



AHOY SHIPMATE

RNA Torbay Newsletter

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Why, Why, Why

Why do we press harder on a remote control when we know the batteries are going dead?

Why do banks charge a fee on 'insufficient funds' when they know there is not enough money?

Why does someone believe you when you say there are four billion stars, but check when you say the paint is wet?

Why doesn't glue stick to the bottle?

Why do they use sterilized needles for death by lethal injection?

Why doesn't Tarzan have a beard?

Why does Superman stop bullets with his chest, but ducks when you throw a revolver at him?

Why do Kamikaze pilots wear helmets?

Whose idea was it to put an 'S' in the word 'lisp'?

Editorial *By Shipmate*
Norrie Millen

Hi! Shipmates,

Always on look out for something to say, no problems this month after our days outing on HM S/M Torbay.

To paraphrase one of the responses from a participant after trip "it was fantastic, bringing back many memories of the comradeship that exists within the RN irrespective of what was your choice of branch.

We were looked after the moment we arrived in a most professional and friendly manner nothing being too much trouble for the Captain and crew including all rates from Officers down.

The trip and tour will remain in my memories always. We were shown the workings of the whole boat and explained in the lay man's terms.

The day at sea was completely filled and we even carried out a simulated attack on a surface ship.

Which were my sentiments too. Although I have dived several times on conventional boats, including two days aboard the USN Guppy Class – USS Chopper -. Never too old to learn, this was my first dive on a nuclear boat. Spend many hours socializing on all of the Polaris boats and some of the nuclear boats of 3rd S/M squadron.

So two 'Airey Fairy's, two Skimmers and last but no means least Mick Readdy, a seasoned submariner, who was in his element! On surfacing Mick was on the panel and I on main broadcast, felt quite important announcing we were about to surface!

The very smooth surfacing quite unlike my USN experience. I was sat in after battery a.k.a. the dining room, and rising rapidly to the surface, then without warning, the CO fired a massive air bubble out of the tubes to simulate coming up under a surface ship. Alarm klaxons sounding, bells ringing, crew slamming and bolting doors, I was wishing I had worn my brown underpants!

The way I see it anyway!



I DON'T EXERCISE!
It makes my coffee spill.





Chairman's Corner

By Shipmate John Soanes

There will be a complete update on the Harrison VC project at the next branch meeting on 29th June. In the mean time a couple of snippets about our Lt/Cdr Arthur Harrison VC and his brother Lt. Percy Harrison DSC.

Lieutenant Commander Arthur L Harrison VC RN was regularly found to be facing a pack of burly props, fly halves and hookers, this proved to be good training for one of the most daring raids of the First World War.

As the only England International ever to be awarded the Victoria Cross. Arthur Harrison's experiences on the playing fields of Devon undoubtedly came into play when he led an assault team from HMS VINDICTIVE during the Zeebrugge Raid on St. George's Day 23rd April 1918.

He was a member of the United Services Rugby Football team, and gained two international caps in the season 1913-1914, playing for England against Ireland at Twickenham on 14th February 1914 and against France at Stade Columbes Paris on 13th April 1914.

England won both matches. In both games, the scrum half was Lieutenant F.E. Oakley RN, a Royal Navy submariner who was lost at sea in November 1914.

His two International Rugby caps are on display in a cabinet at Devonport Services



If you can't afford a doctor, go to an airport - you'll get a free x-ray and a breast exam, and; if you mention Al Qaeda, you'll get a free colonoscopy.



Club. Plymouth.

He was one of the players who took part in one of the finest games ever played between the Royal Navy and Army officer's teams at Queen's Club in March, 1914, when the teams were presented to the King after the match.

Harrison's brother Lieutenant Percy Harrison DSC R.N.V.R. (Known throughout his life as 'Mike') was also born in Torquay on April 18th 1887 and was christened at St. Matthews Church Torquay.

