



ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Hello Shipmates,

Thus far news of our members' well-being is all positive. For that I will clap!

A non-virus story reportedly about to rob Anglos of their breath, is an exposé, in book form, by The Megan of Tinsel Town and her princeling, Harry Windsor; my admiration, and the nations, for Young Harry, the helicopter soldier - was - boundless.

I first heard the American expression; 'under the brush' when in that place. Elegant it is not, but, to me, I know nothing more descriptive in three words; I feel it is what afflicts our Khaki Prince.

Following the flight from England the media says "Harry feels a growing loss - yearning even - brought on by the abandonment of all those regimental duties, reunions, parades and occasions for gatherings, dressed in several 'beautifully tailored uniforms', at regular intervals.

There will be no welcome to such occasions in the U.S.A. by Uncle Sam's military - but - musing on the lad's plight, I am tempted to suggest a simple solution that will not tread on anyone's toes; a smart dark blue uniform, with red insignia on the lapels and breast, a cap with black shiny peak to top off.

First Megan of Tinsel Town will consult Hollywood edition of Yellow Pages seeking out a worthy Salvation Army platoon in suburbia, phone call offering 'Sandhurst-Trained, Upright Young Christian from a Good Family' should result in a rapid enrolment.

Local damsels will not be able to avert their eyes when he rattles his tin, and as a bonus he will be able to exercise his love of 'show biz' by learning the trumpet and tambourine for those splendid Christmas shows on boulevard corners at Yuletide.

Am I taking the pastry? Not on your Nellie, I am a major admirer of the Sally Ann and a regular supporter of its good works.

I have prepared myself to be considered an absolute philistine over the opinion held about media exhortation to join the herd for 'door step clapping' at certain hours of the evening, it gathers momentum to encompass a diverse range of other things.

Having heard much about 'spin and fake news' this has all the hallmarks. Its purpose to divert thoughtful attention away from those in that megalith responsible for 'proper forward planning' to make provision for emergencies, contingency planning befitting a £4.3 billion government department, who's standing in the world, as an employer, is sixth (6th), one in front of the entire Indian Armed Forces; this figure printed in The Times six or seven months ago.

Those deserving a clap are up to Matron level; low paid, high working hours, who can ill afford to be absent with mortgage and education costs round their necks.

The 'Grand panjandrums' of 'Public Health England', all six-figure-salaried are simple incompetents, treading water like mad, able to talk up a storm after events.

These bodies, all to a man, from the public sector, who shut down major industries and commerce, civil servants, politicians, titled academics, ministers ---- not one will suffer financial disaster or bankruptcy, salaries assured come what may!

The 'private sector' that provides Britain's cash flow by their workers' tax deductions, will quietly keep their motorcade rolling to another talking shop.

I find it hard to swallow the near $\frac{1}{4}$ (quarter) million pounds paid to one lady administrator mentioned in The Mail.

I've not seen her, or any of her ilk, on TV telling what they planned or executed for such an obscene reward.

I recall a retired captain of industry, named Robinson, on a TV show, asked to aid the turnaround for a failed N.H.S. Trust (some of y'all must have seen it also). His solutions were stalled at every possible chance, side-stepped, avoided to the nth degree. The Chief Executive, a gutless lickspittle focused only on clearing his own back, a placeman 'devoid of an active thought or deed', a man minus shame.

All the clapping is a herd demonstration of self-delusion; the N.H.S. is a holy cow propped up by all parties scared for their political life to initiate radical overhaul, it, and its procurement agency abject failures.

18 months ago Rolls Royce aero engines was a sick company with a massive back order book. Their new C.E. was aware of a possible takeover, culled approximately 2/3rds of its administration. Efficiency rocketed, red tape slashed, customer loyalty returned, rebounded.

A 'jewel in our nation's crown', 'industrial giant kept in our shores, a glittering example of what the N.H.S. requires; 'it' has operated since inception, untroubled by change of times and requirements.

To keep putting in shedloads of cash with no demands in return is a crime against the population of the first order.

It's said, "It will not be your problem Andy, personally I would love to see a 'real manager' take it head on, it could really then be - the envy of the world".



