

... EDITORIAL ...

It is written:—

*'The wise man respecteth the written word,
and honours the pen.'*

The Seamaster is the Association's Magazine. It is the means of communication between members in various establishments and ships, at home and overseas.

It is read by people who have attained the highest rank in the Service, as well as those just starting their careers. Who write the articles and stories that appear between it's covers?

They are not professional writers by any means, and they have no axe to grind either. But they do have one thing in common. A desire to see this magazine go from strength to strength with each issue.

Without them, and they are but a few, the Seamaster would look far less imposing than it does.

The columns are open to everyone, and no restrictions need cramp the style of the man with something to say.

It has been well said that the pen is mightier than the sword. Is yours no more than an ornament in your pocket?

The Editor. be ordered

Com-
Secre-

South-
Is Presi-

Secretariat Review

Once again time for my notes,
To those ashore and those afloat.
To each and every one of you,
I send out greetings and re-new,
The feeling that we are as one,
In task and pleasure, work and fun.
Just to make a little change,
I thought that I would take this strange,
Way to give you all the news,
Of T.A.S.I's feelings and their views.
The outing was a marvellous day,
And to those of you who were away,
Please join us if you can next year.
That is of course if we're still here.
The next event the re-union dinner,
This will surely be a winner.
November 14th it takes place,
So come along and show your face.
Your wives will welcome such a change,
And will not think it very strange,
If asked to dance by you or me,
Because that night they're on the spree.

Kimbells is the rendezvous.
So bring your wife and turn up, do.
From 1930 'till the hour of one,
Come along, join in the fun.
Blazer badges is the next,
There are so many we quite get vexed,
To choose the right one is quite hard,
So send your views in on a card.
Old members leave our Naval force,
New members take their place of course,
And keep the Association alive,
We number now 205.
More news and notes and stories too,
Also of course your point of view,
Are all required for the magazine,
To make it the best you've ever seen.
Signing off now, shortage of paper,
And anyway I'm not used to this caper.
If you can do better, put pen to paper,
Let's have it sooner, and not, much later.

W. Lissamer, P.O.,

Minutes of the Quarterly Meeting

Held at 0930 on Saturday, 23rd July, 1960.

Officials present

Chairman C.P.O. Abery.
Editor P.O. Gauntlett
Secretary P.O. Lissamer
Committee P.O. Beeching
Committee P.O. Phillips

Absent on Duty

Treasurer C.P.O. Firbank
Vice P.O. Taylor

Agenda.

- Item 1. September Election
- Item 2. Annual Re-Union Dinner
- Item 3. Football Tickets
- Item 4. Portable Typewriter
- Item 5. Any other business

Item 1. Nominations are required as soon as possible for the offices on the Committee which are due for re-election in September. They are:—Vice Chairman, Secretary and one Committeeman.

Item 2. The Annual Re-Union Dinner will be held at Kimbell's Restaurant, Southsea on November 14th at 1930. The Formal announcement of the Association's President will be made on that occasion.

Item 3. Proposed by C.P.O. James and Seconded by P.O. Brown.
That 1,200 Football tickets, in packs, each pack to contain two 2/- i.o.u's, be ordered for next football season.

Item 4. Proposed by C.P.O. Pink and Seconded by L/S Graham.
That a new portable typewriter be purchased by the Association.

Item 5. There being no other business the meeting was closed at 1035.

£ £ Money £ £

What do you do with your savings? Are they placed where they are most advantageous to you, or are they slowly depreciating? Are you a member of an organisation and do you have to vote on matters concerning the employment of surplus funds? What do you know about the stock exchange? Is it a casino for the wealthy? How does it work? Are you an indirect investor? In all probability you are.

In these days of continually rising prices it is not easy to save. Therefore, it is doubly important that what money we have surplus to our everyday requirements must be placed wisely until we need it. It is a fact that in this country and many others there is, has been for years and no doubt will continue to be, an inflationary trend. This means that money left idle loses its purchasing power year by year. It actually depreciates by about 4½% each year. So unless our savings are appreciating by, or earning 4½% each year, their purchasing power is being gradually reduced.

How can we protect our savings and guard against inflation? Post Office savings, savings certificates, defence bonds and building societies all have their merits. Savings certificates being by far the best bet if they can be left untouched for seven years. Endowment insurance has many attractions and house purchase is a must for most individuals. However, it is not only individuals, but groups of people in societies, associations and clubs as well as industries, banks and insurance companies, who have the problem of how to place their surplus money so that it will earn most, while at the same time remain available if needed.

What about the Stock Exchange?

Why not make your savings work for you by purchasing shares in the stock exchange? Many people associate the words "Shares and Stock exchange" with gambling in much the same way as the casino at Monte Carlo. Or they think of the stock exchange as some mysterious closed shop whose doors are only open to the wealthy. Neither could be further from the truth and both these false impressions are brought about by ignorance of the true facts. No one will deny that money can be lost on the stock exchange if it is invested foolishly. But intelligent purchasing of the shares in a company whose name is well known and whose product compares favourably with its

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competitors will see the value of that holding and the yearly dividend increase as the years go by. As far as the idea that the stock exchange is only for the wealthy; over 90% of the holdings in thirty of the largest companies quoted on the stock exchange are for £500 or less. In fact, many dealings are arranged entailing a mere £50 in cash.

What is the Stock Exchange?

The London stock exchange is perhaps the largest monetary centre in the world. It provides a free market where any of its quoted securities may be bought or sold at any time during the working week between 10 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. Like so many British institutions it developed slowly, in response to the needs of the changing business world. In the seventeenth century the government and many trading enterprises, being unable to raise sufficient money from their own resources, invited the public to put up the money they needed. The government and the companies which were formed issued stocks and shares which were bought and sold. Those who held government stocks received each year a fixed rate of interest. Those who held shares in a company received a share in the annual profits (if any). People began to make a living by bringing together buyers and sellers of stocks and shares, and thus a market—a stock exchange—was formed. In the latter half of the seventeenth century, the stockbrokers found a meeting place in the Royal exchange. Later they moved and carried on business in the coffee houses around Change Alley. In 1773 a meeting of stock-brokers decided to take over a building at the corner of Threadneedle Street and Sweeting Alley and over its door inscribed the title "The Stock Exchange". Today the London Stock exchange occupies a large building within a stones throw of the Bank of England. It deals in about ten thousand different securities valued at about forty-five thousand million pounds.

Who uses the Stock Exchange?

The chances are that you do. Even though you may not be a direct investor holding shares in your own name. And the chances are even stronger that you benefit by the existence of the stock exchange. Some of the largest direct investors who use the stock exchange are:—

The Post Office Savings Bank
Trustee Savings Banks
Banks
Insurance Companies
Investment Trusts
Building Societies
Co-operative Societies
Friendly Societies
Trade Unions
Pension Funds

and one of the not so large—a the moment—is the T.A.S.I.'s Association. So if you subscribe to any of these (and two out of three of the adult population do so) you are an indirect investor and you are financing your country. Your insurance premiums or pension fund contributions are perhaps being put into shipbuilding on the Clyde or Tyneside, into engineering or motor cars or a toy factory or a cotton mill. You are helping to provide the money that enables these industries to operate. Those contributions you are parting with every year go through the stock exchange to be translated into stocks and shares. These themselves ultimately mean machinery, raw materials, production and employment. Almost certainly production of the goods you and your family require, and probably employment for you at some time or another. So there are few of us who are not interested in and dependent upon the stock exchange, either directly or indirectly and in one way or another.

How does the Stock Exchange Work?

There are about three thousand, three hundred and fifty active members of the stock exchange. Of these, two thousand, six hundred are brokers and the remaining seven hundred and fifty are jobbers. The broker acts as an agent, buying and selling stocks and shares on instructions from his clients. His client may be an institution with hundreds of thousands of pounds to invest, or he may be a small purchaser with only fifty or a hundred pounds. The jobbers are like wholesalers and they deal only with the brokers and never directly with the public. In other words, if you wish to buy stocks and shares, you must do so through an accredited stockbroker who is a member of the

stock exchange and has right to buy and sell shares on the floor. The stockbroker must purchase the securities through an accredited jobber who is also a member of the stock exchange. Although a broker will buy or sell any of the quoted securities on instructions from his client, a jobber will not deal in every one of the ten thousand quoted securities. Jobbers specialise in types of stocks and shares. For example, you will find jobbers specialising in oil shares. They form a small market on the floor which has become known as the Oil Market. The stockbroker knows that he must go to this market to buy or sell oil shares. There are jobbers who specialise in Insurance, Shipping, Breweries, Aircraft, Motors and so on. When a jobber and a broker make a bargain, each merely makes a pencilled note of the transaction in his notebook. It is simply a record of a deal done by word of mouth. The stock exchange is proud of its motto "Dictum Meum Pactum"—"My word is my bond." Later there is a formal settling of the deal, both between the broker and the jobber and the broker and his client. The price of any stock or share is governed by supply and demand and nothing else. If there are more sales than purchases of a particular share, the price of the share will fall. And likewise, if there are more purchases than sales, the price will rise. The nominal value of a share can be said to be the amount it was issued at in the first instance; any dividend paid being a percentage of that amount. Whereas the actual value of a share is the market value and is determined by the dividend that is paid or expected to be paid. For instance, a £1 ordinary share paying a 5% dividend may in fact have a market price of £1. If so, another £1 share, in a company of equal standing but paying a dividend of 10%, will evidently be worth double.

When a broker wishes to buy or sell a particular share for a client, he must go to the group of jobbers who deal in that and similar shares. A jobber will quote him two prices, not knowing whether the broker is a prospective buyer or seller, or the quantity he wishes to deal in. The two prices may be 19/- and 19/6d., which would mean that the jobber was willing to buy the shares at 19/-, and to sell them at 19/6d. Supposing the broker had bought at 19/6d., the prices quoted to the next broker who enquired would very likely be 19/3d. and 19/9d.; and so the value of the shares had gone up 3d. The jobber makes his money on the difference between the two prices which is known as the 'jobbers' turn. He lives by his wits and must alter his prices according to the amount of shares he has on his books, while at the same time try and make his 'turn.'

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A broker receives a commission from his client according to a fixed scale. He will try and do the best possible deal in his clients interest and give his advice free.

The stock exchange is governed by a council of 36 members, a third of whom are elected every year by ballot. Their rules have been strengthened throughout the years and are designed to facilitate the transaction of business on the best possible and fairest terms, and to afford the maximum protection to members of the public alike. Before the shares of a company can be dealt in on the stock exchange, the company must make application to the stock exchange council.

What type of shares are there?

Debentures. The safest type of securities in a company are called 'Debentures'. These are loans to the company by the debenture holder, who receives a fixed rate of interest on his debentures. This must be paid regularly whether there are sufficient profits or not. They are not really shares, but represent money the company has borrowed.

Preference Shares. The holder of this type of share is entitled to a fixed rate of interest before any dividend is paid on ordinary shares, but after the interest has been paid to the debenture holders.

Ordinary Shares. After the costs of running the business and paying tax to the government and interest to the debenture and preference shareholders, part of the profits are distributed to the ordinary shareholders. If the profits are substantial, they may get good dividends; if not, there may be little or no dividend. It is the ordinary shareholders who take the most risk, but they also stand to reap a larger reward.

Gilt-edged Stocks. These are like debentures in that they represent loans by the public to our own and Commonwealth govern-

ments, local councils and nationalised industries which, because the interest on them is so secure, are called 'gilt-edged' stock. The rate of interest is fixed and generally these securities are repayable at a definite date or dates, which may be anything from one to twenty, thirty, or more years ahead.

How to Invest

Before deciding to invest money in stocks and shares, it must be understood that prices can fall as well as rise; so it is always advisable to have some readily available money tucked away in the form of National Savings or in a building Society. Then, if money is required at short notice the shares will not have to be sold at the time when the price is maybe not so high as it was, or even, lower than the price they were purchased at. The next decision is whether shares are to be purchased for the income they produce or for the possibility of a rise in price so that they can be sold at a profit. Or even, for a combination of the two. Unless you have very definite ideas of your own, or have some very good information, the next move is to consult a stockbroker about what shares to purchase. He will advise you, bearing in mind your investment requirements. He will also purchase the shares for you at the best possible price when you give him your buying instructions. Shares can also be bought through a bank, who will in turn give your instructions to their own broker, but bank managers are never keen to advise what shares to buy. Stockbrokers are not permitted to advertise, but the Secretary to the stock exchange keeps a list of brokers who are willing to take on new clients.

The speculator who purchases shares which are expected to double in value over-night, is liable to burn his fingers; because those self same shares are also likely to fall to half their value in the same period. It is the intelligent, patient investor who seeks advice that makes money on the stock exchange.

Help your correspondent by keeping him supplied with news and items of interest

The Glorious Fourth

Independence Day this year was celebrated by a small section of the American Nation in the P.O.'s Mess at H.M.S. Vernon.

Members of the U.S. Coast Guard cutters Eagle, Absecenx and Abercorn were in Portsmouth as part of their Summer Cruise. As a gesture of friendship to our brothers at sea, and to mark the anniversary of the Birth of a Nation, they were invited to an evenings entertainment in the P.O.'s Mess. It was a real shin-dig—a right hoe-downer too!

A three piece band provided the music for dancing, and with strong support from the mess members and their ladies, plus young ladies from departmental stores, the G.P.O. telephone exchange, local industrial concerns, and a running buffet, the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended. Indeed our guests were still talking about it when they left port three days later. It was an occasion when countries, customs, homes and families were compared and discussed. Because of a common origination, many of the customs of our friends were familiar to us; and our way of life, if a little different, was much the same as theirs. Groups were formed, and talking started right from the beginning. An atmosphere of camaradie pervaded the whole evening, and our mess member thoroughly appreciated the warm friendliness and understanding that our guests brought with them.

Later in the evening the lounge became so crowded that folk just naturally overflowed into the billiard room and, taking the record player with them, held an extension dance in there. Nothing was organised. There was no need since the whole gathering was like a family re-union, everyone content to dance when they wanted, or just sit around with a drink and talk to everyone else. It was, in fact just about the most friendly and convivial evening we've had for a long time.

A letter of appreciation sent later, recorded the enthusiasm with which our guests talked

about it on return to their ships. Quote:—

"I would like to take this opportunity to express a very deep and sincere 'Thank you' for showing the men of the U.S. Coast Guard cutters a very wonderful time.

