

Light Airs



VOL VI

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CAUTION.

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chap. 14, para. 4, stroke 8, line 102:—Any person
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"LIGHT AIRS"

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"THE CROSS AND BLACKWELL GAZETTE"

Editor - - - R. G. LIVEING

Staff - - - H. P. H. BENT

October 1929 "IVth SUBMARINE FLOTILLA" Hong Kong

Editorial

Sometime has passed since our last issue appeared, but this is mainly due to lack of printing facilities and the sloth of our contributors. While on this subject we would like to point out that though appreciating the good intentions of those officers who have promised us articles from time to time, we appreciate even more the finished product. There have been five great brains revolving steadily since July, or so we have been led to believe, but up to date not even a mouse has come forth. Nothing unusual about this, we admit, but still we hate to have our hopes raised merely to be disappointed in the long run. Its not decent. The Staff feels it keenly.

We think a small explanation should be forthcoming concerning the minutes of the Tobacco Club. Our special correspondant was attending this meeting both in his capacity as a member of the club and that of our representative. Unfortunately this dual capacity proved to be inadequate which accounts for a certain incoherency towards the end of his report. We have edited it as much as possible but we are afraid that our readers cannot avoid coming to the conclusion that the club is a sheep in wolf's clothing.

On our way home we hope to produce Vol. VII. Any chatty little article on Manilla, Kuching, Jessleton or Bombay will be most welcome so long as it is strictly of an educational nature,

THE EDITOR.

A Diary of Events

(July—September, 1929)

The only thing of note that happened before our China Cruise was the Submarine Regatta, which we congratulate "L.3" on winning. July 20th found us at Chefoo, the trot inside the harbour and Auntie outside. Most of us knew our Chefoo already and in the first twenty four hours the novices were satisfactorily initiated at the usual fee.—Indeed some of them showed exceptional promise in breaking new ground. "L.15" arrived, having successfully left the yard at Hong Kong. It is understood that the local police requested to be informed when Lt. Lloyd went ashore. The Tobacco Club held its first meeting and all members are reported to have survived—for the first five hours anyway. On July 24th, Lt. Cdr. Fell was observed to have been on board for nearly three hours, but this was after he had received the freedom of the Beach Cafe. We arnt sure that we like the trot being midway between Auntie and the Jetty, people seem to get rather parched after a trip in the motor boat and one wakes up in the morning to find all sorts of funny things on the Wardroom floor.

We arrived at Chinwangtao on July 28th. Submarines went alongside the Jetty while Auntie lay outside as usual. A Black-guard rush for Peking ensued and what we don't know about the Palaces isn't worth knowing. Cars found that on most mornings the famous roofs of the Winter Palace were bloodred, not golden as popularly supposed. The officers of the Royal Scots who formed the Legation Guard did their stuff and showed the geography most nobly. The Editor, playing a lone hand, found a piece of very old Ming at the International. Them what didn't go to Peking reported that there was nothing wrong with Shanhaikwan. We all join in condoling with Leahy on the loss of his snappers, but all the same some girls find a lisp

just too cute. The weather didn't treat us too well and Submarines had to shove off one day. They proceeded to hold a dragging competition which was won by "L. 27" with "L. 20" a close runner up.

We eventually got back to Weihaiwei with three weeks to go before we sailed for Japan, and lots of stuff still unbroken at the Club. Every effort was made to remedy this defect before our departure. Lt. Mansell is commended for specially good work. The verandah vipers got down to it with creditable speed and a lot of fine work was put in on the Mainland. Lt. Nowell has announced his intention of applying for a job as tide waiter at Port Edward Pier. We now proceeded to Four Funnel Bay while the Homogeneous Squadron held their regatta. We were very pleased to see Hermes Wardroom win again easily and congratulate our crew on a stout effort, bearing in mind that Chefoo and Chinwangtao took a bit of laughing off. Auntie Tites looked round for three evenings at the Queen's Hall and Lt. Cdr. Dickson should be awarded a bag of nuts and/or fat cigar for the result of his effort. Hally Ben never could remember whether the devil's brew or the water had a piece of pink tape round the neck. Kent put up a very fine circus to which Mr Pickwick drove in his coach. Those of us who were the horses would like to meet the author of the song about the posterior of the elephant to concur in his remarks. The Hermes Fair took place soon after and was one of the best shows of the year. The versatile motor whaler became a pirate craft and we very much enjoyed beating Carra's ample anatomy as he knelt on the plank. We don't know if a certain officer ever found out that the lift girl was really an aircraftsman.

