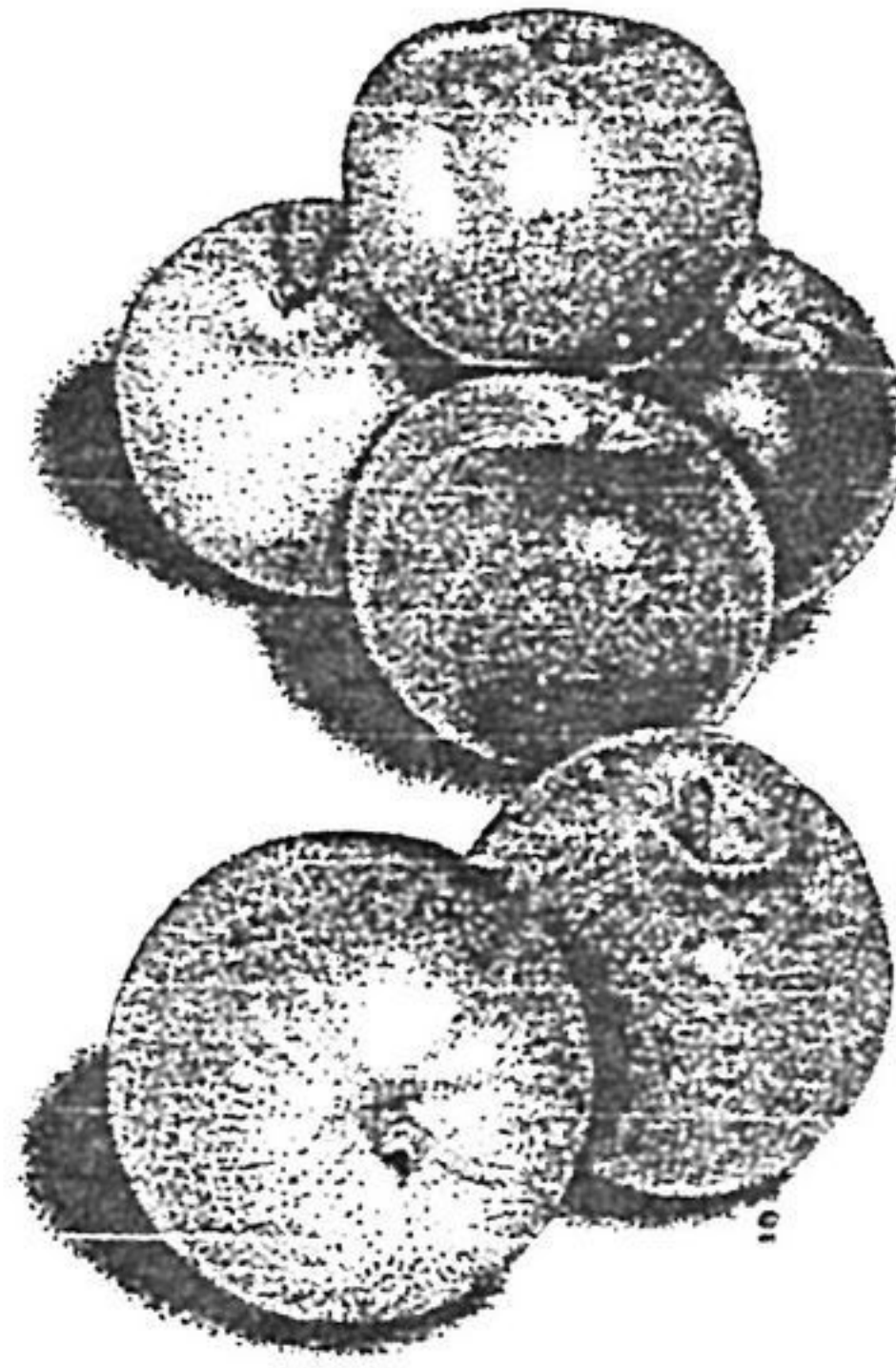


# APPLE DREAMS

by Bill Brearley



## The story thus far

Two friends visited England to see a Boat Show put on in honour of the Royal Navy by a group of model boat clubs there. While staying at a B and B their host, a Mr. Raleigh, introduced them to West Country Apple Cider. When they awoke they seemed to have travelled in time to the Second World War, and were IN the Royal Navy. Our two friends were on an adventure, with the help of apple cider.

## Chapter Two

Going below, the steward prepared some tea for the bridge watch, the engine spaces and the deck crew who occupied the gun positions. The rest of the crew who were off duty were below.

The chart that came with the orders had marked on it the zones of most probable contact with enemy naval and air forces, and mine fields. The airforce was covering a much wider zone because of its speed.

The chart also noted that an American convoy could be expected off the Isle of Wight about the time that they would be there, about the time the fog would be on them. Without their own radar, it was hoped that shore based radar, American radar, and good communications could prevent an accident. Chadwick knew from personal experience on the Great Lakes, in the future, that shipboard radar was not that good in confined waterways. Well maybe this early U.S. shipboard radar would be sufficient for the channel, which, after all, was not the St. Lawrence.

As the day wore on the two friends got to know the crew, all of whom were looking forward to their new home port, because of its reputation. It seemed that many of the gals from London came down there on their days off. The married men looked forward to moving their families down there to a town where they could easily get up to London.

By noon the sea had calmed down, the wind had gone, and fog was starting to roll in. The mid-day meal was served at stations, and the watch prepared to change. Chadwick, still on the bridge, plotted a course that would take them to the south, further from shore, while they ran at reduced speed in the fog bank. If the fog lifted, they could always go north to their previously plotted coast hugging course. The latter of course, being less vulnerable to enemy attack was preferred.

Les, the seaman in charge of the motors, remarked that since the motors had been throttled back as they entered the fog, they had been running roughly. These motors

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## Winds In The Willows

Warm spring winds are in the willows,  
And they echo in my heart!  
Far across the greening valleys  
I can hear a Meadow Lark.  
I can hear the ice floes breaking  
In the little creek that winds  
Where the ruddy sumac nestles,  
Beneath the whispering, tossing pines.  
Up and down the hills and meadows,  
Up and down the winding streams,

I can feel a new life springing  
From encrusted winter's dreams.  
"Spring has found us," sings the brooklet.  
"Spring has found us," coos the dove.  
"Spring has found us," chirps the robin,  
As he almost bursts with love!  
Warm spring winds are in the willows,  
And all nature seems in tune  
To the longing arms of Winter  
Springtime cannot come too soon!

Submitted by Alice Miller