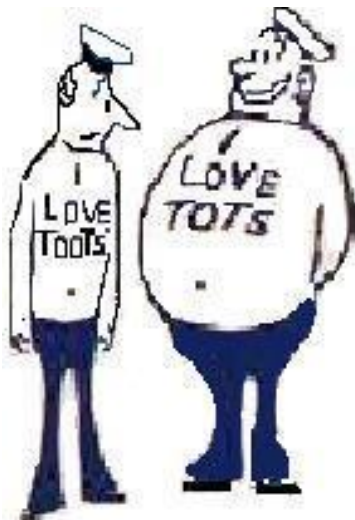




The Rum Tub or Norrie's Nocturnal and Nautical Natter.

In this issue

Editorial.....	1
Obituary	2
HMS Dreadnought.....	3
An Imperial Visit	4
HMS Triumph in Koreaë	5-7
Since I am sleeping withè	7
Long way to dock bottom.....	7
The little ship that time forgot....	8-9
One for the road	9-10



For those who love the philosophy of ambiguity, as well as the idiosyncrasies of English:

One tequila, two tequila, three tequila..... Floor.

Atheism is a non-prophet organization. If man evolved from monkeys and apes, why do we still have monkeys and apes?

The main reason that Santa is so jolly is because he knows where all the bad girls live.

HMS Ulster

Volume 2,

Issue 4

October 2013

Editorial

By Shipmate Norrie Millen



The task of passing along bad news is always daunting and the very sad news I had to pass out regarding the passing of Vice Admiral Sir Cameron Rusby was particularly very hard for me. We kept in constant contact almost to the end; it was through my emails to him that his daughter managed to contact me to tell me she had cancelled reunion as he was in hospital very poorly. Several days later I phoned Lady Marion to enquire on his progress. The phone was answered by one of his daughters who burst in tears when I asked how her father was. Sadly he had passed two days before my call; having successfully gone through a bowel operation; doctors expecting him to make a full recovery, sadly he passed away in his sleep the following day.

I have included his obituary on Page 2, information extracted from several leading English and Scots newspapers. Unfortunately they all contained a glaring error, which I missed completely, when I uploaded it to the website; but thankfully 'Eagle-eye' Pete Twyman picked up on mistake and I quickly corrected it. All papers had recorded that he was posted to HMS Howe in 1943 and went on to say he joined the Royal Navy in 1945!

I will be at 2013 reunion probably before you read this; I will take a long some hard copies for those that are not on internet. I was posting them out at my own expense to the few not online and requested that members sent a stamped address return envelope. I said I would only mail future editions if this was done. Only one shipmate could be bothered! If you know of a shipmate who is not online you could pass on the newsletter to him once you have read them

The good news is that I received an astounding eighty odd responses to last newsletter which was a very refreshing change from the normal half a dozen.

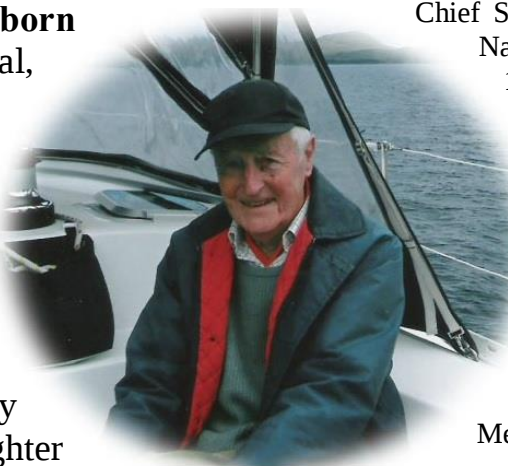
Communication is (or supposed to be) a two way medium, unless you keep me up to date then I am in the dark as my crystal ball crashed and burned before long refit!

The way I see it any way!

Vice Admiral Sir Cameron Rusby KCB, LVO RN

February 20, 1926; - September 6, 2013

Cameron Rusby was born in the Maltese capital, Valletta, in 1926 while his father, a Royal Navy officer, was based there. Cameron's grandfather had been a doctor in Peebles and Cameron would later, in 1948, renew that connection by marrying Marion Bell, daughter of local Peebles dentist Daniel Bell.



