

P.O. Adams

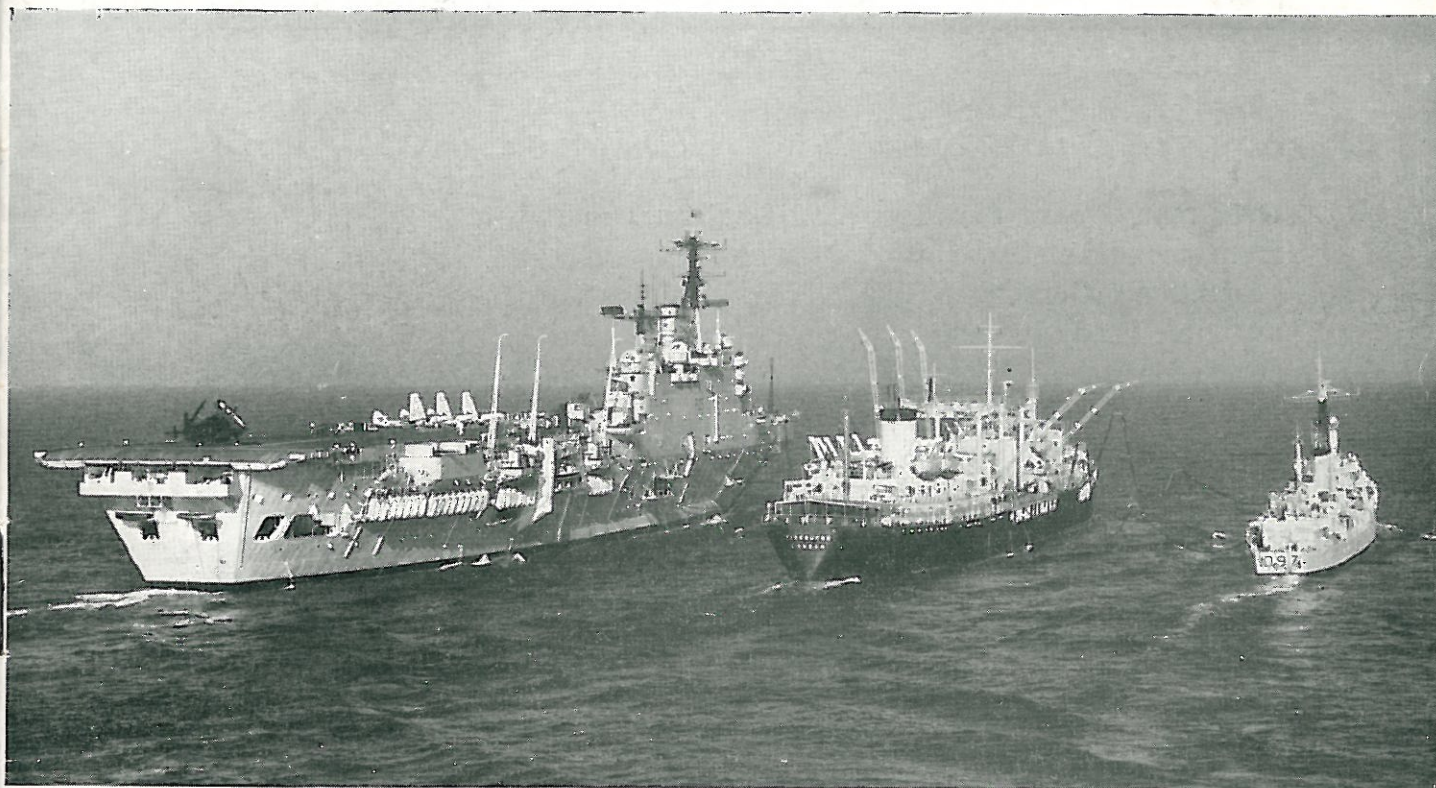
THE SEAMASTER



Vol. II

"QUI DOCET DISCIT"

No. 1

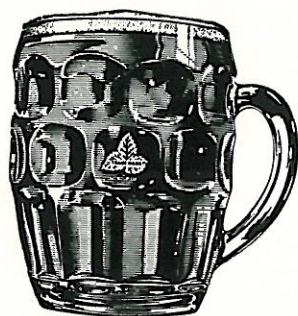


The T.A.S.I.'s view of Naval Notes and News

THE GOOD PROVIDER

1/-

Spring Number 1961



SIMONDS

for a
man-sized thirst

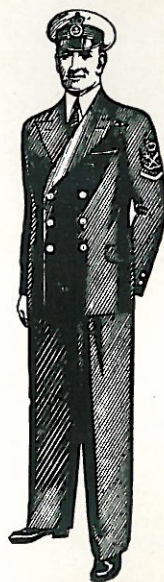
Uniforms by Bernards

Over many years Bernards have Cut and Tailored from splendid cloths. Uniforms that truly do express perfection in craftsmanship. Such Uniforms are available ready to wear or tailored to special measures; for cash or Allotment account, and full details of Bernards Service will be gladly given on request.

You really do buy better at Bernards

Remember—
C. H. BERNARD & SONS LTD.
6—8 QUEEN STREET, PORTSMOUTH
Telephone: 23535

And at 33 Branches Head Office, Harwich, Essex.
Members I.N.T.A.



THE SEAMASTER

The Magazine of the
Torpedo and Anti-Submarine Instructors'
Association (1955)

Volume 2. Number 1 "QUI DOCET DISCIT" Spring Number

* * PATRONS * *

First Patron of the Association

VICE ADMIRAL N. A. COPEMAN, C.B., D.S.C.

Patrons of the Association

CAPTAIN M. C. GILES, D.S.O., O.B.E., G.M., ROYAL NAVY.
Captain of H.M.S. Vernon.

CAPTAIN G. D. POUND, D.S.C., ROYAL NAVY.
Captain of H.M.S. Osprey.

CAPTAIN E. G. BLUNDELL, O.B.E., ROYAL NAVY

CAPTAIN R. W. MAYO, ROYAL NAVY

* * COMMITTEE * *

Chairman	C.P.O. G. A. Abery
Vice Chairman	P.O. J. C. Beeching
Secretary	P.O. I. A. Phillips
Treasurer	C.P.O. C. Firbank
Committee	P.O. B. Ainsley
Editor	P.O. E. Gauntlett

IN THIS ISSUE

I Remember	Exercise Tarzan
Frigate Island	Motoring Notes
Letters From All Over	Is Your Snag Here?
Simonds Along the Banks of the Thames	

FOREWORD

BY COMMANDER JAMES STARTIN, R.N.
TRAINING COMMANDER
H.M.S. VERNON

First and foremost I would like to thank the T.A.S.I's. for inviting me to write the foreword to this issue of their excellent magazine, which is a privilege and an honour. As the new Training Commander I am also grateful for this opportunity to introduce myself to you all and I am looking forward to meeting all T.A.S.I's. during my term of office.

The "Exciting Sixties" are upon us and no doubt we have all paused to consider what this decade holds in store. The advent of the nuclear submarine is an exciting challenge in itself. We have passed through the doldrums that are inevitable after a war and now we are moving forward. We must be fast on our feet, clever with our controls, and wise with our weapons.