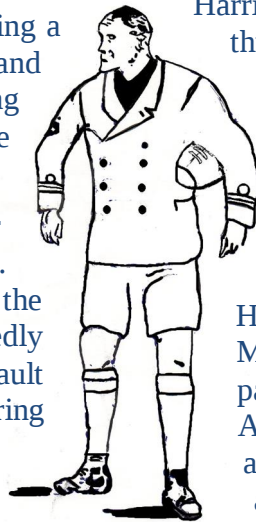
He enlisted with the RNVR on 4th August 1914 as an Engine Room Artificer and served in HMS RUSSELL and HMS QUEEN MARY involved in operations and patrols in the North Sea and Atlantic. In June 1915, he was appointed Lieutenant RNVR as assistant to the Engineer Captain of the battle cruiser force in HMS TIGER.

After the Battle of Jutland whilst attached a Fire Brigade he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross (DSC)

Quote from London Gazette supplement 15th September 1916

"Lt. Percy Harrison RNVR - His work with the Fire Brigade was beyond praise. He was gassed badly, but continued work until noon the next day, clearing debris. etc. and only gave up when his lungs could stand no more and he was placed on the sick list"

His widow - Kathleen Frances Harrison nee Butler, bequeathed her late husband's medals and the Victoria Cross of her late brother in law to the Britannia Royal Naval College at Dartmouth following her death in 1974.



**A.L. HARRISON
RUBBER STAMP**

The Yangtse Incident

Submitted by shipmate Fred Bright

First printed in Daily Express 2017 - Additional images 2 & 3 added by editor

QUESTION

Was the 1957 film *Yangtse Incident* accurate in its portrayal of events?

Further to earlier answers, by April 1949, the Chinese civil war was at a point where Communist forces held the north bank of the Yangtse River (the film's title used the less usual spelling with a 's') while the south bank was still disputed between communists and nationalists.

The communists had let it be known that they intended to interdict the Yangtse to all shipping.

But the Admiralty from London issues a standing order that all Royal Navy warships making passage on the river should remain at 'stood to' position to respond defensively only if fired upon from the communist held territory to the north.

When HMS Amethyst entered

the river on April 19, her main armament was malfunctioning and her secondary armament was lying in a dockyard shed.

The film fails to portray accurately the brave attempt of HMS Consort to rescue the Amethyst from where she lay grounded on Rose Island.

In the film, Consort is seen simply firing off a few shots a

long way distant from Amethyst, while heading back down the river, having failed in her rescue attempt.

In fact, Consort made three valiant attempts to take the ship in tow, while fighting a two-hour action, knocking out most of the enemy gun



batteries which were hampering her rescue attempt.

Consort actually landed on

Amethyst's deck a line attached to a wire which could have enabled it to take the ship in tow, but there was no one on Amethyst's upper or open decks to receive it.



The real Commander Kerans with Richard Todd

During the fighting, Consort's wheelhouse was knocked out and the ship had to be steered from the tiller flat near the ship's stern, with orders being passed from the bridge by telephone. Eventually because of the damage inflicted, on the ship, her skipper Commander Robertson, gave orders to retire. In the fighting ten of the ship's company were killed and more than fifty wounded.

Both the book and film entitled *The Yangtse Incident* were written and produced before the release of the relevant official documents.

The film demeaned many of the real heroes of the affair.

When HMS Consort arrived back at Shanghai on April 23rd before its dead and

wounded were allowed to be brought ashore, the ship's company were committed to silence under The Official Secrets Act.

The true story of the Yangtse Incident as yet to be told. More details can be found at www.themscondort.co.uk



HMS Amethyst

Colonoscopy Journal

Submitted by Shipmate Steve Jackson USN (Retired)

ABOUT THE WRITER: Dave Barry is a Pulitzer Prize-winning humour columnist for the Miami Herald.

Colonoscopy Journal:

I called my friend Andy Sable, a gastroenterologist, to make an appointment for a colonoscopy.

A few days later, in his office, Andy showed me a colour diagram of the colon, a lengthy organ that appears to go all over the place, at one point passing briefly through Minneapolis.

Then Andy explained the colonoscopy procedure to me in a thorough, reassuring and patient manner.

I nodded thoughtfully, but I didn't really hear anything he said, because my brain was shrieking, 'HE'S GOING TO STICK A TUBE 17,000 FEET UP YOUR BEHIND!'

I left Andy's office with some written instructions, and a prescription for a product called 'MoviPrep,' which comes in a box large enough to hold a microwave oven. I will discuss MoviPrep in detail later; for now suffice it to say that we must never allow it to fall into the hands of America's enemies.