The chances of Coast Guardsmen getting overseas are very few and far between. On the few occasions that some of us do make it, it is a very heart-warming feeling to be accepted in the way the people of England, and most especially the men at the Petty Officers Mess H.M.S. Vernon accepted us. It made many of the men feel almost like being at home; that the visit to England was something to remember and to tell their families about back home. It brought all of us much closer together, and realise that we both stand for the same ideals and freedoms. If any of you ever come to the United States, I surely hope you will visit the ship and let us know you are from H.M.S. Vernon. In that way I hope we will be able to return the wonderful hospitality that was shown to us.

Thank you gentlemen, and may the Good Lord bless you and your country, and let us all live in peace for many years to come.

The men of the Coast Guard cutters will always remember England, and of course H.M.S. Vernon."

Thank you again,
Sincerely yours,
Peter F. Flanagan,
Radioman 2nd Class

221 YEARS AGO

In October of 1739, Admiral Vernon was sent to the West Indies with instructions to operate against Spanish possessions and ships. He attacked the town of Portobello, which he took, and reduced both Forts and harbour, as well as two ships lying in the Roadstead.

He accomplished this astonishing feat with only six ships — Worcester, Hampton Court, Norwich, Princess Louisa, Beresford and Stafford.

Admiral Vernon always wore a boat cloak made of material known as Grogram (from the French 'gros grain'). He was further distinguished as being the officer who adulterated the rum ration of his men — a very wise move in those days — and he was known to the Fleet as "Old Grog", hence the term 'grog' which has survived to this day. A copy of his signal from H.M.S. Burford authorising the watering of the rum ration was published in a previous issue of this magazine.

Motoring Notes — This Edition's Review

The Berkely Three Wheeler; Some News and Views; Ten Tips

I do not claim to be an expert on motoring, so with this point in mind what I have set out to do is provide three regular items for the *Seamaster* which I hope will prove to be interesting reading for motorists, two, three, and four wheelers.

Any information I pass out will, of course, be checked from reliable sources; but I disclaim any responsibility for mishaps that occur as a result of following advice from this column.

IN THE 'BRACKET'

Now that that is quite clear let's be friends again, and get on with it. The subject of my review this quarter will be of the following pattern. First I shall review a car, not necessarily a new one. The point I shall bear in mind will be that the price is in 'The Bracket.' Then I shall deal with a few pieces of topical motoring news, and round off the column with ten useful tips on economy, general snags and get you home repairs. All correspondence will be answered, so if you have any snags or useful hints, pass them on to me.

THE BERKELY THREE WHEELER

What an obvious choice for my first car review. I own one! This strictly a car for the 'Young in Heart'. It is the next rung in the ladder after the combination and before the small car. Because of its looks and performance it breaks away from the bubble car class and, if I may be so bold, can be called a car. (Not by the insurance agents of course). The model first appeared on the market in early '59, and is catching on fast. There are no less than four in Vernon at the time of writing.

Basically the car is of fibreglass construction, with aluminium bulkheads and strengtheners moulded or riveted into it. This is a selling point of its own. 'No rust'. The design is of sports-car styling with collapsible top. Hard-tops are also obtainable. The wheel layout is two front and one rear. The two front idea, coupled with front wheel drive, gives superb road holding since the drive will pull the car round a corner as opposed to pushing it. This does away with that sickening feeling of 'side-glide' when you meet the oil patch or wet road.

The engine is an 'Excelsior' two stroke twin of 324 c.c. The power developed by this unit, when one considers a load of two adults and two children is quite fantastic. Suspension is independent all round by coil springs and hydraulic dampers. Brakes are hydraulic and hub type. The electrical system is twelve volt with a SIBA dynastart to give starting motor and dynamo facilities, the twin HT coils to the plugs. Lighting is two headlights with dipping, side and parking lamps being housed in the headlamp nacels. Flashers are fitted, and are joy-stick control, and two windscreen wipers are also fitted. Generally on the road, running is smooth if one can stand the engine roar at low speeds. If a large bump is encountered, the doors tend to knock against the frame due to the 'give' of the fibreglass body. This can be remedied by rubber insertions. Overall remarks are, that for a car of its size, its economy of running and its looks, the Berkely is a very presentable proposition.

SPECIFICATIONS

Engine 324 c.c. Excelsior twin M.P.G. 60 (petrol mixture) Gears 4 forward, 1 reverse 1st gear 0—10m.p.h. 2nd gear 10—20m.p.h. 3rd gear 10—33m.p.h. 4th gear 20—65m.p.h. Economic cruising 50 m.p.h. Top speed without tuning 70m.p.h. Weight 10cwt. 1qtr. Length 10ft. 6ins. Height 3ft. 5ins. Width wheel base 7ft. 2ins. Turning circle 32ft. Price £399 - 19 - 6d.

NEWS AND VIEWS

Before your ten year test don't forget to check door fittings, i.e. locks, hinges, etc. So that Rolls Royce can maintain their selling point, namely that the loudest noise in their cars is the tick of the dash board clock, they have fitted hydraulic push rods to alleviate tappet noise. A friend asked me to look at his windscreen wiper the other day. It was beyond repair. The gears were chewed up and the motor burned out. The reason? He neglected to put the weekly drop of oil on the drive shaft, and it had seized up solid! By the time this magazine goes to press, Stirling Moss will be back in the race game, after his temporary enforced retirement due to injuries. This column wishes him all the best for the World Championship. Having personally seen him drive on most of the English circuits, I know him to be the best. We would also like to extend our good wishes to Donald Campbell for his forthcoming attempt at the land speed record.

Go-Karting has arrived in Vernon. Four karts have been purchased by the Welfare Committee to be used on a track laid out on the heliport. The organisation governing the running of the karts is as follows:—

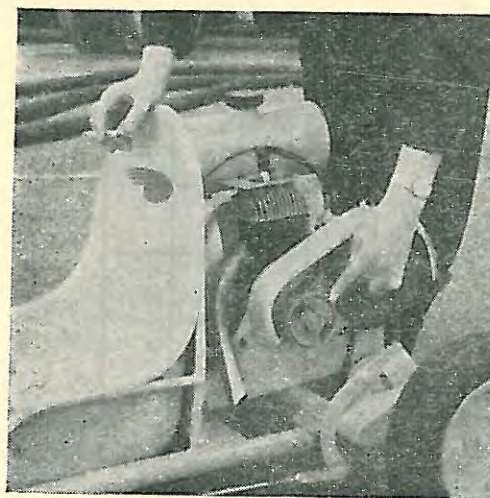
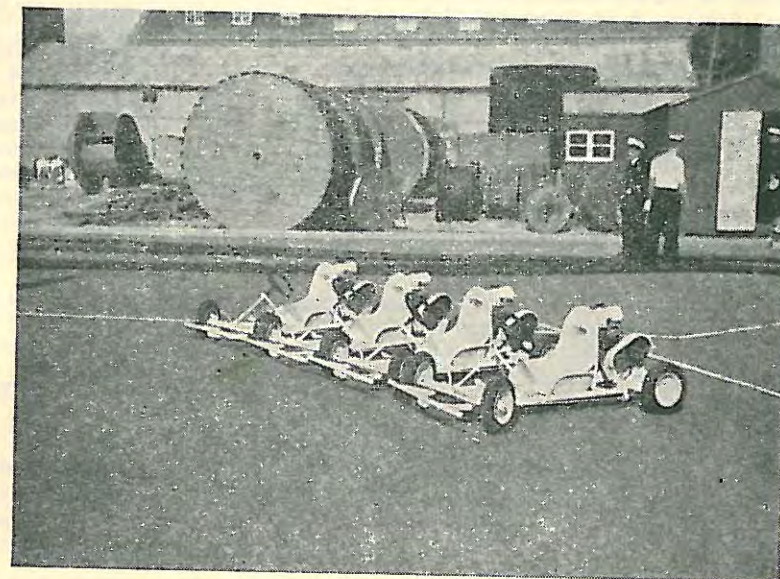
Each division has a representative all of whom form the Go-Kart Committee. Any one wishing to drive at 1/- for 5 laps, can enter his name via his representative.

The track is open from 1630-1830 every Tuesday and Thursday. On Sunday afternoon the track is for wives and girl friends. The policy at the moment is for anyone who wants to have a go. Then when the novelty has died down, the Committee hope to be left with a nucleus of enthusiasts from whom a racing team will be formed.

At the time of writing two sessions have been held, with plenty of support and much enthusiasm. The karts are Arden construction, powered by a German 98c.c. two stroke engine. They are draw string

started and transmission is via a centrifugal clutch which takes up as the revs are increased.

Controls are just brake and accelerator; and, of course, a steering wheel as well. The karting craze is here to stay, and it will certainly provide Vernon with another of the many amenities which are already available.



TEN TIPS

1. When cleaning plugs, strip the whole thing down, don't just clean the electrode.
2. Bad starting with a two stroke? Well, drain your crank-case out now and then.
3. Do your undersealing now!
4. Don't use ring spanners for tightening Head Bolts. They grip too well, and will shear the studs before you know it!
5. Always fit new washers when replacing plugs.
6. A fine spray of REDEX into the carburettor intake will serve as a quick de-coke. Don't overdo it.
7. Slow puncture? Check valve. Blow through the pump before using it. Grit which can collect in the adaptor won't do the valve seating any good.
8. Valve again. Check it from time to time. They are cheap enough to renew. 2d. each!
9. If your lights go dim when driving in the rain check that the short is not on the wiper motor.
10. The LAW and you. If a person is convicted of any offence under the Road Traffic Acts 1930, he or she has the right to appeal at the next Court of General Quarter Sessions.

All correspondence regarding any subject discussed in this column please address to P.O. Ed. Roe, T.A.S.I., H.M.S. Vernon.

Greetings from LION

Here in Geordi land (Wallsend-on-Tyne) the newest ship of the fleet and the sister ship of 'Tiger' is due to commission for trials and General Service on or about 20th July; as far as the gunnery world knows the trials consist in the main of AA work in the Channel area.

With a small T.A.S. department (174 & 176 and demolitions) N.D.A. have to date detailed nearly 15 T.A.S. rates for us plus 10 junior, so it is obvious that for the two year commission a great number of these chaps will be employed in the Shell Rooms and Magazines of this push-button cruiser, but we have no doubt

that the Vernon lads will as usual show the gunnery people the way home in everything they do, so despite this we are all looking forward to a happy commission with a regular supply of our mag. to keep us in touch with all things T.A.S.

As this is our first letter to the Mag. I would like to extend an invitation to any T.A.S. rate who would like to have a look over this Gun- nery ship to ring LION 358 (T.A.S. Office) and we will organise something for them when we are in Portsmouth.

M.A.C.

Questions I have never been able to answer

Where is a woman's NOW?

This was asked of me by my small son who heard me singing: "I wonder who's kissing her now".

Where is a woman's YET?

Asked by teenage son after reading aloud from local paper: "Mrs.....was shot and the bullet is in her yet."

Crossword

Clues Across

1. Engineer's tool.
2. Festive drink.
3. Periodical.
4. Marionette.
5. Blow.

Clues Down

1. Vegetable.
2. Sheep.
3. Cockney birds.
4. There are seven.
5. These are often dropped.

1	2	3	4	5
2				
3				
4				
5				

SOLUTION ON PAGE 22

Plenty of Room on Top

From an historic point of view, the development of the City of Portsmouth Passenger Transport Department is of interest, and can be considered unique if only from the fact that it is built on the foundations laid by the oldest Statuary Tramway Undertaking in the British Isles — the Landport and Southsea Tramway Company; and an uninterrupted service has been maintained since 1865.

The Company was successful in obtaining the first private Act to be passed by Parliament authorising the Company, with a capital of £10,000, to construct and operate a Street Tramway and dated the 8th June 1863, entitled "An Act for making a Tramway in the Parish of Portsea in the County of Southampton and for other purpose." Under this Act, the first route to be constructed was connecting up the South Western Railway Station and the South Parade Pier for the purpose of the transfer of traffic to and from the Isle of Wight. Horse traction was the medium adopted by the Company, and it is recorded that the trams could be likened to railway coaches and that to the trams was attached a trailer truck for the purpose of the transport of goods and passenger's luggage. This route was opened for service in 1865.

Under subsequent Acts and Orders, the Undertaking was developed by the original Company (later styled the Portsmouth Street Tramways Ltd.) generally in the southern half or built up area of Portsea Island, and extended in the several directions to a total of some 14 miles of route, mainly single track construction with loops. At the end of the year 1900 the Company owned and operated 58 tramcars with 249 horses, maintaining the necessary stables, offices and sundries.

By the Portsmouth Corporation Tramways Act of 1898, the Corporation was authorised under the Powers of Purchase conferred upon them by the Tramways Act of 1870, to proceed to acquire the Companies Undertaking and interests in the town. In consequence of negotiations by arbitration the Corporation took over the Company's Undertaking on and from the 1st of January, 1901, at an agreed cost to the Corporation of £205,964.

The Corporation at once commenced to electrify and modernise the Undertaking. The first electrified route was opened on the 24th of September of that year, and finally Horse Tramways were displaced over the whole of the routes established by the Company in April 1903. From that time to 1913, the Undertaking was developed as the built-up area of the town extended, to a total of some 19 routes miles of system.

In passing, it is interesting to note in respect of the labour employed by the Company,

and prior to the Undertaking being acquired by the Corporation, all new entrants into the service had to learn their duties in their own time; when qualified they were put on the Spare Hand Sheet, and called upon to report for duty each morning, but were paid only if required to work, and then only for work done. The hours of work in the '80's was from 8a.m. to 11p.m. with 40 minutes off for lunch, other meals being taken by the men whilst working. They were allowed one Sunday off duty each twelve months. A 'bus boy' or conductor commenced work at 12/- per week, rising to a top rate of 24/6d.; experienced horse drivers commenced at 1 guinea a week, rising to 27/6d. Conductors were called upon to provide their own uniform caps, and were responsible for the cleanliness of their own cars other than sweeping out and polishing the windows. They had to fill and clean all the lamps and polish the brass work, dust around the vehicle and clean the seat cushions. The drivers were responsible for getting out and harnessing their horses, and for oiling up the car's axle journal boxes. The fares charged on the horse drawn vehicles were one penny (minimum fare) rising by penny stages to fourpence and, it is believed provided only about half the value of present day stages.

Except that the frequency of the services was increased, there was little development of the Undertaking in respect of the extent of its operation between 1913 and 1919. At this time the total number of passenger carrying tramcars owned by the Department was 100.

