

## SIXTY GLORIOUS YEARS



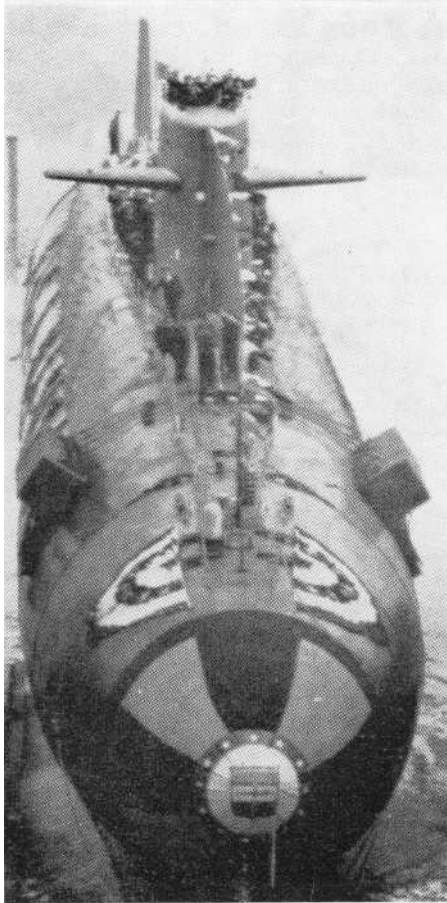
H.M.S. AURIGA AMONG THE ICE

'AND ALSO IT is possible to make a ship or boat that may go under the water unto the bottome, and so come up againe at your pleasure. . . .' So said William Bourne as long ago as 1578. In the years that followed many crude attempts were made to build a submarine, some being partially successful others ending in tragedy, until in 1901 the British Admiralty were at last forced to recognize this new type of ship and five submarine vessels of the type invented by Mr. Holland were ordered to be built for trial purposes.

Mr. Holland was an American and his vessel was of 120 tons, being 63 feet long and a 12-foot beam. A small petrol engine gave a surface speed of 9 knots, and when dived a speed of about 6 knots was achieved with an electric motor. The first of these craft was launched

in November 1901, and they were rapidly followed by the slightly larger British designed 'A' Class. They were an immediate success, for in the naval manoeuvres of 1904 no fewer than four battleships were 'sunk' and several other ships 'damaged'. There was no doubt, after such a demonstration, that the submarine had come to stay.

The Submarine Service expanded rapidly with new types of boats following on as designs, ideas and tactics changed. With the advent of a reliable diesel engine in 1910, the concept of the submarine merely as a coastal defence ship was expanded to offensive operations. On the outbreak of war in 1914 the Royal Navy had sixty-four submarines in commission. Having been the last of the major world naval powers to adopt this weapon, we had in less than



THE LAUNCH OF A U.S.N. MISSILE-FIRING SUBMARINE, TO WHICH H.M.S. 'RESOLUTION' WILL BE SIMILAR

fourteen years developed it to a higher pitch than any other power.

The war brought with it its heroes, men like Lt.-Cdr. (later Admiral) Max Horton, Lt.-Cdr. (later Vice-Admiral) Nasmith and Lt. Boyle, men who took their small boats on long, hazardous and successful patrols in every theatre of operations. It also brought with it its disasters, as when four of the new large steam-driven 'K' Class were involved in collisions on a dark night when operating with the Grand Fleet. Tactics were tried out, learnt, forgotten, and re-learnt, but at the end of the war the Submarine Service had every reason to be proud of itself and its achievements.

The immediate post-war years saw little development. Some experiments were tried,

like the mounting of a single 12-inch gun or a seaplane in the 'M' Class, or the X-1, with its twin 5.25-inch gun-turrets. None of these was a success, and it was not until the late twenties that a new design was produced. At regular intervals a new class was designed, until just before the outbreak of war in 1939 the very successful 'T' and smaller 'U' Class were started. These submarines formed the backbone of our submarine force in the war years to follow. They were not unlike the old, except that modern development had improved all the fittings and modern invention provided new ones. The torpedoes were all 21-inch and more than twice as destructive as the old 18-inch, and many times more reliable. So, throughout the whole submarine, the principle was still the same but the component parts were stronger, more reliable, and better.