The T.A.S. Branch has never had a more important role. The Fleet is primarily an anti-submarine one. It is therefore essential that all of us are capable of playing our parts as the star performers. Our professional knowledge must be second to none; qualifying standards must be raised; and our training methods must be modernised. There is no doubt that we can produce the answer to the nuclear submarine and encouraging signs can be seen including the arrival of powerful Asdic sets and search and strike A/S Helicopters in the Fleet on the one hand and the discarding of obsolescent torpedoes on the other. In mine-counter measures we have improved our sweeps and techniques, but the big step forward is in mine location and clearance diving. Diving itself is undergoing a major revolution with the arrival of S.A.B.A. and S.D.D.E.

Volunteers for the T.A.S. Branch exceed all others and we are very happy with the potential we see in them. Opportunities for promotion have never been better—it is up to the individual to grasp them with alacrity. In particular we must have more candidates for promotion to S.D. Officers. The educational qualifications cannot be lowered, but we can remove the difficulties in obtaining them by much more help than has been given in the past and this is in hand.

Let us never forget that no matter what the equipment is, the final answer will always lie in the calibre of the men who man it. The T.A.S.I's. continue to be the backbone of the Branch and the spirit and enthusiasm of the men lie largely in their hands. They have our confidence.

James Startin,
Commander, Royal Navy

... EDITORIAL ...

In THESE DAYS of whirling orbital satellites, and Venus bound rockets; in an age where the coining of technological terms is blandly accepted by all; in an era that is proving to be more adventurous than those of Vasco da Gama, Columbus and Cook, can it be wondered that some of us gasp in consternation when confronted with the latest product of the inventiveness of science.

That gasp should become a breath of determination to teach the use of the newest of *our* equipment to the young men who will supersede us. They will eventually take their place in a world that, confident of its internal security, can with equal confidence reach out further into the void of a future that few of us dare imagine.

Our share in that future rests in the hours spent in a lecture room "putting over" the information that can form the launching pad of the "Pathway into Space".

The Editor.

I REMEMBER

Continued from Christmas Edition

The author, recounting his experiences of life in the Royal Navy from his entry as a Boy in 1924, continues his story. Now a P.O.S.D.I. in H.M.S. Southampton, the War changes the pattern of peace time sailing abruptly

Only a few bombs were dropped, and 'Southampton' in the official bulletin, 'was struck a glancing blow'. The effect of the 'glancing blow' was that the bomb hit the deck by the Port Hangar Pom-pom, passed through the hangar at an angle, through the mess-decks below, and out of the ship through the side at the junction of a deadlight. The deadlight flew off the bulkhead, shot across the mess-deck and hit the head of a boy as he came up the hatchway from the T.S. Unfortunately he died of his injuries an hour later whilst on his way to hospital ashore. There were four or five lesser injuries to other members of the company, but this was the only fatal one. The service method of disposing of Dead Man's Effects was carried out in due course. I still have a lanyard even now. After this episode we left for northern waters much wiser men to sample the hazards and difficulties that were to be met later in the war when the terrible job of conveying supplies to Russia had to be undertaken.

Following this experience came a three week spell in Middle Dock in South Shields, which afforded us the opportunity of a short leave at home. It was at this time that I changed my domestic status from that of a single man, - - I got married! On the way to my home, a glass of whisky proffered to me as a glass of light ale made that trip home in the black-out as hazardous as any action. My physical condition was hardly what one wishes for on their Wedding Day.

Early in 1940 'Southampton' became a virtual colander caused by near misses in the fjords of Norway. We came to know Harstad and Narvik, Lofoten and Andelsnes like our own back gardens. Dead Man's Creek, with its sight of broken and sunken warships, became an ever increasingly saddening land mark.

The eventual evacuation of Norway brings many memories, not the least being the pre-

paration for it. During this period, 'Southampton' was employed in the bombardment action off Narvik, where the German forces were attacking the perimeter with field weapons only, and the Polish forces which we had landed earlier were trying to protect themselves. From our position in the Roads we were able to watch quite a lot of what went on ashore; we had, in fact, landed a party of signalmen for liaison between the H.Q.'s ashore, and the ship. I watched fascinated, unable to do anything, as the advancing Germans slowly approached the signalling position where a young bunting remained in communication with the ship by means of an Aldis lamp. He stayed there until he was finally put out of action.

It was on that occasion that the Poles sealed up a group of Germans in a short tunnel which led from one part of the town to another. They did it by blowing up the two openings, thus successfully entombing the unfortunate soldiers.

Closed up in the A/S cabinet, it was eerie to listen to the fall of exploding shells under water. It was something like fireworks going off in the dome.

When our force finally withdrew from the coast, we left behind an aircraft carrier, two destroyers and an oiler. As 'Southampton' passed through the water where one of these had met her fate, I noticed the bodies of some of our lads floating face down. There was nothing that could be done, since it was known that there were major German forces within striking distance, and the troops we had taken off at Narvik had to be got home. Following this, we were engaged for a spell on general duties which included a stay at Immingham. It was on that small station there that I experienced my first shore air raid; then it was that I appreciated just how terrible it was to know that immobility on these occasions brought the fear of helplessness, and that barrage balloons were no deterrent.

Towards the end of the year we had our holes patched and proceeded to Gibraltar and the Middle East. In recalling this there are so many memories that come flooding in my mind that it is difficult to separate one incident from another. A kaleidoscope of diving planes, blazing sun, hot winds, never ending watches and sorties with surface craft, whirls about

thoughts of home and the letters that didn't arrive when they were most looked forward to. Every port of call brought its 'old ships' and when possible a run ashore. One heard of yet another friend lost in insignificant sea or air actions, yet always was the thought that it wouldn't happen to me'. One lived for the day, the future had to look after itself.

Convoys to Malta and Port Said; back to Malta and on to Port Said once again, so the weary days and weeks wore on and on into a future that wasn't. By Christmas we were through Suez and off the East African coast where on Christmas Day, 1940 we bombarded Mogadishu. There was no retaliation, but whether we did any justifiable damage I still don't know. After this change of scenery we once more returned to the Mediterranean area and the endless convoy covering duties.

We in the 'Southampton' were a happy crowd in a happy ship. As any sailor knows, one becomes attached to such a ship, and after all we had been through with her, it was with a sense of infinite loss that we had to watch her receive the coup de grâce from our own forces. It was in mid January, 1941 that 'Southampton', in company with two other cruisers and two destroyers, was attacked by Dive-Bombers. This form of attack had only been recently introduced by the Germans in the Mediterranean area, and for us, it was a new and never to be forgotten experience. Many of the ship's company were killed and many more injured, whilst those that survived feel the loss of that day even now.

Alexandria and 'Liverpool'! What a host of memories those names conjure up! I had joined her two days before the town received yet another air raid, and the old feeling of helplessness and immobility again assailed me. Fortunately the raid was small, and I can't remember any serious damage being done. It was at this time that the A/S base was situated on 43 quay, and it was to this that I was later drafted. Provisionally, we were 'Canopus' drafting pool, but a group of us were living ashore in the Ritz Hotel. It may sound very expensive and pretentious, but it was in fact small, comfortable and quiet. Snuggly stowed away in our rooms with a bottle or two of beer and some Vermouth, we were very happy indeed. Two names come vividly to mind. Lieut. Gimson and Lieut. Stephen Dalby. The latter name I've seen many times since on the credit titles of films, for even then he was making a name for himself in the sound production side of commercial films.

