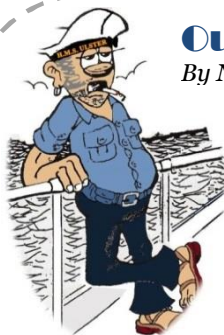
So your belly isn't flat no more
I tell ya, I don't care
So long as when I cuddle ya
I can get my arms round there

No Sheila who is your age
Has nice round perky breasts
They just gave in to gravity
But I know ya did ya best

I'm telling ya the truth now
I never tell ya lies
I think it's very sexy
That you've got dimples on ya thighs

I swear on me nanna's grave now
The moment that we met
I thought you was as good as
I was ever gonna get

No matter what u look like
I'll always love ya dear
Now shut up while the cricket's on
And fetch another beer.



Out and about

By Norrie Millen

Enjoying this beautiful summer, I thought how nice it is going to be to see old shipmate's once again. However **Once again** I am sad to report that **NO** new bookings have

come in since last issue. so shipmate's it is time to get your booking forms in so I can get a good idea of numbers.

Don't forget I have pencilled in a bus trip to Cheddar Gorge and this is also proving popular, so once you have sent your form off to hotel, do let me know and whether you want to come on bus trip or not.

Sidmouth 2016, something to put in your diaries too. There is a tramway at Seaton not too far away which runs on old railway track and quite an interesting ride which maybe we could pencil in?

So shipmates once again an appeal to sharpen up your trusty quills and let me know how you feel and I let me have your amusing anecdotes to share with other shipmates.

"That's all for now folks"

VINCENT VAN GOGH'S FAMILY TREE

His dizzy Aunt	Verti Gogh
The Brother who ate prunes.....	Gotta Gogh
The Brother who worked at a convenience store.....	Stop-N-Gogh
Grandfather from Yugoslavia	U Gogh
His magician uncle.....	Where Diddy Gogh
His Mexican cousin	A Mee Gogh
The Mexican cousin's American half-brother.....	Gring Gogh
The nephew who drove a stage coach.....	Wells Far Gogh
The constipated Uncle	Can't Gogh
The ballroom dancing Aunt	Tang Gogh
The bird loving Uncle	Flamin Gogh
The Aunt who taught positive thinking.....	Way-to-Gogh
The little bouncy Nephew.....	Poe Gogh
The sister who loved disco.....	Go Gogh
And his Niece who travels in an RV	Winnie Bay Gogh