As in the First World War so in the Second, the Submarine Service achieved much and produced its own brand of heroes - men like Lt. Wanklyn, V.C., Cdr. Linton, V.C., and Ldg. Sea. Maginnes, V.C., to mention but a few at random.

In a rapidly changing scientific world, where weapons of war are soon outdated, development of the submarine continued. In the new Porpoise and Oberon Classes the Royal Navy can be proud to possess the finest non-nuclear powered submarines. Designed to seek out and kill other submarines, H.M.S. *Dreadnought*, a nuclear-powered submarine, is at sea with the Fleet, to be followed soon by the *Valiant* and *Warspite*. But the wheel almost turns its full cycle from Mr. Holland's original design with the advent of H.M.S. *Resolution* and the four following missile-firing submarines. Armed with the deadly Polaris missile, these submarines will carry Britain's deterrent in the 1970s.

But with all the wealth of modern technique and invention, there still remains one element that overrides all else - it is the human side to a submarine's efficiency, her commanding officer and her crew. They alone can ensure success, and on their skill, courage, endurance and determination rests the final verdict. This country has been more than fortunate in the quality of the officers and men who are attracted to service in the submarines. They have in a short space of time created a tradition that is the envy of the world. It is a tradition that is fresh and vital, a tradition of service of which everyone can be both grateful and proud.

M.R.W.

## HOTELYMPIA 1964



LEADING WREN HILL RECEIVING THE TELEGRAM OF CONGRATULATIONS FROM MADAME PRUNIER ON HER AWARD OF THE MAISON PRUNIER TROPHY AND GOLD MEDAL

ON JANUARY 5TH I left H.M.S. *Raleigh* for Portsmouth, where I was going to join other candidates in the R.N. Cookery School to take a course before final selections were made for the teams to represent the Royal Navy and the W.R.N.S. at Hotelympia, 1964.

There were six of us on our course and we spent two weeks practising and perfecting the cooking and presenting the dishes we were to cook finally in the Women's Services Competition - mixed grill, saute potatoes and Scotch woodcock. As a little light relief we occasionally helped the candidates for the R.N. team to prepare their dishes, which at least gave us some variety. Nevertheless, lamb-chop, sausages kidney, mushrooms, tomatoes, bacon and potatoes were our constant companions, and even shared my dreams at night.

At the end of a fortnight the task of selecting the two girls who would comprise the team was obviously a very difficult one, and I was thrilled and delighted when my name was announced. Wren Barraclough was also successful and Wren Beacock was selected as the reserve.

For the time remaining we continued to practise preparing these menus, but our task was now made a little more difficult by the addition of a very live audience of senior cook ratings, who were very critical and pulled our legs unmercifully.

Finally, the big day for our departure for London arrived. All the utensils to be used had already been sent on, but we transported the perishable foodstuffs ourselves, and it was all kept in the refrigerator in the W.R.N.S. Quarters, Furze House.

Thursday, January 30th, and the day of the Competition found us at our stand at about ten o'clock, feeling very apprehensive. However, the Navy was around to help us prepare our tables and generally steady our nerves by looking so calm and dependable.

Their competition had been held on the previous day, so they looked very wise and experienced about it all.

Eleven o'clock and all was now set for the competition. Four judges walking around all the time, plus a large audience, did not help our fluttering nerves, but as things got under way I noticed hardly anything except what I was doing. As Wren Barraclough and I got on with the cooking Wren Beacock swept away the used utensils and washed them up, so that our tables were kept clean and tidy. The mixed grill and saute potatoes were finally cooked, and while the judges were examining them we started on the Scotch woodcock. All was done

now with only the clearing-up to do and tables laid out, as they were at the start of the competition. Only the W.R.N.S.'s team managed to accomplish this in the time.

After this we sat back waiting impatiently for the results. When they were announced we were tremendously thrilled to hear that we had won the Challenge Cup for which we had competed - the Maison Prunier Trophy - and that I had won the Gold Medal and Wren Barraclough the Silver Medal.

We were then surrounded by a bewildering number of people congratulating us and others taking photographs. We were completely dazed by it all, and it seemed a long time before we could relax and get our breath back. It was now all over, and then the exhibition closed and we escaped to enjoy a meal somewhere - not, I assure you, a mixed grill!!

