



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

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**"I'm nat as drink
as you thunk I
were!"**

I'm dreaming of a White Christmas



**But if the white runs out
I'll drink the Red**

HMS Ulster

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Editorial

By Shipmate Norrie Millen



The 2013 reunion now behind us, I think I can safely say it was thoroughly enjoyed by all that attended. Not as many shipmates as we have had in the past, many reasons of course we are all getting a little older, health problems manifest, and naturally family and personal commitments must come first. We had several cancellations at last minute due to medical reasons and we hope you and your families make a speedy recovery. Trouble is we all had to drink your share of the rum!

Our guest of honour Captain Jas Briggs (Ulster CO 1967-69) and his wife Rosemary thoroughly enjoyed themselves too, he had some thoughts about not attending originally but glad he changed his mind. In a recent 'signal' from him he said:

Much appreciated your wash up email. We enjoyed your so well organised reunion more than any other we have been to, and we couldn't have been made more welcome by everyone.

Captain Briggs kept us regally entertained with some really amusing and interesting anecdotes and we all look forward to meeting with him again for some more 'salty dits'.

At a 'mess meeting' held on the Sunday evening before dinner thoughts of future meetings were discussed. Quite a few leaning towards another mini-reunion in Torquay, whilst others thought maybe using IOW Tours again. Some thoughts aired about Coventry and Scarborough as possible future venues. I have written to IOW asking for suggestions and prices and think it is possible may use them in 2015 as takes time to put everything together. I will of course investigate all other suggestions and report back to you all.

For the benefit of all those that could not attend the reunion we did toast Absent Shipmates, especial those that have "Crossed the bar" since last reunion. A separate toast to Sir Cameron was also drunk.

In closing, Angela and I wish all Ulster shipmates a Very Happy Christmas and a Prosperous and Healthy 2014.

If you cannot have a white Christmas, drink the red!

The way I see it any way!

The Rum Tub Page - 1



0800 hours December 7th 1941 Signal to US Naval Fleet: Air raid on Pearl Harbour. This is not a drill

The surprise was complete. The attacking planes came in two waves; the first hit its target at 7:53 AM, the second at 8:55. By 9:55 it was all over. By 13:00 the carriers that launched the planes from 274 miles off the coast of Oahu were heading back to Japan. Behind them they left chaos, 2,403 dead, 188 destroyed planes and a crippled Pacific Fleet that included 8 damaged or destroyed battleships. In one stroke the Japanese action silenced the debate that had divided Americans ever since the German defeat of France left England alone in the fight against the Nazi terror.

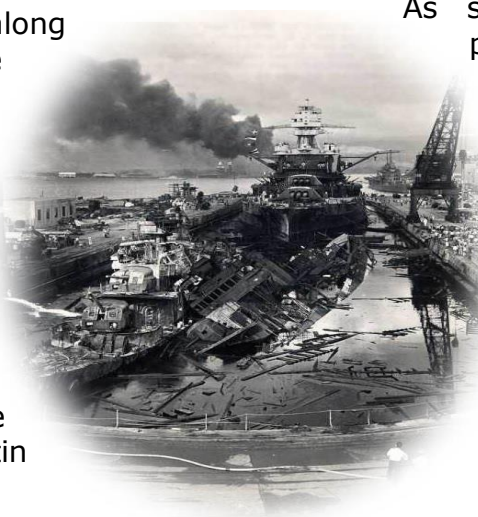
Approximately three hours later, Japanese planes began a day-long attack on American facilities in the Philippines. Because the islands are located across the International Dateline, the local Philippine time was just after 05.00 on December 8. Farther to the west, the Japanese struck at Hong Kong, Malaysia and Thailand in a coordinated attempt to use surprise in order to inflict as much damage as quickly as possible to strategic targets. Although stunned by the attack at Pearl Harbour, the Pacific Fleet's aircraft carriers, submarines and, most importantly, its fuel oil storage facilities emerged unscathed. These assets formed the foundation for the American response that led to victory at the Battle of Midway the following June and ultimately to the total destruction of the Japanese Empire four years later.

Aboard the USS Arizona the battleships moored along "Battleship Row" are the primary target of the attack's first wave. Ten minutes after the beginning of the attack a bomb; crashes through the Arizona's two armoured decks igniting its magazine. The explosion rips the ship's sides open like a tin

can starting a fire that engulfs the entire ship. Within minutes she sinks to the bottom taking 1,300 lives with her. The sunken ship remains as a memorial to those who sacrificed their lives during the attack.

