



Captain John Maskell 1949-51 Sir John Barry Trelawny Philip (Phil) Toomey
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The photo was taken by the author of this page on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the formation of the Old Worcesters Association in 1999.

E-mails from Patrick RM Toomey OW 49-51 and Tony Maskell OW about John (Barry) Trelawny who died July 2009.

More memories of Sir Barry, though I had no idea at the time that he was heir to a Baronetcy. It is always sadly thought-provoking when anyone with whom one has a connection passes on, however it is even more poignant when that person was a shipmate of the same term as both Tony and myself, and born in the same year as I was born.

There is one very vivid memory I have of Barry Trelawny which took place on the HMS "Worcester" rugby field. It must have been early on in our Worcester career - maybe even our first term - before my almost total lack of sporting skills became easily apparent, to find both of us on the same rugby pitch, on opposite sides. It must have been a trial for some lowly sub-Colt team, and at one point in the game, being played in pouring rain, the ball went loose in the middle of a mud-puddle the size of Lake Ontario, and Barry could be heard yelling in the distance "Fall on it, somebody fall on the ball!!!" All of those in proximity, of which I was one, were very reluctant to plunge into that morass and get even wetter and muddier than we were already, and a "ruck" was obviously going to turn into a drowning for whomever was at the bottom of the pile.

Barry came storming at full speed through the crowd and the mud to deliver an enormous kick to the ball (to this day I am not sure that it is permitted by the rules of Rugby Football to kick a loose ball), but that's what happened anyway. The ball took off at high-velocity, right into my face, knocking me flat on my back into the mud and water. Nobody knew, at that time, (except me of course), that I was particularly susceptible to nosebleeds, having had my nose broken at the age of three as a result of being knocked down by a five-year-old out of control tricyclist on the Front at Hove, after which I bled all over the seat of the top deck of a Southdown bus on the way home for treatment. The nosebleed resulting from this blow to the face by a rugby ball was enough to excuse me from the rest of that miserable game, and was probably the last team-sport I ever participated in. From then on I could avoid boxing or any other contact sports just on the reputation for being able to shed vast quantities of blood through the nose at the slightest provocation.

The matter was eventually sorted out after a monumental nosebleed in San Francisco as a cadet, when I was told to get it fixed next time home, as Furness Withy was anxious to avoid having one of their cadets bleed to death. So, my nose was successfully cauterised and has never since gushed fountains of gore for the last 55 years or more. I still do not box, nor do I play team sports - why waste the privilege conferred on me by Barry Trelawny's boot to avoid anything too strenuous, wet or cold? Barry, of course, went on to athletic fame on the Ship, and most likely never knew how his fortuitous kick had changed my life for the better.

It is strange to now have grandsons who excell at sports such as ice-hockey and soccer - they must get it from their mother, certainly not from me.

Patrick R.M.Toomey. OW 1949-51 Fore Starboard.

From: Tony Maskell <wam002@ozemail.com.au>
Subject: [iOW] Sir Barry Trelawny
To: Old_Worcesters@yahoogroups.com
Received: Saturday, August 1, 2009, 7:54 PM

All

Very sad, another of my term mates bites the dust. We were up at Cass's for 2nd Mates together, living in the upper region's of the Mission to Seamen (as it was then) He had a very old London Taxi in which we managed to jam 10 people in to visit a well known hostelry the Prospect of Whitby in Wapping - where the nurses sang the rude verses and we sang the clean verses. He served his time with Ellermans, and after getting his 2nd Mates left the Merchant Navy, did his National Service in the RN on small ships becoming a sub lieutenant.

Tony Maskell