M. v. HILL (Local Acting Ldg. Wren Cook(0)).

## 'ROLL ON MY TWELVE'

PADDY MCSHEE WAS so addicted to the expression 'roll on my twelve' that his nickname throughout the Fleet was 'Old Roll-on' - an unfortunate one, as the ample diet the Navy had offered him for over eleven years had provided Paddy with a corpulence that could well have been contained by just such a garment of corsetry.

Paddy's messmates were led to believe that he alone had been singled out for persecution by everyone in authority, from the Admiral down to the killick of the mess; no one had ever experienced greener rubs, and he had been given every foul job the Fleet had to offer for over a decade. Yet, according to Paddy, a score of influential employers 'outside' were vying with each other to obtain the services of this two-badged wonder as soon as the Navy - that Paddy had so little time for - had finished with his services.

'Old Roll-on' was soon to be robbed of his signature tune, for his twelve had rolled on save for one day. Naturally, Paddy would not think of signing on, and he gave at great length five hundred valid reasons why not. Yet there were a few sad hearts as Paddy saluted the Officer of the Day for the last time and slipped through the Barrack gates, for Paddy had a kind Irish heart, he was honest and, besides

being an inveterate 'dripper', he was a good worker.

'Well, that's the last we'll see of that character' mumbled the Chief as Paddy's form disappeared towards the bus-stop, and Chiefie's image of him began to fade as thoughts of tot-time loomed in his mind. But he was wrong, for 'Old Roll-on' was to sing one last swan-song to the Service which was to belie his reputation.

The following day a telephone call came through for the Officer of the Day from the local city police to the effect that they were holding in custody one Patrick Michael McShee (DJX909351), on terminal leave from H.M.S. Drake, for disorderly behaviour on licensed premises the preceding evening.

Paddy was brought up before the 'beak' the following day, and his Divisional Officer was directed to attend the hearing.

'It was like this, Your Honour,' protested Paddy, when asked by the Magistrate to account for his actions, 'I told this bloke that I'd left the Navy that day, and he replied that I should be glad to be out of that rotten mob, which had no future anyway. Now, Your Honour, no self-respecting matelot can tolerate that sort of talk, and I'm not afraid to admit - I punched him in the face!' D.F.E.

## SAILING



A BALRMY DAY AT JUPITER

GREAT INTEREST HAS been shown in the Wednesday evening races at Jupiter Point for R.N.S.A. dinghies and there has been a large turn-out every week. So much so, that early in the season the distance mark on the start-line had to be moved farther out to enable everyone to have room to manoeuvre!!

Congratulations to Lt.-Cdr. Donegan, who came third in the over-all result in the first series of races.

On Saturday afternoons there have been races for whalers, motor-whalers and dinghies over a series of courses all starting from the destroyers berthed at Number 4 trot. Although the numbers taking part from *Raleigh* have been smaller than for a Wednesday evening, everyone has enjoyed the racing. The possible exception being the afternoon when the race was abandoned in pouring rain, with no wind and an adverse tide - the Captain claimed a moral

victory, as he was anchored nearer to the start-line than the others!

Every evening at Jupiter Point has seen a mixed bag of beginners and semi-experts trying their hands at sailing whalers and cutters, with corresponding anxious moments, thrills and a lot of pleasure. At this point it is fitting to record our thanks to all the officers from the Engineering College at Manadon who came over to help, advise and assist with this recreational sailing.

Congratulations to Ldg. Patrolman Foster, who was selected to represent the Plymouth Command in the Holt Cup (an inter-Command race in whalers) and also to the two crews who went to Portsmouth with him.

We have been pleased to see a number of Wrens down at Jupiter Point for sailing and hope that more will be interested as the season progresses.

M.R.W.