I spent the next several days productively sitting around being nervous.

Then, on the day before my colonoscopy, I began my preparation. In accordance with my instructions, I didn't eat any solid food that day; all I had was chicken broth, which is basically water, only with less flavor.

Then, in the evening, I took the MoviPrep. You mix two packets of powder together in a one-litre plastic jug, then you fill it with lukewarm water. (For those unfamiliar with the metric system, a litre is about 32 gallons). Then you have to drink the whole jug. This takes about an hour, because MoviPrep tastes - and here I am being kind - like a mixture of goat spit and urinal cleanser, with just a hint of lemon.

The instructions for MoviPrep, clearly written by somebody with a great sense of humor, state that after you drink it, 'a loose, watery bowel movement may result.'

This is kind of like saying that after you jump off your roof, you may experience contact with the ground.

MoviPrep is a nuclear laxative. I don't want to be too graphic, here, but, have you ever seen a space-shuttle launch? This is pretty much the MoviPrep experience, with you as the shuttle. There are times when you wish the commode had a seat belt. You spend several hours pretty much confined to the bathroom, spurting violently. You eliminate everything. And then, when you figure you must be totally empty, you have to

drink another litre of MoviPrep, at which point, as far as I can tell, your bowels travel into the future and start eliminating food that you have not even eaten yet.

After an action-packed evening, I finally got to sleep.

The next morning my wife drove me to the clinic. I was very nervous. Not only was I worried about the procedure, but I had been experiencing occasional return bouts of MoviPrep spurtage. I was thinking, 'What if I spurt on Andy?' How do you apologize to a friend for something like that? Flowers would not be enough.

At the clinic I had to sign many forms acknowledging that I understood and totally agreed with whatever the heck the forms said. Then they led me to a room full of other colonoscopy people, where I went inside a little curtained space and took off my clothes and put on one of those hospital garments designed by sadist perverts, the kind that, when you put it on, makes you feel even more naked than when you are actually naked.

Then a nurse named Eddie put a little needle in a vein in my left hand. Ordinarily I would have fainted, but Eddie was very good, and I was already lying down. Eddie also told me that some people put vodka in their MoviPrep.

At first I was ticked off that I hadn't thought of this, but then I pondered what would happen if you got yourself too tipsy to make it to the bathroom, so you were staggering around in full Fire Hose Mode. You would have no choice but to burn your house.

When everything was ready, Eddie wheeled me into the procedure room, where Andy was waiting with a nurse and an anaesthesiologist. I did not see the 17,000-foot tube, but I knew Andy had it hidden around there somewhere. I was seriously nervous at this point.

Andy had me roll over on my left side, and the anaesthesiologist began hooking something up to the needle in my hand.

There was music playing in the room, and I realized that the song was 'Dancing Queen' by ABBA. I remarked to Andy that, of all the songs that could be playing during this particular procedure, 'Dancing Queen' had to be the least appropriate.

'You want me to turn it up?' said Andy, from somewhere behind me...

'Ha ha,' I said. And then it was time, the moment I had been dreading for more than a decade. If you are

squeamish, prepare yourself, because I am going to tell you, in explicit detail, exactly what it was like.

I have no idea. Really. I slept through it. One moment, ABBA was yelling 'Dancing Queen, feel the beat of the tambourine,' and the next moment, I was back in the other room, waking up in a very mellow mood.

Andy was looking down at me and asking me how I felt. I felt excellent. I felt even more excellent when Andy told me that It was all over, and that my colon had passed with flying colours. I have never been prouder of an internal organ.

On the subject of Colonoscopies...

Colonoscopies are no joke, but these comments during the exam were quite humorous. A physician claimed that the following are actual comments made by his patients (predominately male) while he was performing their colonoscopies:

1. Take it easy Doc. You're boldly going where no man has gone before.
2. 'Find Amelia Earhart yet?'
3. 'Can you hear me NOW?'
4. 'Are we there yet? Are we there yet? Are we there yet?'
- 5 'You know, in Arkansas, we're now legally married.'
6. 'Any sign of the trapped miners, Chief?'
7. 'You put your left hand in, you take your left hand out...'
8. 'Hey! Now I know how a Muppet feels!'
9. 'If your hand doesn't fit, you must quit!'
10. 'Hey Doc, let me know if you find my dignity.'
11. 'You used to be an executive at Enron, didn't you?'
12. 'Could you write a note for my wife saying that my head is not up there

DID YOU KNOW: Gadget trivia - the first major military use of GPS: locating Scott O'Grady in Bosnia in 1995 after the Air Force captain's F-16 was hit by a surface-to-air missile and evaded enemy forces for six days until rescued by U.S Marines.



