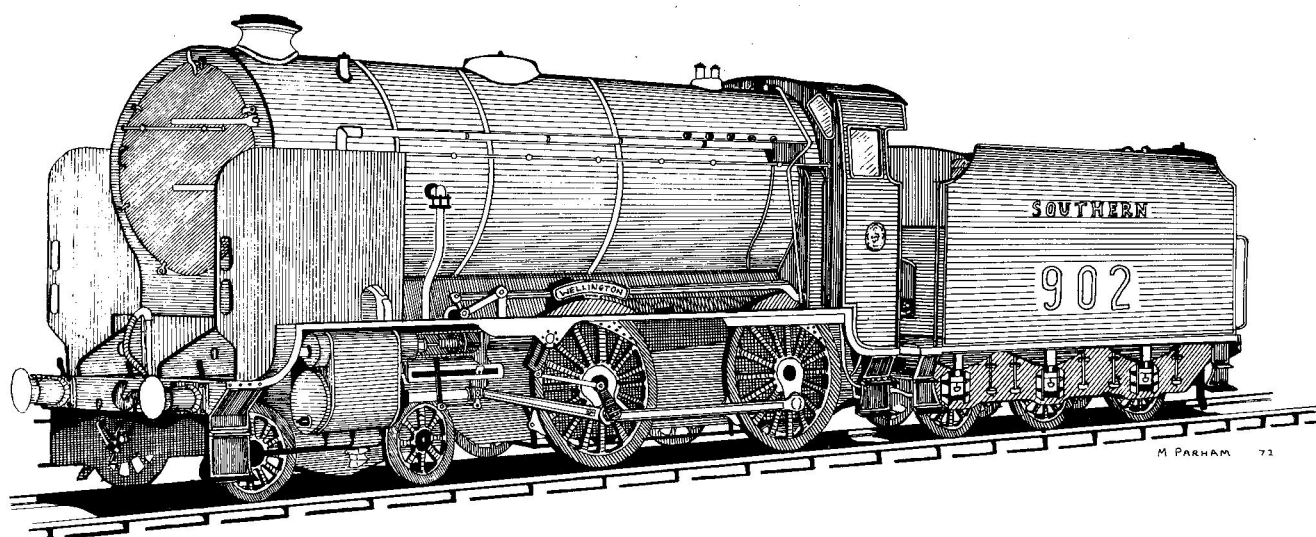


MAIDSTONE MODEL ENGINEERING SOCIETY

-o-O-o-



SPRING 1972

CHAIRMAN'S NATTER SPOT

Sunday evening, 26th March, 1972

Today saw most of the work at our Mote Park railway track complete. When we spoke of a guard rail there were many suggestions put forward for consideration. The committee sorted the "wheat from the chaff" and a start was made on construction. This involved the bending of 1" x 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ " mild steel bar; stamping out the radius for the guard rail pipe, welding into place and painting - all 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ TONS ! To complete the project nearly three quarters of a mile of $\frac{3}{4}$ " steel pipe with expanding pieces at the joints was used. Again a further 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ TONS welded into place and painted.

Workshop facilities, transport, a welding set, yards of cable, not forgetting endless cups of tea and coffee were kindly 'found' by members.

To complete this project in record time the main thing of all was the hard effort of 'a gallant few' of the Society's membership. Most of our rolling stock has been put to rights by the same crew.

To these members the Society is greatly indebted and I wish to record a very sincere "thankyou" to all concerned.

Today also saw the second 'running Sunday' (track fund) which I think will have netted sufficient to pay off the outstanding guard rail bills.

With this work now behind us I am sure that old and new members will enjoy the coming season with added safety.

There are a few activities in the pipe line which are mentioned later in this newsletter.

I'm hoping one of our members will be running his beam engine at the Park this year which will provide added interest, only slightly removed from rail locos.

There must be members who have traction engines et cetera, which would be of great interest to our membership so why not bring them along?

As I have so often said "it's your Society" so think along those lines.

One last item - anyone who is interested in the running of small racing motor cars - we have a track at Mote Park. There are a few repairs to be done to the safety fence before running can take place but I am assured that the track itself is the best in Europe. Mr. A. W. (Bill) Bennett of Lynden Cottage, Hatherall Road, Maidstone will be only too pleased to give any member help to re-start this side of our Society.

Thanks for reading - A.H.W. Payne (JACK).

MUTE MUSINGS IN MOTE PARK

At the Annual General meeting in February a more than usually waggish member suggested that the Society's initial letters - M.M.E.S. could well be interpreted as "making money every Sunday" in view of the ever-increasing popularity with the public of the passenger-carrying track. Whilst there is probably a good deal of truth in this now, it wasn't so when the railway opened almost exactly 22 years ago.

By now almost every member, even those most recently enrolled, must have seen the cine film depicting the construction and development of the original one-furlong track which the present writer, in a fit of depression, once described as that "awful all-at-one-eyeful oval", but it is doubtful whether many members have any recollection of the negotiations and difficulties which preceded and followed the opening of the railway in 1950.