As a supplement to the Tramway system, and under Powers obtained by the Corporations Act of 1920, the Undertaking then commenced to develop omnibus services on routes and to areas in the City not served by the Tramways. As improved and more comfortable omnibuses became available these facilities were extended.

In 1934, in consequence of the increasing density of general traffic in the City streets, and the fact that the Tramways were considered obsolete, the Corporation commenced a scheme of substitution of the Tramways by a system of trolley vehicles. It was suggested that the change over period should spread over ten years, but the first trolley route opened on the 4th August 1934, between the South

Parade Pier and Cosham via Fratton Road gave indication of such strong approval by the travelling public, that it was completed in about two years time. The last Tramway was withdrawn from the roads and the Tramways finally abandoned on the 10th November, 1936. The last tramcar to operate was driven out of service from the Guildhall to Eastney by the Lord Mayor of that day, Councillor F. J. Spickernell, J.P., and by the Chairman of the Portsmouth Passenger Transport Committee, Sir John Timpson, K.B.E., O.R.S., K.S.T., J.P.

During the war years, 1939-1945, the Department continued to give full service to the travelling public, and despite the considerable and recurring damage caused to depots and the overhead distribution network, all the routes were operated with the minimum of delay. This achievement was due entirely to the unflinching efforts of the employees in every section, whose devotion to duty and positive action to the demands of the situation and the management was worthy of the highest commendation.

As an indication of the growth of the Undertaking it is recorded that the total number of

employees in 1913 was 509, whilst in 1953 it was 1,017. The Undertaking's vehicles travelled 2,506,058 miles in 1913, while providing a transport service to 26,266,342 passengers. 1950 saw this total more than trebled when 85,603,848 members of the travelling public took advantage of the facilities.

The agreement effected between the Corporation and Southdown Motor Services Ltd. in 1946 for the co-ordination of services within the City and a considerable area beyond, has resulted not only in greater efficiency, but in a considerably improved service to the public.

Once more the spectre of congested road conditions looms, and it cannot be laid until the problem of parking and re-routing of traffic is forthrightly handled nationally. In spite of narrow roads, increasing general traffic, and hordes of bicycles, the operators of the Department's vehicles show amazing patience and fortitude. It is a grand tribute to the skill of the drivers that so many of them hold the Safe Driving Award.

(Much of the information used in this article was contributed by the Portsmouth Passenger Transport Department).

One for the Road

At about eight o'clock one evening, out through the wide gates of Osprey came a large black saloon car, driven by a certain P.O. T.A.S.I. It turned right, proceeded down the hill at a stately pace, down through Portland Square, and along Chesil Beach.

As he passed through Wyke Regis, he failed to see an equally large black police car parked back off the road. The two policemen inside it looked at each other in a certain way, and one said to the other "Look Harry, a P.O. driving a big car. We're bound to catch him for speeding or something if we follow him". And they fell in in the line of traffic behind the P.O.'s car.

However, the P.O. kept to a steady 30 m.p.h., through Weymouth, and even on the Dorchester road never 'Wound it up'. Soon they were in Dorchester, and coming to a set of traffic lights. "Watch him now", said the first policeman,

"He's bound to try to jump the lights". But no; he slowed down, gave the correct hand signals and stopped. "This bloke is the best driver I've ever seen" said the second policeman. "Let's pull him up and give credit where it's due".

So the driver of the police car pulled up in front of the P.O.'s car, and flagged him down. The P.O. came to a stop just behind them. Out got the two policemen and walked over to the P.O. "We just had to stop you" said the first policeman, "and comment on your good driving Sir. We've never seen such an example of absolute correctness".

The P.O. leered up through bloodshot eyes and said, "Well conshtable, I always shay ya gotta drive carful when y'are drunk".

Cine Photography

There are many fascinating hobbies to which much time and patience may be devoted. Due to research into the consumer market, better production methods, and cheaper manufacturing costs, a hobby that a few years ago was beyond the range of all but the most affluent of enthusiasts, is now within the reach of everyone. This series will deal with all aspects of an entertaining and inexpensive pastime.

Making movies is a simple and fascinating hobby. Having obtained your camera, and assembled the cast (your family) the field of movie making is wide, from baby's first steps to a full length record of your holiday.

The cost of a scene in colour is very little more than a still photograph in black and white, but how much more satisfying to see your pictures in natural colour and movement.

First your Camera.

There are several good makes on the market, and I advise the beginner to go in for a simple model rather than one of the 'Gadget' type.

I started with a simple, cheap Kodak Brownie. The results were very good and I was more than satisfied.

Film.

Having picked the camera of your choice the

next thing to think about is what type of film? There are two main makes, Kodak and Gevacolour. These are available in both black and white and colour, the price difference being respectively.

Cameras range from £16 to £200 so there is something to suit all pockets.

You can hire a projector for a few shillings until you can afford to buy your own, as I assure you, you will want to do once you have seen the results of your first film.

From these simple beginnings, I feel sure you will want to go on to wide angle and telephoto lenses, and all the accessories.

Most of these can be fitted to a standard camera and of course will enhance your pictures. The next column will deal with projectors and then on to some of the accessories. If you have any queries of any sort about photography, cine or still, write in and you will be assured of a quick and accurate answer. All articles mentioned in this column can be purchased from CROSS, Photographic Chemists, Guildhall Square, Portsmouth, who also offer Easy Payment Terms. Please mention the "SEAMASTER" when you purchase anything.

W.G.

MEMBERSHIP

Dear Reader,

The Committee and Members of the T.A.S.I.'s Association sincerely hope that you enjoy reading this issue of the Magazine. To produce this type of publication, the Association spend approximately £150 per year above the income from advertisements. This is rather a lot for a young organisation as we are, with postage added to the total it becomes a little more than we can reasonably afford.

It has been decided therefore to insert this slip so that you can take advantage of keeping up with events wherever a T.A.S.I. is borne. We will only be too pleased to keep you on our mailing list for the four copies each year should you decide to become an Hon. Member.

Please complete the form below and return it to the Association Office either by hand or post, we will do the rest.

I, Rank
wish to be enrolled as an Honorary Member of the T.A.S.I.'s Association (1955).
I enclose 6/- (six shillings) for one year's publication of the journal.

Full Postal Address

OUTING 1960

The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed! What a prelude to our day out! It was not, however, this meteorological cacaphony that provided the theme of the concert that followed.

The first movement consisted of Adante as the members prepared to take their place in the coach; the discovery that the thing had not arrived was adequately depicted by Allegro Fortissimo on the base strings of the cellar (sorry, cello). It seems that the coach player, under the direction of a traffic conductor, had to take a three bar (musical) rest. The remainder of the movement went with a swing, and with a refrain reminiscent of Capriccio Italien, the gates of Vernon were left behind for twenty-four glorious hours.

The first laugh of the day came when we arrived at Havant round-about to pick up two members. Indeed there were two people waiting, but they did not resemble anyone we expected. One had a luscious growth of upper lip camouflage, and the other sported a gorgeous bow tie and from his arm nonchalantly swung the hall-mark of the City Gent . . . a brolly.

After they had been recognised, and settled in their seats, the coach took off again. The miles unfurled beneath the wheels, and dormant pangs of forgotten breakfast made known to all that it was time to broach the cask. As happens on some occasions, breakfast extended into "Stand Easy" and by ten thirty the 'Jolly Sailor' at Farnham supplied the wherewithal to renew our energies.



Refreshed and replenished we resumed the journey, by now considerably brightened by the intermittent flashes of sun-light that darted from behind the scurrying clouds. E.T.A. for our next stop was 1200, and right on time we spied Norman Little on the quay side with a berthing party waiting to welcome us. As soon as the coach was secured fore and aft, we stepped ashore to the accompaniment of 'Up Spirits' during which ceremony we all toasted Norman and his wife.

The lunch bell rang out at 1245, and, gathering in the gregarious bands that had strayed to various odd corners, we filed into the dining room where a splendid meal awaited us. Amid much moaning the Secretary rose to his feet and addressed the company—"Gentlemen" he said, "I am not going to make a speech" (cheers) "but to avoid embarrassing our Chairman and ourselves during the day, we must all call him Gerald" In reply, Gerald craved indulgence of the other diners, and thanked Norman and his wife for the magnificent spread

they had laid on for us.

After such a repast it was with some lethargy that we boarded the coach to make our way to Farraday House, the home of the Telecommunications branch of the G.P.O. Here we were welcomed by a bevy of most attractive young ladies. Splitting into groups, each under the guidance of one of these, we were conducted about the vast building on a tour that proved to be far more interesting than even the most optimistic of us had anticipated.

The transmitter room and receiving room produced some startled glances as vague items of equipment were identified. The banks of relays, each with its accompanying circuit selector and transfer bank, sent many of our thoughts to the 170. The Trans-Atlantic Cable Terminal Section, the ship to shore radio-telephone link up, and the Continental Exchanges connections, all brought forth audible gasps. It is unlikely that there will be any future G.P.O. engineers from the ranks of those who made this trip.

A break for tea and biscuits, served to us by the most charming waitresses, provided a welcome respite. In the remaining time allowed us we went on to see the switchboards. Some members were overwhelmed at the sight of so many young and lovely girls whose object in life appeared to be that of soothing the impatience of numerous subscribers, each one of which considered he had top priority in the use of the telephone system. The City Gent caused a stir when he announced that he was unable to hear Birmingham clearly. With the ferrul end of his broly stuck in a telephone jack, and his ear to the handle it was a wonder he heard Birmingham at all! Later on he tried to overhear a conversation between a subscriber and an operator by the same means, only this time he stuck the broly in the operator's ear! ! It was with regret that we eventually gathered in the entrance hall to say 'Good-bye' to our hostesses. It was with equal regret that they declined our invitation that they should spend the evening at the Palladium with us. And so we said 'Farewell'.

Unknown to us a telephone call from H.M.S. President had assured a welcome aboard. So, navigating the treacherous currents of London traffic, we arrived alongside. One member, however, was reluctant to follow us over the brow, and quoted our unofficial motto 'The sea shall not have them'. Entertainment was on a right royal scale, and 'Old Ships' were exchanged in every direction.

It seems there had recently been an inspection and an entry in the daily orders caused a lot of amusement. Quote "This was more like a turn on a music-hall than an evolution. We must endeavour to do better next year". On looking out of the port, two more members made a hurried dash for the gangway. They thought the ship was under way. It wasn't but we were, since we had a date at the home of Bruce Forsythe The Palladium.

The tide of traffic had turned, and was now in full rush hour flood. This gave plenty of opportunity to view the fauna on the banks as we wended a slow progress through the flowing stream of cars, buses and trucks. Overheard was the poser, "What are 'Beatniks'?" Answer, 'Pants worn by women police on the beat'!

The programme at this Premier House or entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed by all of us. The comments which came from the two rows occupied by our party, caused as much amusement to the remainder of the audience, judging from the laughter, as did the show itself. One incident in particular, nearly raised the roof. David Kossof had just told Cliff

Richards "We have found out, my boy, that you are different". To which a chorus of voices from our row yelled "Delightfully so of course"! After the show, when making our way back to the coach, there were many imitations of Cliff Richard's hip wiggling necessitated by the need to dodge the crowds. Once aboard the lugger, however, and we were off once again to the 'King's Arms' where Norman Little had arranged a social evening that went with a real swing. Norman was among those who enjoyed the dancing, though his daughter, who was partnering him most of the time, probably had slightly different ideas; she must have been black and blue!

Some young ladies had been invited to share the evening, and it must have been because they were Irish that the following conversation created confusion. "Now look here, Portsmouth is an island", illustrated with beer on the table. "Oh! is it now? And what part of Ireland is it in then?" Another member was trying to persuade a colleen that there really were Leprechauns in Ireland, and he had last seen one when he was in Hong Kong. A Chinese Leprechaun of course!

Biff Mills, in his inimitable manner, entertained us all with his piano playing, and sang a few ditties. "Three old Ladies" among others, did much to keep the party spirit going. A Buffet of crab sandwiches, pickled onions and rolls did much to sustain our strength enough to continue dancing until it was time to leave.

At one o'clock we boarded the coach for the last time, and as we glided along through the cool night air, the choir, formed on the spur of the moment, rent the stillness with favourite old songs that must have wrung the heart of any late passer-by.

Subsequently, on the outskirts of Pompey, the same choir had to be revived to a point of consciousness sufficient to enable them to find their way home.

Ah well! We had a wonderful time, and thoroughly enjoyed every moment of the day. No doubt our wives were glad to have us back, though according to some later reports at least two of them very nearly didn't. One member couldn't find his key, and was resigned to making a night of it on the doorstep; and another, after serenading the neighbourhood with 'Softly softly turn the key' was nearly carted off to the police station for disturbing the peace.

It was a wonderful run; I wonder what the standard of instruction was like the next day? Are you coming next year? Hope to see you then, cheerio!

W.L.

Eleven Plus Anxiety

'The anxiety of parents over the 11 plus examination will be finally allayed only when every secondary school, no matter what its description, is able to provide a full secondary education for each of its pupils in accordance with his ability and aptitude'.

This anxiety mentioned in a recent White Paper, will probably remain with us for some time. It is natural that parents of children with average ability or less will want to do all in their power to help them over the 11 plus barrier. However, many pitfalls await those who rush in where educational specialists fear to tread, with any degree of confidence.

How many times have those self-important words been heard . . . "My son SHALL go to the Grammar School. I'm not having that Jones woman crowing over me". The pressure is on!

High Hurdle

Reports of Secondary Modern schools with better buildings as well equipped as any Grammar school are considered irrelevant. Existence of courses of preparation for G.C. of E., and the presence of the Bank Manager's son at Pridewell Sec. Mod. are viewed with suspicion; while ' those nasty articles in the news papers about the 'C' streams in the Grammar Schools are being filled with teddy boy types' are found incredible.

The 11 plus is seen, not as a process of selection for the benefit of the child, but as a high hurdle . . . to be jumped at any cost to themselves or the child. Misguided parents approach this problem with the same zeal and ruthlessness which they use to acquire symbols of their particular society status. Owning an 11 plus 'success' is probably worth 11 yards start in the race to keep up with the 'Joneses'.

Early Start

Parental anxiety can start when the child has zero years. Armed with the latest child-psychology book imagination can run riot. Minor worries concerning the shape of young Brian's head, and feeding bottles, are soon replaced by uneasy probings for signs of Brian's intelligence. Baby talk is discouraged. (Beware grand-parents here). Expensive educational toys are bought and traditional playthings banished. Even at this stage Brian's educational potential is being compared with those of other sensorial beasts. Their parents already agree that the number of places in Grammar Schools is grossly inadequate; that the standard of infant and primary school teaching is declining, and that the Government ought to do something about it.

