



The Rum Tub or Norrie's Nocturnal and Nautical Natter

Editorial	1
Norrie's natter.....	2
Battle of Jutland	3-5
Sheep Farmer to spy	6-8
Shot at dawn	9-10
1961-63 Commission dit	10
1970-72 Commission dit	11
RN Submariner Qualifies USN ..	12

DID YOU KNOW?

Although very little is known about them due to sparse historical records, there were female gladiators, known as gladiatrices, in Ancient Rome.

Phoebe Snetsinger (1931-1999) was the most accomplished birder in the history of the world—over the course of her life she observed and documented 8,398 different bird species.

Although Drew Struzan might not be a household name, you've certainly seen his work—he's the artist behind some of the most iconic movie poster art of the 20th century including Star Wars, Back to the Future, Indiana Jones, and more.

The first commercial flight in the UK took off from Teignmouth, in Devon. The passenger service was run by The Great Western Railway.

The auditory equivalent of visualization is called audiation wherein you imagine sounds or musical constructs in the absence of actual auditory stimulus; the term was coined by music education researcher Edwin Gordon in 1975.

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HMS Ulster

Rum Tub

Editorial

By Shipmate Norrie Millen

Hi! Shipmates,

The Festive Season is rapidly approaching, don't you just hate it when Christmas decorations and festive fare appear as early as late August in some stores, hardly before we have our sun glasses and swimming trunks off! I don't know about your families, but as a child we were bunged off to bed early Christmas Eve with a stern warning not reappear before morning or Santa Claus would not call.

Whilst we were allegedly asleep, I guess we dozed a little; my parents would then hang the Christmas Decorations (homemade) and erect the small Christmas tree with about a dozen small lights on it. Main presents were sneaked into bedroom during the wee hours. After opening our presents and once we went down the stairs, there was a Christmas stocking each with an apple, orange, some sweets and nuts. (*Remember things were on ration and scarce*)

Next year's reunion at Royal Beach South promises to be a great one, lots to do and a regular free shuttle bus to take you about. Please do think about it, we would love to see more of you from all commissions. I know if you are not on email, you will not get continual updates to website or newsletters. I will endeavour to send this one out to as many as I can, bearing in mind the heavy postage rates these days.

Still Tiz the season to be jolly and a fun family affair. This newsletter a tad early for Chrimbo, but I will be driving up to Scotland to celebrate with my eldest son, who did not want dad to be alone for Christmas. When Angela said last Christmas that she would not see another Christmas, I told her to stop talking nonsense!

It's kind of weird that people seem to know when their time left on this earth is approaching, I remember my father saying many years ago, I will be dead within the week and he was spot on.

Life is too short, take each day as it comes and enjoy it.

The way I see it anyway!



HAVE A GREAT CHRISTMAS & PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR



Norrie's Natter

The polo shirts first and second order have now all been collected or posted. Gentle reminder for those yet to pay, settlement would be appreciated in the near future.

Plans are in hand for next two reunions, 2017 and something (hopefully) a bit special for 2018, the 60th anniversary of the 1958-60 commissioning year.

All those on my Ulster database will receive applications from IOW Tours in near future; apart from those who have stated they have no further interest in attending or are unable to for health reasons. If anyone has slipped through cracks my sincere apologies.

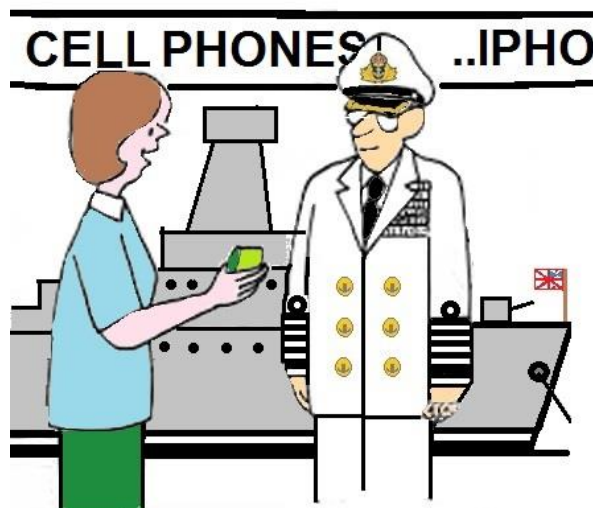
2017 will be at The Royal Beach in Southsea, with a shuttle bus on the Saturday to and from hotel to local attractions. I did email out a survey which drew little response but came out in favour of the shuttle over a dedicated bus trip to a local attraction.

Now I am not a push and shove away from a free TV licence, the only other person in that category that keeps in frequent touch now has his. What am I trying to say? The other young lads on the commission I hardly ever hear from. Nothing at all from Young LocköBain since he made contact, a couple of Christmas's ago.