Due entirely to the energy, enthusiasm and persistence of the then Chairman, Victor Bonnett, (now an Honorary member), supported by Ernest Rix, then, as now, the Society's engineer, and the then President, as a sort of dogsbody, the Maidstone Town Council were approached for permission to build a passenger carrying track in Mote Park. The response was encouraging and two alternative suggestions were made to the Society. The first was that the Town Council would build a track to the Society's specification, at the Council's expense, the cost being recovered by the Council taking a percentage of any revenue derived from carrying the public as passengers. This would mean virtually compulsory operation of the railway each week during the currency of what was then called British Summer Time, and similarly, the compulsory carrying of members of the public as passengers. The second proposal was that the Society should itself construct the track, at its own expense, in return for which there would be no "strings" attached and no percentages paid to the Town Council from any revenue which might accrue from public running.

Although this second scheme obviously involved considerable delay, since building operations could only be carried out at week-ends and the Society had very little money with which to buy the requisite materials, it was immediately accepted, because it offered complete freedom of operation and thus accorded fully with the main object of the Society - to provide a really worthwhile amenity for its own members.

All this took place late in 1948 and the "big dig" went on all through the winter of 1948-49, whilst the necessary pre-cast reinforced concrete beams, designed by Ernest Rix, were being made in a local concrete products factory. The said concrete products factory management were informed at the outset that the Society hadn't much money and generously agreed to give three years credit, free of interest and to invoice the beams and all other material supplied at nett cost plus 5% for book-keeping.

During the summer of 1949 (and at many other times too) strenuous efforts were made to raise money for the project by operating the Society's portable "up-and-down" track at fetes, fairs and festivals all over the surrounding area. This involved our present Chairman, Jack Payne, our erstwhile Chairman, Victor Bonnert, and our Life Member, Sid Longley among others in a tremendous amount of hard work with the two 3½" gauge locos then readily available - Sid Longley's "Utility" Pacific and Victor Bonnert's "Hielan' Lassie". Anyone who has had anything to do with the transport and erection of portable tracks, passenger trucks and locos and the subsequent reversal of the whole proceedings, will know only too well what a tough job it can be, to say nothing of the fetching and carrying of water supplies and the difficulty of keeping a good head of steam in a little engine whose maximum non-stop run is about 40 yards. And on top of all these outdoor events, frequently marred by bad weather, the Club ran one or two very fine exhibitions in an effort to raise some honset coppers for the track-building fund. During one such exhibition held in the Maidstone Corn Exchange, our present Chairman gave up the whole of a week's holiday to run the portable track down one side of the main hall. Nobody in those far off days seemed to worry about the fire risk.'

During the period when the Mote Park track was under construction the Park itself was something of a "white elephant" and letters appeared from time to time in the local paper asking why the ratepayers of Maidstone had been made to buy a park that nobody really wanted.

On the north-eastern side of the original track there were quite a few Nissen huts, discarded after the World War II and then occupied by squatters; what is more, the site of the first track was in a terrible state of neglect, with boulder-impregnated grass about a foot high and all sorts of rubbish. At the end of each week-end building session all the impedimenta (barrows, picks, shovels and so on) had to be stored in a commandeered Nissen hut, erected where it stands to this day, next to the new loco shed. When the railway was finally opened this same Nissen hut had to serve as our loco and rolling stock shed, coal store, oil store and refuge from the rain. Many of the passenger trucks had no footboards or leg guards, there was no embankment to give greater safety to the raised sections of the line, engines pulled as many trucks as they could cope with - and there were no accidents. Each member running a loco paid a third party insurance premium of 30/- a year and provided his own coal and oil. Rainwater was drained from the track into a purpose-built well and then hand pumped into a galvanised tank supported on a cast-iron column. From the tank there was a gravity feed to the locos and such are the vagaries of the English summer that there was seldom a shortage of water. When there was a shortage, mains water had to be obtained from a stand-pipe about a day's march away, by filling and transporting jerrycans, buckets, jugs and even a tin bath. British Rail was in existence far too late to render the going easy - or the coming back!

It soon became obvious that although it had never been the Society's intention to run the railway as an amenity for the public, the need for money with which to defray the cost of building it and equipping it made this inevitable. So official permission was secured to enable a charge to be made for carrying passengers - one (old) penny for 3 laps of the 220 yard track. Three-eighths of a mile for a penny - and now it's 37 yards less than three-eighths of a mile for five (new) pennies! Even now we have quite a job to make ends meet financially at the end of each year.

It may be that members who have seen the 22 years of Mote Park railway's history on film will be bored stiff with it, in which case they should by now be in a deep sleep worthy of Rip Van Winkle. If that is so then the writer offers his profound apologies, coupled with the assurance that he's here, in this Newsletter, not for the beer but in response to the Hon. Press Officer's plea for "copy". There's plenty more where this came from - but why don't you send him some? Nowadays it's easy to make bricks without straw but how on earth do you fill a Newsletter without words?