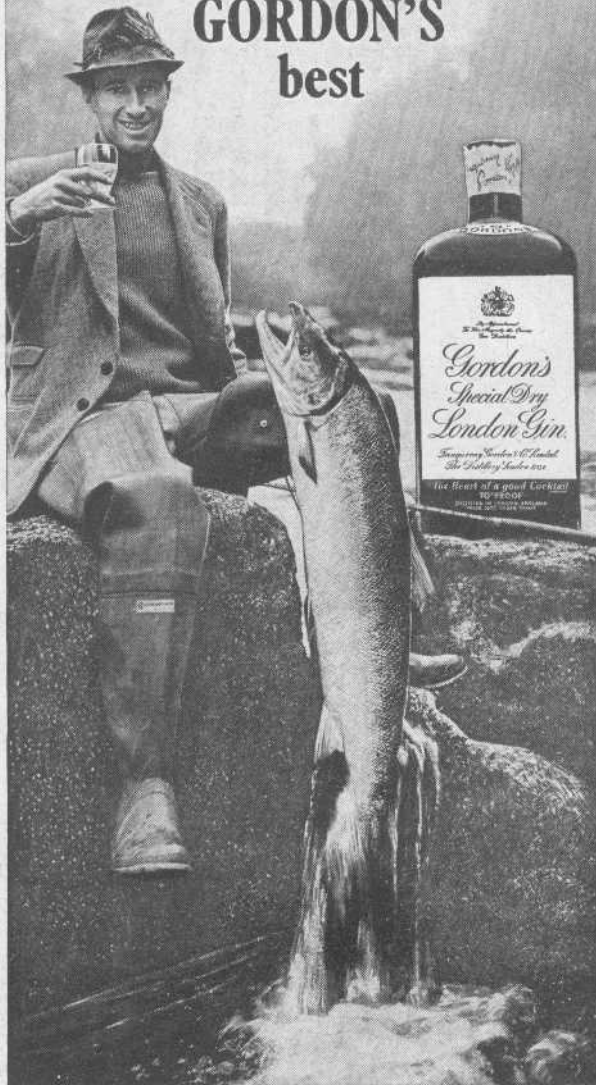
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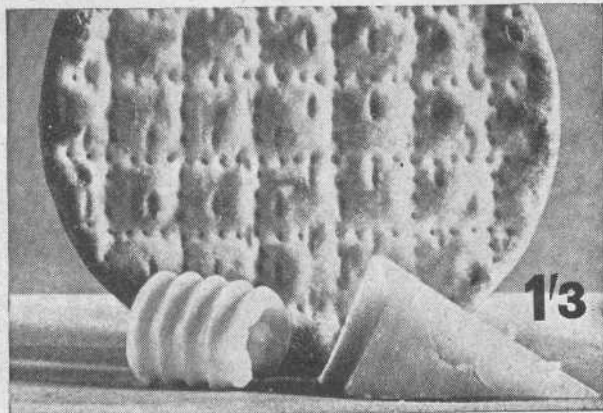
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## HI, MAN!

MAN, THIS IS Weirdsville! Like you may recall, I resumed my education in the Navy and my present pad is as above - *Raleigh*. I understand this Raleigh was a sharp dresser back in pre-history, but, being hip and like a social climber, he lays a twelve-guinea cashmere sweater down for the Queen to walk on, uttering these immortal-type words: 'Step on it, Kid'. And this pad is named after him.

There is things here I dig and those I don't dig. Like I don't dig this getting up in the morning. That's strictly for the birds. And I don't much dig this marching-type walking. It's from Squaresville, man! They have a thing here, though, called Divisions and, man, that's a ball! They have a square-type band that's strictly from hunger, and they use music, man! No riffs, nothing cool. None the less, there's a guy there blowing bass drum whose got like possibilities. You should have him on the Aldermaston ball!

On the other hand, I dig some things. Like, for instance, there's three hundred reefers a month practically for free. And every day there's a slug of booze; but me, I don't dig that. There's a pad here called the NAAFI, which is like saying it is like a square bar in the Kings Road, and I go in, ask for a Pernod and Coke, and they look at me like one of us is gone - real gone!

But, man, there are chicks here like back home. They are called Wrens, and I am telling you these birds are gassers. They are wearing all kinds of black and flat-heeled shoes, and except that they've got short hair and hats and they are clean, it's like the Kings Road. But, man, they're for me! Crazy!

One thing I don't definitely dig, and that is putting all my clothes out on the ground. It wouldn't be so bad, but the Dad who is in charge of this neck of the woods insists on it being clean. Now, you dig me, I don't care to change my tabs between the Beaulieu Jazz Fest. and the Opening Night of the Proms. So, man, this bugs me. Nevertheless, while I am like keeping fit on the square, I occasionally see the birds from over the bridge and, man, I go ape for those chicks.

I am now, like, tending the weeds in the ground outside my Divisional Dad's pad. I happen to be relaxing one day when a real square with three buttons on his arm comes up and, like, says: 'Do you dig, man?'

And I say: 'I dig, Daddy-o! I dig Tubby Hayes, and Shorty and Acker and Charlie Parker and Brubeck and Garner. . . .'

And he - er - like, gives me this spade....

Yours,

YOGI

## 1800 - DIVISIONS À LA GULL

G.I. Sidehawks by the Drill Shed,  
And all Seagulls on Parade,  
With all the birds stood up in line,  
Not having to be made.

And this great big G.I. Sidehawk,  
Squawking orders sounds so quaint,  
As he stands upon the dais,  
Not allowing them to faint.

Brings his squadron to attention,  
Flying into threes right turn,  
There's one flying off on pension,  
And one coming in to learn.

In threes left wheel to Plymouth Sound,  
And don't dare land for a bite,  
You Sidehawks aren't allowed to ground,  
Till Divisions tomorrow night.

J.W.U



## VENTURE TRAINING



PEERING INTO CELLARS?

ONCE UPON A time Venture Training was a purely voluntary arrangement, which would lead one to believe that come November it would die a peaceful death and, like the phoenix, rise from the ashes of its own destruction at about the same time that a young man's fancy lightly turns to other things. It has now been put on a completely different footing - it is now compulsory - but still seems to remain popular. It is a break from training, it is good exercise, and one has to think for one's self.

Venture Training is in two parts, involving one week-end in the seventh week and one in the ninth. The first is spent at Pier Cellars, near Cawsand, and the second is on Dartmoor or Bodmin Moor. Pier Cellars might be considered as the prep school for the Moors. Very few Men Under Training have camping or trekking experience, and it is at Piers Cellars that they learn to read a map and to follow a compass. They are also taught 'campcraft' - or rather, they are introduced to it, for this is a

subject that is largely learned by experience. Other attractions are an afternoon map-reading walk, a night exercise, and a run over the assault course, with liquid consumable prizes.

Just before leaving for Pier Cellars a lecture is given on first-aid and some preliminary instruction is given on how to rope down a vertical face.

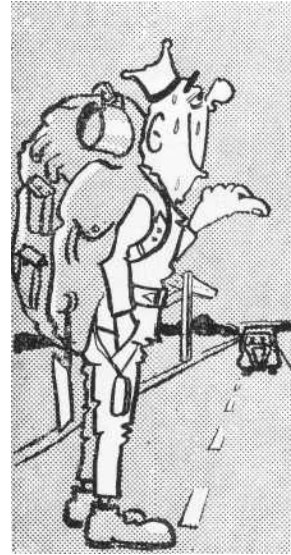
The routine for Dartmoor is different. Classes are transported to a point three-quarters of a mile from the camp (as far as a vehicle can get) and then walk to the camp site at Nun's Cross Farm, some two and a half miles from Princetown. There camp is set up, a working party carry out normal routine camp duties, while the remainder prepare lunch. An afternoon walk of about six miles, accompanied by a member of the staff, is then undertaken, and this is followed by a briefing for the next day's walk, this time relying on maps and compasses. Check-points along the route ensure that no one gets completely lost, and the fastest team can qualify for a block or divisional strip.

The next day a trek of about ten to twelve miles is arranged, everyone roping down a small cliff on the way.

Young men prepare all their own food, so make sure that there is at least one person in the team who knows how to cook! Sometimes ration packs are used and at others all food is fresh.

The people who live on and around Dartmoor are very proud of it and very conscious of its beauty. They have the power to stop us camping if we are a nuisance, so please remember this and behave sensibly.

The Centre continues to improve its stock of equipment, such as sleeping-bags, packs and tents, but these things are not cheap - for example, even with a generous discount, packs cost about £6 each, while sleeping-bags cost £5. In fact, on Dartmoor everyone carries about £25 worth of gear. (You pay for it, if you lose or damage it!)



CANOEING IN THE HARBOUR

## SHIP'S PETS AND MASCOTS



HIS LAST TRIP ACROSS THE WALTER

THE TRADITIONAL MENTAL picture of 'Jolly Jack' returning from overseas with his kitbag on one side and his parrot in its cage on the other was permanently disturbed for me when I read of an able seaman ashore in Durban who had bought a circus elephant and attempted to bring it on board his ship, H.M.S. *Bigbury Bay*, as a mascot - not, unnaturally, without success. This brings to light yet another duty for the zealous Officer-of-the-Day to perform when liberty men return from shore.

The Navy and its men are somehow always connected in some action of kindness with various animals. Most sailors have a very soft spot for any animal they meet.

A ship often gains a mascot by unofficial means, ranging from the occasions when someone visiting a foreign port sees a stray animal and brings it back on board to the adoption of an animal designated for the stew-pot and saved at the eleventh hour by the kindness and soft-heartedness of the chef.

Cats are the traditional naval mascots, but I have heard instances of birds, especially chickens and ducks, dogs and monkeys, and other small animals. In the days of the 'wooden walls' such ships as H.M.S. *Victory* carried a wide selection of 'mascots', especially those of a bovine nature, since most of the supply of meat required for the voyage remained unhappily alive in the forepeak until required by the galley.

Due to their size and immobility, naval shore establishments, including the R.N. Barracks, can afford a far wider choice of genus, and often their mascots resemble in originality some of the mascots of the other services.

Able Seaman John Cunningham was, although he did not know it, only emulating the Seaforth Highlanders in attempting to make a mascot out of an elephant, although they were more successful. Other mascots have included animals as diverse in character as tigers, dogs, ponies, camels, bears, goats, monkeys, horses,

panthers, rams, pigs and antelopes. The Durham Light Infantry at the turn of the century had a Sudanese boy as a mascot. He had been found at the age of two on a Sudanese battlefield and adopted by the regiment with the name of 'James Francis Durham'. He later joined the regiment of which he had been mascot!

In most H.M. ships is to be found at least one cat. Sometimes, especially at the end of a commission, the mascots' families will have boosted the numbers to the 'teens. The most famous of the ships' cats in recent years was 'Simon' of H.M.S. Amethyst. He had been presented to the Commanding Officer of H.M.S. Amethyst when a kitten, and by the time of the action in the River Yangtse was a privileged member of the crew. One of the first shells to hit the ship burst in the Captain's cabin, where 'Simon' was resting, and the cat received a number of superficial wounds and burns, resulting in the loss of much of his fur and whiskers. Not unnaturally, being somewhat dishevelled, he was not seen for several days. The rats on board the ship, shaken out of their hideaways by the gunfire and explosions, were turning in their fright to other matters and



A FAREWELL GIFT FROM THE CAPTAIN

their population, as a result, was increasing alarmingly. During the weeks when H.M.S. Amethyst lay at anchor undergoing repairs, 'Simon' carried out his mission of extermination with a success that ran into hundreds of victims, even when the gunfire was at its height. When, after its twilight dash down-river, H.M.S. Amethyst finally reached Hong-Kong, numerous letters and cables of congratulations were awaiting 'Simon'. There were presents of fish and cream, and he received a hero's welcome at every port of call on the ship's voyage home, notwithstanding his ability to avoid the glare of publicity by simply disappearing on sight of land. He was awarded the Dickin Medal, the animals' equivalent of the Victoria Cross, and went into quarantine in the Hackbridge Kennels. Before a month was out, however, the strain of the past few months, his wounds, and the strangeness of his surroundings began to tell, and 'Simon' died before he could come out of quarantine and return to his ship.

As stated previously, most shore establishments choose a non-feline mascot, since many cats already roam them freely. H.M.S. Drake, in the years following the last war, had a cart-horse for a mascot, rejoicing in the name of 'Royalty' and given the rank of Able-Seaman. H.M.S. Victory still had its aged bulldog, 'Winston', latterly not capable of movement at any great speed and with respiratory organs that made the most alarming noises. He was, however, a very endearing creature, with a physiognomy closely resembling that of his famous namesake.

R.N.A.S., Bramcote, situated in the centre of England near Nuneaton, was named after the proximity of an ancient cockpit which had existed at one time in the locality. As H.M.S. Gamecock, it was only natural that the station should adopt a gamecock for a mascot.