Relaxing on his yacht 'Marion' in the highlands

With his father based on the south coast of the UK, Cameron went to Westerhall school in Weymouth, Dorset, and later Wootton Court school near Canterbury, Kent. Keen to follow in his father's wake, he left school to attend the Britannia Royal Naval College in Dartmouth, Devon

Royal Navy training at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, Rusby joined the Royal Navy in February 1941. He was still a young teenager when war broke out and the Luftwaffe began bombing and strafing the River Dart, forcing him and his fellow naval cadets to shelter in the bowels of the college, in its central heating tunnels.

He was assigned to the battleship HMS Howe in May 1943 and saw his first action during the invasion of Italy. Cameron Rusby was a 17-year-old Midshipman on the battleship when, itself facing attack by the Luftwaffe, it supported the Allied invasion of Italy in 1943*

He served in the closing stages of World War II before being given command of the frigate HMS *Ulster* in 1958. He became Executive Officer on HMY *Britannia* in 1962, Deputy Director of Naval Signals in 1965 and Commanding Officer of the frigate HMS *Tartar* in 1969. He went on to be Deputy Assistant Chief of Staff (Plans and Policy) to the Supreme Allied Commander-in-



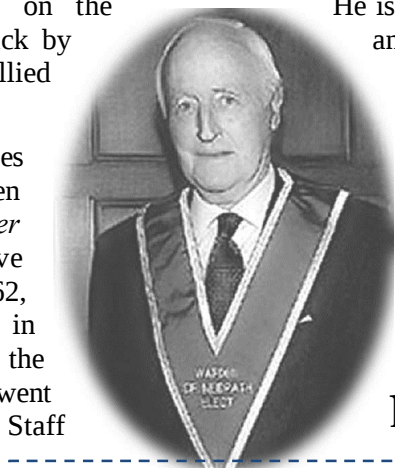
Painting of him as S.N.O.W.I

Chief Southern Europe in 1969, Senior Naval Officer in the West Indies in 1972 and Assistant Chief of Defence Staff (Operations) in 1974. His last appointments were as Flag Officer Scotland and Northern Ireland in 1977 and Deputy Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic in 1980 before retiring in 1982.

To his friends and neighbours in Edinburgh, Melrose and around the Borders, though, he will probably be remembered simply as Cameron, animal lover and chief executive of the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for ten years (when he was based in Edinburgh); or as the warden of the historic Neidpath Castle overlooking the river Tweed, owned by the Earl of Wemyss and said to be haunted by the ghost of Jean Douglas ñ Sir Walter Scott's óMaid of Neidpath; or as an elder at Melrose Parish Church; or as the beaming pensioner who could be seen driving not a royal yacht but Rosie (named after Melrose), the water-carrying, golf-like but petrol-driven buggy that aims to keep Melrose beautiful by irrigating its flowers and hanging baskets under the slogan óMelrose in Bloom.

Vice-Admiral Sir Cameron Rusby died in the Borders General Hospital in Melrose on 6 September 2013 after a short illness. He is survived by Marion, his wife of 65 years, and their daughters Anne and Caroline.

**(The Howe, built by Fairfield of Govan, was broken up in Inverkeithing in 1958 but its soul was adopted by the people of Edinburgh and Rusby was always proud to see its ship's bell on display in St Giles' Cathedral, where it remains.*



The Warden of Neidpath

May he Rest in Peace on his Eternal Patrol

HMS Dreadnought

Submitted by S/M Arthur Coulton

In number 10 Downing Street, Henry Campbell-Bannerman was settling into his new job, just five days in post, from today the 69-year-old Liberal Democrat MP would officially be known no longer as First Lord of the Treasury, but 'Prime Minister'. In the Far East, there was an uneasy peace between Russia and Japan in the wake of the Treaty of Portsmouth, which brought the two countries' bitter conflict to an end.

In the historic naval dockyard of Portsmouth, His Britannic Majesty and Emperor of India, King Edward VII, prepared to launch the world's largest warship: HMS Dreadnought.

Everything about her was impressive. Bigger, faster, more powerful, more deadly than any vessel which had taken to the sea, she had even been built in record time.

Her launch was, naval cadet Stephen King Hall wrote excitedly to his parents, "The greatest sight I have ever seen. It made me proud of my country and of the Navy, she is an enormous ship." Dreadnought inspired books, songs, post-cards. She inspired naval patriotism.