Thank you for reading this far - if you have!
Yours to a clinkered grate,
One of the ruins that Mote Park's knocked about a bit.

TWO IMPORTANT SUGGESTIONS FOR CONSIDERATION OF THE COMMITTEE

Now that the guard rail has been completed, for which effort I am sure that all the locomotive members of the Society will be grateful to the consistant workers who must have put in quite an amount of time during the past winter, there are two further items which require attention -

1. Substitution of the existing aluminium rail by steel,
2. Modifications to the internal arrangement of the engine shed.

There is no point in further developing any arguments in favour of these two changes, as I understand that most of the regular loco running members fully understand the troubles caused under the present conditions.

I therefore put before the Committee for full consideration the following proposals, to approve or otherwise and also to decide on the priority of each.

My proposals are -

1. Renewal of aluminium rail and substitution by steel. This can be carried out quite simply and easily during the summer period executing suitable lengths of rail say each Sunday morning before starting fare paying passenger hauling. The existing rail is $\frac{5}{8}$ ths inch high so that a steel section of $\frac{5}{8}$ ths x $\frac{3}{8}$ ths inch would be a suitable size, drilled and deeply countersunk for brass wood screws at about 12" intervals or more with a spacing to suit the existing sleepers, missing any that may be found on examination to be faulty. Rails with two bolt fishplates of say $\frac{5}{8}$ " x $\frac{1}{8}$ " section with 2 fishbolts of 2 B.A. countersunk on the inside to clear the flanges of the rolling stock.

Proceedure at site -

Assuming that the steel bars are on site, one Sunday's effort could be cut in half (as a rule most steel bars are delivered in anything from 12 ft. to 16 ft. lengths) and selecting a suitable length of rail to be renewed lay the steel bar on the old and mark off the position of the sleepers selected for use as new holding down items. These holes, together with the holes for the fishplates can then be drilled at 'leasure' during the following week. The following Sunday the old aluminium rail can be cut to suite the new length of steel rail, all the clips removed and the new rail positioned and screwed down. If when marking off a screw hole is chosen for a sleeper which will come near the end of the steel rail no fish plate or other connection will be necessary between the steel and aluminium rails for the time being. If necessary a large 'C' can be erected on a post to warn drivers to take things a little steadier over the marked portion where the unsupported joint occurs.

Should this be agreed I will undertake all the drilling and making of the fishplates. All screws will have to be purchased as I have not enough stock of 2 B.A. countersunk screws.

2. Shed.

Remove the existing radial turntable and tracks and substitute an 'in line' series with a 5 ft. traverser. The clearance on the first 2 tracks is greater than the rest to accomodate the narrow gauge locos which are currently in hand and a further wider clearance on the last or Easterly track for the same purpose.

Six tracks can be accomodated between the existing table leg and the West wall and a further 3 tracks to the East. The traverser to run on rails of angle fixed to the concrete floor. The existing tracks on timber to be refitted and the additional tracks made up in a similar manner using aluminium rail already in stock.

Should this suggestion be agreed I will undertake the construction of the traverser complete, which incidently could at some time in the future be arranged to provide for lifting facilities (by 4 inter connected jacks) for storage of locos at a higher level.

One further point to me would seem important - remove the bench now on the East wall and refix on the South wall. This along with the new proposed tracks and arrangement would give quite an amount of room for storage of the trucks, as it will be very inconvenient if these were laid down over the traverser tracks. (Anyone who wanted to run a loco at any time would have to move all the trucks before getting out his loco).

End of suggestions for the time being.

J. N. Liversage.

CURIOSITY CORNER

During World War I, L.N.W.R. freight trains travelled over 100 million miles carrying such varied war material as 56 million yards of Service uniform cloth, $10\frac{3}{4}$ million filled hand grenades and mines, $2\frac{1}{2}$ million tons of T.N.T. and guncotton, 55,000 tons of motor tyres and $\frac{1}{2}$ million horses. Also 1,600 tons of ration books, 5000 tons of Government stationery and to cap it all, over 2,000 tons of Army boots in 377 wagons en route for Russia!

