



The Rum Tub or Norrie's Nocturnal and Nautical Natter

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Finland has just closed its borders, no one will crossing the finish line.

So many corona virus jokes out there, it's a pandemic.

Due to quarantine, I'll only be telling inside jokes

Now is not the right time to surround yourself with positive people

There will be a minor baby boom in 9 months, and then one day in 2033, we shall witness the rise of the quaranteens.

The World Health Organization has announced that dogs cannot contract Covid-19. Dogs previously held in quarantine can now be released, to be clear WHO let the dogs out?

Why do they call it the novel coronavirus? It's a long story.

I'll tell you a coronavirus joke now, but you'll have wait two weeks to see if you got it.

I ran out of toilet paper and had to start using old newspapers. Times are rough.

What do you call panic buying of sausage and cheese in Germany? The Wurst Kase scenario.

The grocery stores in France look like tornadoes hit them. All that's left is de brie.

HMS Ulster

Rum Tub

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Editorial

By Shipmate Norrie Millen

Hi! Shipmates,

A question I ask myself, how did the government know with absolutely certainty that the second wave of Covid-19 would occur in October? It amazes me that they can predict such things, but at same time seem to be uncertain of what precautions to take and when. To my mind if you are going to introduce new restrictions you do it immediately, or at least the same day, say at midnight, not it will be introduced next Tuesday week.



Like me, I am pretty sure that you are all fed up to the eye teeth with it all. We are supposed to be the United Kingdom, so why are there different rules for England, Ireland Scotland and Wales. I think the lock down should have continued until they were absolutely sure that the number of cases and deaths would not rise and in fact dropped to a very low level.

Experts predict this could go on well in 2021 with the ever promised Covid vaccine, evading us like the Scarlett Pimpernel. Only today as I jot down my thoughts, I read from some 'expert' that even after one has received the promised vaccine, it will probably only last for about six months before another dose is required. To me it boils down to the government and scientists just clutching at straws

Well now I have let of some steam and had my rant, I will try and end my article on a more pleasant note. I go down to Teignmouth sea front most days and it great to see the large cruise ships anchored just off of the beach. There were four yesterday, including RMS Queen Mary 2, which seems to have made the bay off Teignmouth her permanent home for the time being. They move around from time to time to keep the shafts and props turning and depart sometimes to change crew and restock with fresh supplies. One local firm are running night trips from Torquay to circle around the lit up ships. Maybe I should go; it will be the closest I will ever get to a cruise!

I hope, pray and trust that you all stay on the right side of the grass and have no need for your wooden overcoats just yet. The navy didn't kill us and neither will this if we follow the rules

The way I see it anyway!

STOP PRESS

My apologies shipmates for getting this October issue out late. I have been snowed under with other essential projects. It is so true, when they say you are busier after you retire than when you worked. You now wonder how on earth you found the time to do as much as you did.

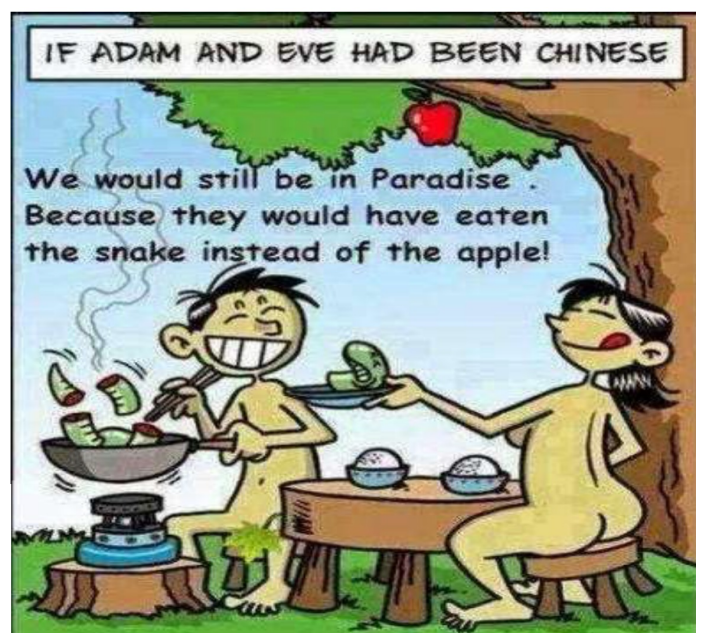
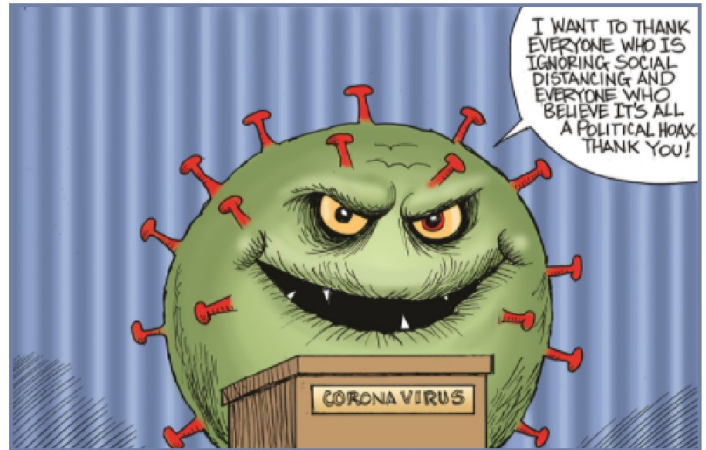
When I looked at my archive material, my mind went back to the 1969 Queens Review of the Western Fleet, 38 Royal Navy ships and submarines at that time took part, which included over 200 ships.