Marine Corporal B.C. Nightingale was aboard the Arizona that fateful Sunday morning: "At approximately eight o'clock on the morning of December 7, 1941, I was leaving the breakfast table when the ship's siren for air defence sounded. Having no anti-aircraft battle station, I paid little attention to it. Suddenly I heard an explosion. I ran to the port door leading to the quarterdeck and saw a bomb; strike a barge of some sort alongside the Nevada or in that vicinity. The marine colour guard I came in at this point saying we were being attacked. I could distinctly hear machine gun fire. I believe at this point our anti-aircraft battery opened up. "We stood around awaiting orders of some kind. General Quarters sounded and I started for my battle station in secondary aft. As I passed through casement nine I noted the gun was manned and being trained out. The men seemed extremely calm and collected. I reached the boat deck and our anti-aircraft guns were in full action, firing very rapidly. I was about three quarters of the way to the first platform on the mast when it seemed as though a bomb struck our quarterdeck. I could hear shrapnel or fragments whistling past me.

As soon as I reached the first platform, I saw Second Lieutenant Simonson lying on his back with blood on his shirt front. I bent over him and taking him by the shoulders asked if there was anything I could do. He was dead, or so nearly so that speech was impossible. Seeing there was nothing I could do for the Lieutenant, I continued to my battle station.



"We were perhaps twenty-five feet from the pipe line when the Major's strength gave out and I saw he was floundering, so I loosened my grip on him and told him to make it alone. He stopped and grabbed me by the shirt and refused to let go. I would have drowned but for the Major. We finally reached the beach where a marine directed us to a bomb shelter, where I was given dry clothes and a place to rest."



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National
Defence

Défense
nationale

Canada

CANADIAN FORCES

Navy W.A.L.R.U.S s

(We Aren't Like Real USN SEALs)

Unit March Past: "North Atlantic Squadron"

**Unit Motto: "Bring back the Tot! Ya dirty
@#*%"**



The Canadian Navy WALRUSs are a unique and highly skilled branch of the Royal Canadian Navy. This highly visible, yet seldom noticed, unit is mainly comprised of Senior NCOs with some exceptions for extremely gifted mature Junior NCOs. WALRUSs have seen action throughout bars and pubs all over the world. Often involved in covert missions, their missions are what legends are made of. WALRUSs unlike their USN and JTF counterparts tend to pack on more bulk, as it is a measure of esteem and experience in this highly motivated unit. It also comes in handy when members are slogging from mission assignment to mission assignment in Canada's hardier climate. Although never displayed, the units battle honours include, "BLACK ROSE – Boston", "JOE COMEAU'S – Halifax", "TUDOR HOUSE – Esquimalt", "CROWS NEST – Hawaii" "SHIP ANSON" Portsmouth and "BERNIES – San Diego", not to mention numerous conflicts in U.K., Portugal, Puerto Rico, Barbados, and Bermuda. It is Bermuda where the unit disguised as Newfoundlander dogs, surprised the enemy in the 'Horse and Carriage' in a daring evening raid. As a result of the engagement, a permanent reminder

was erected to this naval unit's honour in the form of a brass plaque and placed outside this area of conflict. Inscribed on the plaque were the simple words "NO DOGS OR CANADIAN SAILORS ALLOWED".

Training for the unit varies from province to province. Coastal members usually train onboard ship, where training provisions are duty free, and a readily available rest area is at hand. In-land members, having done previous time at sea, tend to gather for training missions in small groups, at military messing areas. Again, this is done to save on cost of training supplies. Training supplies have code names such as BLUE, GREEN, RED, and MUSCATEL. Whereas second language ability is not necessary with the unit, most members have the ability to curse in at least three different languages.

For further information regarding Canada's Navy WALRUSs, contact your local recruiting station, or Military detention centre.



**USN SEAL members with WALRUS'S
(Centre Two figures) members on
Joint Training Exercise**

"TIZ THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY!"

Cooks to the Galley



Norrie's Rum Balls

With the festive season coming up I thought of one of the Christmas treats I discovered in Canada and a very tasty festive treat they too. They are rum balls (truffles if you don't like

balls!)