The Captain (S) Shoot took place just before we sailed for Japan and was won easily by "L.15". We always thought that something would come of having a bald gunnery officer. A little rolling and tennis met the case rather effectively on our return to harbour. On August 27th submarines did not lie off. On August 28th, having said our last farewells, we steamed out between the cruisers who gave us a very civil chuck up.

Once safe in Japan the Tobacco Club held their second meeting—the pictorial evidence available speaking for itself. Kagoshima managed a typhoon scare for us and the submariners did their famous middlewatch shove off act. The Mayor and Corporation entertained us ashore to dinner and motor drives which were countered by one of the Doctor's full belly tiffins. At Nagasaki we remembered the way to the Club quite well but didn't think the road down used to be so uneven. The British Colony, which doesn't reach double figures, dined practically the whole Wardroom during our stay and we responded with an At Home and a children's party. Uncle Dick was seen. The Mayor gave twenty of us an opportunity of finding out how agonising it is to sit on the floor for long periods with no support for the back. Most people took their gin at Unzen and no complaints have as yet been received from the authorities. They are expected any day. At Santu, our next port of call, the Wardroom dined the Warrant Officers and slight rioting occurred. Lonsdale shot a bird—we suspect that it was asleep at the time.

We shadowed everything from Empress boats to Junks on the trip south and arrived at Hong Kong on September 26th, to be welcomed by "L.19". Woods resumed duties as president of the Hook and Eye club. There is some talk of our going home.

R. L. S. G.

THIS MONTH'S CONFESSION

"I'm afraid I am suffering from Erotic Fatigue".

F.H.

Tubes's Song

Now some like a girl who is naughty
 And some like 'em proper and prim,
 A few like 'em fattish and forty
 For there's no accounting for whim;
 But speaking myself from experience
 I think, on the whole, I prefer
 The kind that are dinky
 The kind that are slinky
 The kind that cuddle and purr.

Now some like a girl for her features
 And some go a lot on the soul,
 While others are keen on the creatures
 Who revel in Neitchze and Schöll.
 But after a lifetime's experience
 I find, on the whole, I prefer
 The kind that are dinky,
 The kind that are slinky,
 The kind that cuddle and purr.

.

(They are so exciting,
 They seem so inviting,
 The kind that cuddle and purr.)

The Riddle of the Age

"When is an O. O. W. not an O. O. W?"
 "When he is an * * ! ! * * ? ? ! ! !"

Letters Gone Astray

No. 2. From Hong Kong

Dear George,

We have just completed; at least the Dockyard officials say it is completed; a Long Refit in Hong Kong.

In spite of the fact that the refit is over we still present an unpleasant spectacle of red lead, dirty grey paint and oily footprints of Chinese coolies. Strange men, clad in brown overalls and once-white helmets, with loud voices, shrill whistles, and a habit of expectorating into every available corner, continue to meander casually round the "Boat", sucking their pencils and carrying colossal note books.

As you may know, popular superstition states that it is impossible to escape from the clutches of the body snatchers at the Royal Naval Hospital at Pompey except in a coffin, oak with brass handles, Pattern No. 53a, Officers, for the use of. In the same way it is well nigh beyond the ingenuity of man to put an end to the operations, amputations, and pressure tests of the ship doctors in a dockyard port.

In the Submarine service, however, we have one infallible method of frightening away these parasites. We do a "Basin Dive". This is an extremely hazardous process undertaken with great caution on a fine day in the Moon's first quarter. Having carefully ascertained, so far as is possible, that all the holes which the dockyard mates have been employed in drilling for the past three months, are closed we descend slowly beneath the waters of a dockyard basin.

We did our Basin Dive yesterday forenoon.

We certainly sank without difficulty and the customary religious silence preserved while diving was only broken by a passionately pleading, though luckily muffled, voice proceeding from the Wireless Cabinet, urgently inquiring the sanguinary whereabouts of that adjectival blank Telegraphist.

Anyhow the Boat subsided gently onto the bottom of the Basin and the First Lieutenant heaved a sigh of relief. The Captain, finding the periscope too high for him, ordered it to be lowered. It was—rapidly, onto the top of his head, bowling him neatly into the periscope well, a square hole about six feet deep and very hard.

Various machines were then tested and found to be out of order.

We "surfaced" again quite successfully to our great surprise, and spent the remainder of the day in overcoming the natural reluctance of the dockyard officials, full of innocent excuses and fair words, to do those things which they had left undone.