Fast forward to 2020 we now have 76 commissioned vessels and future vessels in the pipeline. The Type 26 frigate is twice the tonnage of the Type 23 which it will eventually replace. Originally planned for a build of 13, this has now been reduced to 8! HM Ships *Glasgow*, *Cardiff* and *Belfast* Batch 1. *Edinburgh*, *Birmingham*, *Sheffield*, *Newcastle* and *London* will form batch 2. The ships are being built at BAE Systems at Govan and Scotstoun yards on the Clyde at Glasgow.

There will be 5 Type 31 General Purpose Frigates built at present, which were due to enter service in 2023, however this has now been put back to 2027. Submarines: The Dreadnought class are the future replacements for the *Vanguard* Class of ballistic missile (SSBN's). It was announced in 2016 that the first of the class would be HM S/M *Dreadnought*; the following three will be named *Valiant*, *Warspite* and *King George VI*. The first of the class Dreadnought is expected to enter service by 2028. Watch this space!

A very different navy than the one we joined.

Once Navy Always Navy



**I'VE REACHED
THE AGE WHERE
MY TRAIN
OF THOUGHT
OFTEN LEAVES THE
STATION**

Vice-Admiral Sir Toby Frere, submariner and logistics expert – obituary

He trained several classes of submariners and was regarded within NATO as an astute leader

Vice-Admiral Sir Toby Frere, who has died aged 81, was an eminent Cold War submariner and logistician.

His first boat, *Astute* (1961-62), was on loan to the Royal Canadian Navy during the Cuban Missile Crisis, and part of the 6th Submarine Squadron, when it deployed for war and formed a barrier on the Grand Banks to watch for the approach of Soviet submarines. Canadian rates of pay enabled Frere to buy a gull-wing Mercedes-Benz 300SL on his return to Britain.

Early Life & Education

Frere was born in London, the son of publisher Alexander Stuart Frere-Reeves CBE and Patricia Marion Caldecott Wallace. His mother was the daughter of writer Edgar Wallace. J. B. Priestley was his godfather. He was named after his great-grandfather Henry Tobias Frere, a first-class cricketer. When he was 1, his father legally dropped Reeves from their surname.

He was educated at Eton College and the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth

Naval Career

Frere joined the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve through National Service in 1955 and was commissioned into the Royal Navy in 1958. During the Cuban Missile Crisis in



He joined the submarine *Ocelot* while it was being built in Chatham and participated in trials of new torpedoes in the Mediterranean, but Frere had a taste for service overseas and, it is said, he slipped into the office where the forthcoming appointments were kept on a chalk board, and changed his next appointment from Scotland to Australia. In 1966-67 he was based in Sydney, whence he returned home in Taciturn across the Pacific.

Vice Admiral Sir Richard Tobias Frere KCB (born Frere-Reeves; 4 June 1938 - 5 March 2020) was a Royal Navy officer who ended his career as Chief of Fleet Support.

1962, as a submariner based at Halifax, he was involved in setting up a barrier patrol with American air support off Newfoundland

He commanded the submarines HMS *Andrew*, HMS *Odin* and HMS *Revenge* before taking command of the frigate HMS *Brazen*.

Promoted to Rear-Admiral, he was appointed Director-General, Fleet Support (Policy & Services) in 1988 and then Flag Officer, Submarines and Commander Submarines for the Eastern Atlantic in 1991 before becoming Chief of Fleet Support in 1994 and retiring in 1997.

In retirement, he became the First Chairman of The Prison Service Pay Review Body as well as Chairman of the Governors of Oundle School



I'm stuck between a rock and someone I would like to hit with it.

Anyone else getting a tan from the light in the fridge?

Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Dalton - Obit

led daring rescue when a Greek ship sank in a storm

Submitted by Shipmate Kevi Maguire

Later he became the first admiral to be president of the Royal British Legion since Lord Jellicoe in the 1920s.

Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Dalton, who has died aged 89, led a dramatic international rescue at sea, and as president of the Royal British Legion oversaw the reintroduction of the nationwide two-minute silence.

In the early hours of February 15 1979 off Cape St Vincent, on the south-west tip of Portugal, Commander Dalton was in command of the frigate *Jupiter* on passage from Devonport to Gibraltar through heavy weather when he heard a distress call from the Greek cargo ship *Iris*.