I remember also an air raid on the Port when parachute mines were dropped, and a

small craft - - one of those South African Kos boats I believe - - stalked a drifting parachute to its settling place on Marmoudia Quay. Fortunately it never went off, but I certainly admire the Skipper's 'guts'! This happened on the same night that a Police post was wiped out in the Dockyard.

Shortly after that, and I was on 'Medway' now. The Italians made their midget S/m attack on 'Valiant' and 'Queen Elizabeth', damaging them very severely, in fact almost sinking them. On that same night, the attack occurred early in the morning, Larry Burgess, Eddie Penn, both T.D.I's, and myself sat listening in on the Asdic of submerged submarines trying to detect their return. Although we listened for some hours we heard nothing - - the horse had bolted. As the North African Battle neared Alexandria the order was received to evacuate since the situation was becoming uncomfortable. 'Medway' collected as much A/S and Torpedo stores as was possible in the time, and in company with a Greek submarine parent ship and a destroyer escort, sailed at dusk for points further East.

A large enemy aircraft passed over us during the night without attacking, presumably because he didn't see us. We, not wanting to provoke any unpleasantness, also withheld fire. We really thought we had got away with it, until next morning just after 11 a.m. three torpedoes struck! Larry, Eddie and myself were in the Asdic workshop taking our pick of the tools we had 'rescued' from the Base at the time, and it is difficult to remember who was on top as we all scrambled up the ladder at once. I had a quick, regretful look at my new cloth suit in the A.T.H. on the way up to the upper deck, and joined a party of people trying to clear away a launch on the Boat-Deck.

'Medway' sank very quickly, but as the sea was warm and calm it was not unpleasant swimming around in it. The main concern of everyone was the fate of the two W.R.N.S. Officers whom we had been taking to Port Said.

After a couple of hours we were all, except the dead, picked up by vessels that had come to our assistance and transported to a tented camp at Port Tewfik. Here the Red Cross provided us with blue pyjamas, cigarettes, writing material, towel and soap. No mean feat in view of the hundreds of survivors. It was in this rig that some of us had our first run ashore in Port Said. Later on we were given survivor's kits and a casual payment, so our subsequent visits to the town were made in a more orthodox manner.

The eventual trip home in the Trooper 'Monarch of Bermuda' brought me in contact with

friends of pre-war days. P.O's York and Kelsy, whose cabin I shared, and Fred Watson who was then serving in Cape Town. He had some very nice digs in Seapoint, and it was from this rendezvous that we experienced some very hectic runs ashore in this country of lights and gaiety before resuming the journey home, to arrive at the Clyde in August.

From then on, until the war's end I remained in Osprey at Dunoon. This sounds uneventful enough, but instructing had its disadvantages even though Mess life was pleasant. Many of those mess-mates became Bo's'ns (acting temporary) but a few still remain. We had uproarious times at the mess socials and dances, and when the demobilisation groups started to say 'Farewell' there were times when the mess parties ended up by scrubbing out with beer, and drying down the billiards tables. It was the passing of an era.

After a few years of playing bowls in the Summer and long walks in the snows of Winter, we returned to our spiritual home at Portland. It was like returning to memories of childhood; true it had suffered its own tribulations during the war, but it was little changed. These were the final years of the A/S Branch, though the coming change was not yet realised. The demobilisation of our staid senior rates left many noticeable gaps in the ranks of the old S.D.I's and S.D.I.1's and the gradual reduction in overall numbers soon thinned out messes and classes.

An S.D.I's Association was formed, but owing to the amalgamation of the A/S and Torpedo branches it survived only a short time. It did, however, start the principle of meeting regularly. Too, it enabled us to keep in touch with those members who had scattered to all parts of the Empire. If I remember aright we had about seventy members, which was a high percentage at the time. In a photograph that was taken at an S.D.I's dinner held in the Clinton at Weymouth, I see such well known members of the branch as Hector Arch, Cock Heron, G.I. Hurring, Ben Ashton, Charlie Chalcroft, Duggie Lord and a host of others. Small as we were as an Association, we felt ourselves on a par with the older, larger and more financially stable Associations.

Then came the blow that seemed at the time, and I suppose it did, changed the feeling of the branch and the place of the operator in it. It was the amalgamation of the Torpedo and Asdic branches. There had been a great feeling of professional jealousy between the branches up 'till then, but we had never attempted to encroach on each other's fields. The rivalry was friendly. Now, however, a certain amount of

hard feeling was made evident, - - - particularly when the Electrical branch was formed. It was thought by many that the S.D.I. had earned the opportunity of joining this new field; and it is my opinion that their inclusion would have reduced the birth pangs and teething troubles of which there were an uncomfortably large number. Nevertheless, we all settled down and in time, it seemed an awfully long time, the new set-up was running smoothly and along the appointed lines. In the general integration Taff Lloyd moved into Vernon together with other S.D.I's whose names I don't recall, and Bo's'ns A/S, and Gunners (T) gradually converted to Bo's'ns (T.A.S.). Difficulties were experienced on both sides, and I bet Bobby Burns remembers how he damaged his little finger! To him and to other members of his class, "Beer tastes far better from a pewter pot".

It came as a shock to me when, as an S.D.I., I was drafted to H.M.S. Kempenfelt and found that "Chief, you will be getting in eight torpedoes tomorrow"! Fortunately we were only steaming the ship to Reserve in Simons Town, South Africa, so no routines were necessary. Thereafter followed an interesting and pleasant commission ashore at the Base there, when political opinions were more moderate, colour prejudice more courteous and cigarettes and spirits very much cheaper. S.D.I's who had been seconded to the South African Naval Forces made frequent trips from Salisbury Island, Durban to the Cape, and two of them were for a time borne at R.N.V.R. Base at Cape Town. My children became very friendly with a Bantu storekeeper whose store was near our home, and I also came to know him very well. He was an educated and Christian man and I think that knowing him has made me a little less tolerant of Apartheid as now practiced.

On my return to the United Kingdom I was drafted to Vernon. This at the time was to be only temporary, but as time went on it became very permanent.

I found this new home of the now established T.A.S. Branch very different from Osprey. Its geographical position made it ideal for a 'run ashore', and its layout seemed boundless to me. There were possibilities of a conversion course, but this didn't appeal; after a few months though I found myself in Chippy Carpenter's ample and well worn chair. Throughout the Service it is considered that a Section Chief 'must have worked a racket to get there', is making a fortune from tea-boats, gets plenty of 'rabbits', and is an old 'B' anyway. During my stay 'in the chair' I discovered that far from being the dissolute character he is often

made out to be, he is harrassed, insulted, and hardworked. He is the recipient of many undeserved blasts, and the Father Confessor of many of his staff and classes. In between giving advice to the lovelorn and calming irate tempers, he endeavours to keep track of Alterations and Additions, Modifications and Amendments; whether the Heads are clean, and if the snag on the 144 set is being repaired. Fortunately this period was a short one, and I was very pleased to hand over the chaotic remnants to Buddy Pearson and branch out into the realms of 170 and Limbo.