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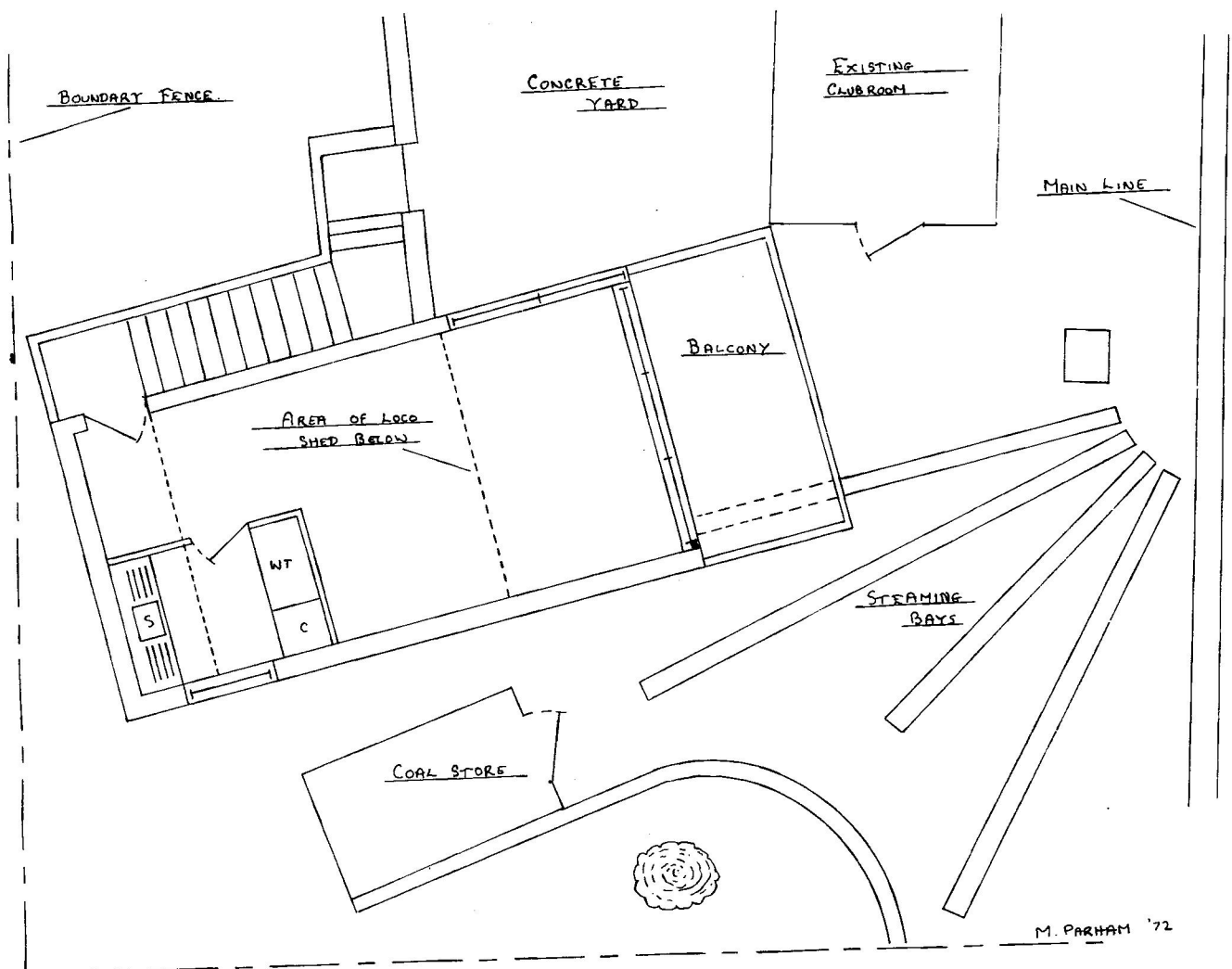
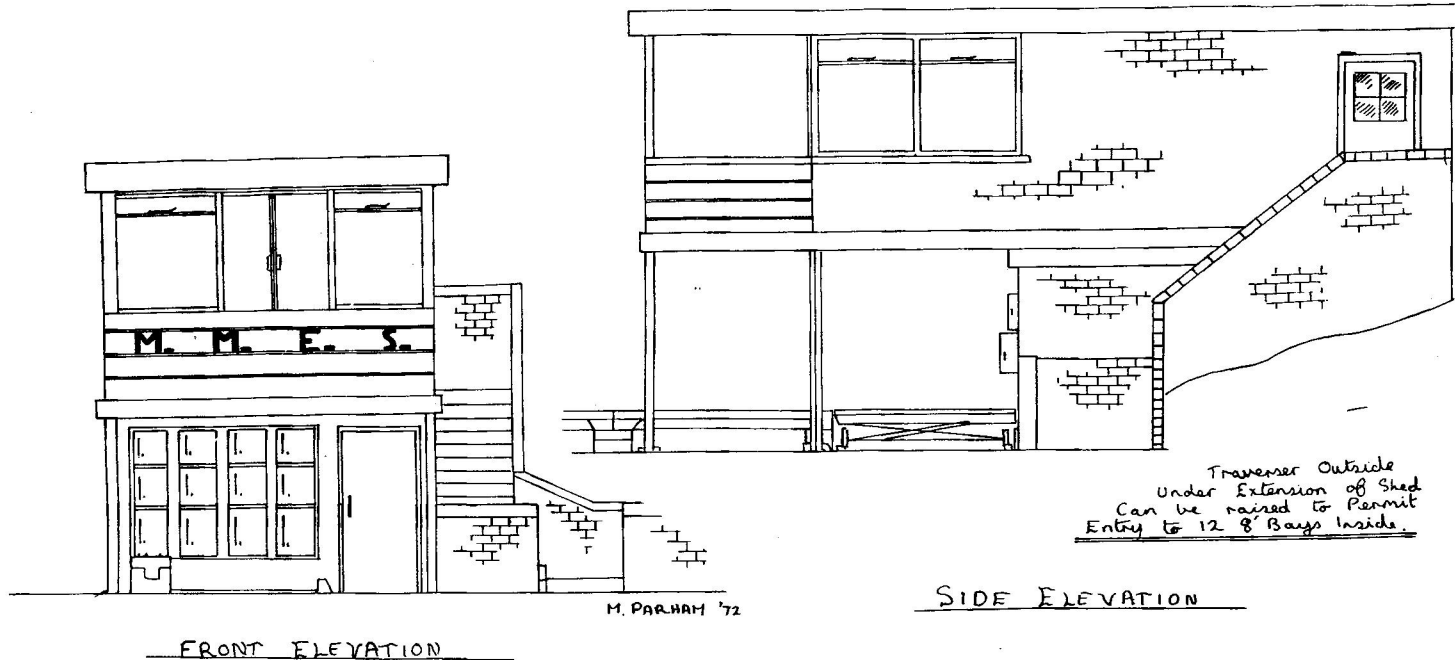
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The above plan shows Mr. Parham's ideas for extending the present engine shed - no doubt this will be thoroughly discussed during the course of the next few months.