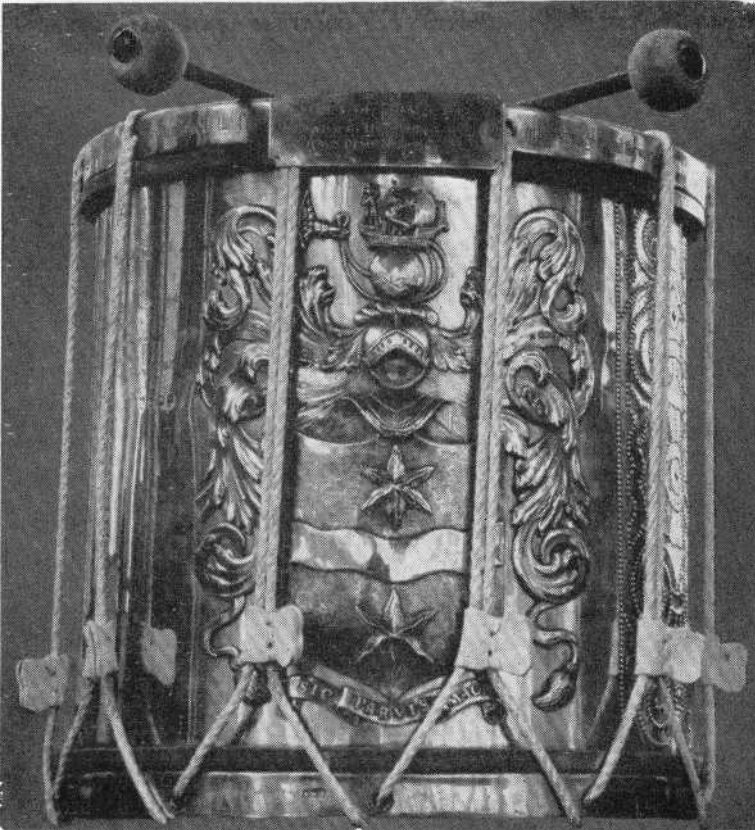
As everyone at H.M.S. Raleigh should know from his hesitant appearance at Divisions, our mascot was that eminent leader of the goat world named, amongst other things, 'Walter'.

'Walter' had only been official camp mascot for just over two years, although he has been with us since May 1955. During the intervening years he has been Revenge block mascot, for it was through the good offices of a previous Revenge Block officer that 'Walter' was originally presented by a retired Army officer. He was born in May 1954 in Maidstone Zoo. He has his own Service certificate but was not awarded his second Good Conduct stripe,



when it was due, as he attempted to savage Revenge Block officer at requestmen - an even more reprehensible act in the circumstances, as the latter is at the same time his next of kin! His rank at the present moment is Leading Goat, and the decision as to whether he is a member of the Mechanical Engineers' Branch or the Seamen's Branch is certain to prove unpopular with half the men under training in an establishment divided between these two branches. I would personally suggest that he should be ranked as an Able M.E. or Mechanical Seaman First Class.

No investigation into mascots of the Royal Navy would be complete without some idea as to the reasons behind the continuance of such an old system. Yet nothing is harder to find out. A high percentage of this country's population will collapse mentally if shown any animal less than a month old. Whether it is this inherent motherly nature which adheres us as a nation to pet-keeping, I am at a loss to say, for other navies and other countries have their mascots. Even the Russians have their bears. The morale value of a mascot, as in the case of 'Simon', can be quite large at the height of battle.



#### DRAKE'S DRUM

The famous drum of Sir Francis Drake is now kept in Buckland Abbey, near Plymouth, the traditional home of the Drake family. Drake acquired the drum before setting off on his voyage round the world in 1577, and when he returned to England in 1580 and received a knighthood from Queen Elizabeth he had it emblazoned with his arms. Subsequently Drake took the drum with him whenever he went to sea and came to look upon it as a kind of mascot. The roll of his drum became associated with his exploits of daring and courage and must have struck a note of fear and anxiety in the heart of many a Spanish sailor. In the eyes of his fellow-countrymen it became the symbol of the fighting spirit of English seamen which defeated the Spanish Armada and later made their country ruler of the seas. Long after Drake's death the roll of the drum is said to have been heard in times of national triumph. It was heard when Napoleon was brought into Plymouth Sound as a prisoner on board the Bellerophon after his defeat at Waterloo, and again, much nearer our own time, on board the British flagship at Scapa Flow after the surrender of the German Fleet in 1918. We in Plymouth Command still proudly honour our Guardian in 1964.