The wheel had turned a full circle. Once again we could train and tilt the same transducer, and we could point our Mortar where we wanted. However, it certainly didn't mean learning could cease for "Qui Docet Discit", and headaches were developed by many during the next two or three years.

At about this time another effort was being made to start an Instructors' Association, and much is owed to the then Captain of Vernon for the interest, advice and practical assistance he gave, and which resulted in the Association acquiring its charter during the term of his successor. A history of this Association during its first five or six years would well repay its writer in reminiscence and enjoyment. I would recommend that the Chairman, who so glibly talked me into writing this, should make such a History the subject of his parting shot to the Royal Navy.

By 1956 most of the S.D.I's and T.G.M's had either left the service, 'converted' or engaged on N.C.S., only a few remained. My turn came at last; the blow fell, and I was informed that I was to be 'modernised'. Fortunately it was not the full works, and after a couple of weeks a "C" was bestowed on me and the full realisation of its significance was brought home to me. To wit - - a draft to the Far East. Having heard of reputations made and broken in that part of the world, and not having been there before, I had always wished to visit it. Well, now was my chance and I thoroughly enjoyed the commission. I'm afraid my T.A.S. duties suffered due to the capacity in which I was borne, but that was not of my choice. It gave me an opportunity of understanding many

things about the Service which I had not fully understood in the previous thirty years, and enabled me to visit Japan and Australia. Travelling out to the Station via Central Africa and Mombassa gave me a view of the country so recently torn by internal strife. You know, travelling by air is most certainly the way to get around.

So back to Vernon for a final stay. By now the Association was firmly established, reflecting the Trojan work and effort that was so willingly put into it by the Chairman (plural) and the Committees of those early years.

Many changes had occurred in the domestic and instructional accommodation - - Creasy and Walker Wing in full use, and both C.P.O's and P.O's rehoused. I was extremely disappointed to find that the new Mohawke Block, to which the Chiefs had for so long looked forward, had been allocated anew and the W.O's block was now the C.P.O's Mess. In Warrior Block too there had been great changes. Its barn-like appearance was rapidly disappearing, and its accommodation was superior in some respects to many C.P.O's Messes as they were only ten years ago!

For a spell I resumed normal instructional duties with classes before taking over a Synthetic Teacher. Here again, I had the opportunity of learning something new, not excluding a little bit about the arrival and departure of helicopters.

There were still some old faces around; many of them among the civilian staff of the Establishment. Routines and Discipline had undergone great changes to fit the changing values and conditions of service, and I began to view the forthcoming move into civilian life as just a continuation of those changes. It became easy to see that whilst experience was a great asset, the requirement was for younger men with more active minds, and the continuity that would travel with them.

So the 2nd Class Boy of 1927 faded into the civilian life that has swallowed so many of the names mentioned here. In his memory the strains of the Asdic rating's song - "Bagsy's Band" - lingers on.

J. H. R.

Is Your SNAG HERE?

*The following is a unique example of
fault finding from yester-year. May-
be it still has it's uses -- try it.*

Many folks are non-believers
in the A.V.C. receivers.
Nearly every new device
Stirs up lots of prejudice.
Don't it?

Amplifiers old and new
Have the self same job to do.
A.V.C. has Main supply,
Not using batteries wet or dry.
Not nobody.

Up til now reverberations
have not helped our operations.
Sometimes they were much too strong,
or persisted for too long.
Most annoying.

Echoes, when they did come back,
Strength and body seemed to lack,
Just because they all got drowned
By noises in the background.
Demned annoying.

Now reverbs do not appear
As strong as you are wont to hear.
Everything is quite alright,
And the echoes clear and bright.
Don't worry.

When at first the gear you're trying
May produce a noise like frying,
Don't resort to words profane,
Change V.1. and try again.
Sometimes happens.

Don't condemn the valves you threw
out of sockets one and two,
One of them, or both you'll see,
may work well in socket three.
Strange but true.

Number four control valve or bottle,
Keeps reverbs down to half throttle.
When the button key is pushed,
Background noises should be hushed.
Not the echo.

Recorder stylus marking well,
V.5's O.K. as sure as hell.
But if the paper's virgin white,
A new V.5. may put things right.
Sorry about hell.

If results are simply nix,
Take a peek at number six.
This the mixer keeps in order,
Phones and Speaker, not recorder.
See verse 10.

Number seven next in line,
Functions as a Heterodyne.
Makes up oscillations near
your frequency and so you hear.
1000 cycles.

If Loudspeakers won't loudspeak,
But just whisper low and weak,
Faulty power V.8.
or dud loudspeaker, sure as fate.
or broken leads.

Phones are dead maybe V.9.
Or perhaps external line.
Disconnect just to be sure,
terminals, marked three and four.
In J.B.

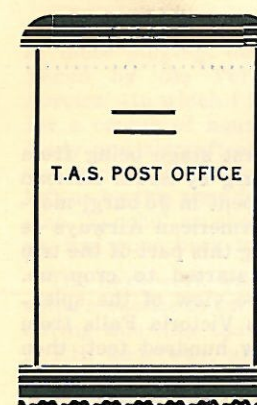
When the button key is pressed
the relay 'C' remains at rest.
Though both the others will work then,
Try another number 10.
If you have one.

Eleventh and last, the rectifier,
provides 350 volts, or higher.
For proof that this is working right,
Look to the amplifier neon light.
The top one.

If you still need confirmation
Practice, gather information.
You will change your mind a bit
When you get the hang of it.
Get cracking.

If you're worried, or in doubt,
Always get the handbook out.
Don't forget that wiring snag,
Has an answer in the bag.
Good Hunting.

* * * *



OVER ALL FROM LETTERS

Dear Sec,

Thanks for the delivery of the Seamaster. I am sorry to say that I am not impressed with it in its present form. I personally miss reading the letters from other T.A.S.I's. which made our first editions lively and 'Tassish'. As it is now, the T.A.S. news is in the minority.

The front cover should carry a picture of our Branch. Sorry about these "drips", but I still wish the Ed. the best of British luck and every success.

E. H. Curtis,
Phoenicia, Malta

* * * *
Dear Sec.,

Many thanks for the Seamaster which I received this morning. Makes us feel that the 'School' is not so far away after all.

A small reunion of T.A.S.I's was held in the home of C.P.O. Curtis, T.A.S.I., in Malta on 27th December. The guests included C.P.O. Williams, 'Phoenicia', myself, P.O. Gladden, 'Jutland', C.P.O. Vass, 'Ark Royal', P.O. Turner and some of the families.

It was a very enjoyable evening, and gave the Non-Natives a feeling of being wanted. The 7th D.S. has not been together a great deal as a Squadron, and so we have been unable to get together as much as we would like in order to compare notes so to speak.

For instance, I am very proud of my T.A.S. boys in the 'Broadsword'. Particularly the U.C's who enter into every exercise with enthusiasm. You will probably remember S/Lt. Smith. He is our T.A.S. Gunner, and has been a great help to everyone, winning their admiration by his efforts in the department, and developing a solid team spirit among the teams.