Not one of those 22 strong cabinet, political celebrities we see each evening, has a 'life science' qualification.

Alas the N.H.S. confronted by its largest ever test is being bailed out by the 'tabloid charities' and 'volunteers' making their own masks.

Talk about the Emperor without any clothes. I am sad beyond telling, for our Island nation Dean Acheson said; "We lost an Empire and failed to find a role". That was half a life time ago, we have been on the skids ever since, I feel.

My shrink thinks I ought to get out - go to a reunion, or something.

Greenpeace U.K., so often looked upon as a thorn in our side, have been 'up front and vocal' in defence of U.K. (British) fishermen this past month. 'The virus' has closed so many hotels, restaurants and cramped exports that our fishing boats are laid up for want of customers.

Official figures say the industry to Britain is valued at £989 million per annum, a staggering amount of serious cash, but the office of statistics is viewed as a very reliable department.

What I did not know was, -80% of our fishing vessels are registered N.U.T.F.A. members. It stands for New Under Ten Fisherman's Association. The 'ten' refers to boats up to 10 meters long! Being a grumpy old British Imperialist, why are they not 33 bloody feet long?

Mr. Chris Thorne of Greenpeace U.K. has a remit to monitor locations of so called, 'super-trawlers', also known as 'Factories for Fishing'. His reports say five of these vessels headed out for Scottish waters as soon as the 'U.K. virus lock-down' took place; three Dutch, two French.

In his words, these destructive, super vessels are: "Plundering fish in U.K. waters, ruining our protected, sustainable areas, the future of Britain's fishing industry". An Environment Spokesman —a faceless bureaucrat with no teeth - says that; "At the end of the Brexit Transition we will have the right to decide who fishes in our waters - and on what terms".

It would be vulgar of me to suggest 'faceless' must have his head up his anus, so I revise it to 'head in the sand'.

I was unable to find the location of what used to be called Fishery Protection Fleet, via Navy News phone numbers or my own ancient 'pad. They may be a victim of previous fleet reviews - axed for want of funds to operate.

It's no secret the R.N. is totally cash-strapped.

Whenever the 'joint chiefs', (remember no such thing as the Admiralty exists), need a P.R. photo nothing better than 'our navy', escorting Russian warships through International waters - i.e. that's about off Eastbourne 'til John o'Groats fades from view, or the reverse. I bet we scared the bejusus out of them. An 'off-shore patrol vessel' (OPV), is favoured; no magazines, cheap low-speed diesels; should a frigate be due a 'sea day' it's pressed into service.



A newly joined Russian cadet will peer through his binos off Hastings, where the water is flat and read said frigate's 'draught marks', reporting - 'half a tank of fuel, not much in the magazines My Kapitan'; intelligence gathering at sea level is not sophisticated. Just got word from (my) big brother, born in Stockton-on-Tees, who got information from the Telegraph.

Yesterday morning, God was seen walking in Yorkshire. "What are you doing?" He was asked; "Working from home" he replied - No, I don't either!

Enough has been said about the ex-Speaker of the House; odious ship-jumper, with a small mind, plus low loyalty to suit his stature - but - famous internationally for bringing our parliament into ridicule and disrepute.

How apt that 'in Spring' we should welcome a new broom named; Sir Lindsay Hoyle to that important role.

His opening shots bode well; Commons business conducted on a par with his job description. I was amazed last week at his ruling that if we (all are in this together) - quartet of highly-stocked and, highly subsidised, bars that operate thanks to your Tax Contributions, will be closed for the duration of 'lock-down'.

He also ruled an 'attendance fee', near three hundred quid per Diem, is also in 'lock-down'! Big question is, will he be able to make it stick?

The best part of 1800 parliamentarians are in open revolt; the same bunch of greedy illegitimates who just 'voted for themselves' - 'ten grand each' - because they are working from home!

As some cool dude was heard to observe "You get to know who's skinny dipping when the tide goes out".

I hope the old men amongst you are observing precautions, as a sure as the sun coming up, "We'll meet again", looking up to that.....