She was a floating ambassador for Britain and the Royal Navy. Whenever the opportunity arose, Dreadnought was shown off to foreign dignitaries (some genuine, some not as we shall read later, but she also provoked envy and fear. Dreadnought would usher in a new arms race that would end in the cataclysm of the 1914-1918 war she would change the face of the world's navies. At a stroke, every battleship on earth was rendered obsolete.

HMS Dreadnought, the Admiralty predicted, would "mark the beginning of a new naval epoch" henceforth battleships would be known as Dreadnoughts in honour of the ship which led the revolution; all her predecessors were relegated to 'pre-dreadnought' status.

Henceforth a nation's stature would be judged depending on the number of dreadnoughts it possessed - just as today the nuclear powers stand in a league of their own.

Germany, France, the United States, Japan, Chile, Turkey, Italy, Austria-Hungary - all ordered or built their own dreadnoughts.

Within one decade, the dreadnoughts would clash in the North Sea haze of a spring afternoon off the shores of Jutland. The thunder of the guns could be heard on the Danish mainland, dozens of miles to the east.



Within three decades they would be obsolete, out-stripped by technological advances and by the advent of the aircraft carrier.

But in the first decade of the 20th Century, HMS Dreadnought and the ships which succeeded her were the apotheosis of martial spirit and technology.

February 10 1906 is a day which changed the world forever.

HMS Dreadnought Built Portsmouth Dockyard, laid down October 1905, completed December 1906 Cost £1,785,683
Size: Length 520 feet waterline 527 feet overall, beam 82 feet 1 inch, draught 26 feet 6 inches (normal), displacement 18,120 tons normal 20,730 tons deep
Propulsion: 4 shaft Parsons Turbines, 23,000 shp, 21kts. On sea trials: 24,712 shp = 21.05 knots
Armour: 11-4in belt, 11 in barbettes, 11 in turret faces, 3-1.5in decks
Armament: 10 x 12in 45cal MK X (5 x 2 turrets), 24 x 12 pounder (24 x 1), 5 x 18in torpedo tubes.
Complement: 700.

Commentary

When Admiral Sir John Fisher became First Sea Lord in October 1904 one of the first things he did was to set up a Design Committee to consider possible "all big gun" ship designs. The switch from the mixed armament of previous battleships to a uniform main calibre main gun and a light anti-torpedo boat defensive armament was controversial but soon copied by those navies that were not already thinking along similar lines. Just as revolutionary was the adoption of steam turbines which enabled higher speeds for less weight and volume of machinery as well as causing less vibration. Protection was slightly less than the last British pre-Dreadnoughts but better than most pre-Dreadnoughts and considered adequate. The slight reduction was necessary in order to provide better underwater protection with greater sub-division and the introduction of partial anti-torpedo bulkheads (screens) which protected the ships magazines against underwater explosions.

AN IMPERIAL VISIT "BUNGA BUNGA"

ON A February morning four years after her auspicious launch, HMS Dreadnought lay at anchor off Portland with the mighty Home Fleet, now augmented.

A sailor hurriedly handed a telegram to Admiral Sir William May, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet.

The Emperor of Abyssinia - today Ethiopia - his entourage, a Foreign Office minion and a translator were bound for Weymouth. "Kindly make all arrangements to receive them," the telegram ended. *Signed Hardinge* - Sir Charles Hardinge, Under Secretary of the Foreign Office.

The admiral responded quickly. The illustrious visitors would receive a tour of the world's most famous battleship.

The red carpet was laid at Weymouth station, where a barrier was hastily erected; a guard of honour was arranged.

The Emperor and his retinue stepped off the train from Paddington to find a small crowd eagerly pressing against the makeshift barrier, while a Royal Navy officer in full ceremonial uniform greeted the Abyssinians.

A car carried the visitors to the harbour, where a waiting launch swiftly took them to Dreadnought, dressed overall for this famous occasion. A guard of honour formed up; the national flag of Zanzibar was hoisted - no-one could find the Abyssinian ensign, nor the national anthem; the Royal Marines band struck up Zanzibar's instead. But the guests did not mind, far from it, they were delighted by the hospitality shown by the Royal Navy, and in particular Dreadnought's modern fittings, notably her electric light bulbs and her main armament.

"Bunga Bunga," the Abyssinians shouted with approval.

All the time. Admiral May and his officers dutifully hosted their visitors while the translator struggled to convey Jackspeak in Abyssinian. Dreadnought's senior officers were presented with Abyssinian medals' in recognition of their hospitality, while the party handed out small cards printed in Swahili to the bemused ship's company.