That's all for now, best of luck all,

Nick Carter,
'Broadsword'

NEWS FROM THE NORTH

Port Edgar must bring back pleasant memories to many of our T.A.S. and Diver readers, but just how many of you realise that it is now a flourishing port, soon to have a new roof in the shape of the New Forth Bridge?

Here at present resides the Fishery Protection Squadron, together with the 100th M/S Squadron, Reclaim and the 51st Squadron. The latter consists of Shoulton, (C.M.S.) and four inshores, Brenchley, Chaily, Brearly and Brinkley, all of which are commanded by Long Course T.A.S. Officers; Lt.-Cdr. R. R. Richards flying his flag in Shoulton. She, as some of you may know, has recently returned from the U.S.A. where she demonstrated some of the latest mine-sweeping equipment with a high degree of success. Now it is our turn to show the rest of N.A.T.O. what British scientists can do, and from personal experience I can assure you that it really is something to be proud of.

If at any time some of you T.A.S. or Diver bods sight us, come on board and make your pennants, we'll give you a flying E.E.F.I.E. course. To our friends the Divers I should like to say how close the branches have become in this Squadron; T.A.S. and Divers working hand in glove, each one needing the other to carry out the tasks that beset us.

To my relief I should say "You'll have a very interesting job to come to, and the future programme looks bright; one might almost call it a pleasure cruise around N.A.T.O., calling at ports in Holland, Portugal, Sweden, France and Germany, and taking a spot of sun at Gib.

For Edinburgh natives with the wanderlust to see the world, this is the ideal draft.

T.T.F.N.

P.O. Dyke 51st M/S.

Letters From All Over (Continued)

H.M.S. Afrikander

As I write, we out here are still enjoying the pleasant wonderfully warm South African weather, which we have been having in full abundance over the past few weeks, especially over the Xmas holidays, when at times the temperature rose into the hundreds. Listening to the radio news and reading the daily papers, what the seasonal weather in U.K. is really plus papers from home, we often try to recall like, such things as frost, snow and fog, never mind, we all realise that all too soon our return to home will come around and all we will have to keep us warm will be the memories.

The postal address for our 'little empire' has now changed by kind permission of 'My Lords' as you have probably noticed. I believe some people will have it that the reason was to make us feel more like "real sailors", but others are content with the official explanation which was the result of delayed mail from U.K. when using our local South African address.

Life out here is going along about the same, Xmas and New Year festivities are now completed (and I'm sure I've heard some people say thank goodness) all heads have now been classified as back to normal size by the P.M.O.

Our new Commander-in-Chief, Vice-Admiral N. A. Copeman, C.B., D.S.C. has taken up his appointment, also the new Fleet T.A.S. Officer, Commander Fetherstone-Dilke, who I know all members of the Association will wish to congratulate on his being selected for promotion to Captain in June. I would like to take this opportunity to apologise for the incorrect spelling of his name in my last letter.

"CAPEX" our annual A/S exercise is now completed for another year. Its duration this year, or should I say last year, lasted from September until November in various phases, and covered a sea area from as far north as Dakar on the West coast of Africa around to East London on the other coast. I was "fortunate" enough to have a trip to sea and hear some real submarine echoes again whilst the exercises were on. It was towards the end of September when I left Cape Town by air for Lagos where I started my first commitment. The actual trip up to Lagos was very interest-

ing and luxurious, The first stage being from Cape Town to Johannesburg by South African Airways, the night was spent in Jo burg, moving on next day by Pan American Airways as far as Accra. It was during this part of the trip that points of interest started to crop up. Firstly, a really bird's eye view of the splendour of the world famous Victoria Falls from an altitude of only a few hundred feet, then to add to the excitement, we made a short stop at Leopoldville of all places where, as you can well imagine, the atmosphere was tense to say the least! Accra was my second night stop, once again moving on next morning, this time by West African Airways to the final destination of Lagos, where on arrival, I must admit I felt a little bit unwanted, as I had to explain to the Immigration Officer at the airport that I had come to Nigeria neither as a participant or witness to the West African Games, or for the Independence celebrations, however, after due consideration I was allowed to enter the country. Whilst in Lagos, I was able to witness some of the Independence celebrations which remain quite memorable, also to spend a very enjoyable evening with S/Lt. "Lou" Dover who as you know has joined the Royal Nigerian Navy. It was a surprise to see him in that part of the world and true to T.A.S. form I found him in a sheer state of 'Happiness' in the grips of a M.A.S.T.U. which was part of the R.N. stand at the International Exhibition. The 'bus' itself had not been working properly for quite a few months previous, so you can well picture the scene! I am glad to say that I was able to help the A/S staff of 'Nigeria' remove a couple of snags during my stay before I sailed from Lagos aboard H.M.S. Bermuda.

The morning after sailing I found myself walking the 'high wire' to join H.M.S. Puma at sea and resight many familiar faces which I had last seen alongside the wall in Simonstown some two months earlier as the 7th F.S. had been over to a visit to South America prior to joining up for the exercises. I remained aboard 'Puma' until we reached Luanda, during which time we had a fair bash at simple Casexs in company with 'Lynx' and 'Nigeria', the target being our own R.N. Submarine 'Trespasser'.

Our stay in Luanda was only a short one and we were soon away again on passage for the next phase of the exercises, shortly after sailing. 'Puma' had her sea inspection by the F.T.A.S.O. after which I was transferred to

'Lynx' this time by motor whaler. After a week of more pinging, during which time we were joined by the Portuguese frigate 'Pacheco-Pereira' (to which I had another high wire trip for a couple of hours) also ships of the S.A. Navy and aircraft of the S.A. Air Force until we arrived at Simonstown, 'Nigeria' having left us by this time for her return trip to Lagos also 'Pancho' as she became generally known as, had gone back to Luanda.

The next week was spent in harbour to give ships a chance to carry out maintenance, it was during this time that I had several sessions of A.T.H. underway, also trips to the demolition range, then again off to sea for the final phase of the exercises which was proved to be the most advanced also most international with ships from R.N., U.S.N., S.A.N. and aircraft of the R.A.F., S.A.A.F., plus French Maritime taking part, not to mention the Pilotless Target Aircraft flight from U.K. who were embarked in 'Puma' and kept us all very excited and amused at the performance of their 'birds'. Here I must admit that I wasn't at sea for the whole of the last phase of the exercises, but did have a short flight up to join 'Puma' who had developed a spot of trouble. Before we leave the sea and exercises I have been asked to mention that during my absence from 'Afrikander' on exercises my job as 'Buffer' was taken over (by kind permission of the P. & R.T. Branch) by our P.T.I., L/Sea. "Willie" Waters, ex Ganges until the drafting authority graced us with his presence!

Ex 'Osprey' instructors, and those of the I.A/S section of 'Vernon' will no doubt call to mind our new P.O. Steward in the person of 'Barney' Foster from the Kepple and amongst other new arrivals we also have a Bugler (Royal Marine type) by the name of Carter. Since his arrival our motto has changed to "Good morning begins with sticks", thanks to his rendering of Colours at 0800, and I believe that the rumour that all occupants of Married Quarters no longer bother to wind their alarm clocks is quite true! So as not to make him feel too lonely in his 'naval surroundings' we have deemed it fit to allow him to use the title of F.B.I. (Fleet Bugling Instructor) and he can't sing either! Our pay office staff are now eagerly awaiting the change over date which falls very shortly when the Union goes over to decimalisation (Rands and cents) after which our S.50's should be even more of a puzzle, or should I say laugh?