Ingredients

- 2 Squares Semi-Sweet Chocolate
- ¼ Cup Corn Syrup [Golden Syrup]
- ¼ Cup Icing Sugar
- ½ Cup 151 Proof Dark Rum
[Or Other Very Strong Rum]
- 2 Cups Graham Crackers [Digestive Biscuits]
- Slightly beaten egg white
- Chocolate vermicelli (100g & 1000g)

Method

Mix all ingredients together and place in a bowl covered in fridge for about 2 hours.

When ready to prepare Truffles, roll into balls [1 to 1½ round] coat in egg white and roll in chocolate vermicelli. Store in airtight container in refrigerator and chill for at least one week to mature (Distill/Ferment!) Keep refrigerated until served.

HAPPY  HOLIDAYS

CHRISTMAS CAKE RECIPE

Ingredients:

- 2 cups flour
- 1 stick butter
- 1 cup water
- 1 tsp. baking soda
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 cup brown sugar
- Lemon juice
- 4 large eggs
- Nuts
- 2 bottles wine
- 2 cups dried fruit

Method:

Sample the wine to check quality.

Take a large bowl, check the wine again.

To be sure it is of the highest quality, pour one level cup and drink.

Repeat. Turn on the electric mixer.

Beat one cup of butter in a large fluffy bowl. Add one teaspoon of sugar.

Beat again. At this point it's best to make sure the wine is still OK. Try another cup... Just in case.

Turn off the mixer thingy. Break 2 eggs and add to the bowl and chuck in the cup of dried fruit.

Pick the frigging fruit up off floor. Mix on the turner. If the fried fruit gets stuck in the beaters just pry it loose with a drowscriver.

Sample the wine to check for consistency. Next, sift two cups of salt. Or something. Check the wine. Now shift the lemon juice and strain your nuts.

Add one table. Add a spoon of sugar, or some fink. Whatever you can find.

Grease the oven. Turn the cake tin 360 degrees and try not to fall over.

Don't forget to beat off the turner.

Finally, throw the bowl through the window. Finish the wine and wipe counter with the cat.

Go to Sainsbury's and buy cake.

BINGLE JELLS!

Two boys were walking home from Sunday school after hearing a strong preaching on the devil.

One said to the other, 'What do you think about all this Satan stuff?'

The other boy replied, 'Well, you know how Santa Claus turned out. It's probably just your Dad.'

Old Navy Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas,
compartments were still,
The sailors were sleeping, as most sailors will.
The steaming bags hung by the lockers with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there
The men were all peacefully dreaming in bed
As visions of liberty danced in each head
The Chief in his civvies, hopped into his kips,
Having just came aboard with a quick pie & chips.
When out on the deck there arose such a roar,
I ran to the porthole to find out the score, stuck
out my head and started to shout, "Just what
in the world is this noise all about?"
A moon made for boon docking showed with a glow,
It was downright cold out, 'bout seven below.
What I saw out there looked like those Mardi
Gras floats,
'Twas a Captain's gig drawn by four white
Navy goats.
In the boat was a man who seemed quiet and moody,
I knew in an instant St. Nick had the duty.
As quickly as Monday his billy goats came, He
whistled and shouted and called them by
name.
"Now Beatty now Collingwood, Anson and
Howe,
What's the matter Horiatio, got lead in your
bones?
A little to Starb'rd, now hold it up short,
No fluffing off now or you'll go on report!"

He was wearing dress "Reds" that fit like a charm,
His hash marks they covered the length of his arm.
The gifts to be issued were all in his pack,
The can nan was ready to leave on each rack.
His eyes they were watering, his nose caked with ice,
He wiped it with canvass, then sneezed once or twice.
He opened his mouth and started to yawn, It
looked like the Sun coming up with the dawn
The stump of a pipe, he held tight in his teeth,
And took a small nip from a bottle beneath
He wasn't so big, but he must have been strong,
I figured he'd been in SBS early and long.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old Tar,
Who said "Evenin' Matey, here have a cigar."
He filled every steaming bag with presents galore,
And left us all leave papers, right by the door.
With "Hearts of Oak" he climbed back into place,
A broad smile was creeping all over his face.
One look at his watch and he started to frown,
"This middle watch is certainly getting me down."
Then out to the breakwater and into the night,
The gig started fading, the landscape was bright.
"Merry Christmas" he said, as he drove on his way,
Now I'll finish my rounds and sleep in for the day."



"ARE YOU THE CHIEF THAT'S HAVING THE WORKING PARTY?"



THE NEW COLONEL

In the greatest days of the British Empire, a new commanding officer was sent to a jungle outpost to relieve the retiring colonel.