NOTES FOR THE NEWS LETTER

As these notes are about a Service, which I,m very honoured to belong, you will understand that they are for your interest only, as light reading matter.

After five years of gloominess we were at long last on the turn to better times.

They are a few moments of time, remembered mainly for their touches of humour, which I have called:-

THE LATER YEARS '44-45-46

'D2569' was the repair number of the ship I was to join, after a short spell of long foreign service leave.

She lay by the Clock Tower in Chatham yard; with her permanent list to port, rippled plates down the starb'd side, a reminder that the starb'd engine was still 39 thou: out of line with the bed plate.

Even without her 4" guns and her painted out 'pennants', I recognized the old 'L 52', a Hunt Class Destroyer, H.M.S. Cowdray.

I had left her on the beach in the Middle East three and a half years before with a bomb through her fore-castle. I remember two or three near misses then that last one straight down thro' the fo'c'sle. Out through the bottom of the hull to explode, taking away number one boiler room and the boiler room staff.

So now the die had run full circle; I didn't know then, She was the last ship in which I was to serve.

The days flew by, we added bits and pieces; a new crew, the usual odds and ends of spares until at last we fitted our upto date twin 4" guns.

We celebrate the occasion by inviting our wives onboard to look over the ship also to 'ride' on our new electrically driven 4" Gun Turrets.

A quick trip up to Scapa Flow to 'work up the crew' and prove the ship in general.

We had a team of Wren Gunnery Officers aboard to put us thro' our gunnery trials, (they knew more about our main armament than we did). However, we completed our 'shoots' bringing down most of the targets, plus most of the fittings in the messdecks the Chatham dockyard 'Maties' had taken months to refit. Before we had finished our proving time we were to take part in some night shoots; all on our own.

On the way back from one such 'shoot' we were suddenly closed up to action stations.

We trained our new 'cannon' on to a black shape about 2500 yds away, we popped off a star shell; "Flash him Yeoman!", by this time we were loaded with H.E.s. The shape?, to our still green crews relief; answered "For your information, we are a trawler at anchor with engine failed!", to which we replied "For your information! You Were Bloody Near Sunk!"

But our turn was to come later?

In those days there was a code of lights to be shown at the masthead on entering harbour, the code to be changed every 12 hours. As we neared port we were to pass under the shore batteries comprised of 6" Guns, they challenged us by lamp; "What are your pennants?", we hasten to flash back our pennants "L 52", only to be told "YOU WERE BLOODY NEAR SUNK".

Apparently our code lights were 24 hours out of date.

On the way back from Scapa to join the 22nd Destroyer Flotilla at Sheerness we caught up the usual North Sea 'mile posts'. The bows lift clear off the water only to crash down again breaking everything loose, which the 'shoots' hadn't managed to dislodge, filling the messdecks with dust and 2-3 inches of fuel oil.

We are now fully operative as half leader.

The Flotilla leader is the 'L 20' H.M.S. Garth.

Our convoy route is between Sheerness via Antwerp back to Imingham.

Officially Antwerp was liberated by our British troops September 1944, and re-opened to shipping by the end of November. But? The 9-10-44 found us steaming up the River Scheldt towards Antwerp. Off our starb'd side lay a fiery wreck of a Free French Destroyer, but her crew had managed to reach the river bank, even gave us a cheer as we swept past.

Just before nightfall we 'tied up' alongside the stone wall quay in the port of Antwerp.

The 'Ping' of small arms hitting us, as the Army, Resistance and the Germans had fun and games in the sewers; the outlets of which were opposite our berth, carrying on throughout the night.

As dawn broke we saw the vapour trails of the 'V2s' starting their journey to England.