Believe it or not but 'classification' tapes are played out here most mornings, but with a difference, instead of picking out the submarines from non-subs, the T.A.S.I. can be seen

going around trying to improve his knowledge as a gardener (part of C.B.M. job) trying to pick out the weeds from the flowers, and of course, if classified as the latter, are they living? I'm sure our First Lieutenant, who is also the Fleet Gunnery Officer, is on the point of despair as far as the flower beds go, but my excuse is that the T.A.S. Branch moves so fast that we don't have time to grow flowers and I'm sticking to it! Never mind, perhaps T.A.S. (P) could arrange a trip to Kew Gardens as part of my relief's P.C.T.

'Puma' has left the station since I last wrote, her place being taken by 'Lynx' we have also had a visit from 'Owen' who caused a quick bit of book-work when they requested A.T.H. (Type 128) during their stay. Our next visitors are 'Victorious' and 'Blackpool' who we are looking forward to seeing soon.

Before I close this time I would like very much to second the remarks made by our retiring Hon. Sec. in his last letter in the Xmas number of 'Seamaster' also the Chairman's comment and that is please let's have more News letters from members, there must be plenty to write about, both from members like myself, who have 'quiet numbers', (I'm not afraid to admit it), and from others who perhaps are not so well off, so let's have all those stories about the "we" and the "us" on paper, if necessary to cover anybody who comes under the requirements of "being able to read or write, but not necessarily both" let's invest in some tape recorders to be placed in strategic positions as deemed fit by the Committee and have some really good stories. Bearing in mind the high status and income of our branch, I would like to see 'Motoring Notes' replaced by an article entitled 'What my chauffeur did on his day off'. Its surprising how much an article in the magazine can arouse interest. As an example, I almost had a Grand Prix on my hands after my last letter, the contestants were the P.T.I. and our Chief 'Pusser' who were out to prove that my statement of 'Afrikander' being midway between Cape Town and Simonstown was not true, and here I would like to correct myself, we are nearer Cape Town by about six miles.

So once again its cheerio from 'die Land Van Sonneskyn' and a Happy Easter to all, also a vote of thanks firstly to my wife who has endured much clacking of keys since I started this letter, also to "Kathy Jones" who the clacking machine belongs to. Wishing the Association all the best for 1961 even though I maybe a little late, best wishes to all members wherever they may be and whatever they may be doing,

Ron Feasey

Neither Borrower Nor Lender Be.....!

Its surprising the number of people who borrow things. Literally borrow, of course, with every sincerest intention of returning them; not the other sort of borrow.

Our Mr Pettifield was involved with such a person and it nearly drove him up the wall. It all started when he moved house to a district more in keeping with his new promotion, he's our head clerk, at least that's his official title but he practically runs the firm. Very good he is too; though a quiet, one would almost say a meek little man.

Well, he hadn't been in his new house for more than a few weeks when a near neighbour of his called to ask his assistance in the matter of the repair of a tap washer or something. He introduced himself as Mr Parsons who lived just on the corner. The job wasn't a very big one and Parsons admired the way Mr Pettifield handled it. Talked about general things, and ended up by asking to borrow the patent grips that he'd watched Mr Pettifield use. Some what flattered, Mr Pettifield said "Yes", and with the understanding that they would be returned in the evening of the following day, he returned home. "A nice man, that Mr Parsons" he told his wife as they sipped their customary nightcap in front of the T.V.

Three or four days later Parsons returned the grips and just before he left he asked could he borrow Mr Pettifield's electric drill. Somewhat dubiously this time, Mr Pettifield agreed, and spent the rest of the week wondering if it would be returned in working order. So, at odd intervals, Parsons would call, admire the garden, or the new decoration in the dining room, or the car, and go off again having borrowed something different each time. And the length of time he took to return each article became greater and greater. At a loss to discover a means to recover these, or better still, to find a valid excuse to refuse the loan without being offensive, Mr Pettifield became more and more 'put out' as the inconvenience, imposed by the absence of a particular tool or article, made his odd-jobbing and gardening a loathsome chore rather than the pleasure it used to be.

He was not altogether an unsympathetic listener when his wife unfolded a narrative of events that had left her without the use of the floor cleaner, some dishes, the polisher, and her most prized possession, an electric steam iron; not to mention six pints of milk, a pound of tea, two pounds of sugar, half a tea service, two aprons, three pairs of nylons and a pair of shoes that Mrs Parsons had discovered were

just her style and size.

Mrs Pettifield was much younger than her husband and quite attractive too, though she was not unduly flattered by this quality. They decided that something must be done if they were not to be deprived of all their possessions of a portable variety. The next time either of the Parsons should call, they planned to refuse to lend anything unless all or some of the previous donations to the Parsons' household were returned. Rather pleased with this strong line, they waited for the footsteps up the drive with which they had long since identified the eventual exodus of yet another piece of their home.

Days went by. Two weeks passed, and the courage that their combined efforts had produced, waned to insignificance. At last, on a Sunday morning when Mr Pettifield was morosely suveying the flowerbeds that still awaited the attention of a spade and fork, Parsons entered the garden. He looked such a picture of abject misery that he almost matched Mr Pettifield. His wife had been ill, he explained, and only yesterday had been taken off to hospital.

How was he going to manage, what with the housework and cooking, as well as keep his job, he just didn't know. Mr Pettifield gazed at him as he spoke, fighting with all his might to still the tentative feelings of sympathy that began to stir in his breast. His gaze was held by Parsons as he recounted the events of the last fortnight, until Mr Pettifield felt rather like a rabbit that had been mesmerised by a snake. He half suspected what was about to follow, but couldn't for the life of him do anything about it. Spiritlessly he awaited the inevitable, and when it came he acquiesced without the slightest opposition. Of course Mrs Pettifield wouldn't mind looking in from time to time, just to keep an eye on things.

And so she did, from time to time. And the times became more and more frequent; eventually lengthening to the evening, and finally all night.

That is why, probably, no one in the office ever asks to borrow anything, when Mr Pettifield is around. I did once, and I ought not to be surprised that he is no longer such a meek little man.

Ted 'G'

MOTORING NOTES

TEN TIPS ON SUMMER MOTORING

PREVIEW OF THE FORD RANGE — NEWS & VIEWS

When Henry Ford started in the motor trade with the model 'T' his object was to put the possession of a motor car within the reach of everybody's pocket. English firms have done the same of course, there's the famous Austin Ruby and the Morris, but Henry Ford was, without a doubt, the pioneer of family motoring. My review must then, start with the Ford Range.

The ever changing taste of the family man has caused the production of this popular car to be geared to a high rate to meet the needs of a market that is always demanding something different. There is a marked difference in the production system compared to the British "Built to last" system. He follows the American principle of producing a cheap car which will run efficiently for about two years and then the owner can trade in for the latest model. If the owner has developed an affection for his model he can just as easily trade in a worn part for new, and at remarkably low rates too.