Grandma Still Drives -Priceless

Grandma is eighty-eight years old and still drives her own car. She writes

Dear Granddaughter,

The other day I went up to our local Christian book store and saw a 'Honk if you love Jesus' bumper sticker

I was feeling particularly sassy that day because I had just come from a thrilling choir performance followed by a thunderous prayer meeting.

So, I bought the sticker and put it on my bumper.

Boy, am I glad I did! What an uplifting experience followed.

I was stopped at a red light at a busy intersection, just lost in thought about the Lord and how good he is, and I didn't notice the light had changed.

It is a good thing someone else loves Jesus because if he hadn't honked, I'd never have noticed.

I found lots of people love Jesus!

While I was sitting there, the guy behind me started honking like crazy, and then he leaned out of his window and screamed, 'For the love of God!'

'Go! Go! Go! Jesus Christ, GO!ö

What an exuberant cheerleader he was for Jesus! Everyone started honking!

I just leaned out my window and started waving and smiling at all those loving people.

I even honked my horn a few times to share in the love!

There must have been a man from Florida back there because I heard him yelling something about a sunny beach.

I saw another guy waving in a funny way with only his middle finger stuck up in the air.

I asked my young teenage grandson in the back seat what that meant.

He said it was probably a Hawaiian good luck sign or something.

Well, I have never met anyone from Hawaii, so I leaned out the window and gave him the good luck sign right back.

My grandson burst out laughing. Why, even he was enjoying this religious experience!

A couple of the people were so caught up in the joy of the moment they got out of their cars and started walking towards me.

I bet they wanted to pray or ask what church I attended, but this is when I noticed the light had changed.

So, grinning, I waved at all my brothers and sisters, and drove on through the intersection.

I noticed I was the only car that got through the intersection before the light changed again and felt kind of sad I had to leave them after all the love we had shared.. So I slowed the car down, leaned out the window and gave them all the Hawaiian good luck sign one last time as I drove away. Praise the Lord for such wonderful folks!

Will write again soon.

Love, Grandma

Lexophiles

Lexophile - A lover of words, especially in word games, puzzles, anagrams, palindromes

a.k.a. in the Andrew as a smartar**

Submitted by Shipmate Owen Carlile

I wondered why the baseball was getting bigger. Then it hit me.

Police were called to a day care, where a three-year-old was resisting a rest.

Did you hear about the guy whose whole left side was cut off? He's all right now.

The roundest knight at King Arthur's round table was Sir Cumference.

To write with a broken pencil is pointless.

When fish are in schools they sometimes take debate.

The short fortune teller who escaped from prison was a small medium at large.

A thief who stole a calendar got twelve months.

A thief fell and broke his leg in wet cement. He became a hardened criminal.

Thieves who steal corn from a garden could be charged with stalking.

When the smog lifts in Los Angeles, U. C. L. A.

The math professor went crazy with the blackboard. He did a number on it.

The professor discovered that his theory of earthquakes was on shaky ground.

The dead batteries were given out free of charge.

If you take a laptop computer for a run you could jog your memory.

A dentist and a manicurist fought tooth and nail.

A bicycle can't stand alone; it is two tired.

A will is a dead giveaway.

Time flies like an arrow; fruit flies like a banana.

A backward poet writes inverse.

In a democracy it's your vote that counts; in feudalism, it's your Count that votes.

A chicken crossing the road: poultry in motion.

If you don't pay your exorcist you can get repossessed.

With her marriage she got a new name and a dress.

Show me a piano falling down a mine shaft and I'll show you A-flat miner.

When a clock is hungry it goes back four seconds.

The guy who fell onto an upholstery machine was fully recovered.

A grenade fell onto a kitchen floor in France and resulted in Linoleum Blownapart.

You are stuck with your debt if you can't budge it.

Local Area Network in Australia : The LAN down under.

He broke into song because he couldn't find the key.

A calendar's days are numbered.

He had a photographic memory which was never developed.

A plateau is a high form of flattery.

When you've seen one shopping center you've seen a mall.

If you jump off a Paris bridge, you are in Seine.

Bakers trade bread recipes on a knead to know basis.

Santa's helpers are subordinate clauses.

Acupuncture: a jab well done.

A lot of money is tainted: 'taint yours, and 'taint mine.

A boiled egg is hard to beat.

He had a photographic memory which was never developed.

When she saw her first strands of grey hair she thought she'd dye.

Acupuncture is a jab well done. That's the point of it.

You can tune a piano, but you can't tuna fish.

Those who get too big for their britches will be totally exposed in the end.

WordPlay



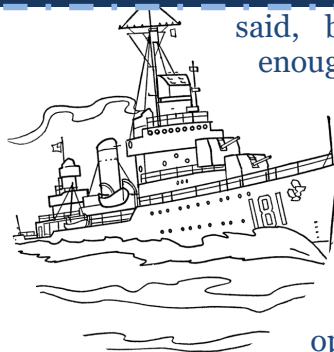
First US Combat Forces arrive in Europe May 4th 1917

Submitted by Shipmate Steve Jackson our USN (Retd) Associate member

One hundred years ago, on 4 May 1917, the first U.S. combat forces arrived in Europe, less than one month after the United States declared war on Germany and entered the First World War, a bloody contest ongoing since August 1914. Six U.S. Navy destroyers, under the command of Commander Joseph Taussig, arrived in Queenstown, Ireland.

In the spring of 1917, German U-boats were waging unrestricted submarine warfare, sinking so many merchant ships so fast that the island United Kingdom was only a few weeks from running out of food. The situation was critical, and the entire Allied war effort was threatened with collapse. The Royal Navy of the United Kingdom, desperately short of destroyers to combat the deadly U-boat threat, requested immediate U.S. Navy help, as soon as the U.S. entered the war. The USN representative to the Royal Navy, Rear Admiral William S. Sims, cabled to Washington on 14 April 1917 that the situation was much worse than had been reported, and recommended the urgent dispatch of U.S. destroyers. The very same day, Taussig's destroyers were ordered to get underway from Yorktown and immediately proceed to New York and then Boston, where they commenced their unrefuelled trans-Atlantic crossing on 24 April. The delay in Boston had more to do with policy formulation and decision-making in Washington than the readiness of Taussig destroyers. Despite the short notice, U.S. Navy ships had been regularly deploying to the far corners of the world since the early 1800's, so when the call came, the U.S. Navy answered.

Upon arrival in Queenstown, the Royal Navy Admiral in command of the area asked Taussig when the U.S. destroyers would be ready to commence operations against the U-boats. According to newspapers, Taussig answered We are ready now, sir. That's not exactly what Taussig



said, but it was close enough.

Taussig's statement was a huge boost to British morale at a very dark time, and within days his ships were operating in

combat. Within two months over 30 more U.S. destroyers joined the fight, and more would follow, bringing U.S. Navy innovations such as underway refuelling and radio-telephones, and incorporating British innovations such as depth charges, which created an effective anti-submarine capability. By the end of the war, over 2,000,000 U.S. Army troops, transported and protected by the U.S. Navy, arrived in France and quickly turned the stalemate into an Allied victory, at great cost in lives on land but with virtually no losses at sea.

Since World War I, the United States Navy and the Royal Navy have been such close allies that it is difficult to realize that in 1917 that was not the case. For over 100 years since the hard-fought battles of the American Revolution and the War of 1812, there had been no love lost between the U.S. and the Royal Navy. Throughout the 1800's, the Royal Navy remained by far the largest and most capable in the world, but the fighting spirit of the U.S. Navy had earned their respect. The senior officer in the Royal Navy in 1917 was First Sea Lord Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, victor in the great naval battle of Jutland. Jellicoe sent a welcome letter to Taussig stating, There is no Navy in the world that can possibly give us more valuable assistance, and there is no personnel in any Navy that will fight better than yours. Jellicoe's statement was true in

1917 and remained true in the 100 years since. The legacy of the U.S. Sailors who turned the tide in World War I lives on in our Navy today. Released by VADM J. G. FOGGO, Director, Navy Staff



CASABLANCA

Submitted by Shipmate Ted Ditung

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on he would not go
Without his Father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud 'Say, Father, say
If yet my task is done!'
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

'Speak, father!' once again he cried,
'If I may yet be gone!'
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
'My father! must I stay?'
While o'er him fast, through sail and
shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

(Continued next column)

Generations of disrespectful schoolchildren, have
created parodies.

*The boy stood on the burning deck,
The flames 'round him did roar;
He found a bar of Ivory Soap
And washed himself ashore.*

Spike Milligan also parodied the opening of the poem
*The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled -
Twit!*

Eric Morecambe created other parody's:
*The boy stood on the burning deck
His lips were all a-quiver
He gave a cough, his leg fell off
And floated down the river.*



There came a burst of thunder-sound
The boy Oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

Editor's Comments:

After Ted submitted this poem, I decided to do a little research. Now I know we all have several versions of 'The boy stood on the burning deck' majority of which are not printable here, but the poem does have connections to the Royal Navy!

The poem commemorates an actual incident that occurred in 1798 during the Battle of the Nile aboard the French ship *Orient*. The young son Giocante (his age is variously given as ten, twelve and thirteen) of commander Louis de Casabianca remained at his post and perished when the flames caused the magazine to explode.

In other tellings of the story, young Casabianca refuses to desert his post without orders from his father. (It is sometimes said, rather improbably, that he heroically set fire to the magazine to prevent the ship's capture by the British.) It's said that he was seen by British sailors on ships attacking from both sides but how any other details of the incident are known beyond the bare fact of the boy's death, is not clear



*The boy stood on the burning deck
His feet were full of blisters
He climbed aloft, his pants fell off
And now he wears his sister's.*

*The boy stood on the burning deck
Playing a game of cricket
The ball rolled up his trouser leg
And hit his middle wicket. (Anon)*

*The boy stood on the burning deck
He quivered like a jelly
A flame came through a crack in the deck
And burnt up all his belly. (Anon)*



An Old Devonport Poem

In Memory Of All Those Drunken Servicemen From Times Past

Submitted by Shipmate Mick Dowling

This has been taken from some research done by a member of my Plymouth U3A Maritime History group. An Old Devonport Poem, In Memory Of All Those Drunken Servicemen From Times Past. Believed to have been written in the 1930's.

Once upon a time a copy of this old poem was to be seen hanging on the wall of The Magnet public house in Albany Street.

The Magnet was once called The Boot Inn, and (Albany Street was called Boot Lane).

For many years the landlady of The Boot was commonly called 'Ma Boot' and is referenced in the poem as good old Mother.

Jago's Mansion was a pre-WWII nickname for Drake Barracks, fondly named after one of the Warrant Officers.

A good run ashore for sailors was a pint in every public house that stood alongside the dockyard wall, which in pre-war Devonport was plenty.

The Free State was once a nickname of The Fleet Club.

Come! Gallant men of Devonport, your duty will not wait,
On tiddley suits and shore-going boots, and muster nigh the gate!
Leave out your starboard fenders, and half head one and all,
To South, to North, we'll sally forth, along the Dockyard Wall.
We'll start from Jago's Mansions, men, before we go beserk,
Where deep inside the stanchions hide, and D7R men lurk!
But the "Duty Watch" is calling, so fall in short and tall
We'll sink a quart afore we start, along the Dockyard Wall.
But up the hill we sail me lads, and down to Albert Gate,
For Plymouth Ales, the "Prince of Wales", by now we're feeling great.
Heigh ho! The good old "Keppels", a certain port 'o call,
To feast and dine on apple wine, outside the Dockyard Wall.
Now tread your measures softly lads, and shed a beery tear,

as you guide your feet through Williams Street, for the pubs of yesteryear.

"Spare Boiler", "Standard", "Morice Town Vaults", and those beyond recall

They stood the test in line abreast, beside the Dockyard Wall.

Across the Ferry Road, me boys, to Devonport Park we steam,

Where tall and straight, the Gunwharf Gate, is on our starboard beam,

A noggin in the "Marlborough", and as we onward crawl,

We spy once more the "Fleet Club" door, beside the Dockyard Wall.