It really is quite painless to hit reply and acknowledge my emails, especially when I ask a direct question e.g. last survey. Nor will you catch anything by doing so apart from a thank you response from me for your reply and comments.

I really do appreciate it is not always easy for you to respond right away, but do try to keep in closer touch. I doubt, many of you spend 8+ hours 7 days a week, I have to running my websites and answering the mound of emails I receive on a daily basis. Remember communication is a two-way medium, well at least it should be!

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"We have a new phone for Royal Navy... the Ave, Ave phone!"



They don't like it? Well a dripping matelot is a happy sailor!

Then the guys I just talked to are down right ecstatic

A highway patrol officer was patrolling late at night off the main highway.

At nearly midnight, he sees a couple in a car, in lovers' lane, with the interior light brightly glowing. He carefully approaches the car to get a closer look. He sees a young man behind the wheel, reading a computer magazine. He immediately notices a young woman in the rear seat, filing her fingernails.

Puzzled by this surprising situation, the trooper walks to the car and gently taps on the driver's window.

The young man lowers his window. "Uh, yes Officer?"

The trooper asks "What are you doing?" The young man says "Well, Officer, I'm reading a magazine "Pointing towards the young woman in the back seat, the trooper asks: "And what is she doing?" The young man shrugs: "Sir, I believe she's filing her fingernails."

Now, the trooper is totally confused: A young couple, alone, in a car, at night in a lover's lane and nothing inappropriate is happening!" The trooper asks "What's your age, young man?" The young man says "I'm 22, sir." The trooper asks "And how old is she?" The young man looks at his watch and replies: "She'll be 18 in 11 minutes"

Battle of Jutland May 31st ñ June 1st 1916

Transcript of the Journal of Petty Officer (Writer) Albert Symonds

Submitted by Shipmate Mickle Seaward

*Journal transcribed by Ian Mackenzie,
HMS Lowestoft Association*

PART I

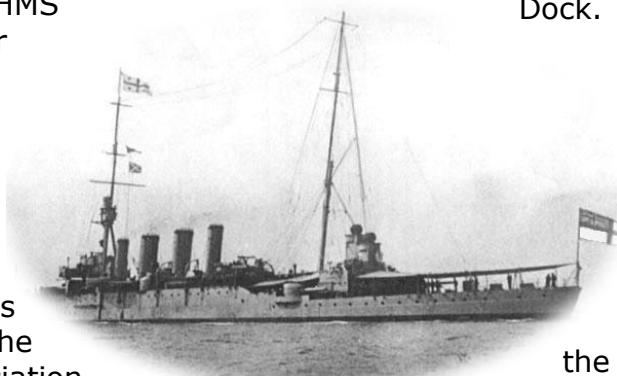
This is a transcript of the Journal of Petty Officer (Writer) Albert Symonds, who was serving in the Town Class Light Cruiser HMS Southampton. (Sister ship of HMS Lowestoft which was in 1916 with the Mediterranean Fleet in the 8th L.C.S.)

The Journal was kindly supplied to the HMS Lowestoft Association by Bob Hind of 'The News' Portsmouth who was given access to the journal by Sarah Pilbeam, of Widley, the granddaughter of Albert Symonds.

HMS Southampton was laid down on 6 April 1911 by John Brown & Company at their Clydebank shipyard and launched on 16 May 1912. Upon completion in November, the ship was assigned to the 1st Battle Squadron and she became flagship of the 1st Light Cruiser Squadron in July 1913. The ship had an extremely active wartime career. Southampton participated in the Battle of Heligoland Bight, and later in the Battle of Dogger Bank in early 1915. In May 1916, Southampton fought in the Battle of Jutland as flagship of 2nd Light Cruiser Squadron (Commodore Goodenough) where she torpedoed the German light

cruiser SMS Frauenlob, which subsequently sank. In 1917,

she was transferred to the 8th Light Cruiser Squadron with whom she remained for the rest of the war. Southampton was sold for scrapping on 13 July 1926 to Ward, of Pembroke Dock.



HMS Southampton

Albert William Garland Symonds was the fifth of seven children born to William and Emily Symonds on July 2, 1888.

He was educated at the Royal Hospital School,

Greenwich, and served 25 years in the Royal Navy, retiring as a Chief Writer.

Albert begins his notes at 6pm on the evening of Friday, June 2, 1916 at Rosyth. The battle raged from May 31 to June 1

Foreword I am writing this at 6 PM on the evening of Friday June 2nd 1916.

The ship is at Rosyth and we reached this base at 2 PM today having left it at 9 PM on Tuesday 30th May. In the interval, a naval action of some magnitude has taken place.

HMS Southampton played her part in it and it has been an honourable if somewhat trying part which we have played. It is of course inevitable that one ship, not to mention one individual like myself can form but an indifferent opinion of the complete results and actions of a 'show' such as this last one. But it so happened that circumstances dictated that this ship should see



Writer Symonds

as much of the action, if not more than any other ship. Also my position in the ship as a Control Officer of the After Control, only became a busy one under two circumstances.

(1) If the Lieut. (G) is killed

(2) If we should become engaged both sides at once

Neither of these incidents took place, so that I had time to take notes and observe times etc. I have judged it best to follow generally the form of a diary then I can distinguish easily between what I heard and what I saw. (ALL TIMES ARE G.M.T.)

THE ACCOUNT

On the afternoon of Tuesday the 30th May, we were lying at our base (Rosyth) when the signal came through at about 6 pm "Flag Lion to B.C.F. (Battle Cruiser Fleet) and 5th B.S. (Battle Squadron) raise steam and report when ready to proceed".

At 9 pm we weighed and proceeded, no one in this ship knowing at the time the object of the operation. It does not in fact appear that we had great expectations of seeing them as we cruised East all Wednesday forenoon at no very high speed. By noon we had steam for "full speed" at ½ hours' notice but as we were well over towards the Danish coast, this order partook more of the nature of routine than of anything else. The course of the Fleet was approx. East and the L.C. (Light Cruiser) screen was spread 1st L.C.S. (Light Cruiser Squadron) - 3rd - 2nd L.C.S. (ourselves) from North to South.

At 2.23 pm "Galatea" sighted two enemy Light Cruisers and much smoke bearing East. At 2.56 pm they reported the German B.C. Fleet. We held on our Easterly course until 3.55 PM the B.C. came into

line, steering South with the "Lion" leading and they at once opened fire on the German B. C. Fleet. We were on the "Lion's" starboard bow and on our port beam was a number of T.B.D's. (Torpedo Boat Destroyers) and the "Champion" (Light Cruiser).

As soon as we opened fire (and by "we" I mean our B.C.) the Germans opened fire as well, if not before. It must be realized that whilst our own B.C. were only a mile or so from us the Germans were about 20,000 yards away and against a very dark background, whilst we were silhouetted

against the Western sky. The tactical disadvantage was very great, as it was extremely difficult for our B.C. to see the German B.C. It was of course still harder for

us to see the Germans, in fact all that we ever saw of the enemy during the first period of the action was a series of flashes on the horizon. We were therefore helpless spectators of the severe punishment our own B.C. were suffering without having the consolation of seeing what damage the Germans were experiencing.

As has been the custom before, the German shooting was initially very good. Our B.C. were foaming through enormous splashes and it was evident that our line was being straddled. I was watching the line at 4.15 (approx.) and I had just noted with satisfaction that the

"Lion" was emerging from a collection of huge fountains of water when I was horrified to see a colossal column of grey white smoke stand on the water where the "Indefatigable" (Battle Cruiser) had been.

This column of smoke which I estimate was 700 feet high expanded on top into a great mushroom. The base of this mushroom stalk became a fiery red.



"Queen Mary"



"Indefatigable"

I realized the "Indefatigable" had been blown up and the next thing I remember was seeing the next ship in the line coming through the place where she had been.

I cannot attempt to describe my feelings when the action having proceeded as before viz: - flashes on the horizon, columns of splashes around our Battle Cruisers, salvoes from our B.C.

At 4.23 PM in an almost similar manner the "Queen Mary" (Battle Cruiser) was obliterated by an 800 feet high mushroom of fiery smoke, in this case I remember seeing bits of her 'flying upward'. As I watched this fiery gravestone, it seemed to waver slightly at the base and I caught a momentary but clear glimpse of the hull of the "Queen Mary" sticking out of the water from the stern to the after funnel.

At this moment (i.e. shortly after the "Queen Mary" sunk) we had either sheared across to port or the B.C. had sheared to starboard to open range, for I remember noticing that we were about ½ a mile almost right ahead of the "Lion". Whilst in this position I saw the shell or shells hit the "Lion" which put her midship port turret out of action also causing a fire. I hear that this single shell accounted for the greater number of those killed in the "Lion" (109)

At 4.38 we sighted and reported Light Cruisers followed by the German High Seas Fleet bearing South East steering about North East or North. Either just before or after this, Admiral Beatty made the signal to a/c 16 points which the B.C. then did. We did not obey this signal and held to the Southward for two reasons:-

- (1) We thought there might be the chance of making a torpedo attack;
- (2) We wished to have a good look at them and report accurately.