Ford engines are efficient in all the car ranges for the two year period, and are very cheap to replace. Fuel consumptions are equal to those of other cars in their class. In fact, taking into consideration every aspect of motoring, the Ford Range for the family man is a very wise choice. Prices of the complete range are suited to every pocket, and here are some for comparison.

Zephyr	1960	1959	1958	1957	1956
	£865	£695	£490	£430	£345

A Large Super family car. Powerful engine.

Consul	1960	1959	1958	1957	1956
	£600	£595	£480	£430	£365

A large family car, smaller engine, not so many trimmings.

Prefect	1960	1959	1958	1957	1956
	£550	£420	£385	£350	£325

A small family saloon. Cheap runner.

Anglia	1960	1959	1958	1957	1956
	£549	£500	£365	£335	£310

A small family saloon with new styling.

The prices quoted are trade prices, so one can expect the addition of at least £30 if purchased through a dealer.

NEWS AND VIEWS

1. With the slump in the motor trade over the last few winter months has come a warning which I am inclined to believe. New cars have been flooded out in the weather we've been having, and the very same cars are being sold as new now—so watch out.

2. Have you noticed that the Radar speed trap is dying a natural death? But be forewarned! - The 50 m.p.h. speed limit is expected back this summer, and with the return of Radar to motoring.

3. As the law stands, when a car needs a ten year test and it fails at one garage, there's nothing stopping you trying another garage. This may of course, be more lenient. This advice must be treated with common sense though as the men in blue are still entitled to summon you for driving a car which is unroadworthy, whether you have passed the ten year test or not!

TEN TIPS FOR SUMMER MOTORING

1. An oil change for warmer weather is a must. The thin winter oil goes like water in a hot engine.

2. Don't scrape that clear varnish off the chrome. Use a recommended remover, or just polish it off.

3. Traffic jams will be back soon, so take note of some good advice. Keep a sense of humour at all times.

4. I've recently seen a touring map printed by the Nuffield Group, available at all good book-sellers. This publication even maps in projected roads.

(Continued on page 27)

N.A.A.F.I. NEWS SERVICE

Cars on the Never-Never

With a down payment of 20% British Servicemen in Germany, Holland and Belgium can now buy a new car from Naafi on easy terms.

The scheme offers low H.P. charge (6 per cent per annum spread over a maximum of three years); free life cover where comprehensive car insurance is arranged through Naafi and protection against liability for Purchase Tax and Import Duty in the event of owners returning prematurely to the U.K.

Servicemen being posted to Europe will be able to order their car in this country before they leave and make repayment while in Germany. Delivery may be taken in the U.K. and the car used in this country for some months prior to posting.

Naafi will finance the purchase of the car and any extras and accessories, plus any reasonable freight charges and transit insurance if Servicemen are posted elsewhere and the car has to be transferred before all instalments are paid.

Once the scheme is fully operating in Germany consideration will be given to extending it to other overseas areas and the U.K.

Lincoln Club Fire

A cigarette-end is suspected as the cause of a fire which did damage estimated at many hundreds of pounds to the Lincoln Naafi Club in January.

The outbreak was confined to the Espresso lounge on an upper floor. Curtains, most of the easy chairs and a juke box were badly damaged. The whole room will have to be redecorated before it can be used again.

Naafi Quits Wartime H.Q.

Naafi is to close Ruxley Towers, its wartime Headquarters at Claygate in Surrey.

Naafi bought the building in 1939 and it served as the Corporation's Headquarters through the war until 1953 when the management returned to the former Headquarters, Imperial Court in Kennington, South London.

From a wartime peak of 1,100 the number of staff employed at Ruxley Towers has dropped to 300. Branches and departments which are to be transferred are: Personnel, Central Wages, Headquarter Cashier's, Pensions Accounts, the computer unit and the Regional Manager's office.

Ruxley Towers was built in the mid-1800's by Lord Foley as a plain brick house. After seeing Hurstmonceaux Castle he added the towers, gargoyles and other embellishments.

New Naafi Amenities in the Far East

Naafi's largest foodhall was opened recently at Fort George, Malaya. It offers a comprehensive range of groceries, provisions, fresh meats, fruit and vegetables, household and hardware goods, wines and spirits, cigarettes and tobacco, cosmetics and toys. A temporary gift department will eventually be transferred to the new Central Showroom, due to be completed this summer.

Inside the shop, is a 36 foot run of refrigerated equipment for milk products, provisions, pies and meats, and a separate island site for a wide range of frozen foods.

£ £ \$ £ \$ £

A Dollar's Worth

THE ship was at Le Havre —
Blank Weekend !!

A run was arranged to the Benedictine factory at "Fe Camp" All Harry Freers except for cost of transport and even this was too much for most of us. Eventually the Welfare came up on power to inform us that each member of the party need only pay five bob.

Pretty soon after this little bit of encouragement, a forty-five seater coach was full, and waiting. We slipped at 1230, and it was a very quiet crew that sat wondering just what was in store for them; after all, a dollar is a dollar, even if it is subsidised by Welfare.

Ninety minutes passed in this manner before we arrived at a Monastery tucked away behind a huddle of side streets in Fe Camp.

Disembarking, we waited outside, trying to appreciate the beauty of the building until the manager arrived to greet us. Although our guide could speak very little English we were to miss none of the interesting information. As we entered each new section of the factory, the guide would walk to a control box fitted to the wall, turn a switch to one of several positions, and a broadcast system reproduced the short lecture in any one of eight different languages. There's one slight snag. One has to keep up with one's party, because any lagging

behind may result in the laggard trying to understand the talk given in Yiddish!

The first stage introduced us to the distillery, then through to the Monastery. The final touch being a gift of a sample of the products in proportion to social or military rank. Our Captain received two pints; the other officers one pint. C.P.O's and P.O's had half a pint, or rather, half a bottle. Leading Hands and below were given a quarter bottle.

Presently we made our way back to the coach which whisked us off on a tour of the countryside. Later, we stopped at a sea-side village, and most of the lads evinced great interest in the architecture of the local inn, - - particularly the interior decoration. Once inside, the boys who had had no money proceeded to become quite noisy. When once more the coach was full, the driver, who spoke no English, passed a microphone back to us, and we rolled back to Le Havre accompanied by the strains of some of those lovely old songs like "The Lobster Song" and "Landlord have you a daughter Fair?" Back on board at last, the Benedictine was collected and stowed in the spirit room, declared to Customs and charged at 26/- per bottle.

So our Dollar's worth cost Chiefs and P.O's 13/-.

Reg. Norley.

HOT TIP

It was warm, too warm for a jacket since the powers that be had coaxed the heating system to work at it's required efficiency. The jacket was removed, hung neatly on the back of the chair, and the tiresome task of marking exam papers went on through the darkening afternoon. Noises from other offices sauntered along the corridors and merged with the low hum of voices from the adjacent class-rooms.

A young ordinary seaman, slightly dishevelled and anxious of visage, stuck his head round the door and asked hesitatingly where his class was.....

"Don't know" was the reply.

