



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

STOP PRESS:

ñCrossed the Barò
Lieutenant Commander
John Corrie April 2012
Requiescant in pace

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"What wheel we got on quartermaster?
"Same old wooden one sir!"



Viagra is now available in powder form. It does not enhance your sex life but stops your biscuit going soft when you dip it in your drink!

HMS Ulster

Volume 1,

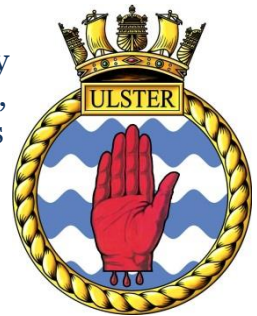
Issue 2

May, 2012

2013 The Last Big Reunion?

What do you think?

Well I posed the question, hopefully expecting a deluge of answers and opinions, sad to say, as anticipated, the apathy is noted by your almost total lack of response.



I always endeavour to answer emails, letters and phone calls as soon as possible and normally within 24 hours but it appears I am almost alone in this discipline. Shipmates please excuse me sounding off, but if only you realized just how frustrating it is, to continually send out emails with website updates, requests for information etc., only to be totally ignored by the majority of the you.

As I did not want to leave the non-internet crowd out of the picture, I wrote to them all by snail mail. Only one could be bothered to answer, by first texting an apology he had been away on vacation then writing me a small letter. Many thanks Shipmate. In the letter I simply asked for a return letter or phone call or indeed an email from one of their relatives. Maybe I am asking too much?

Just to remind you all that hotels have to be booked or provisionally reserved at least 18 months to 2 years in advance to secure a block booking reasonable price. We or at least I should say Mick Morris, who has done a remarkable job in fully investigating all hotels in the Tamworth area has had to sign a contract to secure the hotel for our reunion. I know it's a long way ahead, but if you provisionally book and pay your deposit, it is refundable in most cases due to illness, bereavement, jury service etc. The booking forms are online on website and for those of you not online I will mail you one on request as long as you provide me a Stamped Addressed envelope.

Well I have had my 'drip', enough said. I don't know about your part of the country, but since they declared it in a drought situation it has poured with rain and recorded as the heaviest in over one hundred years in some parts of Devon and Cornwall. Just like a summers day in Scotland!

AB Just Nuisance – Part II

Edited by Shipmate Norrie Millen

.... And now for some more of the story.

After his death sentence threat from the South African Railways, the C-in-C South Atlantic was deluged by letters of protest about Nuisance. The C-in-C exercised his prerogative as Fleet Admiral and decreed that, although it set a precedent un-equalled in naval history, the dog Nuisance was to be officially enlisted in His Majesty King George VI's Royal Navy.

In early June 1939, Nuisance, escorted by a rating was taken to an office block at *HMS Afrikander I*. the naval training barracks and drafting depot. A naval lieutenant and several ratings of the Writer Branch were in the room and their duties included filling in the applications of volunteers. As Nuisance was setting a precedent for being the first canine to be enlisted in the Royal Navy, the completion of the form posed problems. Several answers were left blank, to be resolved at a later date. Nuisance was then taken to the sickbay for his entrance medical examination.

A Surgeon Commander of the Royal Navy was responsible for the physical check of the dog, which was carried out very thoroughly. Finally the Commander signed the medical certificate, which stated that Nuisance had passed A1, and was fit for sea and active duty in any branch of the service. He handed Nuisance's escort the completed form commenting: "Give the recruiting officer this certificate with my compliments and inform him that in my opinion, if all ratings were as fit as this animal, there would be no requirement for a Doctor at this base.

It was two months before Nuisance was sent for to complete his papers. The lieutenant-writer had decided on his own authority to place Nuisance in the Seaman, Signaller or Telegraphist branch. The first problem came when he had to fill in the Christian name. Turning to his petty officer he said: "Dogs don't have Christian names, what the dickens should I put here? I suppose I will have to leave it blank and enter his name as just Nuisance" With a broad smile, the PO said, "That's it Sir! write 'Just' in the Christian name column"



The Statue of **Just Nuisance** in Jubilee Square, Simon's Town

The lieutenant entered the name and that was how AB Just Nuisance gained a Christian name.

His abolitionary habits were really startling and it was well recorded they were as good as any navy stoker. *(It was a recognised fact that the Stoker Branch were the most fanatical for cleanliness in both body and clothing, possible because onboard ship they had the dirtiest duties to perform and compensated for this when off watch.)*

Nuisance would leave his hut and find a piece of ground about 100 meters away. He would dig a hole in the ground with his forepaws, turn around, squat over the hole for a couple of minutes. On completion he would stand up, scrap back the pile of earth into the hole, and pat it down.