Oh! Open up those portals wide, the "Free State" on the hill,

Beneath whose eyes the Tamar lies, and Torpoint calm and still,

Where first Dog watchmen muster, upon the eight bell call,

To take good cheer, with wine and beer, beside the Dockyard Wall.

But forward men through Morice Square, the "Lord Hood" stands upright,

The "Cambridge Arms", the "Standards" charms, then downhill thro' the night,

"Swans Inn", "Steam Packet", brothers, and that's North Corners haul,

A pint in each, and then we reach the end of North Yard Wall.

Yet fear not lads, the South Yard Wall, is looming up once more,

It upward glides, then swerves and slides, around the "Boots Inn's" door,

Three Cheers! For good old Mother, the doyenne of 'em all,

Who's always been the Devonport Queen and Mistress of the Wall.

But Devonport Market clock has chimed, the hour is growing late,

The "Ark Royal's" bar is not too far, beyond the Fore Street Gate,

The "Brown Bear", "Chapel", "Beresford", are all good ports o' call,

Still have no fear and sup your beer, there's more beside the Wall.

The "Bristol Castle", "Queen & Connie", the "New Pier" round the bend,

Then on we rode to Mutton Cove, our journey at an end,

And there's King Billy's statue, and so lads, one and all,

To South, to North, we've journeyed forth - Three cheers for the Dockyard Wall!

Can Pompey do us better?

U.S. Navy Takes Delivery of First Next-Generation Aircraft Carrier, Gerald R. Ford

Huntington Ingalls Industries delivered the first-in-class aircraft carrier Gerald R. Ford (CVN 78) to the U.S. Navy on May 31, 2017. Photo by Matt Hildreth/HII

The U.S. Navy has accepted delivery of its first next generation aircraft carrier, the future USS Gerald R. Ford (CVN 78), from Huntington Ingalls Industries' Newport News Shipbuilding.

Delivery on Wednesday followed the ship's successful completion of acceptance trials May 26.

Ford is the lead ship of its class and the first new-design aircraft carrier delivered to the Navy since USS Nimitz (CVN 68) in 1975. It is also the first aircraft carrier to join the fleet since USS George H. W. Bush (CVN 77) delivered in 2009.

The Gerald R. Ford class, designed to replace Nimitz-class aircraft carriers, delivers greater flexibility than its predecessors due to its larger flight deck, the ability to host more aircraft, additional weapons and aviation fuel storage, and a new electromagnetic aircraft launch and advanced arresting system. The Ford class also features a new nuclear power plant and a redesigned island, and will be able to increase sortie rates by one-third when compared to the Nimitz class. Further, the Navy's newest aircraft carrier generates three times the amount of electricity as previous classes and is designed to rapidly add capabilities as new systems become available over the course of its projected 50-year service life.



Each Ford-class ship will also operate with a smaller crew than a Nimitz-class carrier and will provide \$4 billion in total ownership cost savings for the Navy, according to Newport News Shipbuilding.

The aircraft carrier Pre-Commissioning Unit (PCU) Gerald R. Ford (CVN 78) pulls into Naval Station Norfolk for the first time following several days of builder's sea trials, April 17, 2017. U.S. Navy Photo

"Congratulations to everyone who has helped bring CVN 78 to this historic milestone," said Rear Adm. Brian Antonio, program executive officer for aircraft carriers. "Over the last several years, thousands of people have had a hand in delivering Ford to the Navy — designing, building and testing the Navy's newest, most capable, most advanced warship. Without a doubt, we would not be here without the hard work and dedication of those from the program office, our engineering teams and those who performed and oversaw construction of this incredible warship. It is because of them that Ford performed so well during acceptance trials, as noted by the Navy's Board of Inspection and Survey."



"Well done to our shipbuilding partners, Ford's crew and everyone who supported them," said Vice Adm. Tom Moore, commander, Naval Sea Systems Command, who also embarked for acceptance

trials.

The future USS Gerald R. Ford honors the 38th president of the United States

and pays tribute to his lifetime of service to the nation in the Navy and in the U.S. government.