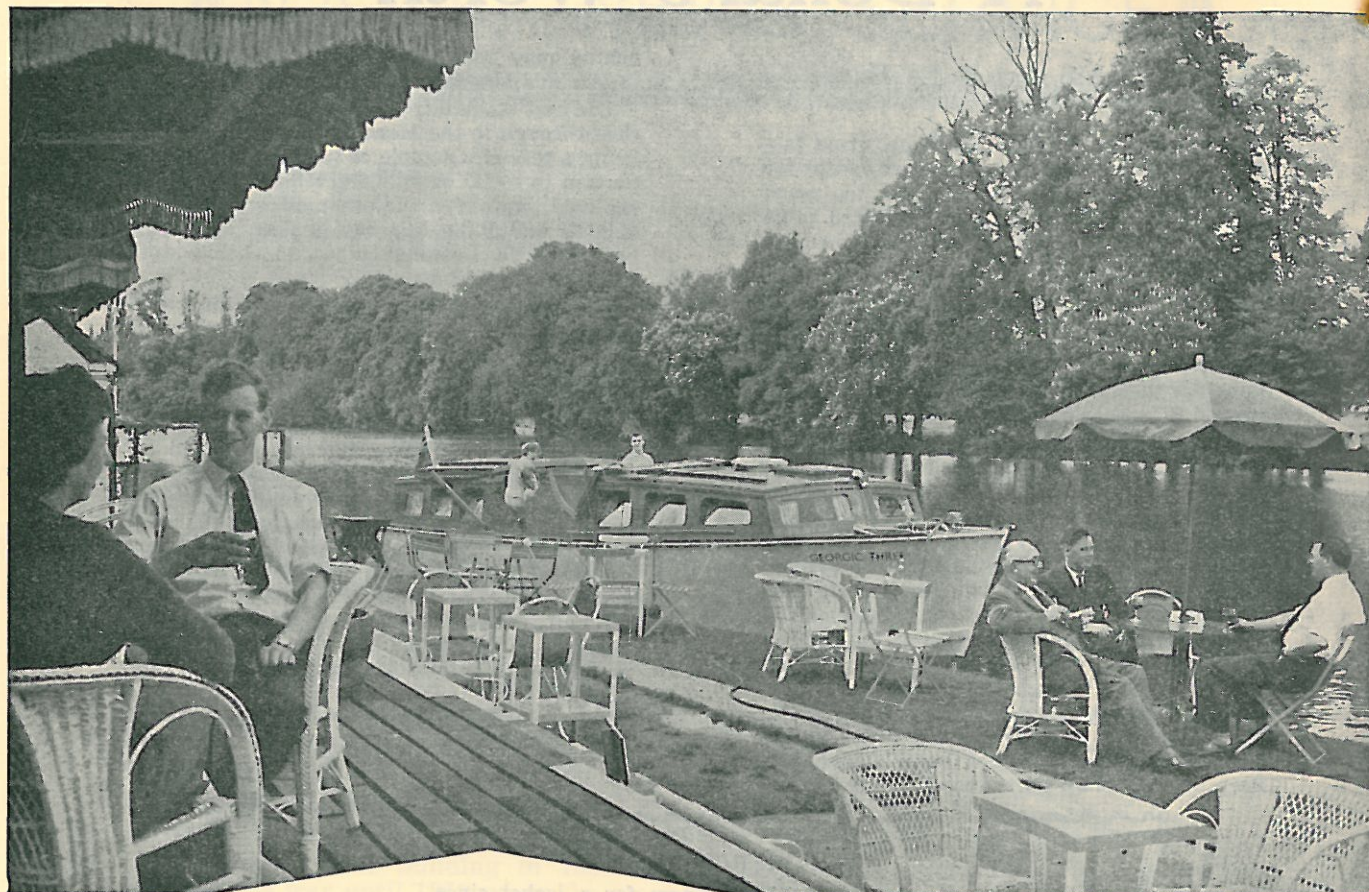
"Thank you, Chief" said the O.D. as he backed out.

"I'm not a Chief", said the Lieutenant.

"Oh, sorry P.O.", the O.D. corrected the mistake and disappeared.

SIMONDS

Along the banks of the Thames



One of the loveliest reaches of the Thames seen from the 'Swan' at Pangbourne

Although the Thames is a small river by American or even European standards, it runs through some of the most beautiful parts of England and remains a highly popular tourist attraction. Much of our history has been enacted on or near its banks and it presents many contrasts as it winds its way through the peaceful Cotswolds, through Oxford, with its mixture of cloistered calm and humming industry, to Reading and thence to London, the commercial centre of the Commonwealth.

Based as we are in Reading, a lot of the Thames Valley is 'Simonds Country' and so we thought it might be interesting to follow the river along and see what our firm has to offer to both the tourist and resident.

Staines is a convenient place to stop for a meal on the way out of London and the 'Pack Horse Hotel' is well sited to meet this demand. Its dining room, which had just been redecorated when we were there, is delightfully situated overlooking the river, and there is a terrace leading from it where one can sit under a gay sun umbrella and watch the river craft go by.

The 'Pack Horse', which is managed by Mr K. W. Nias, has made a very considerable name for itself in culinary circles. The Challenge Trophy at Hotel Olympia for the best three course meal has been won twice in recent years and the Wine and Food Society arranges a special dinner or luncheon for its members there every year. There is a spacious ballroom

with a bar of its own so that a party of any kind can be catered for.

Windsor is sooner or later, the goal of every tourist and here we found the 'Thames Hotel', which stands on the river bank. Mrs W. A. J. Pickin and her family have been licencees there since the day it was built in 1906. In the summer the river brings a constant flow of customers and big parties are being catered for nearly every day. In addition, Mrs Pickin runs the bars and catering aboard many of the launches which ply up and down the river from Windsor.

The fifteenth century 'Crown' at Bray is not quite on the river, but its gaily painted doors and beamed interior are just the sort of thing to attract the traveller. Mr G. L. S. Parkin has only been there for a year, but has already built up a faithful clientele who come from far and wide.

Allowing ourselves a slight diversion on the way to Wargrave, we looked in to see Mr P. Himmonds at the 'Crown' Burchetts Green. This is a charming pub situated in an unusually attractive village, surrounded by unspoiled countryside. Its veranda, garden and sixteenth century bar give it character and Mr and Mrs Himmonds make a particular feature of their flowers both inside and out.

The origins of Wargrave go back to Saxon and Roman times, and it is still one of the most attractive villages to be found along the banks of the Thames. It seems curious to find that in 1914 the Norman church was virtually burnt down by militant Suffragettes - strange that such an issue, which now seems dead beyond recall, should have flared in Wargrave, a village which seems to be just sleeping the centuries quietly through.

The 'George and Dragon', situate on the river bank on the outskirts of the village, with its lawns running down to the waterside, is a great attraction both to motorists and to people in river craft. There is a private mooring, and in the summer there is nearly always one or more motor yachts tied up there. An unusual feature is the glass sun lounge where one can sit and make the most of the sun even if there is a chill in the air outside.

Apart from its pleasant surroundings, the 'George and Dragon' is also well known for its excellent food and wine, which is scarcely surprising since the manager, Mr D. J. Hewett, has in his time, run the catering for the House of Lords, the Privy Council and the Greyhound Racing Association.

There are two well known Simonds' riverside inns at Reading, the 'