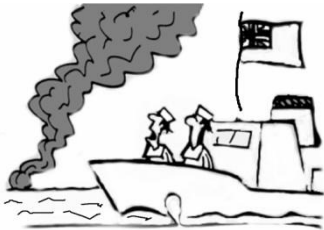


ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Hello Shipmates,

I was pleased indeed to see Sgt. Blackman - Right Royal Marine had his murder charge quashed, which means with 'time already served' he may, before long, join that other battler, - his wife Claire. To think the begging bowl had to be paraded by a daily newspaper is shocking. £8k was required to mount his defence. Shameful lawyers brought the Sgt. to court, plus countless other squaddies hounded by legal aid cash to the tune of £41 million.

One member of parliament a Lib. Dem., whose name I have alas forgotten, stated he had committed the Blackman sin twice when a young army officer in Borneo. Unable to see/hear a man beyond any kind of help dying in extreme agony, he did the humanitarian thing by ending the man's plight. The lone M.P. in question, I think, is the only time server in the Commons, an item as rare as rocking horse dandruff.



IS THAT THE RUSSIAN FLEET MAKING SMOKE
OR THE GOVERNMENT'S ASSYLUM SEEKERS
POLICY BEING BURNT ?

Once more in last week's news print, Russian carrier *Kuznetsov* going up the Channel was ridiculed for 'making smoke'..

Her sister ship, named *Varig*, when China bought it, is now named *Liaoning*. She has been on extensive trials in South China Sea. Not one picture of that group shows their carrier issuing any smoke at all when banging along at fleet speed; could one of our stokers tell me, is one vessel on crap low grade fuel, or do the sprays and burners need going over with a wire brush, is it simply a matter of one ship having superior boiler room practice?

I learned the origin of the Chinese vessel's name when in Medway Maritime Hospital. A very industrious nurse of Oriental appearance prompted me to enquire where Mum and Dad lived. They came from the Chinese province of Liaoning.

Spoke on the phone to Honourable Chairperson, prior to his hospital visit, had to confess; No; I had not purchased a 'tablet' yet. The kids think me 'uncool'. My 'uncoolness' is further compounded to criminal proportions because my face is hairless, every other Lothario in Tinsel Town sports stubble; this pigeon holes me as sexy as a slug under a lettuce leaf. Have never owned a pair of trainers - not cool - doesn't have a pair of blue jeans - not cool - no earring or tattoos - heresy, but, I feel smug about the latter.

I do not have to walk about in this chill, damp weather in vest and shorts, it being 'de rigour', allowing maximum exposure to skin graffiti stretching knuckle to armpit in a blackish, purple, sketches and text in Swahili round the neck and behind the ears.

That very pinnacle of womanhood writ large, Mrs. Beckham is an obvious fan with her chap done head to toe, a bit like a wallpaper job. I am bound to 'thro off my mortal coil' in a state of absolute 'squareness', the squarest of square things, snug fit in any cheap MDF casket. Did you

ever read that book years ago titled *Take a Signal* by Capt. Broome or, maybe, Brooke? I know it also had a sequel.



Those officers, with a classical education, excelled in the art of 'signal composition', 'biblical familiarity' being another pre-requisite. Brilliant Admiral Cunningham at *Torch Landing* had one of his fleet *Phoebe* (5.25 cruiser) hit by two torpedoes. With no capacity in the U.K. for vital repairs it was sent to a U.S. yard. Not wishing to make a big production of his loss over the air Cunningham signalled his U. S. counterpart. 'I COMMEND TO YOU PHOEBE, OUR SISTER, FOR SHE HATH BEEN A SUCCOURER OF MANY AND OF ME ALSO'. (Romans 16, 1 - 11). A splendid summation of events with economy of words, I love it.

I think of another maverick Admiral, the U.S. Navy *Rickover*, father of nuclear propulsion, builder of *Nautilus*. A 'doer', who had avoided desk jobs for many years. In his dotage he was assigned to an officer in the massive Pentagon, which he hated. At the end of his first day the navel press awaited his emergence on the front porch, a senior reporter called out 'What do you think of Pentagon Admiral?', not missing a step he replied 'Hebrews 13 - verse 8'. That reads as 'Jesus Christ! - The same yesterday, today and forever'. A gem from a sharp mind.

These rhythmic proses originated from a 16 century cleric and translator, master of five languages named William Tyndale. He translated the Bible from Latin! Greek into English. His stated aim was 'to cause the boy that drives the plough to know more of the Scriptures than the Cleric' Thus 'pulpit power' was taken from the established despots of religion, enabling the plough boy to read his bible to his own family in front of his own fireplace. To Rome this was heresy of the greatest magnitude.

Tyndale had to flee to the continent where he was man hunted for years while publishing his texts to smuggle over the Channel to England. Cardinal Thomas Moore expended vast energies to intercept and burn them. Eventually Tyndale was captured. The Church tried him for heresy - strangled and burned him at the stake in public. The much praised King James Bible is a revision of Tyndale's version, done by a committee, never the less, 84% remains Tyndale's effort.

As a lover, misspeller, mangler of our beautiful language I recognise that man as one of England's greatest heroes; his name never mentioned in school history lessons, a 'martyred heretic' whose book was adopted by the Church 75 years later, to regain some grip on the plough boys!!!

This info. I got from a book I read years ago titled; *If God Spare My Life*. It's not a religious tome, more a tale of unremitting manhunt. Great read, full of examples of W.T's EMPIRE, signals logs are awash with William's peerless prose. Of course with a name like Tyndale he must be a Yorkshire man - 'nuff said. Decades of R.N., Commonwealth (dare I say) Empire, signal logs are awash with William's peerless prose.

Inevitably the Brexit word appears. I do not seek to colour opinion, be it pro or con, an elegant sufficiency from adolescent politicians abound already. My concern is for the like of the parents of our (Superb) website. Childish threats of tit for tat are hurled to and fro, raising alarm and despondency for folk like Libby and Brian, law-abiding, respectable contributors to their chosen country of residence, way of life. I would go so far as saying they are an asset to France. I have known a trio of Polish citizens in the UK, certainly vigorous workers, community minded, rabid anglophiles, been here for a long time and most certainly an asset to the UK.

That such folks are used as pawns in serious negotiations is appalling. A measure of the small minded, the talentless average politicians who could not negotiate their way out of a paper bag.

It would be prudent of me to "Put a sock in it" - should you feel the same however, send a paragraph to your M.P. - second class stamp of course. I suggest you print it in capital letters in case joined up writing has him fooled.

Tatty Bye for now