He then sat on his haunches and dragged himself over the ground for about 50 meters or so, rose to his feet and loped back to the hut.

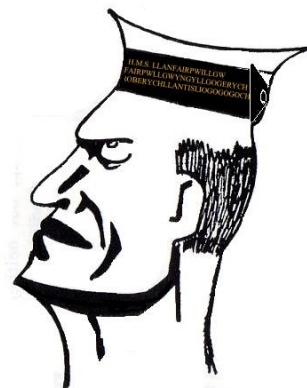
Once back at the hut, he licked the pads of his front paws and then his two back-leg paws, barked a single ear-shattering roar and held out his paw to be shaken by any rating that happened to be stood there.

Next issue and concluding part; how Nuisance made an exception to his rule of avoiding men dressed in fore-and-aft rig and how his mate got to complete his train journey.

SAT NAV

The old man sat there
In the wreckage
His face reflecting dismay,
He didn't know, until the crash,
He'd been driving along the wrong way.
'I should have turned left,
But my sat nav said right,'
He started telling the cop,
'And that explains my terrible plight
'As I came to this shattering stop.'
'But, sir,' said the copper,
'You have no sat nav
That could have sent you off track.'
'Oh yes I have: replied the old man,
'She's sitting right there In the back.'

B.R
LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERYCH
WRNDROBERYCHLLANTISLIOGOGOGOGCH



"I wonder whose bright idea it was to name a class of ship after famous railway stations!"

In the old part of Montreal, in the solid French core, directly across the street from City Hall (*Hotel de Ville*), kitty corner from the *Palais du Justice*, is Jacques Cartier Square. An old cobbled area of very narrow streets crammed with small and quaint French restaurants and art galleries. At the top of this square overlooking the harbour and maintaining the peace and serenity of the heart of French Montreal is a Statue of Lord Nelson, commemorating his victory at Trafalgar. I kid you not.



On the base is carved the following.

On the 21st Oct. 1806 the British fleet of sail of the line commanded by The Right Honourable Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronte attacked off Trafalgar the combined fleet of France and Spain. Sail of the line commanded by Admirals Villeneuve and Cravina. When the latter were defeated with the loss of 19 sail of the line captured and destroyed in this memorable action his country has to lament the loss of her greatest naval hero but not a single ship.

A picture is worth a 1000 words



It had long been my daily ritual, as a single man, both during the working week and at weekends, to partake of a glass of beer and a ploughman's meal or pie for my dinner. A few nights ago I had gone into the pub just after seven o'clock to find the lounge bar comfortably full, the buzz of conversation and the odd laughter drowning out the background music.

placed his usual order; a double Scotch and two quarter bottles to go. His routine never varied seven days a week. He would quickly place a small bottle in each of his jacket pockets, down his Scotch and then order: "One for the road". He would drink that down and stride quickly out.

Tonight was no exception. After the barman had served Alistair, he returned to lazily polishing some beer glasses with a linen towel. Alistair finished his drink, ordered his second drink, downed it and left the bar. The barman was engaged in some idle conversation about the weather with another of the regulars. I was casually glancing through the newspaper, when there was a loud sound of breaking glass. The bar man had dropped the glass he was polishing, and was stood, mouth wide open, face ashen.

The room went completely silent; conversation had died with the tinkling of breaking glass. We all looked expectantly toward the barman for an explanation. Several seconds passed before the barman managed to regain his voice. "That was

One for the road

*Based on a true experience by
Norrie Millen*

It was a dark and stormy night, the wind howling and screaming. The trees glistened with ice, deep snow lay everywhere. I bent my head lower and continued my slow walk up the narrow lane towards the pub. A shiver ran through me, I stopped and looked around. Was that someone back there or just my imagination? I moved ahead once more, my footsteps muffled by the fresh fall of snow. I shivered again, thinking about the strange experience of a few days ago.

One of the other regulars, Alistair McKenzie, a really striking man would also stride in every single night with a little Scottie terrier, close at his heels. The dog was called Whisper, so named because of the very unusual rasping bark he had, a result of a throat defect at birth. Alistair was a little eccentric and it was rumoured around the town that he was the heir to a vast fortune somewhere overseas. He resided at a special rest home for wealthy people, where he had a private suite of rooms. This added spice to the rumour that his family had shipped him off out of sight to save them any further embarrassment.

I was sat at the bar drinking my beer and enjoying a delicious meat pie, when the door opened and in strode Alistair. He marched up to the bar and

Alistair McKenzie!" he stuttered.

We all readily agreed that it was. "But.... but he died six weeks ago and was buried along with his dog a few days later". We all suddenly realised that he was indeed right.