Several days of gale-force winds from the south-west had veered to the north-west, raising a heavy, jumbled sea: *Iris* was shedding her cargo as she broke up, and was sinking. She could transmit Mayday calls, but was unable to receive radio messages and was unsure of her position.

In the dark and confusion, Dalton took charge of several British, French, German, Liberian and Russian merchant ships who made contradictory reports, and *Jupiter* reversed course several times, rolling violently.

At dawn Dalton heard from the Russian *Rusa* that she had sighted *Iris*, whose weather deck was almost submerged, but it was too rough to launch lifeboats, and a few minutes later he heard that *Iris* was on her beam ends and her crew in the water.

Line squalls with heavy rain and gusts of wind up to 45 knots blew through, but the



gale moderated to Force 8 as scrambling nets, throwing lines and swimmers were prepared. Dalton manoeuvred *Jupiter* into a patch of flotsam, but could not hold her head to sea (with her bows into her wind) because as she slowed the bows paid off from the wind and she rolled through 90 degrees.

Nevertheless, two survivors were rescued when they climbed a scrambling net unaided, but as others held on grimly, they were submerged with each roll. One man was swept under *Jupiter* and rescued on the other side, while *Jupiter's* sailors climbed down the nets to heave others upwards.

Meanwhile, a relay of swimmers, who had to wait until there was clear space between floating wreckage, jumped into the water with strops (short pieces of rope) to rescue men too weak to swim to the ship's side. For three hours Dalton manoeuvred his ship in conditions which demanded constant and highly professional seamanship to ensure the safety of his own people in the water and on deck, and to avoid endangering the survivors.

By 11:45 only one man was unaccounted for, the chief engineer of *Iris* who had been seen going below before she capsized. *Jupiter* had recovered 10 survivors and seven dead; six more were in the German *Kehdingerland* and four in *Rusa*, ships who had done well, reported Dalton, despite their lack of manoeuvrability.

In the afternoon the weather moderated, and Dalton was able to launch his

helicopter to collect a doctor and urgently needed drugs from the newly arrived destroyer *Hampshire*. Making a best speed of 22 knots, *Jupiter* berthed in Gibraltar at 04:00 on February 16.

On Dalton's recommendation, swimmer-of-the-watch Able Seaman Terry Loftus, who had made seven jumps into the perilous seas, was awarded the George Medal, three other *Jupiter's* were awarded the Queen's Gallantry Medal, and two more the Queen's Commendation for Brave Conduct for their skill, selfless dedication, courage and endurance in the greatest traditions of the service. Dalton himself was awarded a commander-in-chief's commendation.

Geoffrey Thomas James Oliver Dalton was born on April 14 1931 in Kuala Lumpur, where his father was a rubber planter in Selangor. He was educated at Wick and Parkfield prep, and Reigate Grammar School, and joined the Navy as a special-entry engineer cadet in 1949. Having passed out top of his entry he was allowed to transfer to the seaman branch.

After the training cruiser *Devonshire*, he served as a midshipman in the carrier *Illustrious* in 1950. Highlights of Dalton's early career included: the search by the frigate *Loch Alvie* for the missing submarine *Affray* which had been run down in the Channel in 1951; operations off Korea at the end of the war there; and patrols, in the destroyer *Cockade*, in the Formosa Straits to prevent Chinese Nationalist gunboats from interfering with merchant ships trading into the Chinese mainland; as a lieutenant in command of the minesweeper *Maryton* patrolling off Cyprus to prevent gun-running by EOKA terrorists; and as first lieutenant of the frigate *Murray*, on fishery protection off Iceland, where he made his initial acquaintance with bad weather.



As a lieutenant-commander and first lieutenant of the frigate *Dido*, Dalton's operational experience was expanded during the opening stages of Konfrontasi, the irregular war with Indonesia, and attempts by guerrillas to cross the Malacca Strait.

Dalton enjoyed three frigate commands: *Relentless* in 1966-67, when he enforced the blockade of Beria, the naval operation to enforce an oil embargo on Ian Smith's Southern Rhodesia after UDI; *Nubian* in the Persian Gulf in 1969-71; and *Jupiter* in 1977-79. When *Jupiter* was delayed in refit in Devonport and Dalton exerted himself to get her out of the dockyard's hands, a wag on-board spread the rumour that his initials (GTJO) stood for "Get The *Jupiter* Out!"

Dalton was a student on the staff course at Greenwich in 1962 and at the Royal College of Defence Studies in 1975. Two prominent and unusual shore appointments were his too: commanding officer of the School of Physical Training and Sport, and Captain, Royal Naval Presentation Team, when he spoke to invited audiences in towns and cities, universities and industry about the importance of defence and the role of the Royal Navy.

