



ANDY BRIERLEY'S BLOG

Hello Shipmates, I must commence with greetings from *His Highness King Charles, of Gillingham*;

'Let it be known' he said 'that I will miss those bonny lads from Super B, my grief only mollified by the sure knowledge that we will collide once again in 2021; keep that upper lip stiff and keep taking your medicine'. Signal ends!

Question: Hands up; does anyone know what Royal Naval anniversary is upon us?

Answer: Three years ago a multi million pound dredging job at Pompey allowed Super Carrier No. 1 to 'home port' for the first time. De-bugging (exercises) have taken place a few times, S.C. No. 1 going out and in with the Pompey flotsam. Another six months will elapse before she sails with a carrier air group on board. We (the U.K.) do not possess one of those - shame on us.

P.M. Cameron had sold the last such R.N. group along with all their zero-times engines for 'scrap value'. The United States Marine Corps whooped with glee and bought the lot; they fly them to this day on their fabulous American class L.P.Ds and consider them their premier 'muck shifters'; loved by their pilots, ever eager to demonstrate their uniqueness.

I read, years ago, how *Phantom* pilots, who met *Harriers* thinking them inferior to the Airforce No.1 *Superiority* fighter, would ask for a burn-up and got a jaw-dropping lesson when the hand was dropped. *Harriers* accelerate with three tons of their thrust; *Phantoms* have four tons, hence they were left at the post. *Harriers* could not carry on and break the sound barrier but, by then, the pecking order had been established.

It goes without saying that when the U.S. Marine corps fliers take up residence on the *H.M.S. S.C No.1* next year it would be too much for the U.K. Plc if they brought their *Harriers*.

Covid continues to blight our lives and, though rules are observed, I do get aggravated by the muzzle which gets me puffing and panting; those with glaucoma will know how the drops get down into the bronchial via a duct in the corner of the eyes, a lousy side effect.

Remember the Hong Kong flu' of 1968-9? Its effect on the world was similar to Covid; it killed between one to four million people worldwide. The world population then was 3.6 billion - less than half of today's 7.8 billion; so the Covid kill-total of one million is less than the toll from H.K. flu - much less on smaller proportion of world population.

What I'm getting at is the feeling we massively over-react. Whole new bodies of bureaucrats, several unelected quangos etc., have grown like leeches on the nation's uncomplaining



back since 1968; all demand a voice, to spread doubt, fear even, to protect their fiefdoms. We have become a 'Health and Safety' country. All workers, especially those on the public purse; read 150 quids worth of **Day-Glo** apparel before convening for a 'risk assessment' meeting, in production time, of course. I think the risk is fear of finding some gainful work to be done.

I find media reports of virus fraud at £9 million per day suspect. If that's a government figure take it as read, it is wrong - on the low side. I am open-mouthed at another public purse amount awarded to three traveller louts who, knowingly, killed the young copper a couple of months ago, and all found guilty; their legal aid stands at £465,000 to 'protest their sentence'. The case is still ongoing, as is the cash aid; an obscenity to a sucker like me, a cash cow to our learned councils at the bar.

A dead duck with a following whose aim is to purchase and tow India's Harrier carrier **Vicrant**, now paid off, back to the U.K. for preservation. An idea already rejected by India for their own collection; has not a snowball's chance in hell; we know it as **H.M.S. Hermes**. The nation struggles to look after what it already has, frigate **Plymouth**, a Falklands' war veteran. Plymouth city, on the verge of creating a high end maritime museum had no desire to have it, which surprised me.

The last preservation attempt to purchase was **L.C.T. 7074**; its trust went bust! and she sank ten years ago. At a cost of £5 million the Portsmouth naval museum raised and restored it and, by now, is about to be available for public visitors.

You can read a short article about LCT 7074 -

Final Voyage of the Incredible Hulk later on Page 6 in this magazine

You may recall our late chairman Fred Kinsey was a contributor to that project and spread the word to other associations. I am pleased to record that your bit was not in vain Fred, and thanks for that!

I should be able to hear the sigh of relief from here when letting you know Whitehall (how long will that name last?), has just appointed 180 'Diversity Watchdogs' across 9 government departments; minimum salary of £70,000 per annum, 3 times that of a junior nurse. Whitehall witch-finders, who don't earn U.K. Plc a lead washer, seem wizards at the miss-application of your brass.

If 'one picture is worth a thousand words', as was famously said, I offer these two.