Young Brian starts his first term in the infant school. How eagerly his parents await his first end-of-term report . . . and how disappointed they are with the non-committal remarks of the wise teacher! . . . "Brian is often a good boy" . . . (How often? they wonder) 'He always tries' . . . (What? they wonder) No proper terminal examination has been set and no position in the class men-

tioned. But then . . . Brian cannot write yet. 'Why not? . . . Is he retarded?' . . . More sleepless nights of worry.

In Spite of Dabbling

The temptation to dabble in Brian's education is too great to resist. More books are bought and arithmetic, letters and self-expression are given a trial, without success.

In spite of his parents efforts, Brian can read and write before he passes through the lofty portals of the Primary School. Mother hears that Intelligence Tests can be bought and scores improved by practice. Interference rears its ugly head again, and Brian spends many sunny afternoons indoors. His Intelligence Quotient and Mental Age are calculated and Mrs Jones insists that her child's I.Q. is two-hundred-and-six. Brian is faced with more tests (a different brand this time) and his parents with recalculations. Cumulative records are discovered. Brian is told he must work hard ALL the time, because everything counts toward the scholarship examination. Father decides to help his son with subtraction sums . . . 'Let's try 281 take away 46' requests father. 'Now, six from one won't go, so borrow ten. Six from eleven is five', instructs father.

'No!' cries Brian. 'Its six from ten is four and one is five!' 'Alright Brian. Now, four from seven is three'. 'No!' cries Brian again. 'Four and one is five, and five from eight is three'. 'Does it matter?' asks father, getting a little irritated. 'My sum is right too'. 'It can't be' retorts Brian, 'You did it wrong!'

The Fatal Day

Mother decides to visit the school, and sees 'free play'. She comes away convinced that the only hope for Brian is private coaching. Teaching methods are attacked and once more the Government gets the blame.

Under the guidance of five successive spare time teachers, Brian grapples with the total cost of seventeen Daimlers at £4,332-6-4½d each; and loses ¼ of his money at the races, ½ on the pools, and ½ at poker, and wonders what he started with.

He has yet to experience the bribing parent.

If he passes he will have a spanking new bicycle. The fatal day arrives, and Brian is less nervous than his parents.

'How did you get on?' asks Mother, hopefully. 'A smashing game of tig between sums and English', replies Brian.

Mother starts to prepare Brian's Interview

Ban the Tests

It is a well known fact that the Intelligence Papers set during a child's primary school years are given the greatest weight when deciding the most beneficial type of secondary education for the child.

What are the Intelligence Tests? What do they measure? Are they fair? Are they a just criterion for selection in secondary education?

Aim

The aim of an Intelligence Test is to attempt to measure a child's 'mental ability'. Individual tests (performance, manual or Binet-Simon tests) are not used for selection for secondary education owing to the time taken to administer. The group test, which can be given to a large number of children simultaneously, and does not need a trained psychologist to administer, is clearly more practicable.

Mental Qualities

The specific mental qualities considered testable are given below, with one example of a question from each class. It is stressed that other types of questions can be used.

Verbal Ability The candidate is asked to write the word at the right which is related to the *third* word, in the same way that the second word is related to the first. The number of the word is to be placed in the blank on the right.
1. Captain: 2. Ship: 3. Mayor: 4. Alderman:
5. City: 6. Minor: 7. County.

Verbal Fluency Different words are to be constructed by the candidates from the letters contained in ESTABLISHMENTARIANISM. *e.g.* Table, Art, Era, Siam.

Numerical Ability A very long simple addition of numbers is given to the candidate. He is asked to underline the correct answer from the following selection:—

2-34-45-56-64-76-53-54-68-76-65-98-87-56-57-23-34-45-97-87-54-64-43-39- equals

(a) 140: (b) 700: (c) 1400: (d) 1,400:
(e) 14,000.

Spatial Ability A typical question would contain several pictures of hands in varying spatial attitudes. The candidate must decide whether the right or left hand is depicted.

Perceptual Ability A particular number is repeated in a long column of other numbers. The candidate is required to 'perceive' the class of equal numbers and mark them accordingly.

Inductive reasoning Codes or 'secret writing' often representing letters are often used to

Technique, to be used when he is seen as a borderline candidate. She also thinks about the Late Entrance at thirteen. Brian passes. He is placed in the 'B' stream of the local Grammar School.

'He'll be taking his G.C. of E. 'O' Level soon, observes Mother. 'We must '.

test this ability. Completing series of numbers is also popular. *e.g.* 3, 4, 2, 5, 1, 6,
Memory Certain figures are given to the candidate. He is given a certain time to study them. He is then asked to select the exact reproductions from columns of very similar figures.

A time limitation is imposed for each of the above tests. A particular test can be biased to emphasise one or a group of abilities. The tests used in schools usually stress group one—Verbal Ability.

Scoring

Scoring The average score on the test for each age group of children is then calculated. Let us say that the average score of children aged eleven years six months may average out at 120. Then any child, whatever his chronological age, who scores 120 is said to have a mental age of eleven years six months. The following formula is then applied:—

Intelligence quotient = $\frac{\text{Mental age} \times 100}{\text{Chronological age}}$
e.g. Child A. is ten years six months. Child B. is fourteen years. Both score 120 on such a test.

Each, then, has a mental age of eleven years six months.

$$\text{I.Q. for child A.} = \frac{11\frac{1}{2} \times 100}{10\frac{1}{2}} = 109\frac{1}{2}$$

$$\text{I.Q. for child B.} = \frac{11\frac{1}{2} \times 100}{14} = 82.1$$

It is clear from the examples chosen that the questions are related to every day situations or actions. What kind of intelligence can they then measure? Psychologists disagree violently on this question. It is safe to say however that the fact of intelligence most able to be measured, is that which is measured by the intelligence test. This is not a facetious statement, but a starting point. In fact the only starting point in an enquiry concerning the worth of such a test.

Environment

The personal opinion of the psychologist is of primary importance. He may weigh a test in favour of any specific abilities mentioned. Further to this, in certain groups of questions biases become evident. In group 1 for example, the words 'mayor' and 'alderman' are included. The candidate must know the meaning of these specialist words, *i.e.*, he must use acquired knowledge before solving the question. Such knowledge may seem obvious to an adult, but it may not be obvious to a child of a poor family in a country district. The acquisition of such pre-requisite information will depend upon the child's environment and social stratification. Composers of recent tests have tried to avoid this social bias but it has proved difficult to do this and retain a gradation of difficulty in questions.

Hereditary Intelligence

Non verbal tests are not free from this objection. The mastery of shapes and figures varies with differences in a child's education and general environment. Educational attainment is clearly being confused with 'intelligence'. Thus an advantage belongs to the child with better environment, teachers and economic circumstances. The tests are clearly both unfair and non-objective. It is natural that a child who does not have these advantages will score worse than the child who has them. Thus statistical surveys reveal a correlation between the I.Q.'s of parents and children. This is put forward as evidence of the 'hereditary nature of intelligence'. The argument is ludicrous. In fact recent tests, biased in a similar way to give the children who live in poor environments an advantage, reverses the I.Q. placings! It is obvious that the tests can be constructed to give any particular group of children an advantage.

Unreliable yardstick

The I.Q. is used as a criterion for future mental ability. Is this fair? It has been shown that the I.Q.'s calculated from tests vary from year to year. If the variations were predictable, steps could be made to correct the scores, but the variations have proved uneven. Test scores are also found to vary when the child attempts the test at later dates. Some score more, some less, and if given different 'equivalent' tests the scores differ in an equally disturbing fashion. The test is thus truly relevant only at the precise moment of the test. As a yardstick to future ability they are unreliable. As places in the grammar schools can be decided by the decimal place of a score, erroneous selections cannot be avoided.

Coaching

Another startling fact is the ability of coaching to improve the test score. Children can be taught to do intelligence tests just as they are taught to do arithmetic, play chess and solve cross-word puzzles. Technique is important. Teachers and parents are aware of this, but the extent to which this coaching affects the score is not clear. Extra advantages could be gained by children whose teachers or parents coach effectively. Within this frame work lies a further factor of unfairness. Some children will find the coaching dull, as the questions in the test bear little relation to real life situations. This is because of the laudible attempts of the composer to avoid giving advantages to children to whom the particular life situations are familiar. Intelligent children whose bent is to the practical world have an instant disadvantage. Final proof of the inadequacy of the tests comes from an experiment recently performed in a town on the South Coast. Two classes were run for the G.C. of E. at two secondary modern schools. The results were as good as an average grammar school. The authorities have side-tracked this problem by offering G.C. of E. courses in the secondary modern schools. To set up two different type of schools and then to give them the same type of education is illogical.

Abandonment

From the above argument it is necessary to conclude that the tests are a poor method for selection for secondary education. What then is to replace or reinforce them? Further tests in English and Arithmetic will probably be open to similar objections. Complete abandonment in favour of headmaster's recommendations, cumulative records etc. are open to obvious criticisms. Abandonment seems the only answer.

Different Systems

The Comprehensive School System and Leicestershire schemes do not contain the test procedure, and are worth considering. Their value has not been finally assessed and difficulties have been encountered. Overseas there are different systems. Eastern European education approaches the problem quite differently. The examinations are taken every year and all the children of a particular age are expected to pass them. They signify an achievement of an educational stage. The object of the teacher is to see that his pupils are capable of success. This does not mean that some children are held back. The more able

are given the opportunity for advanced work. The schools of England are not orientated to this concept of minimum standard. In fact it is usually stated that it is a waste of time to include in examinations, questions which everyone can answer. These opposing concepts of the role of examinations reflect opposed political views of teaching and education. Our

schools are organised on a competitive individual basis, not on advancing children at a relatively equal rate.

In our society the problem remains. Can a fair system be developed, or will the impasse remain ?.

B.W.

BACKFIRE

At Chicago, Illinois, a man drove his small foreign made auto into a gas station and told the attendant to "fill 'er up". The attendant unscrewed a cap at the rear of the car and began pumping in gasoline. Suddenly the driver leaped from the auto, shouting a warning. But it was too late. An explosion followed and the auto caught fire. The attendant had directed the gasoline where he thought the tank ought to be, but, instead, he spilled it over the hot engine in the rear of the car.

BOVINE RESILIENCE

In France a motorist collided with a cow on a country road. A few seconds later the motorist looked back and in the back seat was the cow. Thrown into the air, the cow had crashed through the canvas top. The top had to be sawed off to get the cow out. Betsy was uninjured.

Solution to Crossword

Across

1. Punch: 2. Punch: 3. Punch: 4. Punch 5. Punch.

Down

1. Pea: 2. Ewe: 3. 'ens: 4. Seas: 5. Aitches.

INCOME & EXPENDITURE FOR THE PERIOD
1st January, 1960 to 30th June, 1960

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To expenses of Annual Outing	39	3	0	By Subscriptions	76	7
Printing and Stationery	113	5	6	Less Proportion of annual		0
Postage	6	9	10	subscription relating		
Telephone		19	0	to 1st July—31st Decem-		
Travelling Expenses	1	8	10	ber, 1960	32	18
Treasurer's Remuneration	18	0	0	Proceeds from Auxiliary Fund		6
Audit Fee	6	6	0	Raising		
Balance being Excess of Income				Advertising in Journal	301	18
over Expenditure for the				Commission	22	15
half year.	195	6	4	Dividends Received	4	18
	380	18	6	Donation	7	15
					3	9
					380	18
					6	6

Sick Fund for the Period 1st January, 1960 to 30th June, 1960

To Gift	1	10	0	By Balance brought forward 1/1/60	4	7	0
Balance carried forward 30/6/60	2	17	0		4	7	0
	4	7	0				

Balance Sheet, 30th June, 1960

Sundry Creditors	47	11	0	Typewriter as last Account	1	0	0
Proportion of Annual Subscriptions	32	18	6	Investments at Cost			
Sick Fund	2	17	0	£116 Imperial Chemical Indus-	207	14	6
General Fund				tries, Ltd. Ordinary Stock	200	0	0
Balance at 1st January, 1960	680	11	5	£200 5% Defence Bonds			
Add Excess of Income over				Sundry Debtors			
Expenditure for the period to	195	6	4	Cash at Bank	450	2	1
date.				in Hand:	91	7	6
				General Fund	2	17	0
				Sick Fund			
				Postages Account	17	10	5
					545	4	5
					959	4	3

We have examined the foregoing account with the books, vouchers and Bank Account and certify same to be in accordance therewith
Ward & Co.,
11 Landport Terrace,
Portsmouth.

Who We Are and What We're Doing

Have you ever wondered who are the other members of the Association? Ever wanted to know what they are doing? At long last we are able to publish this information, which is correct and in date up to the end of September.