However, it was his appointment as assistant director of naval plans, working on the future size and shape of the fleet, which prepared him for becoming Assistant Chief of Naval Staff (Policy) in 1981. This appointment was remarkable too: he spent his early months implementing the planned reductions to the Navy mandated by the Nott Defence Review, and the later months reinstating many of those cuts after the "lessons learned" from the Falklands War.

His last appointment was as Deputy Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic, in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1984-87; he was knighted KCB in 1986.

On leaving the Navy, Dalton decided that he had more to offer in the world of charities than business, and he succeeded Brian Rix as secretary-general of Mencap. Other charities in which he was



active included the Regular Forces Employment Bureau, the Ex-Service Fellowship, and Combat Stress.

In 1993 he became the first admiral to be president of the Royal British Legion since Lord Jellicoe in the 1920s: he recalled his four years in office, covering the 50th anniversary of D-Day and the reintroduction of the two minutes' silence on Armistice Day, as "truly inspiring".

Many generations of Dalton's family had been members of the Drapers' Company, one of the 12 great livery companies in the city of London, including two former masters, and Dalton became master in 1996. A final rare appointment became his when he was made

honorary colonel of the 71st (Yeomanry) Signals Regiment.

Despite his wide operational experience and senior rank, Dalton remained diffident and unflamboyant,(sic) therefore it was a surprise when in his 80s he took to wearing a full suit of black leathers and arriving at the Rowlands Castle Tennis club (where he was president) astride a 1,000cc Triumph motorcycle.

He married, in 1957, Jane Baynes, a WRNS officer who he met when he was flag-lieutenant to the Commander-in-Chief Nore. She survives him with their four sons.

Vice-Admiral Sir Geoffrey Dalton, born April 14 1931, died September 26 2020

**The oldest computer
can be traced back to
Adam and Eve.**

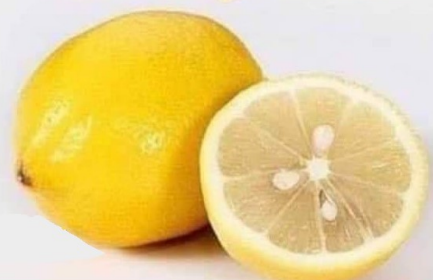
**Surprise! Surprise!
It was an Apple.
But with extremely
limited memory.
Just 1 byte.
Then everything
crashed.**

**YOU COME FROM
DUST,
YOU WILL RETURN TO
DUST.
THAT'S WHY I DON'T
DUST.
IT COULD BE SOMEONE
I KNOW.**

**NOT TO BRAG
OR ANYTHING
BUT I CAN FORGET
WHAT I'M DOING
WHILE I'M DOING IT.**

NOW THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!

**To avoid cracked,
dry skin this winter,
take half a lemon,
a bottle of tequila, salt,
and don't go outside.**





Escape From A Nazi Firing Squad

From the Internet by Lord Ashcroft for Daily Mail

Submitted by Shipmate Kevin Maguire



Handcuffed and led into the woods at dawn, two SAS men prepared to die... What followed was one of the most breath taking episodes of the entire war

It was approaching dawn on August 9, 1944 and the seven prisoners of war caught operating behind enemy lines in German-occupied France thought they knew their fate.

After weeks of imprisonment, including brutal interrogation at the hands of the Gestapo, their end was near.

German SS men, armed with automatic weapons, led the seven SAS men, all of whom were in handcuffs, from a lorry to a clearing some 100 yards into a wood.

'Are we going to be shot?' asked Corporal Jean Dupontel, one of the prisoners.

'Of course you're going to be shot. What do you think this is, a picnic?' said one of the guards, with a snigger.

Dupontel, who was dark-haired and slightly built, had spent the previous three years serving in the British Armed Forces.

Now he had been weakened by torture and a lack of food. He was also so scared that his knees began to tremble and he half fell to the ground but the butts of several SS rifles propelled him forwards.

As Dupontel was lined up to be shot, his thoughts turned to his younger brother, Antoine, whom he had not seen for five years but who he knew was fighting with the French Resistance.

Then, as he listened to the birdsong, he thought of his parents, who lived in a tiny house in Brittany.

'God help me,' he whispered under his breath. 'I'm too young. I don't want to be shot down like a dog under these trees.'

As the men prepared to be executed, Dupontel glanced at his best friend Corporal Thomas 'Ginger' Jones, short and stocky, who was the last man in the line.

An SS captain read out a statement, first in German, before one of his sergeants translated it into English: 'Having been tried and found guilty before a court martial of collaborating with French terrorists and in this way endangering the security of the German Army, you have been sentenced to death by shooting.'

What happened next was astonishing and led to one of the most remarkable stories of the entire 1939-45 war.

Moments earlier, Dupontel had managed to work his right hand free from the handcuffs but he kept his arms in front of him to pretend that they were still restricted.

As the group of SS soldiers raised their weapons to fire, Dupontel let out a roar like a wild beast and rushed forward, breaking through a gap between one of the German officers and a civilian who was watching the execution.

In the darkness, he raced forwards and as one of the SS soldiers opened fire, he fell to the ground – not shot because, in fact, he had tripped on the root of a tree. He picked himself up and ran through trees, brambles and foliage as bullets whistled by his head and body.



As the men prepared to be executed, Dupontel glanced at his best friend Corporal Thomas 'Ginger' Jones, pictured above, short and stocky, who was the last man in the line.

'Dear God, help me,' he shouted. But at the edge of the forest he came to a tall, thick hedge.

He could hear the Germans were on his heels and so he launched himself, arms first, through the top of the hedge, briefly remembering what he had been taught at his commando training course in Inverness, Scotland.

Landing with a roll forwards, he glanced at a surprised horse standing close by, picked himself up and, once again, ran for his life towards another wood.

Eventually, Dupontel was free – alone in the French countryside just over two months after the D-Day landings.

Dressed in civilian clothing, he was also limping from a badly swollen right ankle that he had injured as he frantically made his escape.

Out of desperation, he sought help from French villagers, some 40 miles north of Paris, hoping that they would take pity on him and not turn him over to their German masters.

He was in luck: he was befriended by a French butcher who had a cousin in the Maquis, the French Resistance.

As he prised off the second handcuff, his thoughts turned to his six comrades who he imagined had been shot and buried in the wood. Distraught and frightened as he sheltered in a farmhouse, the slightest noise made him jump.

Soon Dupontel linked up with the butcher's cousin and his Resistance friends. And days later, as his ankle began to heal, his new friend told him that three miles away villagers had found a man who didn't speak any French but who was gesturing for help.

At first, Dupontel feared it was a trap, but he agreed to accompany the Frenchman to see the stranger. The two men slipped into

a house and listened to the stranger talking in English.

The voice coming from the kitchen was unmistakable to Dupontel: it was Ginger Jones, so he entered the room. The two friends stared at each other as if they had both seen a ghost, then they shook hands and hugged each other warmly.

'Is it really you, old man?' Jones said. 'It can't be. I was sure you were dead.' Dupontel told Jones he had been equally sure that he was dead.

As the excitement calmed down, Jones explained that in the commotion caused by Dupontel's dash for freedom, he too had raced away from his position at the end of the line before tripping and falling.

'Bullets hit the ground around where I was lying.

'I was afraid to move. I knew that my only chance now was to pretend to be dead. I heard someone come up to me and my heart almost stopped beating... I was astonished at still being alive,' Jones recalled. When the execution squad left, Jones had picked himself off the ground and counted the five dead bodies of his comrades.

Then he made his way up a hill and eventually came to a village where he, too, was befriended by locals.

Jones thanked his friend for saving his life. 'If you hadn't distracted their attention by shouting and making a break for it, I'd have had it with the others,' he said.

As the Allied forces closed in on Paris and its nearby countryside, Dupontel and Jones decided to stay and fight with the Resistance. They were pleased to discover that their new friends were well armed.

Their first mission was to ambush a German staff car that the Resistance had observed passing by each day, and which never had a motorcycle escort. Five men, including an SS colonel, were captured. They were ordered to dig their own graves and later shot, though not by Dupontel or Jones.



Serge Vaculik was, in fact, Jean Dupontel's real name. His family were Czech, but when he fought with the British he was advised to change his name in case he was captured: his Gestapo interrogators would probably have given him a harder time if they knew he was Czech, not French.

On another occasion, Dupontel found six enemy soldiers beating up a young Frenchman, dragging the boy's mother by her hair and stealing their horses. With another Resistance fighter, he shot the SS men dead.

By this point in the war, the Germans were retreating and it was not long before the area where Dupontel and Jones had been in hiding was liberated by advancing American troops.

'You guys certainly did a pretty swell job,' said one US officer, after hearing of the bravery with which the men and their Resistance allies had fought off a German tank.

Soon Dupontel and Jones, both aged 30, were heading back to London, hitching a lift in a flat-bottomed landing craft on its way back to England across the Channel.

Both survived the war, Dupontel was reunited with his family, and they both gave evidence at a war crimes trial in the German city of Wuppertal in February 1947.

Some of the German troops responsible for torturing the two men and killing their colleagues during their captivity were found guilty by the court and executed by hanging.

I have been able to tell this remarkable, true story because of help from a Mail on Sunday reader, Roger Mason, who contacted me after reading my account in this paper of the bravery of the 'Parachuting Padre', the Rev Fraser McLuskey, who went behind enemy lines in France with the SAS in 1944.

Mr Mason put me in touch with Ginger Jones's daughter and also referred me to a little-known memoir, *Air Commando*, written by Serge Vaculik shortly after the war and which was published in 1954.

Serge Vaculik was, in fact, Jean Dupontel's real name. His family

were Czech, but when he fought with the British he was advised to change his name in case he was captured: his Gestapo interrogators would probably have given him a harder time if they knew he was Czech, not French.

Neither Vaculik nor Jones was decorated at the time for bravery, which seems an injustice, given their gallantry.

Many years later they were awarded the French Croix de Guerre and a war memorial was erected in France for the five comrades who had been executed in 1944. Their bodies were exhumed and buried in a military ceremony at Beauvais.

Glenys Atherton, Ginger Jones's daughter, told me that she was proud of her father's actions more than 75 years ago. 'He was an incredible man,' she said.

Glenys was born in 1946, the year after the war ended, but she remembers being six or seven years old when Serge Vaculik came to her family home in Wigan to run through the events of 1944 with her father, who by then was a coal miner.

'They corroborated their stories before Serge's book was published,' she explained.

In Vaculik's book, he refers to his comrades as being commandos or parachutists and he does not mention the Special Air Service: this is because the regiment was then, in its early days, still so secretive.

In fact, all the captured men were from 1 SAS commanded by the legendary Lieutenant Colonel Blair 'Paddy' Mayne.

They had been taken prisoner after a firefight during only their second mission behind enemy lines, working with the French Resistance to carry out hit-and-run attacks on German targets.

'When my younger



German SS men, armed with automatic weapons, led the seven SAS men, all of whom were in handcuffs, from the lorry to a clearing 100 yards into a wood.

brother Norman and I were children, our father didn't speak much about the war, but when we grew up he did talk to us about what he had done. He spoke about how he had survived the firing squad,' said Glenys, 73, a retired teaching assistant, who lives in Saddleworth, near Manchester.

After her father's death, she and her husband, David, went to retrace his steps in northern France and found the villages where the two men had been befriended, speaking to a female member of the Maquis who had met her father in 1944.

Ginger Jones died in Oldham Hospital, Lancashire, on December 6, 1990, aged 76. He had been ill in hospital for three months and then contracted pneumonia.

Ginger had shown a sense of humour in hospital even when he was in great pain. During his stay, doctors informed him that they would have to amputate one of his legs above the knee.

He replied: 'Well then, give me a pair of headphones so that I can't hear you – and get on with it!'

Later he asked if he could keep the leg and mount it in a glass case, explaining: 'You see I scored nine goals with that leg in a match, playing schoolboy centre-forward in Wigan!'

There is, however, one remarkable final twist to this wartime story that relates to Ginger's death.

Mrs Atherton said: 'Soon after I got back from the hospital, a representative from the SAS rang me, having learnt of my father's death. He asked me if there was anything he could do to help, and I asked him to contact Serge Vaculik to let him know my father had died.

'A few days later, the man rang me back and told me that Serge had died too – within a few hours of my father. I couldn't believe it.'

Incredibly, the two men who had been due to die together in August 1944 had, in fact, died at almost the same time 46 years later in December 1990.

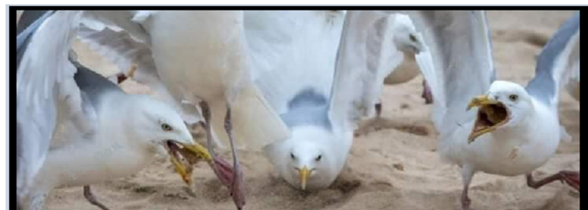
In Pegasus, the magazine for the Parachute Regiment and airborne forces,

their obituaries appeared on opposite pages. Brothers in arms to the very end.

Lord Ashcroft KCMG PC is a businessman, philanthropist, author and pollster. For information about his work, including his six books on bravery, visit www.lordashcroft.com. Follow him on Twitter and Facebook: @LordAshcrof

**** Breaking News ****

**A US vicar has died after
injecting himself with
disinfectant...
Donald Trump is being charged
with bleach of the priest.**



When this is over,
the first person to walk
out of a chip shop is going
to get torn apart by a
flock of starving seagulls

I went to the chemist earlier to
see if they had any face masks,
they said they were sold out
and said I should try Boots



I've been in A&E for 40
minutes & I know it's the
doctors I can hear laughing 😂

New Royal Navy Patrol Ship Makes First Appearance in South Georgia

The Royal Navy's new patrol ship has made its first appearance in South Georgia.

HMS **Forth** crossed 850 miles of icy ocean to patrol the waters around the South Atlantic territory's archipelago.

The 2,000-tonne ship arrived in the Falklands at the beginning of the year as the islands' new patrol ship, replacing the smaller HMS **Clyde**.

The Navy has said **Forth** is due to go to South Georgia several times a year, to engage in military training, as well as supporting local authorities and scientists from the British Antarctic Survey (BAS).

Assisting with **Forth's** journey, an RAF A400M Atlas Maritime Patrol aircraft scoured the stretch of ocean for floating ice.

On her maiden visit of South Georgia, HMS **Forth** carried Brigadier Nick Sawyer – Commander of British Forces South Atlantic Islands – as well as two dozen soldiers, air force personnel and civil servants.

Following a 53-hour crossing, those on board were treated to the scenery of

Bird Island, on their way to South Georgia's 'capital', Grytviken.

Formerly a busy whaling station, the village is home to a museum and post office for tourists on visiting cruise ships, as well as a British Antarctic Survey research base.

The ship's company explored the surrounding hills, where they paid homage at the grave of explorer Sir Ernest Shackleton and spoke to tourists and guides from visiting ships.

A few decided to have a brief swim in the frigid 4°C waters, before respite in the BAS centre's sauna.

"It was such a wonderful opportunity. I feel very privileged, but it was very cold swimming with seals and king penguins," communications specialist Leading Engineering Technician Hannah Chenery said.

Lieutenant Matt McGinlay, **Forth's** 1st Lieutenant, said his shipmates were spellbound for an island they called "a gateway to Antarctica".

He added: "For many of us, South Georgia was a once-in-a-lifetime experience."

The ship's Commanding Officer, Commander Bob Laverty said: "The visit was a good opportunity to meet key personalities, integrate and begin to build the bonds of friendship."



HMS FORTH



Penguins checking out their new Royal Navy protection

JUNIOR SAILORS MAKE HISTORY AS NUMBER OF ROYAL NAVY RECRUITS SOARS

From The Internet

Junior sailors are making history by training at the spiritual home of naval officers amid a rise in demand to join the Royal Navy during the COVID-19 outbreak.

To meet the sudden spike in interest among those wishing to serve their country, sailors are being inducted into the Royal Navy at the iconic Britannia Royal Naval College (**BRNC**) in Dartmouth for the first time in history.

A group of 47 new recruits started their nine-week basic training course at the college last week. **BRNC** has been the home of Royal Navy officer training for over 100 years while new entry training for ratings is done at HMS **Raleigh** in Cornwall.

But with an increased interest in careers in the service, the Royal Navy has increased training capacity for ratings with an additional intake of sailors at **BRNC**.

The Royal Navy has continued to train new sailors throughout the coronavirus outbreak to support the country in times of need and ensure key Defence outputs are maintained.

Captain Roger Readwin, the Captain of **BRNC**, said: "It is an absolute privilege to support the training of ratings at Dartmouth and to play our part in growing the Royal Navy.

"This will also be a historical first with officer cadets and ratings training together, celebrated with a combined passing out parade at the end.



A new JR Dartmouth recruit

"The planning and preparation to deliver this training has been developed in close partnership with the team at HMS **Raleigh**."

The course at **BRNC** is based on the tried and tested programme developed by HMS **Raleigh**. It will be primarily delivered by instructors with experience of the course, while calling on the expertise of

BRNC staff for specialist areas such as physical training, seamanship and navigation.

Captain Richard Harris, the Commanding Officer of HMS **Raleigh**, said: "Since March, around 600 sailors have completed their basic training here at HMS **Raleigh** and we've continued to take in approximately 60 recruits every week.

"This is an exciting opportunity for some of our recruits to experience training at Dartmouth and gain an insight into how the officers train. I look forward to seeing them on the parade ground for their passing-out-parade in August."

During training recruits are placed in divisions, and to recognise the unique nature of their course the first ratings at **BRNC** have formed a new group named the Whittall Division.

It has been named in honour of Petty Officer Wren Ellen Whittall who was the only fatality when the college was bombed in September 1942.



Dartmouth Royal Naval College

Among the new recruits training at BRNC is Kieran Warren, 22, from Witham in Essex. He said: "I've always wanted to work in the public sector. My dad and my brother are in the Army and I wanted to do something different. When I found out I was joining Dartmouth, I did some research into the college. I felt it would be a real opportunity to see how the officers train, interact with them and then maybe meet them later during our careers."

Sophie Loraine, aged 18 from Sunderland, said: "When I heard that I'd been selected to go forward for the course at Dartmouth I was really excited and glad that I'm going to be able to start my career early."

"Being in the Royal Navy is my dream job. Looking out of the window where I'm from I couldn't see anything that I wanted to do other than be in the Royal Navy because of all the career and travel opportunities. Training is going to be a challenge, particularly all the organisation, but I think I'm prepared."

It is essential that our Royal Navy recruits are able to train today to fight the threats of the future. The brilliant work of our Armed Forces during the COVID-19 response has demonstrated just how rewarding and diverse a career in the Armed Forces is – and led to even more applications from ambitious hopefuls. Increased capacity at Dartmouth will allow recruits to go on to become full-time sailors, helping to protect the security of the UK and our allies.

Minister for the Armed Forces James Heappey

**I THOUGHT
GROWING OLD WOULD
TAKE LONGER.**

LOCKDOWN LINGO

Are you fully conversant with the new terminology?

Coronacoaster

The ups and downs of your mood during the pandemic. You're loving lockdown one minute but suddenly weepy with anxiety the next. It truly is "an emotional coronacoaster".

Quarantinis

Experimental cocktails mixed from whatever random ingredients you have left in the house. The boozy equivalent of a store cupboard supper. Southern Comfort and Ribena quarantini with a glacé cherry garnish, anyone? These are sipped at "locktail hour", i.e. wine o'clock during lockdown, which seems to be creeping earlier with each passing week.