With these intentions, we held on and on, ever drawing nearer to this formidable line of German Battleships. I could see them plainly and counted 16 of them led

by the four "Koenig's" with the six older ones in the rear. Every moment it seemed as if they must open fire and obliterate us, but luckily they decided we were not worth ammunition at this stage of the proceedings. Finally, at a range of 12,900 yards we discovered we could not get into position for a torpedo attack so we turned 16 points and steered Northerly with the German B.C. on our starboard bow and the German Battle Fleet on our starboard quarter and beam, this was at 4,45 PM.

When the "Lion" and remaining B.C. turned 16 points to North or North by West the German B.C. seeing their Grand Fleet coming up from the South also turned 16 points. Our B.C. was then engaged with the German B.C. but we could not see much of this, then came a gap of a couple of miles then the 5th B.S. heavily engaged with the leading half of the German line. Close to the last ship of the 5th B.S. was the "Southampton", sometimes we were 4-6 cables on their disengaged quarter, at other times we were almost astern. Away on our port quarter were some destroyers and the other ships of our squadron.

For the following hour, 5pm to 6pm, I can truthfully say I thought each succeeding minute was our last. For that hour we were under persistent 11in shellfire from the rear of the German fleet. That is to say, all the German battleships which could not get to our battleships thought they might as well while away the time by knocking us out.

Needless to say we could not fire a shot in return as the range was about 16,000 yards, way beyond our guns. 'I crouched behind the 1/10in plate of the after control with Hayward-Booth (the Sub.) and the Clerk and we gnawed on bully beef. However, my throat was so dry that I could not get much down and we could not get any water. **PART II In next issue**

A guy turns to his wife in bed and whispers, "Did you know it's National Orgasm Day?"

"Oh, what a pity," she said, "Right in the middle of National Headache Week."

From Pacifist Sheep Farmer to One of Britain's Greatest Secret Agents

Francis Cammaerts dodged danger and death

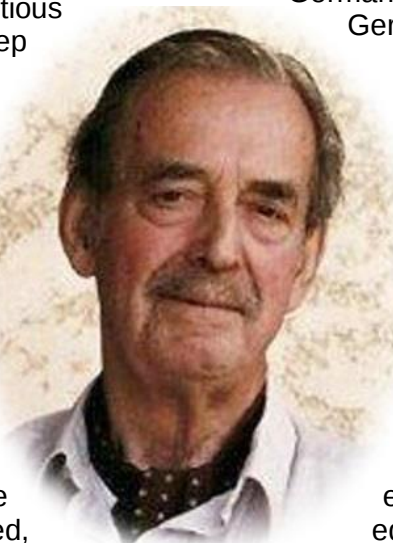
Researched and submitted by Shipmate Norrie Millen

Occupied France, 1944. Francis Cammaerts stepped from a train onto the railway station platform in Avignon. Almost immediately, German security forces at a checkpoint became suspicious and asked for his papers.

The son of a Belgian poet and English actress, he was everything you would never expect in a secret agent. Cammaerts had been a pacifist and conscientious objector assigned to tend sheep in Lincolnshire when he refused to join the British Army. His job before World War II broke out? School teacher. And at six-feet, four-inches tall he hardly blended into a crowd.

But in France, Cammaerts was "Roger" his code name in the British Special Operations Executive and the organizer of a highly effective resistance group called Jockey. If captured, the Gestapo would have brutally tortured him in an effort to gain information about his network. If he broke under torture, it'd mean the lives of thousands more. Travelling under the cover story that he was a French teacher recovering from severe illness, Cammaerts thought fast. "They were spending a lot of time looking at my papers and I coughed and spluttered, bit my lip and spat blood on the platform," he recounted in *SOE: An Outline History of the Special Operations Executive 1940-46*. "The Germans were very frightened of T.B. My papers were returned very quickly and I was sent on my way."

Luck, a penchant for survival and sheer guts, that was Lt. Col. Francis Cammaerts. He died in 2006 at age 90, and is still remembered as one of the most effective British operatives of World War II.



Francis Cammaerts

of his work it was apparent that he was one of the most outstanding organizers in the field," his citation for the Distinguished Service Order stated. "This was borne out on D-Day when his organization numbered 20,000 men of which at least 15,000 were fully armed" - a boon to the regular Allied forces as the French resistance destroyed rail lines, sabotaged German communications and ambushed German troops.

Only a handful of men and women who worked with Cammaerts are alive today. But historians and family friends of Cammaerts remember him as a man who expressed fierce loyalty toward the French people, and a fervent determination to wipe out the Nazis because of the personal loss the war brought to his family.