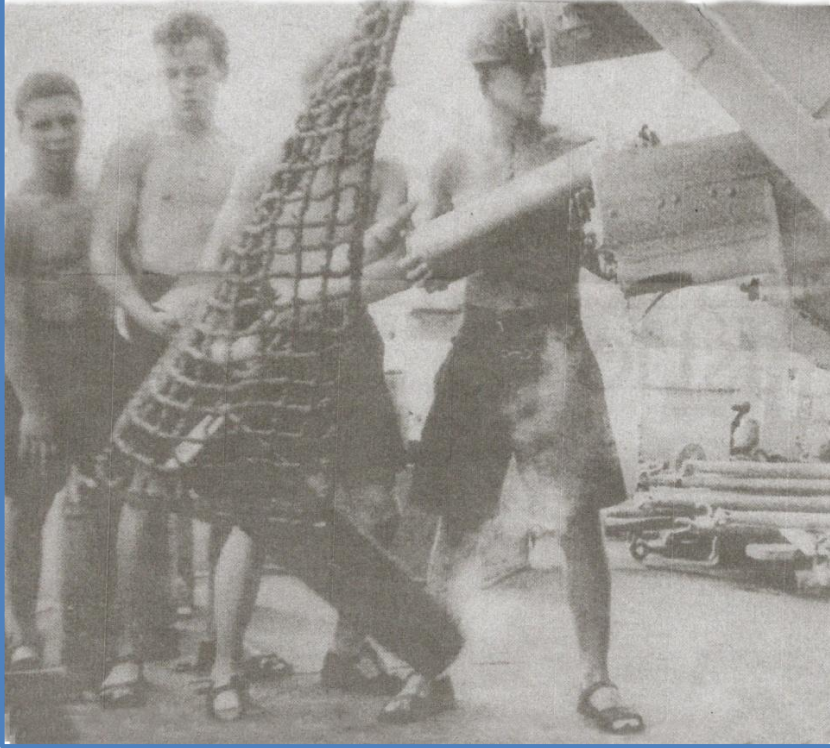


"Cassandra" guns crew in typical attire !

Pusser's shorts and 'Jesus' boots . . .

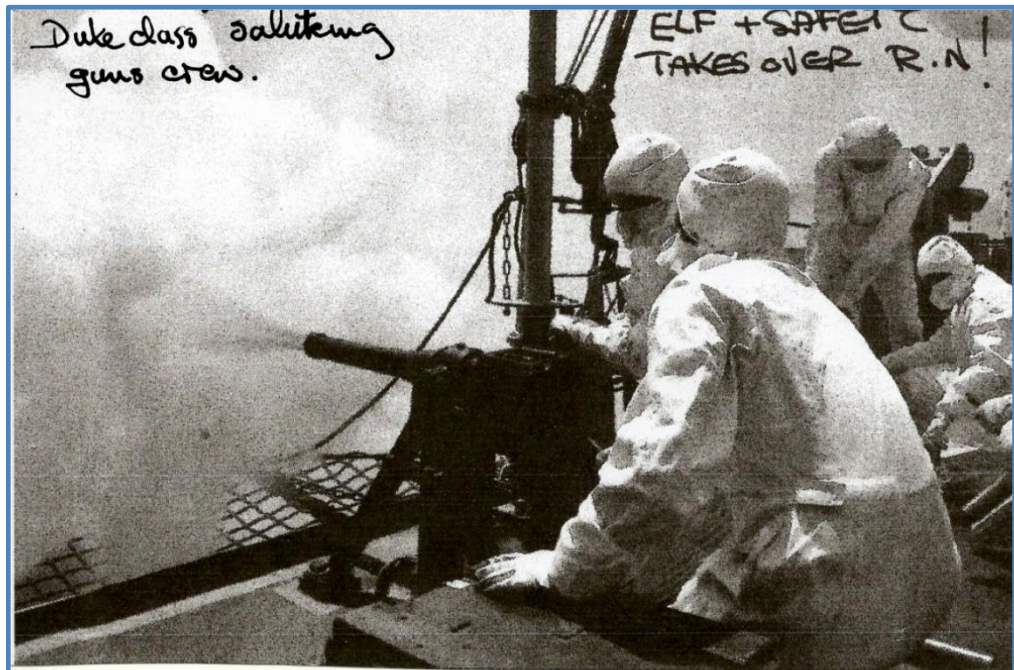
Note spent case in catcher net, still smoking as it falls
next projectile's already loaded.

Cartridge case follows - Gun crew look like a bunch of kids



First: The Royal Navy doing its thing
before the politician who dreamt up
the 'Health and Safety' monolith had
ceased wetting his nappy

Second: Another gun crew
of today's technical navy;
plastic hard hats under the
'whites' (oops, that word
again) as worn by
neurosurgeons, and gloves,
an absolute 'No-No on sprung
blocks'; a sure way to get
hooked up and trapped. It
illustrates Diversity, one
crew perhaps a lesbian, one
maybe a homosexual, one a
trans male to female, one
trans, female to male, gun
captain out of shot, possibly
the token ethnic.



All just musing shipmates, without a hint of malice of
forethought, should you surmise I'm just an ancient bigot.