After welcoming his replacement and showing the courtesies (gin and tonic, cucumber sandwiches) that protocol decrees,



The retiring colonel said - "You must meet Captain Smithers, my right-hand man, God, he's really the strength of this office. His talent is simply boundless."



Smithers was summoned and introduced to the new CO, who was surprised to meet a toothless, hairy, scabbed and pock-marked specimen of humanity, a particularly unattractive man

less than three foot tall.

"Smithers, old man, tell your new CO about yourself."

"Well, sir, I graduated with honours from Sandhurst."

I joined the regiment and won the Military Cross and Bar after three expeditions behind enemy lines.



I've represented Great Britain in equestrian events and won a Silver Medal in the middleweight division of the Olympics.

I have researched the history of .."

Here the colonel interrupted, "Yes, yes, never mind that Smithers, the CO can

find all that in your file."

"Tell him about the day you told the witch doctor to get S*****d."





He is engraved in stone in the National War Memorial in Washington, DC- back in a small alcove where very few people have seen it. For the WWII generation, this will bring back memories. For you younger folks, it's a bit of trivia that is a part of our American history. Anyone born in 1913 to about 1950 is familiar with Kilroy. No one knew why he was so well known- but everybody seemed to get into it.

So who was Kilroy?

In 1946 the American Transit Association, through its radio program, "Speak to America," sponsored a nationwide contest to find the real Kilroy, offering a prize of a real trolley car to the person who could prove himself to be the genuine article. Almost 40 men stepped forward to make that claim, but only James Kilroy from Halifax, Massachusetts, had evidence of his identity.

'Kilroy' was a 46-year old shipyard worker during the war who worked as a checker at the Fore River Shipyard in Quincy. His job was to go around and check on the number of rivets completed. Riveters were on piecework and got paid by the rivet. He would count a block of rivets and put a check mark in semi-waxed lumber chalk, so the rivets wouldn't be counted twice. When Kilroy went off duty, the riveters would erase the mark.

Later on, an off-shift inspector would come through and count the rivets a second time, resulting in double pay for the riveters.

One day Kilroy's boss called him into his office. The foreman was upset about all the wages being paid to riveters, and asked him to investigate. It was then he realized what had been going on. The tight spaces he had to crawl in to check the rivets didn't lend themselves to lugging around a paint can and brush, so Kilroy decided to stick with the waxy chalk. He continued to put his check mark on each job he inspected, but added 'KILROY WAS HERE' in king-sized letters to the check, and eventually added the sketch of the chap with the long nose peering over the fence and that became part of the Kilroy message.

Once he did that, the riveters stopped trying to wipe away his marks. Ordinarily the rivets and chalk marks would have been covered up with paint. With the war on, however, ships were leaving the Quincy Yard so fast that there wasn't time to paint them. As a result, Kilroy's inspection "trademark" was seen by thousands of servicemen who boarded the troopships the yard produced.



His message apparently rang a bell with the servicemen, because they picked it up and spread it all over Europe and the South Pacific.

Before war's end, "Kilroy" had been here, there, and everywhere on the long hauls to Berlin and Tokyo. To the troops outbound in those ships, however, he was a complete mystery; all they knew for sure was that someone named Kilroy had "been there first." As a joke, U.S. servicemen began placing the graffiti wherever they landed, claiming it was already there when arrived.

Kilroy became the U.S. super-GI who had always "already been" wherever GIs went. It became a challenge to place the logo in the most unlikely places imaginable (it is said to be atop Mt. Everest, the Statue of Liberty, the underside of the Arc de Triomphe, and even scrawled in the dust on the moon.

As the war went on, the legend grew. Underwater demolition teams routinely sneaked ashore on Japanese-held islands in the Pacific to map the terrain for coming invasions by U.S. troops (and thus, presumably, were the first GIs there). On one occasion, however, they reported seeing enemy troops painting over the Kilroy logo!

In 1945, an outhouse was built for the exclusive use of Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill at the Potsdam conference. Its' occupant was Stalin, who emerged and asked his aide (in Russian), "Who is Kilroy?"

To help prove his authenticity in 1946, James Kilroy brought along officials from the shipyard and some of the riveters. He won the trolley car, which he gave to his nine children as a Christmas gift and set it up as a playhouse in the Kilroy yard in Halifax, Massachusetts.

And The Tradition Continues...

EVEN Outside Osama Bin Laden's House!