Like many of his generation and social status in Britain, Cammaerts enjoyed a life marked by elite education and athletic prowess. He was a student at Cambridge University, where he earned degrees in history and English. Cammaerts also distinguished himself as a star hockey player. He spoke fluent French - a linguistic gift from his father the poet and art historian Emile Cammaerts. At the time, his ambition was to become a school teacher. Eventually, he taught at Penge Grammar School, where he became a close friend of the French master Harry Rée, a Cambridge classmate. Like many during the interwar period, Cammaerts was an avowed pacifist because of the effects of the Great War on an entire generation. "The whole story of

World War I was so overwhelming that I think many of us said we must never be part of this again," he said later. After Britain entered World War II in 1939, Cammaerts' younger brother Pieter joined the Royal Air Force. Rée joined the newly formed SOE, formed to organize



This Nazi photograph from July 1944 appears to show French pro-Axis militia fighters with Resistance prisoners.

"From the earliest days

resistance in Occupied

Europe. Cammaerts registered as a conscientious objector - a "conchie" as the British called them - and lost his job as a school teacher. Eventually, the British government ordered Cammaerts to work as a farm labourer to perform his national service. He went willingly, working hard on a sheep farm and meeting his wife Nan. In March 1941, Pieter died in an airplane crash. It should be pointed out that Francis began the war as a fervent conchie - not the expected beginning for a man who a few years later was to be decorated by three nations and lauded as a war hero and freedom fighter," said David Harrison, a family friend of Cammaerts whose website documents SOE operations in France. "However, the death of his brother in the RAF changed his views. He felt Nazism had to be defeated." Soon after, Cammaerts' old friend Rée contacted him. Rée had long been convinced that the SOE was where Cammaerts belonged. He helped Cammaerts make contact with the organization, which he joined. The view today of the SOE is often highly romanticized - easy to do when you remember that the organization help lay the groundwork for modern covert operations. But during World War II, the SOE was of vital importance in a very down-to-earth way, according to Steven Kippax, moderator of the SOE Discussion Group and a historian who has studied the organization for more than 20 years. Among other things, the Allies counted on the SOE's network of resistance fighters to assist the D-Day invasion, considered an inevitable step toward the destruction of Nazi Germany. Kippax said that the SOE worked together with the American Office of Strategic Services - the rough equivalent of the British covert force -



Pieter Cammaerts

under the Allies' Special Forces Headquarters. In turn, SFHQ worked with planners that reported to Supreme Allied Commander Gen. Dwight Eisenhower while planning resistance operations before, during and after D-Day. Under the codename Operation Counter-Scorch, French resistance fighters were not only expected to attack German troops on D-Day but prevent the Germans from destroying bridges, port facilities, communications and other

infrastructure important to the Allies once they landed. "Eisenhower reckoned the French Resistance was the equivalent value of 10 divisions in his order of battle," Kippax said. But the organization needed to carry out such complicated covert operations wouldn't be developed overnight. It would take time and patience - and the work itself would be incredibly dangerous for both for French resistance members and SOE operatives. It's difficult to comprehend today what French resistance fighters faced during World War II. France was an occupied nation. What's more, the Vichy government of France had capitulated to the Germans - in other words, Vichy was on the same side as the Nazis. Gestapo goons, Abwehr intelligence agents and German radio intercept spies, were everywhere. So were the police forces of the Vichy government. A Frenchman could - and many did - sell out an Allied agent to the Gestapo for a cash reward. Although members of the SOE received rank in the British armed forces, chances were slim that they would be treated as POWs if they fell into German hands. If you were captured, you were tortured - Hitler ordered that no Allied agent be executed until he or she broke under torture and revealed valuable information. For men, beatings and near-drownings were a popular form of torture used by the Gestapo. For women, it was the same - and they often suffered repeated sexual assault by their captors. Yet, men and women - the SOE was very egalitarian - joined the organization knowing fully what danger they faced beyond dying in combat. Although Cammaerts' instructors expressed reservations about his leadership abilities during training, in 1943 the SOE assigned him to Section F. Soon, he received a

commission as a captain in the British Army and slipped into France by airplane. There he began working with the Carte network, a loosely organized resistance group spread out across southern France. But something was wrong, and the instincts that kept Cammaerts alive during his time in France kicked in. The Abwehr and infiltrated the Carte. In fact, a man sent by the French leader of the Carte network to meet with Cammaerts turned out to be an Abwehr agent.

"A sixth sense alerted Francis to a lack of security in the group and he left for the safety of Cannes on the Riviera just before the arrests took place," Harrison said. From that point onward, Cammaerts not only worked to organize a new network called Jockey. He also left messages in so-called "dead letter boxes" for later collection. In addition, he had a superb SOE radio operator named Auguste Floiras who sent and received a record number of messages between Cammaerts while he was in the field and the SOE headquarters in London. But what probably saved his life time

and time again during his 15 months in enemy territory was the sincere affection and fierce loyalty that he felt toward the French men and women he helped organize. "The main reasons for Francis' success were his humanitarian principles and his understanding of human nature," Harrison said. "He was a charismatic figure, and through trust and respect for his resistance helpers he built a sense of mutual admiration and brotherhood." Harrison said he witnessed the affection that the French held for Cammaerts even decades after the war ended. In 1996, he accompanied Cammaerts to a ceremony in France honouring the death of resistance fighters massacred by the Germans. "He was greeted by the locals like a film star," Harrison said. "Francis told me that he could easily have been betrayed for money, but nobody ever did it. Having got to know him myself, I can understand that he was regarded as being far too precious."

Despite Cammaerts' obvious heroism, he always gave credit to the French for not only protecting his life but generously caring for him, other SOE agents and the resistance fighters. He particularly admired the resilience of French farm women. "He could arrive late at a farm house and would be guaranteed to be given a hearty meal, a clean bed and even soap, a real luxury at the time," Harrison said. "The wife would knowingly be not only risking her own life, but that of her whole family while

he was only risking his own." Cammaerts' discretion, patience and loyalty paid off. The Jockey network would eventually stretch from the Mediterranean north to Lyon and across to the Swiss and Italian borders, comprised of thousands of resistance fighters. However, even Cammaerts' luck eventually ran out. In August 1944, Axis-allied French police arrested him at a checkpoint along with two other SOE agents. They overheard their captors say they would shoot the agents within three days. Fortunately, Christine Granville, his SOE courier and a remarkable agent herself, bravely rescued the agents. She arranged for the RAF to parachute a huge ransom for the men - and the money and some fast talking convinced Cammaerts' captors to release him and his colleagues. Soon after, Allied forces landed on the Riviera coast in Operation Anvil, and his network helped American forces liberate many towns during the push north. Promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel, Cammaerts helped deploy resistance fighters whose efforts resulted in the success of Operation Anvil taking place in weeks rather than months as originally anticipated by Allied planners. For his efforts in southern France, the Free French government awarded him the



*Cammaerts, left, and family friend David Harrison at the French Resistance memorial at Vassieux, France, 1996.
Photo courtesy of David Harrison*

Légion d'honneur and the Croix de Guerre. He also received the American Medal of Freedom from the United States. His post-war pursuits returned him to education. He worked as a teacher, college professor and head of professional organizations for educators - work that Cammaerts preferred to be remembered for rather than his wartime exploits. In 1989, he

retired to a small farm in southern France in the area where he worked as a secret agent during the war, determined to live a quiet life but still remembered as *le grand diable Anglais* - the tall English devil.

I got caught taking a pee in the swimming pool today.

The lifeguard shouted at me so loud, I nearly fell in. When you are 70+....who cares?

SHOT AT DAWN.

Submitted by Bob Styants Engineroom Association

Edwin, Leopold, Arthur, Dyett. Sub/Lt. RNVR, Nelson Battalion, Royal Naval Brigade, was shot at dawn, 5th, January, 1917.

When war broke out in 1914 he was a junior officer in West India Mail Steamers.

Not a strong youth: subject to nervous attacks and fainting fits for which he was frequently medically treated; volunteered for his country in the navy and was granted a commission Sub/Lt. RNVR 25th. June 1915.

The interview board in London, asked if he would accept a permanent commission in the Royal Marines: sent for training at Crystal Palace, he was asked if he wished land or sea service and replied 'sea only'. All his previous training having been that of a sailor: however, he was sent to Blandford Camp where he made several requests to transfer to sea service on account of his previous training. However, he was drafted to the Eastern Mediterranean and sailed in HMT 'Olympic' 16th. February, 1916.

The Commandant Brigadier General R.M. at Blandford reported on 15th. December that Dyett was a particular smart and alert young officer; and he had been chosen to lead practise attacks for cinema films to be shown around the country for Royal Navy Brigade recruiting purposes.

Having served considerable time in the Eastern Mediterranean he was transferred to Northern France with the 63rd. Royal Naval Brigade, and it is reported that he spent several periods in hospital with nervous disability and his feet.

However, he wrote cheerful letters home and was of loyal courage: but wished to join up with the fleet and made further applications for sea service whilst in France, which met with no response.

On 18th. December his parents received a letter from him to say he had been under close arrest since 13th. November (for having failed to be at a certain spot at a certain time)

Later he gave his father details that had led up to the trouble he was in: throughout his arrest. Dyett was censor for his own and his company's mail, and had no idea until the night before his death that he had done anything to deserve more than a reprimand or at most cancellation of his commission.

He had written his mother for a diary and other items for future use on 2nd. January.

An eye witness described his last hours thus:

On hearing his sentence at 10 p.m. 4th. January, medical staff suggested he take drugs or stimulants: but he replied 'he had been an abstainer all his life and would not now break his resolve' and as he had nothing to fear for any offence he had committed he wished to keep his mind clear.

Shortly before the moment of his death he wrote to his mother and signed it without a tremor.

On hearing of his sentence, the 63rd R.N. Division wired headquarters demanding a reprieve; but no reply was forthcoming before his execution.

The eye witness stated that Dyett was an inspiration to those present.

Two other officers present collapsed and had to be medically treated.

Dyett addressed the firing party and said 'he had nothing to fear and did not blame them; saying they were only obeying orders' 'Don't muddle it boys, Shoot straight!'

He was shot at 7.30 a.m. 5th January, 1917.

On the 19th. January an enquiry at RNVR Headquarters, London showed they knew nothing of his death; which had taken place fourteen days before by order; and that he was still on active service in France.

The Admiralty also gave a similar reply.

The only information his parents received was a letter 22nd. January; a lapse of seventeen days after the event.

Although, an epoch of the times; today, it seems a very tragic case in any circumstances that being late leading his men 'over the top' because of exhaustion and shell shock; he was accused of cowardice by a brother officer he had fallen out with!

Apparently this Subaltern and a Petty Officer of whom Dyett had a poor opinion, gave evidence against him in court. He suspected the P.O. have shielding himself at Gallipoli behind another.

On the evening after Dyett's execution; half a dozen of his brother officers went in search of the officer whose evidence led to Dyett's death: but he had gone on leave!

Some questions that should have been raised!

- (1) If arrested 13th. November, why wasn't Sub/Lt. Dyett tried by Courts Martial before the 31st. December: or is it true he was tried more than once and put back for lack of evidence?

- (2) If quality of an offence deserving death; why was he appointed censor and acted as such; not only for himself but for hundreds of others up until 4th. January, 1917.
- (3) As he reported himself at Brigade headquarters at daybreak 14th. November; how could he possibly be a deserter; and if not a deserter for what reason was he shot?
- (4) Who constituted the Courts Martial? Seeing that he was a Naval Officer, why was there no naval officer in the court? There were two Senior Naval Officers local at Abbeyville.
- (5) Why was not the father; himself a naval officer of senior rank and on active service, informed of his son's plight?
- (6) What steps were taken to put up a defence; and who defended him?
- (7) Who was his one and only enemy from whom the startling report emanated? What was that report? Was there any confirmation of the junior officer's evidence?
- (8) Why were G.H.Q. RNVR and the Admiralty ignorant on 19th. January of his untimely end?
- (9) How is it possible for a naval officer to be tried by Courts Martial; sentenced to death and executed, without the knowledge of the Admiralty?
- (10) Why weren't the next of kin informed within a reasonable time?
- (11) With what object was his kit returned to his parents marked 'killed'?
- (12) If all was honest and above board, why were all the officers sworn to secrecy?
- (13) Seeing that this young man; a mere boy, was in action from 5 a.m. 13th, November until dark; leading his men; and seeing all his brother officers shot down save one beside him; is there no miscarriage of justice in not making an allowance for physical exertion and nerves?
- (14) Who is responsible? Who was President of the Court Martial?
- (15) If a deserter: why buried by a party of his comrades in consecrated ground in Le Crotoy churchyard?
- (16) Who is the Brigadier General who having received a report from Dyett's only enemy placed him under arrest?
- (17) Who was the N.C.O. the lad assisted to safety the night of 13th, November?
- (18) Was he called upon to give evidence?
- (19) Why was a deaf ear turned to his repeated requests for service in the navy; for which he had volunteered?

- (20) Why was no answer given (in time) to the 63rd. RN Division demand for a reprieve?
- (21) Will searching enquiries be made with a view to publicly clearing the lad's name?
- (22) Was this not a case for another chance at least?

His crime was neither treachery or desertion; or anything obviously tending to the advantage of the enemy or losses among our own troops.

He should have been accused of nothing more than wandering.

1961-63 Commission ditty

Submitted by Shipmate Ken Jones

The first ditty that comes to mind from the 61-63 commission is as follows.

The ship's company formed up in Drake on the morning of the 14th of December 1961, and marched down to the ship which was berthed in the inner basin.

We were given our messes and stowed our kit before turning to in the afternoon. I was put in 5-6 mess, the lower forward seaman's mess, this being my third ship I was streetwise enough to trap a slinging billet next to the forward port scuttle so that I could be assured of some fresh air and a view when alongside.

We secured that night and duly turned in, only to be awakened at approximately 0530 the next morning by the duty P.O. who leapt down our ladder into the mess, switching on the lights and shouting "Get up now, the galley's on fire Move now!"

Well we looked at time and said in so many words go Fly off!, we aren't starting the commission like this, call the hands isn't till 0600". As I had the scuttle billet I looked out and saw flashing blue lights and a big red fire engine alongside the after brow and shouted

"It's real, and we all turned out sharpish. What had happened was that the galley staff had not been informed by their outgoing oppo's that the thermostat on the deep fat fryer did not work and the duty chef had flashed up the galley before turning to prepping the days rations and the fryer reached its ignition temperature and ignited.

Hearing the chef shouting fire, the Q.M. rushed down and picked up a foam appliance to tackle the fire but it was defective and water came out instead of foam and he got burnt in the flashover.

The result was that, instead of proceeding to Portland for work-up we stayed in Guzz for the rest of December, January and finally departed for Portland on the 9th of February 1962. So started the commission!

1970-72 Commission ditty

Submitted by Shipmate Frank Holden

Admiral Weatherall was fondly known as 'Gentleman Jim'

When I was on Ulster, I lived not far from Gentleman Jimöin Bishops Waltham.

On a family day at sea, because I had our car in alongside Ulster, I arranged for Jimsö wife Jean to bring my wife and baby in her car to the ship.

I was waiting on the gangway for their arrival. As the car rolled up, I asked the O.O.D. to proceed ashore to pick up my family.

Wait for the Captainsö wife to come onboard first he said. His face was a picture when I explained the situation and he scuttled down the gangway to help my wife with the carry-cot.

Needless to say, I didnö snigger too loudly! I believe the O.O.D. was the Navigator nick named-called Sexy Remy, because he was a major f****y rat.

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Today, my wife said to me, "Honey, get off your fat ass and fix that gutter downspout ñ itö been falling apart for years!

...and, I want it done before the end of the day!"

Well, as you all know at my age, most of my friends are retired and do have the time to address such "Honey do's"....

So, I invited some of my buddies over to help with the project.

One is a sheet metal worker.

One is a iron worker so he came with his welder.

One brought beer and nachos.

One brought a grill and burgers.

Took us about 6 hours, and 35-40 beers, but we got it done just as we finished off the last of the beer and food.

As usual, the wife is still not happy !!

Can't understand, ãcause all us guys love it!

Personally, I cannot wait for it to rain.



I was standing at the bar one night minding my own business. This fat ugly chick came up behind me, grabbed my behind and said, "You're kinda cute. You gotta phone number?

I said, "Yeah, you gotta pen?"

She said, "Yeah, I got a pen".

I said, "You better get back in it before the farmer misses you."

Cost me 6 stitches...but, when you are 70+.....who cares?

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Royal Navy Submariner awarded USN Dolphins

A Royal Navy submariner recently received US Navy Submarine Service dolphins, making him just the second UK officer to qualify on a US Navy submarine.

Lieutenant Matt Main has already earned his Royal Navy dolphins – the unique badge which signifies a qualified submariner – but on June 10 he was presented with the US equivalent after a gruelling 27 month training and qualification process.

Matt, a Marine Engineer (Submarines) in the Royal Navy, was presented with the US dolphins by Commander George Perez, Commanding Officer of the USS New Mexico, after his success as part of the US-UK Personnel Exchange Programme.

Fully integrated into the crew of USS New Mexico, Matt is currently the Damage Control Assistant and will become the Assistant Engineer in due course before returning to the Royal Navy.

US Navy submarine officers must qualify both forward and aft to earn their dolphins and so, for Matt, learning to drive the submarine both surfaced and submerged has been a unique experience.

“It is a real privilege to serve on this fine submarine with such a professional, motivated crew” said Matt.

“It has been a tough process, but getting my US Navy dolphins is one of the highlights of my career and I have enjoyed every minute of it.

“The welcome I received when I reported on board a year ago was incredibly warm and I am proud to call these men my brothers.”

Commander Perez said:

“After a fast-paced, demanding year of intense operations, Lieutenant Main has earned his gold US dolphins.

“He is fully qualified to stand Officer of the Deck on USS New Mexico and will do so repeatedly over the next year as he assumes an even larger role in the day-to-day operations of the ship.

“When an officer earns his dolphins in the US Navy, it signifies that they have demonstrated, through performance as the Officer of the Deck, a thorough understanding of all aspects of submarine operations.”

Lieutenant Main was presented his dolphins during a ceremony alongside HM Naval Base Clyde. Witnessing events were the crew of USS New Mexico as well as Royal Navy colleagues.

Matt is the second Royal Navy officer to earn US Navy submarine dolphins, with the first, Lieutenant Commander Ralph Coffey, receiving his after serving with USS Providence from 2010-12.



**"You blithering idiot, Hamrun!
That's not the Falklands - it's
@%&!ing MADAGASCAR!"**