We also saw the damage Antwerp had suffered, bombarded heavily with flying bombs and rockets, half the houses in the city were destroyed.

On going ashore, in the few bars that were open, the people brought out the old '38-39 records to play them for us, on even older gramophones, with a quiet pride all of their own. In fact they are some of the friendliest folks I had encountered.

Dawn on the 21-11-44 found us once more bound for Antwerp astern of a fairly large convoy.

Taking things easy after the night action watch.

From ahead all the ships in convoy opened up with all their main and small armament. As we had clear Radar screens we were rather non-plussed, until 'Garth' flashed us "Sub on surface, Green 80, range 200 yds."

We sounded off action stations and steamed off in search.

There she is, a little fine off our starb'd bow.

'Well', everybody else had 'had a go' so not to be out done we popped off all we had, at the sub?

Two forlorn Germans standing on the hull of their midget sub, waving to us, as we swept by to circle once, turn to pick them up.

Circled, I may add, over a mine field they had lain that night, but we didn't know that at the time.

We dropped the nets for them to scramble aboard.

On reaching our deck, the German officer swung up a right arm and "Hailed" someone or other, after a short scuffle, a soft stroke from the barrel of a 'Pussars 45' we managed to dissuade him from 'Hiel'-ing anyone else.

His stoker, however, was a quiet little man, who had been a waiter in London before the war; speaking very good english. He was very pleased to think that the war was over for him and he was to enjoy an English Christmas if only from a P.O.W. camp.

Even so, He complained about being fired at, and we were rotten shots?

The River Scheldt, 2-12-44,

The ledge of mud reaching over from each bank, in those days, made it only possible to navigate in the centre channel.

We are peacefully steaming up river when the lookout reports, "Periscope bearing green 30! angle of sight - 5, range 150 yds". Having been closed up at action stations for the two previous nights, "Pom-Pom shoot", comes the order without a seconds hesitation.

Of course at that angle of depression the shell hit the water to ricochet off to burst ashore. Hence a signal from rather worried army bods ashore are at the receiving end of the shots, "What the hell are you firing at!", a reply "Ducks") ("come out and see").

For our periscope turns out to be a spar buoy, with the tide streaming past to give the illusion of a midget sub, to our weary eyes.

10-1-45.

I was on the bridge at the time, the first thing that happened we gave a sudden lurch; next a cloud of steam shot out of the safety valves aft of the funnel, the stern did a half roll the other happenings were to the bridge repeats.

The gyro compass repeater went mad, ticking away all round the point from 271 our course, thro' 360 back to 0 then swinging back again.

The log repater followed suite, as we humped up and over something beneath us.

Our mast bowed towards the bridge then snapped back with an alarming crack, but settled down to sway from side to side.

We Were Stopped.

"Engines have stopped Sir!" the coxswains quiet voice from the wheelhouse below, broke the stillness: "Very good, stop both, wheel amidship"

"Check damage below!"

The damage below:- Asdic dome is sadly 'bent', the Cherikeef log compartment slowly filling with water, (shut down the sea valve), the gyro compass wandering, (clamp and reset) then back to the bridge.

"Slow ahead starb'd" the starb'd engine answers, "Slow ahead port" the port engine works, the stern rises and falls as the screws turn, but we are under way again.

"Yeoman send 'under way'", the aldis winks and we make our way sadly out of the Scheldt back to Sheerness.

Reaching Sheerness, we ring down "Stop both", "both engines stopped Sir", comes the reply, but as our buoy comes nearer we know that we are not going to stop.

Next "away anchor" we drop the hook, we stop. "Away diver"

The diver reports back to the bridge, of our twin screws, we have blades of 36", 18" and a stub on the starb'd side, of the port screw? "We haven't got one, its fallen off Sir! along with the 'A' bracket!"

So we pull up the anchor, and what we have left of our remaining screw we make dry dock at Chatham 11-1-45.

After our refit and a few convoys to boot 1-2-45 finds us alongside the wall in Chatham, towards the end of a boiler clean. Down the road from the 'depot' roars a dispatch rider on a huge 'W.D.' motor cycle, coming to a standstill and props up his bike, and moves towards our gangway.

We note that he is a very old dispatch rider, (by our standards), also that he is wearing 1914-18 war ribbons.

We are rather puzzled by the fact that his leading seaman's badge is blue?

He now stands close to the gangway.

A face like well weathered leather, topped, under the helmet, with pure white hair; he takes off the helmet, shakes loose a mass of hair.

He's a She!, a 1914-18 Wren.

"Signal for your C.O."

Our gangway sentry stammers a reply "Thanks mate-Miss!"

"Thats O.K.-Son! Sign here!", and gives our, now red faced, sentry her signal pad.

Her pad signed, She replaces her helmet, kicks the motor cycle into life, swings her leg over the machine and is gone in a haze of light blue smoke.

Leaving us more than alittle relieved, we hadn't met any of the formidable ladies of a previous war.

But we were pleased to find that our signal contained 'A half ring' for our Skipper.

Boiler clean complete, we set out from Sheerness on the 5-2-45, for escort duty in the North Sea.

Just before leaving I had received a telegram to inform me that I had a baby daughter, (Heather, born 3-2-45 whom I saw ten days later).

It was a bitterly cold very dark night when we met up with the convoy, the Radar plot was clear, showing all our ship in their correct positions, all on station.

Everything in order so I was more than pleased to go below, but as usual when things are so good 'Action station sounded off'.

On the way to the bridge, four torpedos came past on our starb'd side, two more down the port, whilst uptop the 4" opened up. Firing towards some tracers which were curving out of the darkness off our port bow.

On reaching the bridge, I was to find that we had encountered two 'E' boats.

Our sparks had picked them up on the 'headache' set (V.H.F.0 nattering away to each other in P.L. (plain language), so we were able to flash the convoy.

Each ship turned bows on to the attack, so all the torpedos passed by without hitting any of our shipping.

However we promptly sunk these two; when from ahead off the starb'd bow, more shells came our way.

Our Skipper's dry comment "Theres more of them, the sau y bastards are firing at us!"; "Green 15, Starshell one round shoot!"; "independant!"

At that order our main armament swung round, heaved a few 4" 'bricks', we had no more trouble for the rest of the convoy.

7-5-45 found us on patrol in the North Sea, on that day Germany surrendered.

V. E. Day found us still on patrol.

The next day we seemed to be surrounded by a pack of large 'whales', they in fact 'U' boats all very anxious to make their pennants known to us, to each one as they hoisted a large black flag our curt comment was "Follow"!

We duely made our own rendezvous with a Gruiser and turned over to her our reluctant charges.

We made port at Immingham where we were asked to refrain from sounding off all known and unknown bugle calls at 2.00 a.m. as the folks ashore could not sleep, still they had celebrated their V.E. Day days ago.

At the Albert Docks, 18-6-45, finds us at the end of a quick tropical re-fit, bound for the Far East,

Passing through the 'Med', seeing things a little better and easier than the last time.

Not sneaking ashore at night to blow things up (Railway bridges in Italy) and really seeing Malta, (not from the darkened bridge of a sub).

But this time refitting most of the tropical gear the dockyard have fitted in all the wrong positions.

26-6-45, down thro' the Canal to India.

The 28-7-45 we steam up and down the Indian Ocean looking over the Islands in the Bay of Bengal.

We search the Andaman and Nicobar Islands for possible survivors, also some of the smaller Islands.

At one such unnamed Island we anchor, to get dressed up in our No.6 suits (full white dress uniform) to welcome the savages, in the best 'Show the flag routine'.

Up paddles the chief in his canoe - 'a right cannibal' he looks too; with full Naval dignity we pipe him aboard.

He ambles up to the bridge and says 'Good afternoon gentlemen, what do we owe this pleasurable visit?' in perfect Indian English.

We cross the 'line' on 12-8-45.

The day the 'Japs' pack their hand in finds us still in the East and we celebrate V.J. Day the 15th August. Also in the East.

We made Western Australia? Onslow and re-celebrated V. J. Day by show the locals; Bing's film 'Going my way' on the 23-8-45. The 3-9-45 we are on the way home, this day of all days our steering motors pack in.

It appears that our T.I. (Dunnery Instructor) is a fan of the 'Waller' and had left a bottle of linseed oil to oil his bats?, in the tillar flat, where and one of the stokers decided to oil the steering motors from the said bottle.

Well the motors didn't like the mixture, promptly seized up. We nearly rammed our 'chummy ship' as we slewed round in a circle, but after going into hand steering, we sorted out the motors and got under way again.

to make India on the 7-9-45.

Back thro' the canal to 'Gib' where we filled the T.S. (gunnery transmitting station) room with green bananas, which were nicely ripe by the time we docked in Chatham 'Jan: 1946.

As most of us were due for 'Demob', the Skipper cleared lower deck to address us from the 4" gun deck.

He thanked us for what we had done and ended by saying "When you are in civy street making 'Lavatory seats'. don't forget the Navy, When you see us ashore, join us in a pint".

The last time I heard of our Skipper was in 1952, He had his 3rd ring.

Of 'Cowdray' she stood by the sunken Sub 'Truculent' in 1950. She was then the 'Frigate 'Cowdray' F 152'.

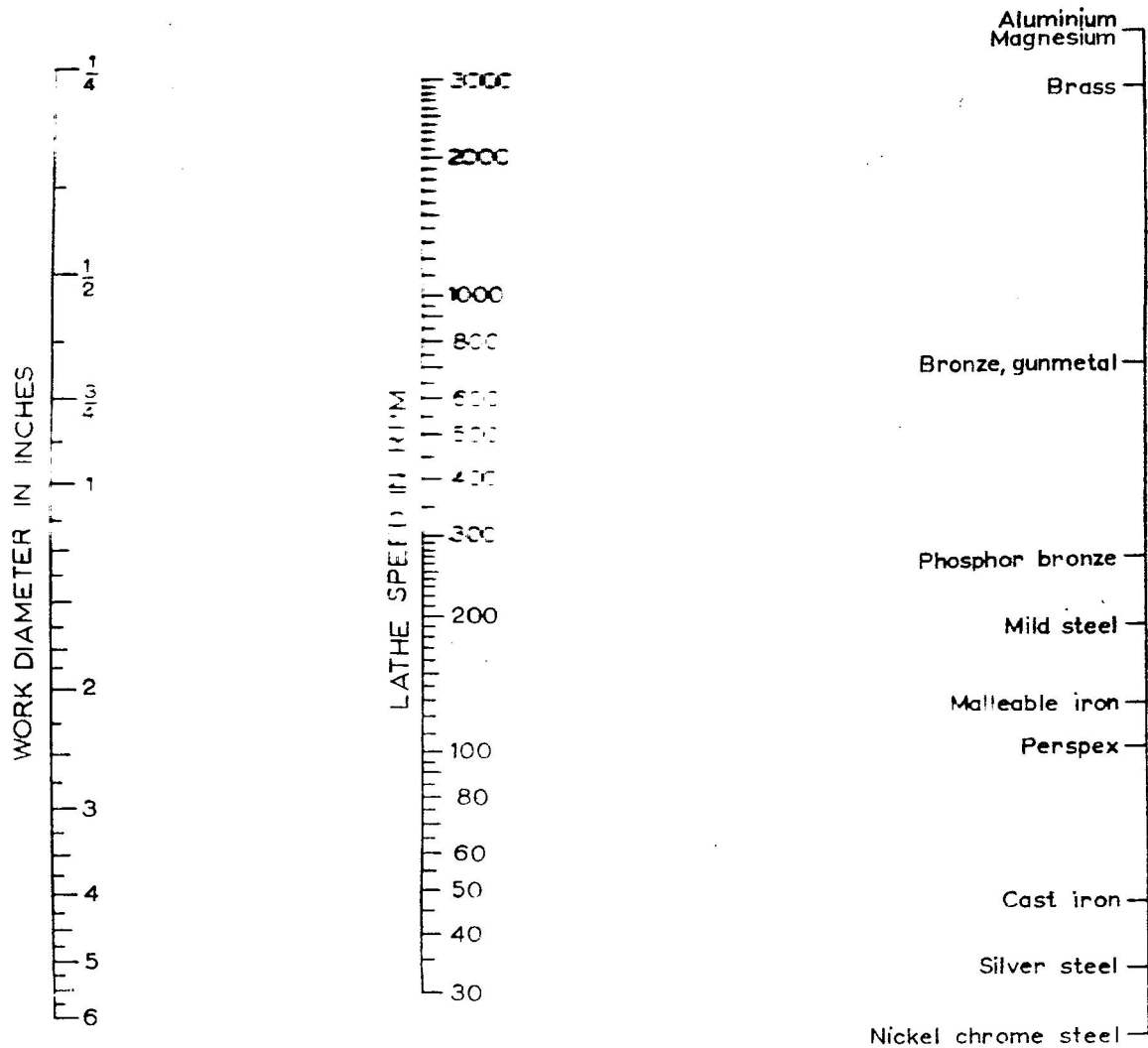
I saw her last at Felixstowe in 1952. she still had her list. On the Navy list she was still withus in 1959 but I think she has been scrapped now.

Hope you have not been too bored by reading the above, still why don't you write some for our news letter?

A. H. W. Payne (Jack)

24th March 1972.

LATHE SPEED INDICATOR



This calculator can be cut out, mounted on card and hung in a convenient place in the workshop. Join with a straight edge the work diameter, in inches, and the material (outer scales). The optimum lathe speed is read when the straight edge crosses the centre scale.

VISIT TO SOUTHAMPTON

PLANS HAVE BEEN MADE FOR THE SOCIETY TO VISIT THE SOUTHAMPTON CLUB ON SATURDAY, 20th MAY. A SMITHS COACH HAS BEEN BOOKED WHICH WILL SEAT 30 MEMBERS AND THEIR FAMILIES. THERE IS AMPLE ACCOMMODATION FOR ENGINES. IT WILL LEAVE THE WALLIS BUILDER'S YARD AT 8 a.m. RETURNING BY 11 p.m. THE MAJOR EXPENSE WILL BE BORNE BY THE SOCIETY ALTHOUGH A NOMINAL CHARGE WILL BE MADE.

PEOPLE ARRIVING IN MAIDSTONE BY CAR WILL BE ABLE TO LEAVE THEIR VEHICLE IN A LOCKED COMPOUND AT THE BUILDER'S YARD.

A POSTCARD IS ENCLOSED WITH THIS NEWS LETTER AND YOU ARE URGED TO RETURN IT TO THE CHAIRMAN AS EARLY AS YOU CAN IN ORDER NOT TO BE DISAPPOINTED.