We all rushed for the door to try and catch a glimpse of Alistair. The long narrow road was completely empty and there was no trace of footprints in the snow. The wind died down a bit, almost to a whisper. Was that the wee dog Whisper rasping away, or was it our imagination. I guess Alistair had just stopped in for one last drink for the road

SEA FEVER

Who said a sailor's life was great?
I never did appreciate
That forced abstinence from my victuals
When sloop or frigate played at skittles
On some unruly sea

I could have swapped those seagull's cries
Those restless waves and sullen skies
For what was then a matelot's treat
A chance of sitting down to eat
From mal de mer set free

I yearned for life in inland city
Where lights are bright and girls are pretty
And failed to see how folks could hanker
For troopship, trawler, tramp or tanker
The beach would do for me.

Yet since I've settled down ashore
In some secure civilian chore
Like some repentant, fickle lover
It disconcerts me to discover
How much I miss the sea

A little boy looked at his mother's fur coat and remarked,
"How that poor beast must have suffered so that you could have that coat!" "Quiet,ð his mother scolded. "Don't talk about your father that way!"

Two Stokers on shore leave in Canada got a pilot to fly them to the Canadian wilderness to hunt moose. They managed to bag 6. As they were loading the plane to return, the pilot said the plane could take only 4 moose. The two lads objected strongly.

"Last year we shot six. The pilot let us take them all and he had the same plane as yours."

The pilot let us take them all and he had the same plane as yours. Reluctantly, the pilot gave in and all six were loaded. However, even on full power, the little plane couldn't handle the load and went down.

Somehow, surrounded by the moose bodies, Harry and Smudge survived the crash. After climbing out of the wreckage, Harry asked Smudge,

"Any idea where we are?"

"About the place we crashed last year" replies Harry!



Pheew! That was a good drop of stuff!

If this picture looks normal you
have had one to many!

A sailor often wears a tattoo,
For decoration, not as a taboo.
A confession of his every sin
Is also found on his martyred skin.
Among the anchors, ropes and sawfish,
Turtles, butterflies and starfish,
Reigns-as lovely as a pearl
His once beloved-naked girl.
He holds her safe and strong and warm
On his lower left and hairy arm.
On the right one is etched a pair of hands intertwined,
Inscribed: Rosy, I'm yours with all the money you find,
Some other names of dames of late,
Are all stricken out, including the date.
Yes, a deceived sailor never loses face,
His faithless girl is easy to erase.
A cross through her name, and another tattoo-
And Rose becomes Suzy from Timbaktu

How to Simulate Being in the Navy

1. Buy a dumpster, paint it grey inside and out, and live in it for six months.
- (1a. Ex-Submariners - paint it Black outside Pea Green inside)
2. Run all the pipes and wires in your house exposed on the walls.
3. Repaint your entire house every month.
4. Renovate your bathroom. Build a wall across the middle of the bathtub and move the shower head to chest level. When you take showers, make sure you turn off the water while you soap down.
5. Put lube oil in your humidifier and set it on high.
6. Once a week, blow air up your chimney, with a leaf blower and let the wind carry the soot onto your neighbour's house. Ignore his complaints.
7. Once a month, take all major appliances apart and reassemble them.
8. Raise the thresholds and lower the headers of your front and back doors so that you either trip or bang your head every time you pass through them.
9. Disassemble and inspect your lawnmower every week.
10. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, turn your water heater temperature up to 200 degrees. On Tuesdays and Thursdays, turn the water heater off. On Saturdays and Sundays tell your family they use too much water, so no bathing will be allowed.
11. Raise your bed to within 6 inches of the ceiling, so you can't turn over without getting out and then getting back in.
12. Sleep on the shelf in your closet. Replace the closet door with a curtain. Have your spouse whip open the curtain about 3 hours after you go to sleep, shine a flashlight in your eyes, and say "Sorry, wrong rack."
13. Make your family qualify to operate each appliance in your house - dishwasher operator, blender technician, etc. Re-qualify every 6 months.
14. Have your neighbour come over each day at 0500, blow a whistle so loud Helen Keller could hear it, and shout "Reveille, reveille, all hands heave out and lash up & stow"
15. Have your mother-in-law write down everything she's going to do the following day, then have her

make you stand in your back yard at 0600 while she reads it to you.

16. Submit a request chit to your father-in-law requesting permission to leave your house before 1500..... In triplicate.
 17. Empty all the garbage bins in your house and sweep the driveway three times a day, whether it needs it or not. "Hands to cleaning stations, clean ship and standby for rounds!"
 18. Have your neighbour collect all your mail for a month, read your magazines, and randomly lose every 5th item before delivering the rest.
 19. Watch no TV except for movies played in the middle of the night. Have your family vote on which movie to watch, then show a different one-- the same one every night. (Preferably SHANE!!)
 20. When your children are in bed, run into their room with a megaphone shouting "Action Stations, Action Stations! Assume NBCD State 1!"
 21. Make your family's menu a week ahead of time without consulting the pantry or refrigerator.
 22. Post a menu on the kitchen door informing your family that they are having steak for dinner. Then make them wait in line for an hour. When they finally get to the kitchen, tell them you are out of steak, but they can have dried ham or hot dogs. Repeat daily until they ignore the menu and just ask for hot dogs.
 23. Bake a cake. Prop up one side of the pan so the cake bakes unevenly. Spread icing real thick to level it off.
 24. Get up every night around midnight and have a peanut butter and jelly sandwich on stale bread.
 25. Set your alarm clock to go off at random during the night. At the alarm, jump up and dress as fast as you can, making sure to button your top shirt button and tuck your trousers into your socks.
- Run out into the backyard and uncoil the garden hose and put out a simulated fire.
26. Every week or so, throw your cat or dog into the pool and shout "Man overboard, port side!" Rate your family members on how fast they respond.
 27. Put the headphones from your stereo on your head, but don't plug them in. Hang a paper cup around

your neck on a string. Stand in front of the stove, and speak into the paper cup, "Stove manned and ready." After an hour or so, speak into the cup again "Stove secured." Roll up the headphones and paper cup and stow them in a shoe box.

28. Make your family turn out all the lights and go to bed at 10 p.m. PIPE DOWN! Out Lights! Maintain silence throughout the ship! Then immediately have an 18-wheeler crash into your house.

(For aircraft carrier sailors.)

29. Build a fire in a trash can in your garage. Loudly announce to your family, "This is a drill, this is a drill! Fire in hangar bay one!"

30. Place a podium at the end of your driveway. Have your family stand in front of the podium for 4-hour intervals.

(Best done when the weather is worst. January is a good time.)

31. Next time there's a bad thunderstorm in your area, find the biggest horse you can, put a two-inch mattress on his back, strap yourself to it and turn him loose in a barn for six hours. Then get up and go to work.

32. For former engineers: bring your lawn mower into the living room, and run it all day long.

33. Make TEA using eighteen scoops of budget priced TEA per pot, and let the pot simmer for 5 hours before drinking.

34. Have someone under the age of ten give you a haircut with sheep shears.

35. Sew the back pockets of your jeans onto the front.

36. Add 1/3 cup of diesel fuel to the laundry.

37. Take hourly readings on your electric and water meters.

38. Every couple of weeks, dress up in your best clothes and go to the scummiest part of town. Find the most run down, trashiest bar, and drink beer until you are hammered. Then walk all the way home.

39. FOR Ex-Submariners....Lock yourself and your family in the house for six weeks. Tell them that at the end of the 6th week you'll take them to Disney World for liberty. At the end of the 6th week, inform them the trip to Disney World has been cancelled because they need to get ready for an inspection, and it will be another week before they can leave the house.

LEGENDS OF THE SEA

During the 18th century, *Royal Navy* sailors were paid once yearly, payments being made to ships alphabetically.

A matelot on the *Antelope* unpaid for 18 months could be transferred to the *Vixen* some days prior to the arrival of the paymaster on the *Antelope*.

On leaving *Antelope* he would be given a ticket for the wages due to him. When the *Vixen* was paid the sailor would collect his full pay.

However, the bad habit of transferring men from one ship to another – contrary to the terms of enlistment – resulted in extreme hardships for *Jack Tar* and his dependants.

Due to such transfers it was by no means unknown for a seaman to go as much as *six or seven years* without receiving his pay.

Often in desperation Jack would sell his ticket for a fraction of its true value.



The cannibals' wife went to the cannibal butcher and said she wanted to give her husband a treat for Sunday lunch. "What does he like?" Said the butcher.

"He is very fond of brains, do you have any?"

"We have Royal Marines brains at 30 pence a lb.

"No thanks we had them the last time"

"Well we Have Naval Officers brains at 35 pence a lb."

"I hear they are rather salty, have you anymore?"

"Well yes, we have POGI's brains but they are 95 pence a lb.!

"Scandalous!" She said, "30 pence and 35 pence is fine but 95 pence, that's ridiculous"

"Madam" said the butcher, "you have no idea how many PO GI's we had to kill to get a pound of brains!"

The Home Fleet was going through intensive manoeuvres when the captain of one of the destroyers received a very personal message from the admiral.

"Read it to me" snapped the captain to the signalman.

In a shaky voice the sailor read "Of all the blundering, stupid, idiotic morons, you take the cake"

"Humm" mumbled the captain "Have that decoded at once"