Le Creuset wrist

It's the new "avocado hand" - an aching arm after taking one's best saucepan outside to bang during the weekly 'Clap For Carers.' It might be heavy but you're keen to impress the neighbours with your high-quality kitchenware.

Coronials

As opposed to millennials, this refers to the future generation of babies conceived or born during coronavirus quarantine. They might also become known as "Generation C" or, more spookily, "Children of the Quarn".

Furlough Merlot

Wine consumed in an attempt to relieve the frustration of not working. Also known as "bored-eaux" or "cabernet tedium".

Coronadose

An overdose of bad news from consuming too much media during a time of crisis. Can result in a panicdemic.

The elephant in the Zoom

The glaring issue during a videoconferencing call that nobody feels able to mention. e.g. one participant has dramatically put on weight, suddenly sprouted terrible facial hair or has a worryingly messy house visible in the background. ...*Continued on Page 16*

The US Navy's Smallest Boat

From the Internet by Craig Bowman

Recently, photos have been passed around on social media of a US Navy ship that is so tiny in size that some are referring to it as the “smallest ship in the US Navy.”

The ship does truly exist and may truly be the smallest ship in the entire US Navy. It is called the “Boomin Beaver” and is also known as the “Beaver Boomer,” “Beaver Boat,” or “Barrier Boat.” It is being used as a security tug and was built by Chuck’s Boat and Drive in Longview, Washington.

The tiny boats were originally built for loggers to use in pulling floating logs downstream. The US Navy recognized the potential of the diminutive vessels and bought them for their own purposes in naval harbours.

According to some sites, the navy has purchased as many as 40 of the little boats.

The security tugs duties within a harbour including the towing of small

ships and the opening and closing of the security fence.

Security fences are deployed in the water where naval vessels are anchored or docked in order to prevent private and commercial vessels from sailing up to the navy’s ships. They work in a similar fashion to the fence and gate on a cattle pen. They open the gate to let a ship in or out and then close the gate behind them.

It seems that the navy has purchased a number of these security tugs. You can see one in the Google Maps view of the USS Constitution.

The Constitution is the oldest commissioned vessel in the US Navy. The security tugs have also been seen at

various naval bases throughout the United States including Naval Base Kitsap – Bangor in Washington state and Naval Base San Diego in California.

The government put one of the small boats up for auction in 2014. It was listed as being 19 feet long and 10 feet wide,



Boomin Beaver



A 'Boomin Beaver' assisting USS Constitution out of dry dock. Picture courtesy Naval History & Heritage Command/James Almeida



making it them the smallest boats in the US Navy.

It was described as having a draft of 5 feet. The power plant in the listed was a Cummins 6BTA5.9 diesel engine which is rated at 260 h.p with ZF marine transmission. The highest bid at that auction was \$100,025.

According to boathistoryreport.com, Chuck's Boat and Drive Co., Inc. has been out of business since 2011.

The boats are equipped with steel hulls and aluminium cabins. The one that sold on auction in 2014 for \$100,025 came with heat, ac, fans, windshield wipers, sound insulation, magnetic compass, Raytheon rl70c radar, Raytheon loud hailer, Garmin 168 GPS with depth sounder, vhf radio, an upgraded military 24vdc electrical system with shore power, dual battery banks and a battery charger, and a 110 amp alternator.

In contrast, the smallest US Navy warship is the Cyclone-class patrol ships. These are 178 feet long and weigh about 288 tons. A crew of 28 operates the ship which is used for special operations work.

They can carry a detachment of nine SEALs or six Coast Guard law-enforcement team members. They are armed with two 25mm Bushmaster chain guns and a combination of M2 .50-caliber machine guns, 7.62mm machine guns and Mk 19 automatic grenade launchers.



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Quentin Quarantino

An attention-seeker using their time in lockdown to make amateur films which they're convinced are funnier and cleverer than they actually are.

Covidiot* or *Wuhan-ker

One who ignores public health advice or behaves with reckless disregard for the safety of others can be said to display "covidioy" or be "covidiotic". Also called a "lockclown" or even a "Wuhan-ker".

Goutbreak

The sudden fear that you've consumed so much wine, cheese, home-made cake and Easter chocolate in lockdown that your ankles are swelling up like a medieval king's.

Antisocial distancing

Using health precautions as an excuse for snubbing neighbours and generally ignoring people you find irritating.

Coughin' dodger

Someone so alarmed by an innocuous splutter or throat-clear that they back away in terror.

Mask-ara

Extra make-up applied to "make one's eyes pop" before venturing out in public wearing a face mask.

Covid-10

The 10lbs in weight that we're all gaining from comfort-eating and comfort-drinking. Also known as "fattening the curve"

**You know you're getting old
when you fall down and
wonder what else you can
do while you are down
there.**