Full Members

C.P.O. L. Avery	Osprey	P.O. L. Formoy	Yarmouth
P.O. A. Allan	Vernon	P.O. R. Feasey	Afrikander
C.P.O. G. Abery	Vernon	P.O. J. Flack	Undaunted
P.O. J. Ashton	Duncan	P.O. J. Ford	St. Vincent
C.P.O. W. Anderson	St. Vincent	P.O. J. Fairries	Vernon
P.O. J. Adams	Dundas	P.O. C. Fitzgerald	R.A.N.
P.O. W. Andrews	Leopard	P.O. E. Gauntlett	Vernon
P.O. B. Ainsley	Vernon	C.P.O. E. Gray	Vernon
C.P.O. C. Bennett	R.N.V.R. Solent	P.O. W. Gladwish	Vernon
P.O. J. Beeching	Vernon	P.O. J. Gladden	Jutland
C.P.O. J. Baxendale	Sea Eagle	C.P.O. R. Gray	Vernon
C.P.O. T. Banks	Vernon	P.O. M. Griffiths	Osprey
P.O. A. Blackhurst	Carysfort	P.O. S. Grogan	Vernon
C.P.O. H. Blizzard	Osprey	C.P.O. S. Goldsmith	Vernon
C.P.O. G. Bailey	Vernon	L/Sea. J. Graham	Vernon
P.O. S. Bryan	Osprey	P.O. J. Hagues	Urchin
P.O. A. Bush	Wizard	C.P.O. W. Hogden	Neptune
P.O. M. Butler	Osprey	P.O. B. Heaver	Vernon
P.O. Balster	Tyne	P.O. A. Hovenden	Tenby
P.O. K. Binley	Vernon	P.O. J. Hobert	St. Vincent
P.O. A. Brown	Vernon	C.P.O. M. Harrison	Adamant
P.O. S. Cooper	Vernon	C.P.O. C. Hayman	Vernon
P.O. R. Curtis	Vernon	P.O. L. Hardy	Centaur
P.O. V. Connor	Loch Killisport	P.O. C. Houghton	Rothsay
P.O. H. Coles	Ulster	P.O. C. Inglis	Pellew
P.O. P. Cheesman	Neptune	C.P.O. R. James	Vernon
C.P.O. E. Curtis	Phoenicia	P.O. E. Kinchin	Battleaxe
C.P.O. W. Clark	Vernon	C.P.O. H. Keeler	Albion
P.O. R. Clarke	Ganges	P.O. A. Lee	Cavendish
P.O. D. Carter	Broadsword	C.P.O. J. Langford	London R.N.V.R.
P.O. H. Carter	Russell	P.O. G. Lightburn	Attack Teacher
C.P.O. A. Curtis	Adamant		Rothsay
P.O. J. Clemson	Vernon	C.P.O. E. Lewis	Sheffield
P.O. A. Cooke	Vernon	P.O. P. Lambert	Undine
P.O. M. Caddell	Lion	P.O. W. Lissamer	Vernon
C.P.O. E. Dennett	Vernon	P.O. A. Mitchell	Vernon
P.O. R. Dent	Cardigan Bay	P.O. E. Maltman	Loch Insh
P.O. R. Duplock	Mounts Bay	C.P.O. A. Mitchell	Belfast R.N.V.R.
P.O. N. Douglas		P.O. E. Martin	Vernon
C.P.O. W. Daniels	Haslar Sick	P.O. J. Mason	Vernon
P.O. D. Dyke	Chailey	C.P.O. W. Miles	Adamant
P.O. F. Elgie	Hermes	P.O. H. Minchin	Vernon
C.P.O. J. Evemy	Caprice	P.O. J. McNalby	Dolphin
P.O. G. Eddowes	Vernon II	P.O. J. Macleod	Tiger
C.P.O. C. Elsey	Centaur	C.P.O. J. Martin	R.N.Z.N.
C.P.O. C. Firbank	Vernon	C.P.O. J. McCall	Tyne
C.P.O. H. Finch	Sheffield	P.O. D. Malthouse	Daring
C.P.O. P. Fair	London R.N.V.R.	P.O. T. Marchant	Victorious

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Full Members (continued)

P.O. A. Murkin	Vernon	P.O. K. Roberts	Vernon
P.O. J. Moorcraft	Zest	P.O. L. Somerfield	Vernon
P.O. S. MsCombe	Malcolm	C.P.O. H. Sellan	Ganges
P.O. J. Mullane	Troubridge	C.P.O. F. Stone	Forth
P.O. G. Murray	Bulwark	P.O. J. Seamons	Apollo
P.O. D. Manders	Londonderry	C.P.O. G. Smart	Orion
C.P.O. A. Moore	Culdrose	C.P.O. W. Squires	Delight
C.P.O. G. Munroe	Dolphin	P.O. D. Smith	Vernon
P.O. W. Neal	Rhyl	P.O. T. Stewart	Re-Fleet,
P.O. J. Ninnim	Vernon		Hartlepoons
C.P.O. R. Norley	Jewel	P.O. D. Stubbings	Sea Eagle
P.O. R. Plumridge	Vernon	P.O. J. Smy	Vernon
C.P.O. R. Paton	Vernon	C.P.O. M. Thomson	Vernon
C.P.O. W. Parkin	Solebay	P.O. T. Templeton	Cochrane
C.P.O. F. Pink	Vernon	P.O. F. Taylor	Vernon
P.O. S. Preston	St. Vincent	P.O. R. Taylor	Cassandra
C.P.O. A. Parry	R.N.V.R. Mersey	P.O. J. Turner	Belfast
W.O.2. Parsons,	S.A.N.	C.P.O. K. Treneman	Trafalgar
P.O. I. Phillips	Vernon	P.O. N. Thompson	Blackwood
P.O. P. Perkiss	Vernon	P.O. V. Tweedie	Clyde R.N.V.R.
P.O. D. Pearce	Vernon	P.O. J. Townsend	Vernon
P.O. T. Plumb	Vernon	P.O. J. Valentine	Vernon
P.O. A. Quarer-		C.P.O. L. Vass	Ark Royal
maine	Vernon	C.P.O. R. Williams	Phoenicia
P.O. F. Riley	Vernon	P.O. L. Wood	Hardy
C.P.O. J. Riley	Vernon	C.P.O. J. Wilson	R.M.N. Singapore
P.O. L. Rishman	Terror	P.O. R. Wilson	Vernon
C.P.O. D. Rowe	Vernon	C.P.O. E. West	R.N.Z.N.
P.O. D. Robbins	Dolphin	P.O. J. Watters	Rooke
P.O. T. Robinson	Scarborough	C.P.O. P. Wheeler	Chaser
C.P.O. J. Roche	Raleigh	P.O. N. West	Vernon
P.O. C. Roche	Ganges	P.O. C. Willis	Vernon
P.O. W. Russett	Llandaff	P.O. A. Watts	Vernon
C.P.O. R. Ruffell	Roebuck	P.O. D. Yeandle	Adamant
P.O. E. Roe	Ganges	C.P.O. Yorks	R.A.N.

Honorary Members

Lt. G. Adlam (rtd.)		Mr. L. Belcher	
Lt.-Cdr. N. Bearne	Vernon	Mr. D. Bone	
Lt.-Cdr. C. Baker	Vernon II	Mr. F. Bonds	
Lt. J. Blackstock	Ulster	Mr. E. Banks	
Lt. R. Boon, D.S.M.	Torquay	Mr. W. Coop	
Mr. G. Baxter		Mr. J. Caygill	
Lt. A. Berner, D.S.C.	Vernon	Mr. C. Chalcroft	
R. A. G. Balfour,		Mr. G. Cotton	
D.S.C.	Admiralty	Lt. C. Clarke, D.S.M.	
Capt. E. Blundell,		Mr. Coulridge	
O.B.E.		Lt.-Cdr. Craven	
Lt. T. Bevan	Londonderry	Lt.-Cdr. Chalmers	Vernon
Mr. J. Bradley			

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Honorary Members (continued)

S/Lt. Caudrey		S/Lt. S. Masterton	R.A.N.
Lt.-Cdr. Coxwell,		S/Lt. T. Morrow	R.N.Z.N.
(rtd.)		Lt. W. Millman	Centaur
Mr. W. Dibbins		Mr. G. Neads	
Mr. J. Davies		Mr. A. Oliver	
Mr. A. Fraser		Mr. W. Peacock	
Cdr. C. Fothergill	Carysfort	Capt. R. Penne-	
Mr. R. Garty		feather,	
S/Lt. A. Goddard		(rtd.)	
Mr. A. Gardiner		S/Lt. H. Pennell	Grenville
Lt. R. Gaskin	Osprey	Lt. Parry	Vernon
Cdr. Pen-Griffiths	Vernon	Cdr. R. Parkinson,	
Lt. Gerrish	Vernon	D.S.C.	Admiralty, Bath
Mr. F. Harrop		Lt. R. Perry	Albion
Mr. N. Hohme		Mr. C. Rowlands	
Mr. A. Haines		Mr. A. Raynard	
Mr. A. Hagreen		Lt.-Cdr. Richardson	Venus
Mr. G. Hawkins		Lt.-Cdr.	R.N. Tact. Section
Mr. J. Haddow		L. Reynolds	Greenwich
Lt. G. Hunt	Vernon	Lt. R. Robinson	Vernon
Mr. W. Jackson		Mr. R. Spencer	
Lt. J. Jago (rtd.)		Cdr. D. Scott, D.S.C.	Surprise
Lt.-Cdr. A. Jacks	Exmouth	Lt. N. Stone	Ausonia
Mr. A. Lloyd		S/Lt. R. Simmonds	Daring
Mr. N. Little		Lt.-Cdr.	
Mr. A. Leech		St. Aubyn-Seyer	
Mr. P. Libley		S/Lt. H. Streeter	Solebay
Mr. C. Laver		S/Lt. I. Stronach	R.N.Z.N.
Mr. S. Lawsley		Mr. E. Tripp	
Lt.-Cdr. N. Lawton	Osprey	Lt. Townend	R.N.Z.N., Malcolm
Lt. L. Locker (rtd.)		Mr. F. Wild	
Mr. N. McCann		Mr. F. Waterfield	
Mr. J. Mott		S/Lt. C. Walk	
Mr. D. Mann		Lt.-Cdr. O. Watts	Saintes
Mr. F. Martin		S/Lt. L. Wimhurst	
Lt. E. Mosley	Hermes	(rtd.)	
Lt.-Cdr. G. Morrish	Scarborough	Mr. R. Munday	

We apologise for any mistakes and omissions, but so far as our records show these lists are correct at the time of printing.

Nominations for Chairman, Treasurer, Editor, and Committeemen to the Secretary by January 14th.

Thank You

(an open letter to all classes)

Dear Pupils,

Thank you for your prompt attendance, and your smart appearance in class. Thank you for your attention and your co-operation in the job of training the future A/S teams.

Without you our task would have been point-less; without your help it would have been hopeless. Thank you too for the way in which you have taken to heart the small pieces of advice we have been able to impart regarding the way of life in the Service.

Thank you for bearing with us in moments of stress, and the response to the little joke we made from time to time. Thank you for your calm acceptance of the inconveniences, - change of classroom, breakdown of equipment, and other interruptions that were inevitable and unavoidable.

Thank you for the interest you showed in the more tiresome subjects, and the enthusiasm you made evident in those that more readily appealed to you. For the smart turn out at Divisions and the Colour Guard for which you were recommended. Thank you for giving little cause to waste time when you re-awakened after a long-week-end, and appeared at the Commander's table to answer for your trans-gressions. Thank you for the hard work you did which resulted in you passing the course and the job you are doing now.

Above all, a big thank you for becoming one step nearer to being, as you will be, one of our reliefs !.

Your Instructors

N.A.A.F.I Men Don Khaki

For the first time since the summer of 1958 (the Jordan incident), N.A.A.F.I. volunteers have donned the uniform of the R.A.S.C./E.F.I. (Expeditionary Force Institutes). Major Raymond Boulton (who, during the last war, rose to the rank of Captain in N.A.A.F.I's own regiment") flies out to Kenya tomorrow (August 5th) to organise N.A.A.F.I. supplies for the men of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment who are reinforcing the strategic reserve in East Africa.

A canteen for the Battalion was opened by N.A.A.F.I. at Nakuru on Friday, July 29th. Initially Major Boulton will have three other ranks (volunteers from N.A.A.F.I. staff already in Kenya) to help him.

Meanwhile N.A.A.F.I. is creating its own "Strategic reserve". Although there is in existence an E.F.I. Reserve, its members can be called up only in the case of national emergency. The intention now is to form a "fire brigade" of volunteers ready to serve in any

'Vanguard' Puts her Foot Down

The "Vanguard" put up a strong resistance on Thursday, 4th August. She was being towed to the Breakers yard and had reached the mouth of Pompey Harbour when the thoughts of leaving so comfortable a berth caused her to balk at the last jump, as it were.

The day was calm, no wind and an unruffled surface to the water in the harbour, when the tugs eased her off the moorings buoys at Portchester Lake. Slowly she responded to their nudging and turned her bows seaward. As she moved quietly down to Fort Blockhouse, ships in the dockyard, many of which were dressed for The Queen Mother's Birthday, gave her a resounding send off.

Gradually she neared Wylie Point, seeming to edge to Port as she did so, and gently but firmly stuck her fore-foot deep into the shingle bank. Immediately her anchor was let go to prevent her moving further, while the tugs kept her stern off in deeper water. Because of the set of the tide it was not possible for the harbour tugs to move her off the bank, and so the assistance of the ocean tugs was called.

Eventually, after a "Stand Easy" outside the "Still and West" she was persuaded to resume her journey. No doubt thinking discretion to be the better part of valour, she submitted gracefully, and for the last time passed down the fairway and rounded Outer Spit.

local overseas emergency.

A small number of female volunteers has also been called for from N.A.A.F.I's staff in this country. They will serve only with static units in Kenya.

Forty-year old Raymond Boulton joined N.A.A.F.I. in 1935, working in the Home Accounts Branch, and became an inspector just before war was declared.

With the E.F.I. in 1939 he was posted to France, before a "round tour" of the Middle East, during which he was stationed in North Africa, Cyprus, the Dodecanese, the Lebanon, and Syria.

In 1945, as a Captain he was posted to Germany where he became Works Stores Officer, Works Procurement Officer, and later Area Purchasing Officer. Since the war he has served as a District Manager in Nigeria, Germany, the Caribbean and many parts of Britain.

Married, with a daughter and two sons, Major Boulton lives at 14 Ash Grove, West Wickham, Kent.

The Frog Strikes Again

It had been going on for quite some time. You went to the Mess to wet the tea and the tea kettle would be missing and in its place a little note saying "The Frog Strikes Again". This was all good fun as invariably the kettle turned up again later in the day.

This went on for several months and we had all got used to it, when the final episode occurred.

The Captain cleared Lower Deck, and this is what he said, "I like a skylark as well as the next man, but, when I come off shore in the early hours of the morning, I do not expect to find in my cabin, a bare bunk, and this, a little note, saying, "The Frog Strikes Again".

A Plant

Mother in law had become plant conscious and they were strewn about all over the house, even in the bedrooms.

One morning I awoke and the wife asked if I had got out of bed during the night, to which I replied "No".

Two days later, Mother in law said, "Come

and have a look at this poor plant, it is dying".
I HAVEN'T BEEN HOME SINCE ? ? ? ?

Flying High

A demolition job came up during the Korean war. A large mine had been found lying on a sandbank which was under water at high tide, so it had to be got rid of.

The snag was, I, as senior T.A.S. rating on board was only a U.C.2. and knew nothing about demolitions, but nevertheless, was given the job of getting rid of the thing.

We took the motor boat, and after due deliberation, thought that a depth charge would be big enough for the job. We dug a hole and placed the depth charge in covering it well, and ran the electric cable out to the motor boat. Stokes had been briefed to go full ahead on the given signal, and everything was ready.