Ford will be commissioned into the Navy fleet this summer, formally placing the ship into active service. Afterwards, there will be a "shakedown" period where the ship will conduct several at-sea events to provide longer underway periods for the ship's crew to operate and train on ship's systems. In addition, planned deferred work will be performed, and any deficiencies identified during trials will be addressed during in-port periods.

Ford is expected to be operational in 2020 following achievement of initial operational capability.

"Today is a historic day for Newport News Shipbuilding and one that is personally rewarding for me," said Newport News Shipbuilding President Matt Mulherin. "I've had the pleasure of watching our shipbuilders bring this great warship to life. From her first cut of steel to her final round of testing, Ford is proof of our shipbuilders' exceptional skills and talents. I am proud of their innovation, perseverance and unwavering commitment that has built the most advanced aircraft carrier in the world. We are honoured to deliver Gerald R. Ford to the Navy, and we do so with full confidence in her unmatched power and ability to sail the seas in protection of our freedom for the next half century."



Jack's staggering around the back streets of Gosport after an epic session, when an old sort sidles up to him and offers him a good time, begger it why not thinks Jack? So off they go into the bushes.

Just as he's getting to the interesting part, a bright light is shone on them, it's one of the Hampshire constabulary's finest.

ello ello ello , what's going on here he says "Excuse me, but if you don't mind I happen to be making love to my wife" says Jack

"Dreadfully sorry Jack, I didn't realise it was your wife " says Plod , to which Jack replies "Neither did I till you shone that ferking torch on us"

ARE YOU DRUNK?

YES ☐

NO ☒



Lt. Cdr. Arthur Leyland Harrison VC RN Memorial Update

Prepared by Shipmate Norrie Millen

Mainly for the benefit of the newer members of the Branch here is an update of Memorial Project.

RNA Torbay erected a memorial in the Millennium year 2000 to the memory of Lieutenant Commander Arthur Leyland Harrison VC Royal Navy who was born in Torquay. He joined the RN in 1902 and saw action during the battles of: Heligoland Bight in 1914, Dogger bank in 1915 and Jutland in 1916.

As you know by now, Torbay RNA are refurbishing the memorial to commemorate the centenary of his VC action on 23 April 2018.



Lt. Cdr. Harrison

position fully exposed to the enemy's machine gun fire, Harrison gathered his men together and led them into the attack.

Sadly Arthur Harrison was killed at the head of his men, all of whom were killed or wounded. Although he was severely wounded and in undoubtedly great pain he displayed indomitable resolution and courage of the greatest order in pressing home the attack.

The memorial to Lieutenant Commander Harrison was erected 17 years ago on an exposed position on Roundham Head, Paignton, Devon, however it now requires a major refurbishment. We have been raising funds to ensure that the memorial, information notice and general area is renovated to a standard that will withstand the test of time for the 100th Anniversary of Lt Cdr Harrison's exploits at Zeebrugge on 23 April 1918.

We have already received some generous donations and seem likely to raise the funds required not only for refurbishment but enough to pay for a reception at the RAFA (Raffles) club in Torquay to invited guests and donors after rededication.

I have created a rough picture of what the new memorial and surround will look like. You will have to excuse my artistic talents, or lack of them.

However, as you can see the original rock and plaque will remain. The new cast bronze plaque which will be black in colour with raised gold lettering will be mounted and cover the existing granite plaque. The frontage will have a cement base, covered with granite slabs, which will be surrounded by coping stones. The area in front of the surround and up to footpath, will have a membrane covered with gravel to keep grass and weeds at bay.



Original stone at dedication

At Jutland Arthur Harrison was mentioned in dispatches (MiD) for being one of three Officers who commanded gun turrets in HMS Lion,

which fired 321 rounds during the course of the battle.

He was then was awarded the Victoria Cross (VC) for conspicuous gallantry at Zeebrugge on the night of 22-23rd April 1918 when he had Command of the Naval parties embarked in HMS Vindictive. Whilst coming alongside the Mole he was struck on the head by a shell fragment, which broke his jaw and knocked him senseless. Recovering consciousness, he proceeded on to the Mole and took Command of his party who were attacking the seaward end of the Mole. The silencing of the guns on the Mole-head was of first importance and though in a



Current state of memorial



Artistic impression of new memorial