For forty minutes the distinguished guests enjoyed their tour of the pride of the Fleet before returning to London, where they posed for a group photograph to celebrate a great day. Except that the Abyssinians were not really Abyssinians, they were blackened up Brits led by arch practical joker Horace de Vere Cole and including the future Virginia Woolf who donned a fake beard and turban to disguise herself. Cole played the role of Foreign Office official Herbert Cholmondeley and played it to a T. At Paddington he had demanded staff bow and treat the imperial party with suitable respect, and on the return journey, the train was delayed at Reading while a railwayman purchased some white kid gloves to serve the Abyssinians their meal. As for the Abyssinian spoken... it was little more than bastardised Latin and Greek mispronounced. The British public was amused, Admiral May was greeted with cries of 'Bunga Bunga' a catch phrase apparently adopted by many Edwardian Britons to express delight, surprise or satisfaction.

The Royal Navy was not amused, it demanded Cole be brought to justice and even dispatched two officers to his home to cane him. Questions were asked in the House, po-faced newspaper editors demanded punishment, Horace de Vere Cole enjoyed an unofficial title Prince of Practical Jokers. *The imperial imposters... Horace de Vere Cole and pals, including a young Virginia Woolf, posed for the camera after duping the Admiralty and tricking their way on to HMS Dreadnought*

THIS IS YOUR LIFE
(Broken down into segments)



Police are called to an apartment and find a woman holding a bloody 3-iron standing over a lifeless man.

The detective asks, "Ma'am, is that your husband?"

"Yes" says the woman.

"Did you hit him with that golf club?" "Yes, yes, I did." The woman begins to sob, drops the club, and puts her hands on her face. "How many times did you hit him?" "I don't know -- put me down for a five."

HMS TRIUMPH IN KOREA

Triumph was laid down during World War II on 27 January **1945** at Hawthorn Leslie and Company on the Tyne. Her construction was relatively quick and she was launched on 2 October 1944 only a few months from the end of the war. She was commissioned into the Royal Navy on 6 May 1946

HMS *Triumph* (R16) (1944-1981) was a Royal Navy *Colossus-class* light fleet aircraft carrier. She served in the Korean War and later after reconstruction as a support ship.

In 1950, *Triumph* was on a cruise to Japan as part of the Far East Fleet. She was nearing Hong Kong when news reached *Triumph* and her accompanying ships of war breaking out in the Korean peninsula, forcing *Triumph* into a state of alert, including fully armed aircraft on deck. *Triumph* escorted by as an escort to *Triumph's* the veteran destroyer *Cossack*, who would also act as an escort to *Triumph's* *Triumph* into a state of alert, including fully armed aircraft on deck. *Triumph*, escorted by the veteran destroyer *Cossack*, who would also act as an escort to *Triumph's* destroyer HMS *Consort* and the cruiser *Jamaica*, who would both have prominent roles during the Korean War, as well as the Australian River-class frigate HMAS *Shoalhaven* and the Royal Fleet Auxiliary tanker *Wave Conqueror*, joined *Triumph* as she left base.

The following day she and her escorts, headed for Okinawa, refuelling at the American base there. Then they proceeded to western Korean waters where other Royal Navy warships were converging. At this time, she was the sole Royal Navy carrier in the Far East. She was thus destined to have a vital role in the early months of the Korean War. After joining the US Fleet, 827 Naval Air Squadron, part of *Triumph's* air group, commenced operations with a number of vintage Seafires, a naval variant of the iconic Spitfire which saw much action during the closing years of the Second World War. She also flew Fireflies during the initial operations of the Korean War, which were of a similar age.

The Seafires and Fireflies of *Triumph*, in conjunction with aircraft from the American carrier *Valley Forge*, hit airfields at Pyongyang and Chinnam on 3 July, the first carrier strikes of the war. The Seafires, though agile and fast, had an appearance that was a liability when operating with



allied forces. The aircraft had a remarkable similarity to the Yak-9, a WW2 Soviet fighter aircraft, in service with the North Korean forces. Such similarities would play to an almost tragic incident further into *Triumph's* deployment during the Korean War.

On 19 July 1950, Lieutenant P. Cane, flying a Sea Otter, an air-sea rescue aircraft, performed the last operational sea rescue of that type, when a F4U Corsair had been shot down by anti-aircraft fire, forcing the American pilot to ditch into very rough seas. The Sea Otter landed despite the adverse conditions and the American pilot was soon rescued. The Sea Otter returned to *Triumph* successfully, thanks mainly to the skill of the pilot.

On 28 July, an almost tragic event occurred, when a flight of Seafires were deployed to an area to investigate possible enemy air activity. They discovered that the activity was a flight of American B-29 bombers. One of the Seafires was hit by one of the bombers in its fuel tank forcing the pilot to bail out and land in terrible sea conditions. Rescue by Sea Otter was impossible due to the appalling conditions. The pilot was forced to wait about an hour until he was rescued by the American destroyer *Eversole*.

Further Combat Air Patrol (CAP) and anti-submarine operations continued until she left

Korean waters for Kure in Japan, where she spent her eight days there in refit. On 9 July, *Triumph* was back on the west coast of Korea, accompanied by the cruiser *Kenya*, the destroyer *Comus* and two Canadian warships, HMCS *Athabaskan* and *Sioux*. Sea fires launched numerous Photographic Reconnaissance (PR) operations around areas such as Mokpo, Kunsan, Chinnam, as well as Inchon. Over the next few days, Seafires destroyed two North Korean gunboats, attacked railway tracks, small coaster vessels and oil tanks.

On 23 August, *Triumph*, with just nine operational aircraft left, returned to Sasebo, Japan, where she joined two other carriers, *Valley Forge* and *Philippine Sea*. While in harbour the North Koreans launched an unexpected air attack, hitting *Comus*, causing damage to her hull and killing one sailor in the process. She was escorted to Kure for repair by her sister-ship *Consort*. This caused the carriers to be extra vigilant in the aftermath of the attack, with an increase in CAP operations. On 29 August, another incident occurred, when a Fairey Firefly landed without an arrestor hook and was stopped by the safety barrier. A large piece of propeller blade broke off, hurtled towards the surface of the Flying Control position, breaking the glass of the Operations Room and entering the room with tragic consequences, striking Lieutenant Commander I. M. McLachlan, the Commanding Officer of 800 Naval Air Squadron, who later died from the injuries sustained in this freak incident. He was buried at sea off the coast of South Korea with full Naval Honours.

On 30 August, after a four day patrol, *Triumph* returned to Sasebo, where she received 14 aircraft from the support carrier *Unicorn*. On 3 September, *Triumph* departed Sasebo for the West Coast of Korea. When she got there, her aircraft performed the now routine CAP missions along with reconnaissance duties and bombardment spotting for the Fiji-class cruiser HMS *Jamaica* and the destroyer HMS *Charity*.

After 6 of September, *Triumph*, accompanied by *Athabaskan* and HMAS *Warramunga* and *Bataan*, proceeded to the east coast of Korea to replace the carriers of the US 7th Fleet. Operations commenced on the 8th, with Fireflies and Seafires attacking numerous targets, causing much havoc for the North Korean forces. On the 9th, bad weather forced operations to limit themselves to just eight sorties, with four Fireflies attacking the airfield at Koryo, causing a large amount of damage. 800 Squadron's aircraft was decreased yet again, now to just six aircraft, after four others had been written off. The following day, *Triumph* returned once again to Sasebo.

The Battle of Inchon, 1950

On 12 September, *Triumph* departed Sasebo, accompanied by *Warramunga* and the Royal Navy

C-class destroyers - *Charity*, *Cockade* and *Concord*. Their objective, though unknown to the crews of the ships at that time, was to cover the landings at Inchon. The group, part of CTF 91, a Commonwealth Task Force, was joined by the cruiser *Ceylon* and RAN warship, *Bataan*, and was now known as the Northern Group. There was also a much smaller Southern Group which comprised HMC Ships - *Athabaskan*, *Cayuga* and *Sioux*. *Triumph's* aircraft provided vital air cover for the attacking forces in the first few days before the landings. After the landings took place, *Triumph* and her accompanying escort, provided anti-submarine patrols, while her aircraft commenced interdiction and spotting operations. The latter operations proved very successful with Fireflies spotting for the cruisers HMS *Jamaica* and *Kenya*. Thanks to the spotting by the Fireflies, *Jamaica* launched a devastating bombardment on North Korean positions, destroying a hidden cache of weapons, which resulted in the top of a hill being completely obliterated; creating a large plume of smoke that reached 8,000 feet. The end of the day's operations led to a message to the commander of the Commonwealth, Admiral Andrewes, from the United Nation's overall commander, General Douglas MacArthur, "My heartiest felicitations on the splendid conduct of the Fleet units under your command. They have added another glamorous page to the long and brilliant histories of the Navies of the British Commonwealth."

By the end of D-Day an astonishing 13,000 troops and all their equipment had been landed. On 17 September, North Korean aircraft bombed the American warship *Rochester*, as well as strafing the British cruiser *Jamaica*, killing one and wounding two.

Shortly afterwards, both warships managed to carry out a brief bombardment of North Korean troops.

On 21 September, *Triumph* entered Sasebo for the last time in her deployment during the Korean War. She spent two days there in dry dock for temporary repairs, before departing for Hong Kong on 25 September, her role in the conflict being replaced by HMS *Theseus*.

Remainder of service

After her Korean service *Triumph* was selected as the replacement for HMS *Devonshire* as a Cadet Training Ship. She carried two terms each of 100 Royal Navy and Commonwealth cadets on three cruises each year, in the spring to the West Indies, in the summer to Scandinavia and around the UK, and in the autumn to the Mediterranean. She carried three Sea Balliol aircraft with which to inculcate air-mindedness in the cadets. In 1954 she was diverted to ferry survivors of the troopship *Empire Windrush* from North Africa to Gibraltar for repatriation. In 1955 she replaced HMS *Albion* on a 'goodwill' visit to Leningrad.

This terminated in her Captain, Varyl Begg, carrying out a stern-board down the Neva against a beam gale after her hastily Soviet-laid stern-buoy had dragged. Her cadet training duties ended with the autumn cruise of 1955 when changes in the system of training Royal Navy officers rendered her redundant. Shortly before arriving home to Devonport HMS *Triumph* executed the last axial-deck landing in the RN.

HMS *Triumph* as a heavy repair ship.

During 1956 and 1965, *Triumph* was converted; into a Heavy Repair Ship emerging from the work with the pendant number A108. *Triumph* was based in Singapore after her conversion, being involved in a major exercise in 1968 in the Far East, with numerous capital ships from the United Kingdom and other nations taking part, as well as dozens of destroyers and frigates. *Triumph* was

used as a heavy repair and transport ship for troops. In 1975 *Triumph* was paid off and in 1981 she was struck and subsequently scrapped in Spain



My neighbour knocked on my door at 2.30 this morning. Imagine! Luckily I was still up, practising my bagpipes!

Since I'm sleeping with your wife, could we split the costs of our meals? Oh, and I'll need a receipt.

Did you know that Lord Nelson shared the considerable costs of pleasing his mistress, with her husband when the three of them lived together? Newly uncovered documents show. Sir William Hamilton became one of Britain's most famous cuckolds when, he moved with his much younger wife, Lady Emma Hamilton, into the Nelson house in Merton, South London in 1801.

A set of 16 household accounts covering the period of a most unusual domestic arrangement went up for auction in June showing that Lord Nelson and Sir William split many bills evenly.

They paid out the about £170—(about £12,000 in today's money) to local tradesmen for treats such as fresh meats and oysters to which Lady Hamilton was particularly partial.

The total auction went for an astounding £1,780,000. The name of the buyer was not given

IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE DOCK BOTTOM

Submitted by Shipmate Norrie Millen

The ship was in long refit and high and dry in the graving dock. A young sailor, who had joined the ship that day, was asked to complete a preliminary 'Hurt Certificate' report, explaining the accident that had landed him in the Royal Naval Hospital after only a few hours aboard his new ship.

The task that the Chief Bosun's Mate had allocated him was simple enough. He had been instructed to unrig some wooden staging on the ships side and take it to the dock bottom. His report was as follows:

Thinking I could save some time, I rigged a block and tackle, securing it to a piece of scaffolding. I lowered one end of the rope to the dock bottom. I tied an old dhobi bucket to the other end of the rope and hauled it up to the top of the scaffolding, then secured the rope to a large ring bolt on the floor of the dock. Climbing back to the top of the scaffolding, I filled the bucket with the metal scaffold securing clamps.



I then returned to the dock-bottom and unfastened the rope, to let the bucket down. Unfortunately the bucket of clamps was now heavier than I and before I knew what was happening, the bucket jerked me up into the air. I clung to the rope and halfway up, I met the bucket coming down, receiving a severe blow to my left shoulder. I continued my unplanned trip to the top of the staging, banging my head on the scaffolding and jamming my fingers in the block and tackle.

When the bucket hit the ground, it split, spilling the clamps onto the dock floor. As I was now heavier than the bucket, I started to descend at high speed. Halfway down I met the bucket for a second time, receiving severe lacerations to my shins. When I hit the dock bottom, I landed on the clamps, receiving more cuts and contusions from the sharp edges of the clamp bolts. At this point I was very confused, and let the rope go. The bucket came down again, striking me on the head. I awoke in Royal Naval Hospital

The little ship that time forgot

Submitted by S/M Ken Jones

Next year, 2014 marks the one hundredth anniversary of the start of the First World War and various events are going to take place like the renovation of village War memorials etc., and it has been announced that a million pounds is being spent on the restoration of H.M.S. Caroline as it is the only remaining HM Ship from that era, fair enough but although she was present at Jutland, she never saw action and truth be told apart from the newly formed Naval Air Service and the naval battalions fighting in the infantry role, most of our surface fleet spent the war swinging round a buoy just waiting for the German High Seas Fleet to foray out. The real action took place around our

shores with armed trawlers taken up from trade escorting coastal convoys carrying vital goods and the 'Q' Ships as covered in the last edition of the Tenby Times against the main threat, the U Boat.

The navy took over scores of steam trawlers built for fishing in the North Sea as they wanted large numbers of cheap, expendable(?) vessels and equipped them with guns and later on with hydrophones and depth charges, with their crew's mostly ordinary fishermen in uniform

One such vessel was the Hull trawler Viola of the Hellyer Steam Fishing Company which was skippered by Charles Allum, a Hull based Londoner, and her crew excelled in their new

task. Viola became Viola 3 under the Admiralty and classified as an armed trawler. The task of these small ships was to patrol for mines and submarines, blow up the former and sink the latter. Her first patrol area was the Shetlands



The only photo from that time is that of her skipper Captain Allum above and ship in Antarctic

and whilst stationed there she had her first encounter with a U Boat, firing at it during a chase until it eventually outpaced her.

The 108 ft vessel lost a crewman in a storm in November 1914 and Charles Allum's wife died on shore, poisoned by the Sphagnum Moss field dressings she was preparing as part of the war effort.

By September 1916 she had been transferred to the Tyne and was one of the first trawlers to be fitted with hydrophones and depth charges.

In 1917 Viola opened fire on a U Boat attacking a merchantman off the Farne Islands and successfully drove it off.

That year the vessel was in the rescue of the crew of a coal barge driven ashore at Scarborough, for these actions Allum was mentioned in dispatches.

Then, on August the 18th Viola was patrolling with a group of trawlers just off Whitby when a periscope was sighted as the submarine (UB 30) dived, they

depth-charged the sub and two hours later they and another trawler, the John

Brooker, saw her trying to surface. Both craft opened fire and dropped more depth charges, she tried once more to surface and was attacked again and finally UB 30, captained by Rudolph Stier, sank.

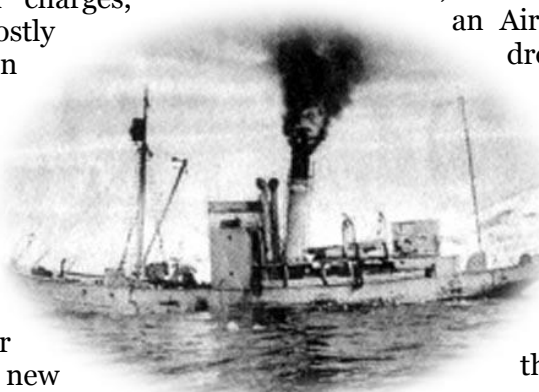
Up to this point UB 30 had already sent at least 17 Allied submarines to the bottom

A month later and 70 miles further up the coast; another U-Boat was sighted, this time by an Airship. Viola joined the hunt and dropped depth charges on the vessel,

UB-115, was sent to the bottom. This is the first recorded action in which an air-ship co-operated with a surface vessel to sink a submarine. This was one of the last sinking's before the end of the war.

So in a war which was noted for many feats at sea, the Viola had a record more impressive than that of most warships.

The problem was in that Viola and its crew had the misfortune to serve in a campaign that,



Viola taken in the Antarctic when she was owned by an Argentine company

even now little is known about and the Admiralty did little to promote the fact that much of this work was carried out by enlisted civilians, and those that served on the trawlers simply reverted to their previous job as fishermen.

After the war she was sold to a Norwegian company and became Kapduen and then Dias, she was used to catch whales off the African coast before being sold again to an Argentinean company and moved South to Grytviken in South Georgia where she was used to hunt elephant seals as well as acting as support vessel for a series of Antarctic explorations. On one occasion she battered her way through ice to relieve the members of a metrological station at Laurie Island when other vessels had failed in the attempt. Another time her skipper found a new bay in South Georgia, which was named 'Dias Cove', after the vessel.

In 1960 she was sold again, this time to a British firm and renamed Albion Star.

But, four years later the Whaling station at Grytviken closed and she was laid up together with another trawler, 'Albatross'. And a caretaker was appointed to keep an eye on them.

They also played a part during the Falklands war in 1982 when a group of Argentine scrap metal merchants infiltrated by Argentinean marines, invaded South Georgia. They had intended to break up both vessels and when Royal Marines reached the Island the action took place around the vessels. In 2004 both vessels were refloated and beached (see picture, above) and now rest a short distance from the grave of Sir Ernest Shackleton.

There is now a move afoot in Hull by the friends of the Viola/Dias group to bring Viola back to Hull, it has been estimated that the costs involved would be £1 mil-lion to bring her back and another £5 million to restore her. Dr.

Robinson of the group, who discovered during research that his own Great Grandfather had served on her. And the fact that the SS Great Britain, salvaged from the Falklands in 1970 and now a fully restored museum in Bristol is encouraging and shows what can be achieved.

Another of the group's supporters is Kim Lever, the Great Granddaughter of Viol's skipper, Charles Allum, who said it would be a fitting tribute to him and to others like him who served in the trawlers to bring the vessel back home

Allum himself stayed at sea after the war and enjoyed a moment of fame when he took part in a 1022 silent comedy called 'A master of Craft' and later, though over sixty he was called up again for WW2 and was in a ship which was torpedoed, he survived that but suffered thereafter

with ill health and died in 1953.

Let's hope that the fundraising succeeds and the old girl lives.

ONE FOR THE ROAD

Based on a true experience by
Shipmate Nome 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.



Viola on the right beached along with Albatross after they both floundered due to the weight of snow which built up during a massive snow storm in 1971



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.

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 hasping 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 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.

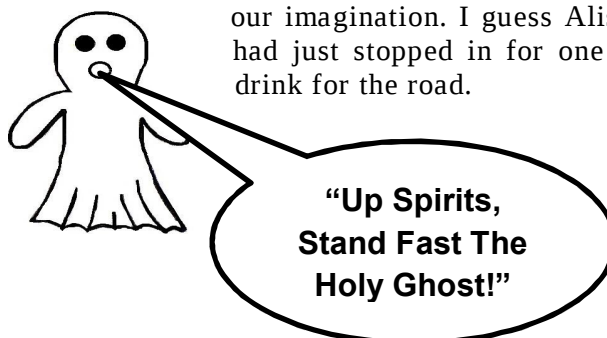
Tonight was no exception. After the barman had served Alistair, he returned to lazily polishing some beer glasses with a linen towel. Alistair finished his drink, ordered his second drink, downed it and left the bar. The barman was engaged in some idle conversation about the weather with another of the regulars. I was casually glancing through the newspaper, when there was a loud sound of breaking glass. The barman 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 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 hasping away, or was it our imagination. I guess Alistair had just stopped in for one last drink for the road.



The Sensuous Wife...

"Have you ever seen a twenty pound note all crumpled up?" asked the wife. "No," said her husband. She gave him a sexy little smile, slowly reached into her cleavage and pulled out a crumpled twenty pound note. "Have you ever seen a fifty pound note crumpled up?" she asked. "Uh, no," he said. She gave him another sexy little smile, seductively reached into her panties and pulled out a crumpled fifty pound note. "Now," she said, "Have you ever seen £40,000 pounds all crumpled up?" "No," he said, now really intrigued. "Well go look in the garage".



"Did you name it after me, like you said you would?"