When the 'Go ahead' was given, the exploder was fired, and we, in the motor boat, found that we had grown wings and were flying. We flew through the air for about forty feet before coming down into the water again. Needless to say, I have since found out that five pounds of explosive would have been ample.

ANNUAL REUNION DINNER AND BALL

The Fourth Annual Dinner and Ball of the Torpedo anti-Submarine Instructor's Association (1955) will be held at Kimbells Ballroom, Southsea, on the evening of Monday, 14th November, 1960. Guests are requested to arrive by 7 p.m. for dinner at 7.30 p.m. The dress will be Uniform for Serving Members and Honorary Members and Formal for other Guests.

Applications for tickets should be made to the Hon. Secretary, T. A. S. I's Association (1955), H.M.S. Vernon, Portsmouth as soon as possible.

COST OF TICKETS

Members and Honorary Members : £1 Single, £2 Double.

Retired T.A.S.I's, S.D.I's and T.G.M's who are NOT members may apply for tickets, cost : £1 5s. Single and £2 10s. Double.

Serving or Retired Officers qualified in T.A.S., A/S or Torpedo may apply for tickets, cost : £1 5s. Single and £2 10s. Double.

As on previous occasions, the T.A.S.I's will be dining Senior Officers of the T.A.S. Branch including the Patrons of the Association and their Ladies. It is the Members' opportunity to dine his own lady and it is to be hoped that the function will be given the support by members which the previous functions enjoyed.

Transport home will be available on completion of the Ball at 0100. This is a great occasion of the Association year and we hope to see all possible members attending and trust that ex-Service Instructors, whether Members or not will come along to this function, which will be, as always, a glittering occasion, and an opportunity to renew old friendships.

Any member wishing to bring guests in addition to his personal guest should apply to the Honorary Secretary who will bring application before the Committee. Any member who wishes to bring guests to the Ball only, please apply to Hon. Secretary for tickets. We request that members inform their guests of the formal dress ruling.

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Bikinis

A more healthful and pleasant pastime than sunbathing has yet to be devised. Whether it be from the point of view of the participant, or the observer, there's no doubt about it, the number of people who enjoy it is on the increase. The subject was raised by the Beach Committee of a Nationally famous sea-side resort recently, and some of the comments made at that meeting found their way into the daily papers.

What Is It?

What is a Bikini? you ask. Are you kidding? Don't pretend you've never heard of it. No its not just an island in the Indian Ocean. You must have seen at least one picture of a pretty girl wearing two handkerchiefs, apart from that of being a nose comforter. Brother! have you got a lot to learn!

Why then, do the young (and not so young) girls take their modesty in their hand (kerchief) and expose their torso to the public eye, when they'd scream blue murder if discovered in the privacy of their home in the briefest of under-wear?

Models

Some girls spend a large proportion of their working life in various stages of undress, and as models and show girls they are resigned to earning the daily crust in this way. But the beaches this summer (and particularly South-sea) are likely to provide a multitude of variations on a theme ranging from totally unsuitable to the absolutely provocative.

Accepting the fact that a sun-tan is fashionable, and the Bikini provides the means whereby the greatest skin area possible is exposed to the health-giving rays; how can one be sure that the eye of the general public is not offended by the sight of sagging stomachs and bulging buttocks. In short, allows the pleasure experienced by the wearer to be shared by the onlooker. After all, although "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder", one needs to be a quantity surveyer at times.

Figures Justify

By all means let there be freedom of choice, subject to guidance. But how can one, without hurting the ego of our feminine population, separate the vital from the overall statistics?

What do the eligible members of the fair sex have to say about this?

"Providing that the figure can justify lack of support and camouflage, then the individual should wear a bikini if she feels she must". If however, "as a result of her decision to wear it, she gets herself talked about, or attracts unwelcomed and unpleasant company, then she has only herself to blame".

Boy Friends Opine

It is a fact though, that many girls are influenced by the opinions of their latest boy friends. One such defender of feminine honour remarked when asked, "If my Muriel wore one of them there things, I'd take it off her quicker'n that!" which goes to show, doesn't it? So it seems if 'Harry' doesn't like the idea, then the lassie defers to his judgement. This appears to be a little hard on the girl though, when 'Harry' spends most of the afternoon gazing at girls whose choice of beach-wear is not dependant on their boy friend's opinion. Seems the only thing she can do is to change both her boy friend and her beach-wear!

Confusion

Generally the wearing of these garments is confined to the beach. There are occasions though, when some are seen straying into the nearby shopping centres. Now, whilst this provides a pleasant change from the run of the mill shop window displays, one is likely to confuse the sight of some such parading figures with the fleeting thought of newly hung sides of beef escaping from the adjacent butcher's shop.

Add to that the terrible temptation those securing bows provide to the mischievous youngster, and you have a good argument in favour of 'Beach-wear for the Beach'.

Ted 'G'

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The Bootlace

The Commanding Officer, H.M.S. Vosprey,

Sir, I have the honour to submit that I may have, should you see fit, Gratuitous issue of one lace to keep my starboard boot in place.

Yesterday, the 1st of June, preparing for my lunch at noon, I parted one in thirteen places although my boots had Service laces.

Report of loss is made by me, I have the honour, Sir, to be

(Sgd.) R. Dover, Lt., R.N.

The Vice Admiral,

Commanding Stone Frigate Squadron,

Submitted for consideration, This officer going to his station for lunch in ship, had hardly started, before the lace in question parted.

As I consider, there's no blame of wilfully destroying same, Submit the other lace is matched, (A Pink Defect Chit is attached).

(Sgd.) Vere-a-Shackle, Captain, R.N.

The Commanding Officer, H.M.S. Vosprey

Attention is directed to Article 6, paras. 1 and 2

Of Home Fleet Order Book which states Demands should be in triplicate.

As to the lace, describe the fracture, Give date and place of manufacture, with details as to length and size.

How many kinds of knots it ties, Its colour, whether black or blue, Its pattern number, price when new.

And also, to the nearest penny, Its market value now, - - if any.

Longsplice,
Vice Admiral

The Vice Admiral,

Commanding Stone Frigate Squadron,

Submitted in compliance with Your minute III, demands herewith Prints of fracture are enclosed

The lace itself it is proposed to keep until the Dockyard sends to take on charge its broken ends.

The details as required by you Have also been attended to.

(Sgd.) Vere-a-Shackle,
Captain, R.N.

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The Secretary of the Admiralty,

Be pleased to place before the Board Full details of this untoward Disaster to a Service lace.

Request permission to replace The same with patt. (3)a (large) And make the issue free of charge,

Observing that the deed was done By accident and not in fun.

(Sgd.) Longsplice,
Vice Admiral

The Vice Admiral,

Commanding Stone Frigate Squadron,

My Lords regret the recent loss of Service laces, one in Nos., And they are pleased to give approval For its immediate removal.

The fractured pieces should be sent, With full report of accident, To Chatham Dockyard where they may Be subject to a strict survey.

When they have duly been removed, Gratuitous issue is approved Of laces, Black, patt. (3)a (large) One in number, free of charge.

Vosprey's Quarterly account of clothes should show the full amount. As 'Special Issue' they should head it, With voucher to support the credit.

Two sketches are enclosed; they show The most effective kind of bow Adapted to the Service lace To keep the boot or shoe in place.

When seen by officers concerned, They should be noted and returned.

(Sgd.) C. Apstan
(for Secretary)

* * * *

You Need Hands

A popular artist has made known universally a fetching melody entitled 'Hands'. The lyrics explain several of the reasons why hands are needed. It is worth a thought that a parody of the words might well be adopted as a theme for that bee-hive of administration known as the Commander's Office. The various requirements for hands there, however far exceed those enumerated in the song.

In a relatively small but highly populated establishment such as Vernon, with the emphasis on the school aspect of the commitments, most people are naturally concerned with their own problems. When the need arises for a working party, the immediate solution would appear to be the lifting of a phone and asking the Office for Hands. It is often with disappointment and surprise that the applicant receives the regretful reply that there are none!

Now, it should be made quite clear that Hands in these times are a priceless and invaluable commodity, which are not however, reserved for the special customer. Neither is there a supply tucked away 'under the counter', to be furtively issued as a grace and favour. With genuine disbelief and amazement some disappointed customers proclaim that they have seen positively hundreds of Hands about the school! and all they ask for is six (or more).

It may assist therefore if we try to analyse the situation concerning the supply and demand of Hands; not that it would result in a decrease in demand, but rather explain a negative supply.

It is well known that to keep one warrior ready for battle, requires the services of a small army in the background. This is also true when applied to an Establishment such as Vernon. The student who enters here for a course starts a cycle of requirement that is akin to the ripples in a pond.

It all starts with the nomination for course. Thereafter follows—Accommodation, cleaning, feeding and cooks, welfare and records, instructional facilities and instructors, (with similar overheads for all the people involved), security of the establishment, and maintenance too! A little thought by the reader will result in a host of other obvious requirements that follow as a chain reaction. To sum it up, "It all needs Hands"—and many of them.

It must be appreciated that aboard a ship the problem is never quite the same. There we see a ship's company of certain categories, all with a certain function, that combined, will make a Warship work. The ship's company will, in general, be together learning and knowing

their individual part, until they are welded into an efficient team.

This cannot be the case for an establishment school. A ship's company on the above lines would involve a considerable number of hands. As it is, the requirement is there just the same, and has to be met by the following means.

A minute number are drafted as ship's company, and these men are employed on duties where frequent changes would be most unsatisfactory. One can imagine the result of a new 'Tanky' every week, or a keeper of blankets with a repeated muster on every change-over. The ship's company (for argument's sake let us say ten) are supported by a number of hands known as supernumeraries, (a misnomer if ever there was one) "in excess of normal number"!

This combination of hands is required for duties to ensure, as far as possible, the efficient and smooth running of the basic organisation; but they alone are insufficient in view of the other widespread commitments remaining.

The alternative supply must be tapped from those fortunate students who have finished their course, and from those waiting to begin. The former are soon drafted, and the latter rarely have to wait long before they are classed up. It will be seen, therefore, that the hands are not only few, but are subject to rapid turnover. Thus it is a case of "Bloggs" today and "Blimp" tomorrow; and often "Blimp" doesn't know his way round the establishment - which further adds to delay and dismay.

The shortage of hands is not confined to any one establishment, and therefore from time to time there are commitments for hands to be sent to other places. In addition, there occurs a need for an Escort for a 'cot-case', for an offender; a Guard or umpteen other reasons, all to be met 'somehow'.

Hence one can never be sure of the Sweeper, the Messenger, the Messman, or whatever the duty may be,--they may be required to fill the gap.

It may well be thought that the foregoing is possibly true by day, but what about after working hours? Surely there are enough for six or more watches?

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This is not so! As an example let us take a hypothetical case of the pay ledgers showing 1500 men in the establishment. As far as working hands go, subtract from the above number all Chief Petty Officers and Petty Officers, the Special Dutymen and Watchkeepers. Then, the hands who are on the ledger but employed away from Vernon; the loaned drafts, known as 'Lent'; the specialised personnel such as Divers, Cooks and Stewards, who have their own duty rosters and commitments. The Halt, Lame and Sick, and other departments.

There are still more "non-can-doists". The man on compassionate leave, the special excused list, and of course, ever with us, the one who didn't know he was duty anyway!

There remains a very small proportion of the

* * *

Howlers

Q. What is the main advantage of the 170B over type 164?

A. The R/R and B/R move along when the slope is put on.

Q. Where is the Mk. 6 transmitter?

A. It is placed in front of the first operator for use in SST morse transmissions.

Q. What is the meaning of a Green Grenade?

A. I have fixed a torpedo on you!

Q. How is sound produced from a transducer?

A. When an alternating CURRANT is passed through a sheet of QUARTS.

Q. 147F brief description.

A. It is in the shape of a sword, so it can be set on the bomb before firing. It is placed in the A.C.R.

* * *

Poet and Don't Know It

The Service is noted for its witty repartee, and seldom, if ever, surpassed.

There is one ship however, that can claim to have beaten us at our own game.

During the third commission of the Delight she justifiably claimed to have the fastest time for refuelling at sea of all those in company with her.

On one occasion as she and the Daring were closing R.F.A. Tidereach to refuel, it was noticed that Tidereach had displayed on either side of her bridge a Tote Board. It read:—

6-4 on Delight

6-1 Daring

Fair weather times: Delight 6 minutes
Fair weather times: Daring 11 mins. 24 secs.

Rough weather times: Delight 9 mins 35 secs.
Rough weather times: Daring 17 mins. 25 secs.

Of the 531 days comprising that commission
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original number now to be divided into four watches to meet the silent hours demands. Messengers, Sentries, Gate-staff, Fire Parties, Emergency Party, all have to be found and still cater for the unexpected!

Thus briefly is the problem. Too few for too much, and the situation is not likely to ease. We can help ourselves of course; if there was no litter, keeping roads clean and tidy would be a simple matter. But how many consider this particular problem to be 'Not in my Part of ship'? If more of us were security conscious, it might be possible to reduce the number of sentries required. If maximum output was obtained and given by all, who knows, there may be sufficient hands to move into eight watches! If only we had Hands!

Straight line flyer

Q. What is the meaning of one charge?

A. Own ship indicating her position.

Q. How does the Captain know when he is in contact?

A. A light burns in the A.S.C.O's eye.

Q. Before firing a Mk. 20 torpedo, what precautions should be observed?

A. Bung up and bilge free.

Q. When is a stern sweep carried out?

A. When the ship is turning, otherwise the beam will be mixed up in the cavatance.

Q. Where would you use an A.X. sweep?

A. On the Quarter deck.

Q. When taking a B.T. dip, what precautions should be observed?

A. The catapillar tubing is not squashed.

198 were spent at sea, and the longest trip undertaken in one day was from Cadiz to Chatham. Her total fuel consumption for that commission was 6,000 tons.

When at last she was on her way home, she passed to R.F.A. Tidereach:—

Tanker, Tanker on the ball

You are fairest of them all.

Put away your Coston Gun,

Hurry home and have some fun.

Love from Ursa and Delight,

We don't need any fuel tonight.

Back came the reply within 5 minutes:—

Thanks for yours we've done our best,

Without a doubt you've licked the rest.

So sleep tonight upon your laurels,

And don't forget to watch your morals.

And so from Tidereach to Ursa and Delight

Thank God we do not have to fuel tonight.

From the Arctic to the Antipodes

The story of the third and last commission of H.M.S. Lagos.

Few ships these days are able to record the events and happenings of a full commission. Many things prevent it, and time perhaps doesn't allow it. Be that as it may, H.M.S. Lagos has left behind a glowing and lively story of a commission that will be long remembered by all who sailed in her during her last days with the British Fleet.

She began life in the yards of Messrs Cammell Laird at Birkenhead in 1944, the first ship to bear the name Lagos in the Royal Navy.

The following is her story, written by the men who lived, worked and played within her hull.

Battle of Lagos 1759

The Seven Years War entered an acute phase when, in 1759 France, determined on an invasion of England, concentrated a large military force at Le Havre for this purpose. The Toulon fleet of twelve line-of-battle-ships under Admiral de la Clue was to join up with the Brest fleet of twenty one ships under Admiral Conflans, and both were then to convoy the troops across the Channel and provide cover for the landing.

Both these fleets were being watched by the British; by Hawke off Brest, and by Boscawen off Toulon. Admiral Boscawen had long tried to tempt de la Clue out of harbour to fight and had even tried to force him out by attacking ships in harbour. In doing so however, some of his ships were damaged, and as the fleet was also short of provisions, Boscawen withdrew to Gibraltar for repairs and stores.

Meanwhile de la Clue sailed from Toulon and hoped to pass through the Straits of Gibraltar unobserved. But at 7.30p.m. on the evening of August 17th a patrolling frigate reported to Boscawen that the French fleet was in sight and making through the Straits to the Westward. In spite of the general unpreparedness of his fleet, many ships were refitting and his Flagship, the Namur, did not even have any sails bent on, Boscawen sailed at once and by 10p.m. that evening the whole British Fleet was clear of the bay and in hot pursuit.

At dawn next morning, 18th August, only seven French ships were sighted, the remainder having proceeded into Cadiz without orders from de la Clue. By early afternoon the van of the British fleet had caught up and the battle commenced. However, the wind fell light and it was not until some hours later that the Namur came into action. One French ship, the Centaure, struck before nightfall after a gallant fight, two ships escaped in the darkness, and the remaining four were seen ahead at daylight next morning some twelve miles off Lagos, a sea-port on the South coast of Portugal about 20 miles east of Cape St. Vincent. The British fleet was close astern and forced de la Clue's flagship, the Ocean, to run ashore and the other

three ships to surrender. One of the latter had to be blown up, but the other two, Temeraire and Modeste were brought in triumph to England, their names subsequently becoming well known in the Royal Navy.

Boscawen returned to Spithead with his prizes and 2,000 prisoners. The victory prevented the concentration of the French fleet in Brest and removed the threat of invasion to England. Three months later Hawke conclusively defeated Conflans in Quiberon Bay and gave the finishing blow to the Naval power of France for the remainder of the Seven Years War.

The Start

The story began on a bleak November morning in the drill shed of Chatham Barracks. For the first time the ship's company assembled by divisions and, led by the Royal Marines Band, marched past the Commodore and the Captain, out through the Barrack gates and down to the ship.

The Captain told us we would not have a proper ten weeks work-up at Portland, as is normal now-a-days. We would have a bare fortnight shake-down and then sail for Iceland where we would be on patrol with our brand new and inexperienced ship's company over Christmas and the New Year. It was a hectic beginning.

There was plenty to do at once. We had to store ship, top up with provisions, find out where all the gear was stowed onboard, whether and how it worked, and touch up the appearance of the ship ready for the families Commissioning Ceremony. The Chaplain of the Dockyard conducted the traditional naval service for us.

A few days later we sailed for Portland, and joined up with the remainder of the First Destroyer Squadron; Hogue, our Chummy ship from Devonport, and Solebay from Portsmouth commanded by our Captain (D), Captain H. J. Lee, D.S.C., R.N. Llandaff, a modern Air Direction diesel engined Frigate, would join up with the Squadron six months later, when we sailed for the Far East.

At Portland the staff of the Flag Officer Sea Training, tried hard to get their grips on us,

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but bad weather caused many of the work-up exercises and shoots to be cancelled or modified. This resulted in the following conversation between the captain of the gun in 'A' turret, and a shell loader.

"Have you ever done any of these non-firing shoots before son?" "No" (dubiously) "Well, when the Killick shouts 'Shoot!' yer shoves yer 'ead up the bleeding bore and yells 'Bang!'."

Hong Kong

Most sailors get to Hong Kong eventually during their time in the Service. Their descriptions of the Colony and the runs ashore it can provide are legendary and serve to whet the appetites of those who hope to go. For a long time we hoped to go. Smiled when we heard it was on the programme and cheered when we heard that we were to spend a month there as duty ship.

The 13th October saw us steaming north from Singapore, leaving behind the sticky heat, our comfortable suites in the D.S.A., 13 mess's cat, and the First Lieutenant, variously reported as having a broken back, broken neck, broken leg or broken out; caused by falling off a horse, down a stairway, or, most likely, out of bed. The only definite fact was that his wife had arrived two days beforehand.

Saturday, 17th October saw us steaming up Hong Kong harbour and securing to a bouy while the diminishing Dockyard sorted out a berth for us. Normally the bridge is a study of peace and concentration while manoeuvring, but Hong Kong shattered this in a decisive manner. A woman's face appeared at the top of hatch followed by at least five more, who advanced on to the compass platform. Captains do sometimes look aft and this time he was a wee bit nonplussed by what he saw. After a rapid sort out: "Guns (acting temporary unpaid First Lieutenant) who are these women? Get them off the bridge at once!" the wardroom flat took on all the appearances of an Employment Agency, while these various ladies produced their references, some dating from nineteen-oh-splash, recommending them as the best side parties that Hong Kong had to offer. Before the bridle was secured, we had our Side Party, one Ah Moy in command, who produced a chit signed by he-whom-we-had-left-behind-in-Singapore with a broken neck, broken back, or something.

Well, there lay Hong Kong before us, and the next few weeks gave us ample opportunity to find out what the Colony had to offer. Some enjoyed eating, quite a few went sight-seeing, most of us went shopping, large numbers checked up on the licensing laws in Wanchia, and we all made a thorough survey of that

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oriental attraction the Cheong-Sam. (Make a big difference to Chatham).

How many of us admired the magnificent view from the Peak? How many of us admired and pondered over the colour transparencies that were offered, depicting the panorama before us, many of which were totally different from the scenes one expected! (Make a big difference around Southend on Sundays) The days were sunny and bright in Hong Kong, but the nights were even better. Remember those special sort of nights? Like the Hong Kong night, The China night, and the Blue night? It seems that very few of us saw much of these strange oriental Festivals, for the majority of us never seemed to get past the Paramount. There was a strong rumour going around that the doyen of the keyboard, Larry Allen, was to be offered a contract to sign-on additional and form a choir. However, this was declined on the grounds that he felt his beard would suffer from an inferiority complex. At one stage it was even suggested at a meeting that the Wardroom be shifted up to the Paramount for the duration of our stay.

Our period as duty ship passed too quickly. There was always something doing. The Trafalgar Day Guard at the Governor's Residence, proud that they had been chosen to march up the Peak in No. 6's on a nice sunny day; football, hockey and cricket with the R.A.S.C. and Police, and enjoying their hospitality; "seeing off" the officers at skittles at the China Fleet Club; and so it went on. Admiral Gladstone, our Commander-in-Chief, paid us a visit, and as a result of what he had to say, we felt we ought to earn our pay as well as spend it. So we did some work in Hong Kong too!

Two or three days each week saw us heading out to sea, getting the side wet and messy just after the Side Party had scrubbed it clean. Whether it was the San Mig. that did it or the cheong sams, it is difficult to determine, but the guns went bang at the right time, in the right direction with the right effect; and we actually frightened a ship with a torpedo for the first time this commission. 375 4.5 shells disturbed the air, land and sea around Hong Kong, and the empty cylinders piled up and up. Getting rid of them was quite a problem. They went eventually, but it isn't true that they were flogged by the Buffer to the Side Party.

The T.A.S. Officer blew up half Plover Cove and the ship's landing platoon was led in a memorable charge over a cliff. "There were some casualties to our own forces" stated an official communique. We illuminated ship, the beautiful effect of which won wide acclaim from the thousands of citizens of Rocky Harbour who witnessed it. Meanwhile, the First

Lieutenant returned with his back, leg or neck mended and firmly under the control of his wife.

Stonecutter's rifle range saw 80 per cent of us have a try at winning a few shillings from the treasury with a rifle. A few pounds did come our way but this was off-set by the amount paid to the Butts Party, who decided to stay in the Butts for two days on R.A. after the opening salvo. Some of us were back there for the Fleet Rifle Meeting, and although one of us had his hand shaken by the Captain of the Fleet, the rest of us had to be content with clapping ours at the prize giving. Still, the Canteen had San Mig in the fridge, and our bag meals would have satisfied the most discriminating gourmet.

But all good things must come to an end; F.O.2 F.E.S. looked into Hong-Kong, found us, and brought a few other ships with him to break up our peace and solitude. The Dockyard filled up and we were squeezed out of our berth by a cruiser, which we promptly covered with smoke. Quite accidental of course. We were quite sure that we had been forgotten, but being discovered by a Flag Officer meant that our remaining days in Hong-Kong would be few. The Fleet Regatta, Rifle Meeting, Remembrance Day Parade, and Fleet Sports ran away with the time. A last quick 'rabbit' run and then it was time to go. The 16th November saw us go down harbour for the last time, fire our last bombardment in to the Port Shelter Range in a demonstration shoot for the Army, and turn our bows towards Australia.

We were sorry to go. Hong-Kong had been everything we had hoped for and more. When would we return again we wondered?

Five ports in Four States in Five Weeks

Our first sight of Down Under was the low deserted scrub-covered hills surrounding Hervey Bay, 100 miles north of Brisbane. Together with Centaur and our three R.F.A's we had gone there for a week-end so as to paint ship before our ceremonial entry into Brisbane for the Queensland Centenary Celebrations.

Within a few hours of anchoring, five sharks were caught from the quarterdeck. This rather shook us. We were even more shaken later when the Buffer spotted in the clear water a shining ring around the Starboard propeller shaft. Five turns of wire were hard and fast around the shaft. In view of the sharks what to do? The problem was heroically solved by one of our shallow-water divers who went down to try to clear it. He wore his black frogman's suit despite the heat, and even though experience has shown that sharks will not attack men wearing suits (or perhaps black skins) we considered him a brave fellow!

Brisbane lies some way up river, and we berthed near the centre of the city which was crowded for the Celebrations. The first wave of liberty men reported that the natives were not very friendly, and we felt slightly disillusioned with Australia. However, the ice soon melted and everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The highlight of the Celebrations were a re-enactment of the landing of the first Governor of Queensland and a rip roaring cavalcade of Transport. Our First Lieutenant had been lent a pre-war Rolls-Royce for the visit, and had great difficulty in persuading the local strong-armed police that he was not an escapee from the Cavalcade.

Our next call was at Gladstone in Central Queensland. This turned out to be a small port with a population of only 7,000. It had been founded a hundred years ago, and has one of the finest natural harbours on the coast. Unfortunately there isn't yet sufficient inland trade to justify building it into a major port.

Before our arrival we had arranged to give a children's Christmas Party for some 80 war orphans and needy children, and had spent nearly a third of the Ship's Welfare Fund on buying presents in Hong-Kong. Each Department or Part of Ship laid on some sort of side show; aerial railways transported the kiddies from shore to ship, Aunt Sallies and roundabouts and of course Big Eats. Considerable local publicity was given to this party, and from then on we could do no wrong.

Leaving Gladstone we called at Heron Island a coral island on the Great Barrier Reef. Although it is only 400 yards long, it has been developed into a tourist resort. Gorgeous girls wearing bikinis and grass skirts came out in motor boats to welcome us. Hardly had the anchors been dropped than the ship resembled a scene from one of 'The Goldwyn Follies!' whilst boat loads of the ship's company set off for the beach wearing swim suits and determined airs.

Two hours later it was time to sail, but no one was aboard. The wretched First Lieutenant then had to spend a few hectic minutes persuading starry-eyed matelots that they didn't really want to be left on the island for the rest of their lives, and it would be a far better idea to put down their iced beer and warm blooded companions and get into the boat Chop-Chop!

Off to Sydney, or so we thought. Half way there our Wardroom Wizard, P.O. Steward, suddenly developed appendicitis. "Nonsense" we cried, fearing that our visit to Sydney might be curtailed. "It's just wind". But it

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wasn't, and after a high speed dash through the night, we proceeded up the Brisbane River early in the morning. An ambulance was standing by, and the unfortunate P.O. was whisked away. The ship was away down the river so fast that half the ship's company knew nothing about it.

Sydney! Sydney for Christmas!. On the day of our arrival one of the Sydney newspapers published an interview in which they said that hardly any private invitations had been received by the British ships. The response was immediate! Within twenty four hours we had to tell innumerable people who telephoned the ship that we were very sorry but we could accept no more invitations for Christmas Day—we had run out of sailors!

Our stay in Sydney passed in a delightful haze. Christmas dinner on board the quiet half deserted ship was a strange contrast to the previous years'. Then we had been rolling in the freezing Arctic Ocean whilst recovering from the shock of actually fueling under way in the heavy seas on Christmas morning.

A Sub-Lieutenant of ours, filled with the spirit of adventure and having spent all his money in Hong-Kong, volunteered to crew in the Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race that started on Boxing Day. Little did he know that this was one of the toughest ocean races in the world. Hardly had the yacht cleared Sydney Harbour Heads, when the wind suddenly veered 180 degrees and a 60 m.p.h. squall hit the fleet of yachts. When it cleared there was one yacht all alone on the (not so) Pacific Ocean. Bad weather dogged them for the next few days, and without warning the fore-stay ripped out of the deck. They had to beat back to the New South Wales Coast for repairs and abandon the race.

Some days later an unshaven, penniless and desperately hungry young man fought his way on aboard "Finisterre" at Melbourne through the holiday crowd. Our man had returned to the Squadron!

All too soon we were off down the coast and into the Bass Strait where the weather lived up to its reputation, and the ship was given a thorough post-Christmas shake-up. At Portland, (New South Wales) where we arrived on New Year's Eve, nearly a thousand people were waiting for us on the jetty. We only spent two nights there, but Jack wasted no time among the Australian holiday crowds. We illuminated ship for the midnight celebrations. A silver ship glistening under the warm summer sky, she looked really beautiful from the town square where all the locals and the ship's company had gathered to see the New

Year in. Once again we could not help comparing this warm happy New Year's Eve with the miserable one we experienced last year off Iceland.