To-morrow we shall swing ship for deviation of magnetic compasses during which the usual quarrel will arise as to whether the astounding results obtained are due to magnetic storms or the personal magnetism of the Third Officer.

Well, well, its a dreadful life and I think I shall now go and lie down for a little rest.

Cheerioh,

BERTIE

FOR SALE

One armature, slightly shorted.

Apply "L.27".

**Some Genuine Extracts from Letters to the Paymaster's
Department Anent Separation Allowance**

Dear Sir,

In accordance with the instructions on my paper I have given birth to a daughter on the 21st April.

Dear Sir,

You have changed my little boy into a girl. Will it make anything different?

Dear Sir,

My Bill has been put in charge of a spittoon, shall we get any extra pay?

Dear Sir,

Just a few lines to say that owing to your delay in sending my letter and the money we have not a morsel of food in the house. Hoping you are the same.

Dear Sir,

Will you please send my money as early as possible as I am walking about Bolton like a bloody pauper and oblige.

Dear Sir,

I send you a marriage certificate but you only send six back, there were seven but one died her name was Fanny and he was baptised on half a sheet of paper by the Reverend Thomas.

A Tragedy Of Youth

(Dedicated to whomesoever the cap may fit)

An innocent babe he lay in his cot,
And fairies came in with the dawn
To give him those gifts that fairies allot
To mortals the day they are born.

"Now let him be handsome, beautifully set,
And tall, and broad in the breast,
With great big arms, and we musn't forget,
Not too many hairs on his chest."

Just as they'd "wished" him as far as the waist
The infant woke up with a yell;
O miserable child, what deplorable taste,
For, alas, he'd broken the spell.

And now he's a man you can see the effect
Of that most unseemly affair;
A flaw in his torso you cannot detect
But his legs—Oh my aunt, what a pair!

R. G. L.

A Pious Thought

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife
His ox thou shalt not slaughter.
But thank the Lord it is no sin
To covet thy neighbour's daughter.

Simple Stories for the Young

No. 2 Auntie goes for a walk

One day Auntie Tites, her nephew and five nieces were at a place called Chefoo. The nephew was called Marazion and the nieces had numbers instead of names. Isn't that funny? The nieces' numbers were 3, 15, 20, 27 and 33, and Auntie, although she was really very fond of them, used to get a little cross with them at times especially when they wanted to play games with her, because she was an old lady and rather stiff in the joints. So she nearly always made them play with the nephew instead because he was an active lad and liked games. Well one day Auntie decided she would take the family to Chinwangtao because several of the nieces, particularly No. 3, were overeating themselves at a confectioners in Chefoo called the Beach Cafe. There were also some girls at the confectioners who Auntie thought it was not nice for her nieces to get to know too well because they were forward and had expensive tastes. So she sent for the eldest niece No. 33 and told her about it and No. 33 went away and told the others and they all said "What fun, but what about a game of hide and seek with Auntie on the way?" No. 33 thought this would be great fun and went and told Auntie. Now if there was one game Auntie did not like it was "Hide and Seek" because she had to put on her big black coat for it and it made her very hot and uncomfortable, but the nieces seemed set on the game and they had been quite good lately so she said "Alright and how shall we play it?" Now the eldest niece had been thinking quite a lot about Hide and Seek and rather fancied herself at it so she said "We will all go up the road and wait for you to pass us but in case

we miss you we will put one niece outside the front door and she will tell us when you leave so that we shant miss you altogether". But Auntie said "Oh that will be too easy for you all. I must have someone to help me too". So Auntie decided that she would have her nephew to help her and then she suddenly thought of her two big dogs Seraph and Serapis and she decided to let them help too. So that was all settled and one afternoon all the nieces went off down the road leaving niece No. 20 to guard the front door and to tell them when Auntie was coming out. But Auntie was feeling rather grumpy that afternoon because Hide and Seek did make her so hot, so at the last minute she said "No I'll go out by the back door instead", and she did and nephew and the two big dogs came with her and off they went. Poor little niece No. 20 was watching the front door ever so hard but she had not thought of the back door so Auntie started off without being seen at all. Ever such a long time later Auntie and her nephew and her dogs were staggering along the road at a fine pace but none of the nieces could find her at all and eventually the eldest niece had to call out "Auntie where are you please?" and just as Auntie was going to tell her so that the game should not be spoiled, little No. 3 nearly fell over Auntie in the dark and called to all the other nieces "I spy" and they all came tumbling along after Auntie. So they were all quite happy for a time but No. 3 niece who was nearest Auntie had forgotten about the dogs and suddenly one of them said "Woof" at her. She nearly fell over with surprise and run away and lost Auntie for a bit but she found her later. In the morning though, the big dog saw No. 3 niece again and this time because it was light he sprang at her and No. 3 niece had to lie down quite flat so that he could not bite her. And later they all got to Chinwangtao

and everyone except Auntie, who was very hot, said it was a great game, but No. 3 niece said she thought the dogs were too rough. But Auntie when she heard about it all said "You should not have had such a good time and eaten so much at Chefoo and then you would be able to lie down quicker and flatter when dogs spring at you". And No. 3 niece went away and promised to try and be better in the future so that she really could catch Auntie bending in their next game.

A. B. L.

NOTICE

We regret to announce that owing to a malignant creeping atrophy of the brain our esteemed contributor, Sir C. R. T. Emryks, has been unable to compose a further poetic jewel for the delectation of our readers.—Ed.

Things we want to know

What is a fixture?

Why does a certain officer make a habit of harbouring mice in his bedroom slippers?

What really is the attraction at Kowloon?

Are the necessary arrangements being made for the reception of twenty-four Borneo gentlemen next month?

Now that we are going home, how will our Weihai Widows console themselves?

Is it a further sign of our efficiency that certain officers insist on arriving at Captain's defaulters half an hour early?

Who asked for the wrong lady at the Yumei Hotel?

Will "L.19" ever be quite the same after diving with the Doctor?

Will the Doctor ever be quite the same after diving in L.19?

Meeting of Shareholders and Members of the Tobacco Club

The initial meeting of the Tobacco Club was held at Chefoo on July 26th, 1929, to discuss and decide on the following matters:—

- (1) History, aims, and objects of the club.
- (2) Rules and regulations. Penalties for contraventions.
- (3) Club colours.
- (4) Review of professional conduct of Tobacconist Mansell on Sunday 21st July and Tobacconist Gaisford on Tuesday 23rd July.

At 20.00 the following tobacconists checked in at Fritz's restaurant—Tobacconists Lockhart, Meledith, Bent, Logers, Dickson, all in good order. On arrival introductions took place between all tobacconists and Fritz. He produced some form of lottery whereby for a dollar one had a chance of securing a beer mug for a prize. After several dollars had changed hands, one beer mug and a case of ocharinos were secured.

Refreshments were then ordered and Tobacconist Meledith having been elected to the chair the roll was called. T. Gaisford absent. It was reported that his absence was not unconnected with the arrival of the U. S. S. Chaumont. T. Mansell absent. It was reported that he had been led away by the above and that he was in a dinner jacket and was snoring.

Soup arrived so further roll calling was postponed for the moment. Tobacconists drank Fritz's health. It was pointed out about this time that the only excuse any tobacconist could entertain for having cigarettes on him was that he might present one to his dancing partner. Some reference was made concerning one Olga.

Roll call continued. It was decided that T. Gaisford and T. Mansell should be disrated to Boy Tobaccoist. Interval while healths were proposed. It was proposed that T. Bent should be appointed secretary. Whether he should be paid or not produced some dissension and acrimonious discussion. Decided not to pay him—cag about this.

Roll call continued. Pipe Cleaner McCarton absent. It was reported that he was feeling fagged out and had therefore returned to his ship. Excuse taken, reported absent on duty.

About this time some sirloin and hamburger steaks arrived.

After a suitable interval T. Lockhart suggested we should get on with the work, i.e. penalties. Members filling pouches, non-members filling pipes, also provisions for world worker members working at sea. What is a night jar? One member then tried to put something forward, he was stopped.

During club meals pipe smoking allowed. One member kept on insisting on the penalty of trouser removing. Uocivil. One tin? Horses necks? Wine bills first of the month? Any non-member fumbling he debagged.

Question of rating up T. Dickson to Traffic Manager. Board to examine T. Dickson for higher rating. Suggested now Gaisford is boy tobaccoist can be beaten.

Tobaccoist Nowell arrived amidst acclamation, anything said against him expunged. T. Dickson asked if he could be rated Able Tobaccoist because he was only one with coat on. T. Dickson asked if he could be Activity Secretary. Not approved. T. Dickson asked if he could be Medical Officer. Dr. Phillips paid member non-tobaccoist. Not approved.

Short stories:—1st approved.

2nd approved.

3rd approved.

(T. Nowell eating all this time).

Singing took place.

T. Dickson suggested anthem "Gaudeamus".

Good anthem? Watchword "We won't be badgered about".

Singing. Eton badgering. (T. Nowell half way thro' steak).

5th story approved.

6th story approved.

Suggesting mugs be bought be bought be bought for use of club. (T. Nowell finished).

7th story approved but not understood. Next day it was found that teller had omitted two essential paragraphs.

T. Dickson raised question of pewker pok.

T. Dickson suggested 1 dollar entrance fee, everybody against. Suggested T. Dickson form club of his own, everybody for. Suggestion called for evermore "Pewker Pork". Moreale brought. (T. Nowell appeared to have settled down).

T. Dickson suggested a smoking cap. Presidents attention was drawn to agenda. Suggested club colours, small suggestion was that Jelly Belly make us pewker grey. Grey blazer pewker pok on pocket. Chairman permanent.

Meledith he bowed thrice.

Logers will provide a pewker hammer hally flee.

Next meeting, sub committee, T. Dickson cautioned for fob.

8th story approved.

T. Nowell's duties defined as traffic manager-short title "Tram".

9th story approved.

"Rickshaw"

"Boy"

"Dickson".

Correspondence

"THE BREAKFAST NUISANCE"

To the Editor, Light Airs.

Sir,

May I crave some space in your valuable columns on a subject which I may term as "the Breakfast Nuisance". Breakfast is essentially a British meal. Foreigners laugh at us for having breakfast, whereas we British have a habit of laughing at those of our countrymen who have no breakfast at all or partake sparingly of it. I am not one, however, who suggests that such merriment is commendable, but rather that jokes at the expense of another should be left till later in the day.

During the late struggle when fighting the "Blonde Beast" breakfast was often a hurried affair, and one's temper never too good, especially when one met, say, a colleague who had kept the middle watch and who opened the conversation by remarking that he had borrowed your oilskin which had unfortunately blown overboard. I wish to cut my remarks as short as possible as I do not want to take up any more of your valuable space, but what I am getting at is what I might describe as the Breakfast Nuisance.

Now that we are in the piping times of peace so to speak if not allegorically then metaphorically, I would like to say that breakfast should be eaten quietly, not munched; nothing grates on my ear more than to hear toast being ground into snippets like a lion crunching a bone. Further, apart from the actual feeding, some actually soupal down their coffee and having done so express their opinions in loud, raucous, and strident tones on every subject connected with their daily duties. They then, with every evident sign of satisfied appetite, push back their chair with a noise which would drown a

hand saw and playfully slap on the back some neighbour who is going through the motions of recovering from, perhaps, an acute illness. I have frequently and in the most courteous manner pointed out these defects but with little or no fruit, except that which has from time to time been hurled at me.

I beg therefore, Sir, that the following suggestions should be put before the public through the medium of your columns in which I do not wish to trespass very much longer.

- (a) Talking should be carried out in low or modulated tones. If doubtful a breakfaster could test this outside someone's cabin on a make and mend day.
- (b) Rolls be substituted for toast.
- (c) No soupalling allowed.
- (d) Courtesy. Some friendly reference to one's neighbour's nights rest, such as an expressed hope that he had not been awakened by the noise of hatches being dropped in the submarines, or that he had breathed nothing but pure air through his scuttle.
- (e) Should any breakfaster be required to perform some hurried duty, half way through breakfast, the others may permit themselves an indulgent smile or quiet titter, but nothing more.

Briefly then breakfast should be a harmonious, gentle meal, dignified yet resolute, combining with it thoughts of arduous duties yet to be accomplished with happy memories of yesterday's relaxations.

I am, Sir,

yours etc:

PLOVER.

To the Editor, Light Airs.

Sir,

I have lately received a copy of the scurrilous rag that you purport to edit. Apart from being full of unedifying nonsense it also contained an obscene picture. Yes sir, and you had the impertinence to charge my son two shillings for this puerile publication of yours.

In my day this would have been a court martial offence sir, with a whipping into the bargain. The Service is going to the dogs, the Service has gone to the dogs, I shall communicate with the Times. In the meanwhile herewith is enclosed the paper in question, please refund me two shillings immediately.

I am, Sir,

Yours etc:

Sir Haultaught-Singly.

Bart,

The Hawsehole,
Little Kipply,
Sussex.

(The Editor cannot be responsible for the opinions expressed by his correspondents, especially the last one).