Since our inspection by Captain (D) was drawing ominously close, on leaving Portland we had to take the steady stream of gunnery, tactical, damage control, and torpedo exercises extra seriously. We were a pretty sorry sight at the end of these, since they took place while we steamed through the rough weather of the Australian Bight; but soon yet another week of exercises lay ahead of us as the Carrier Task Force moved towards Indonesia. Meanwhile an exhausted, penniless and rather fragile ship's company sadly watched the Australian coast slowly disappear.

Gladstone was typical of the three small country ports that we called at; the other two being Portland in Victoria, and Albany in Western Australia. Each had a Main Street with a veranda over most of the sidewalk. Each had a Cinema, masses of cars and garages, several bars into which women were not allowed, and several unmade-up roads bordered with wooden bungalows. Car-rides into the country, barbeques at people's houses, dances at the local hop, and traditional Australian open-handed hospitality made our visits something to remember. Visitors swarmed onboard from miles around whether we were officially open to visitors or not. At Portland over New Year's Eve, we reckoned over 6,500 came onboard. Later the United Kingdom High Commissioner in Canberra wrote to the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations:—

"The visits of the ships of the Royal Navy to ports in the various States of Australia were very greatly appreciated by both Governments and people, and, everywhere aroused considerable interest in the Press. Britain could not have had better ambassadors. Equally I have heard from a number of sources that the officers and Men of the ships thoroughly enjoyed their visit and very greatly appreciated what was, in some cases, almost overwhelming hospitality. I am most grateful that it was found possible to send so impressive a representation from the Royal Navy to visit Queensland and other States in Australia. It is clear that the efficiency with which the whole operation, in each case, was conducted, must have entailed a very great deal of planning on the part of every one concerned, and I venture to suggest that an expression of thanks might be conveyed to the Admiralty. I have no hesitation in saying that visits of this kind play a most important role in sustaining the close ties between the United Kingdom and the people of Australia".

HOW DAFT CAN YOU GET?

One lovely summer's evening, two mess-mates and myself stood at the window of the mess bar drinking a pint of the best, when the subject of conversation turned to the Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment of Light Infantry. As you know the Regiment is affiliated with H.M.S. Vernon, and we have entertained members of the Sergeants mess to a social evening or two in our mess.

As the evening progressed, the vision of Frank, (an army chum of ours) or any other Sergeant dispensing beer at only 10% profit as the Army and R.A.F. always do, induced us to become the three observers (and I mean observers) to some manoeuvres the Regiment was holding on Salisbury Plain in the near future. We decided this in spite of the typically English Summer weather the Southern Counties were enjoying (?) just then, because as Andy Capp said as he stepped through a plate glass window, "It seemed a good idea at the time".

The scene changes now to a place called Jelalabad Barracks. Three berabled P.O's arrived there having travelled up on the earliest possible train to Andover. We had been met by a landrover at the station, and were driven out to Tidworth 7 miles away. The weather was not too good, and showed signs of becoming worse as the morning wore on. Up to now we still had no idea what was going on; everyone, including our own First Lieutenant, just laughed and said most apologetically, "I'm afraid I don't know".

Soon we suspected that we had been sold a pup, and our suspicions were confirmed when later on we were given a Combat Uniform and a pair of the heaviest, most studded unbending boots we have ever worn. Presently we were offered an S.L.R. which in our ignorance we accepted. To our combined horror we discovered these things to be Self Loading Rifles, complete with shells. (the Army call them rounds) To finish off our hopes of observance we were then issued with ground-sheets, mess-tins, knife, fork and spoon.

Lunch and several pints soon restored our confidence however, and we listened to the briefing with a convincing show of interest. It seems that two companies had been called to a small (large enough when you are tramping round it) State to seek out a band of rebels. The companies would be landed by helicopters which would keep them supplied through-out the operation.

"C" company were unfortunate to be lumbered with us just as they were sending out a patrol to find the 'enemy'. Two and a half hours later we arrived back at our base, hav-

ing travelled fifteen to twenty miles through the wettest, muddiest, hilliest country we have ever encountered. Having searched two woods, numerous hedges and hollows, the only good thing about the patrol was that having arrived back, I noticed, and I noticed that the other P.O's noticed too, that most of the soldiers patrolling with us looked as hot and as tired as we felt.

Needless to say we came to the unanimous decision that this was not the O.K. way of transporting oneself from one point to another. As a result of our conference we chose 'A' company as our next objective. Only just in time though, because 'C' company were moved out to where the other patrol had been captured, and since this meant more marching we didn't want to know them.

Arriving at 'A' company position we were met with a stony silence and empty waste ground. Our golden opportunity had occurred to seek out some transport. It just so happened that the truck we chose was the only vehicle carrying beer on this trip, and the Colour Sergeant in charge of supplying food, water and petrol to 'A' company became our boss from then on. Apart from having to use our brains to keep out of this marching lark of which the Army is so fond, we had little to do except wander around and see these luckless, luckless soldiers camped out in the rain, or listen to the radio. Talking of patrols, whilst on our hike we asked the Lance-Corporal in charge what to do if we met the enemy. "In war", he said, "it would have been bayonets and up and at 'em". We pointed out that since this was only an exercise, maybe it was just as well we did not meet anyone.

'A' echelon, as we were known, were camped under a clump of trees. Among the usual impediments, were some gadgets called petrol cookers. Rather like an overgrown blow-lamp, they were very effective when used for the purpose of heating the grub. This wasn't often because the Army only has two meals a day when it's out in the field. These are produced out of cans, and so the art of cooking is not necessary when preparing a meal. All that needs to be done is to heat the cans; these are then loaded on to the trucks and distributed among the company. Since so little preparation is required it naturally follows that the morning meal can be had earlier. Too early for us in fact. Who ever was in a fit state to eat breakfast at 3 a.m.? That's when we were invited to partake of the delicacy on Saturday morning. Sunday wasn't so bad though; since it was a day of rest we had to wait 'til 5.15 a.m. Apart from the strange hour, it all seemed to go well to our inexperienced eyes. Later on the Colonel was kind

enough to tell us that this was a work up period, as most of the men had never taken part in such an exercise before.

It would probably have gone better for our boss, poor bloke, if we had not been there. For instance we loaded the truck at one stop and much to his amazement there was plenty of room for all the gear. He and we found out later why when we came to erect the tents. 'No ridge poles!' This rather upset him, but thoughts of sleeping in the rain provoked our work-shy brains into solving that problem with an improvised tent pole and a bit of tree. Apart from that and other similar instances, everything went well. However, I don't recommend to my best friends this camping sky-lark, unless they like a very open air life.

The total number of casualties amounted to one,— the Medical Officer who went down

with a severe case of food poisoning. Most of Sunday we stayed at Imber, a village which the Army took over in 1944 to teach street fighting. It is very obvious why it was chosen since it is right in the middle of the Plain, and must have been a very pleasant place to live in at one time. We were billeted in the one time Manor House. The only places that are not used are the Pub, and of course the Church, which I am told still holds one service a year.

We returned to barracks on Sunday morning very tired, thirsty, and dirty. One by one all these ailments were sorted out for us prior to our eventual return to Vernon. Shortly before we left one of the Sergeants informed us that his wife had talked him into taking her camping during his leave!

How daft can you get?!

E.B.

If you have enjoyed reading our Magazine why not place a regular order for yourself or your friend? Complete the form below and send it to:

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Copies of our front cover photo can be obtained from the Secretary price 1/6d.

Articles and letters for publication must reach the Editor not later than 24th Oct., 1960. Unusual photographs are welcome.

EVER IN OUR THOUGHTS

M.A.S.T.U. 59 was transported from Chatham recently, where it had been in general use. Apparently it had also been used as an exhibit in the last Navy Days. The shortage of hands, being a universal problem, had affected the demonstration of Submarine Detection. However, the chaps from Chatham being from the East, and therefore wise in all matters of improvisation, neatly circumlocuted the lack of personnel. On delivery to H.M.S. Vernon the M.A.S.T.U. was opened. Secured to the bulk-head opposite the door was the following:—

The purpose of this mobile anti/submarine

training unit, is to exercise and train anti/submarine team from war-ships and establishments, in the latest anti/submarine procedures and tactics.

As the majority of anti/submarine operators are borne in sea-going ships, none are available for this demonstration.

So this team of W.R.N.S. have been given a short period of training enabling them to carry out simple anti/submarine attacks, thus giving the public some idea of how a submarine is detected, hunted, and destroyed."

SHADES OF TIM RILEY!

WISH YOU WERE HERE

Service life takes some getting used to, and the lot of the new recruit is not a happy one. No matter what he does, it's bound to displease someone, and no matter how he does it, it's most likely to be the wrong way. Looking back to the days when you were just two or three weeks old in the ways of the Navy, can you remember the miserable life you led? It was with none of these thoughts, however that I as coxswain of all boats in the "Imperuse", tried in vain to instill some rudiments of seamanship into young recruits of the engineering branch. Since there were no seamen in the ship, except another killick and myself, these youngsters had to man the boats in use for ship's routine running. They had had no experience, and only meager instruction before joining the ship for their pre-course part of ship period (about three weeks).

Although the majority tried hard, for the most part their efforts consists of—Failing to secure the boats properly at the boom. Falling into the drink with monotonous regularity. Losing boat's equipment by the rate-book-full,

and on one memorable occasion, nearly depositing the Captain in 'Guz' Harbour.

One incident will remain in my mind for all time. The season was a particularly dirty and freezing Winter. I had returned from the Postie's trip to the boom, and because the ship was secured fore and aft to buoys, and the tide was on the turn, I left a lad in the boat with instructions to prevent it crashing against the ship's side. Later on, having cause to visit the mail office on the upper deck, I heard calls for help. The words seemed to have a watery sound to them, and looking over the side I saw the laddie floundering in the 'oggin complete with oilskin and sou'wester. Pausing only to yell to two hands on deck for assistance, I dived into the wet stuff. Coming up for air alongside the (so I thought) drowning lad, I reassured him, and helped him to the boat. Gasping and spluttering he clung there while I, with a view to getting him inboard, asked could he make it to the quarter-deck accommodation ladder. He said he could swim, "But I aint 'alf glad you came. I was getting lonely"

AD Nausea.

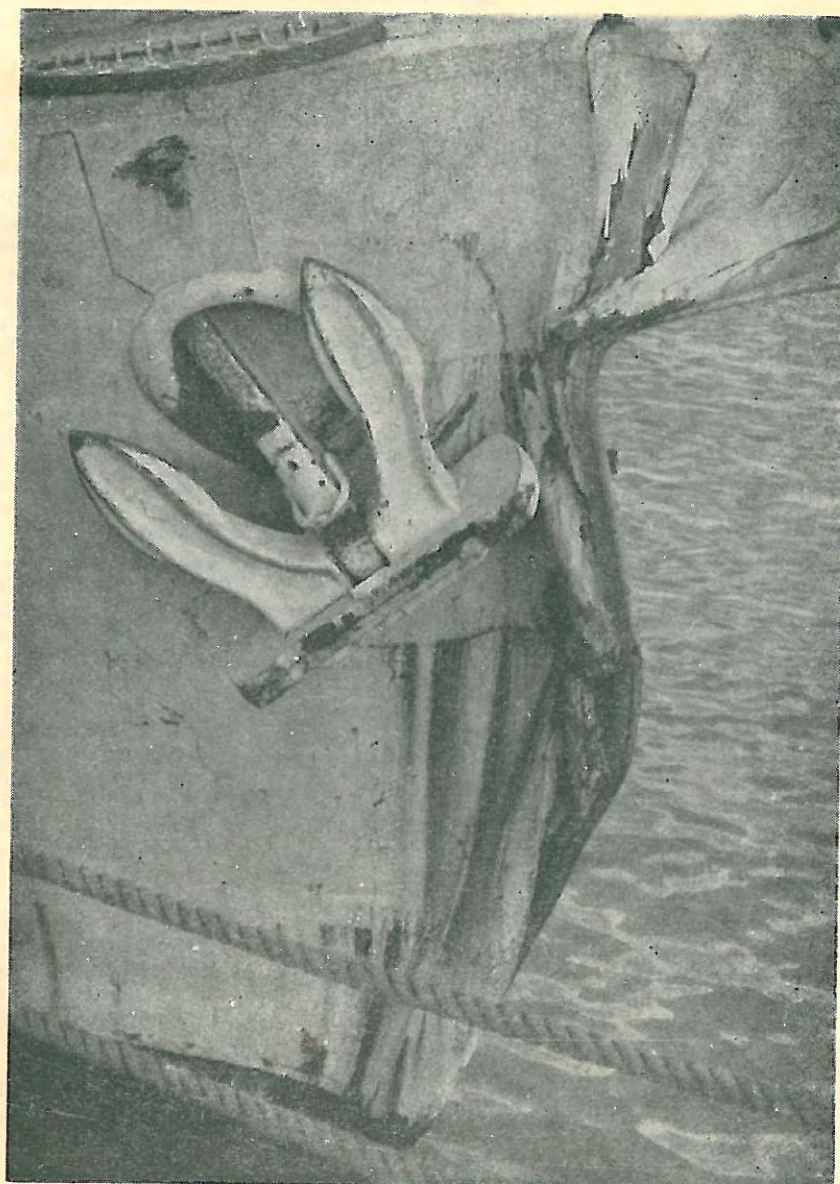
WELL?

Early last year, during the visit of the South Atlantic Fleet to Buenos Aires, the British Matelot became the subject of a wager. Seems that a group of millionaires had argued about the qualities of Jolly Jack. All were agreed that he was a splendid fellow, but there was one imperfection outstanding. He couldn't be satisfied.

No matter what was done for him, he knew

no gratitude. To prove the point, the entire company of one ship was invited to a fabulous week-end on a ranch. Wine and beer flowed unstintingly, good food in abundance, and dancing girls for company. On the last day one sailor was heard to remark to his pal, "Bally good show, this eh.". To which the other replied, "Yeah! but I'll bet some's making a pay-day out of it"!

SOMEONE
HAS
MADE
A
GOOD
IMPRESSION!!!



SIMONDS
for a man-sized thirst

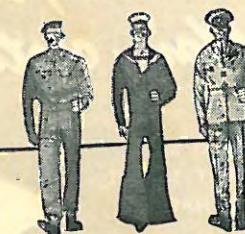


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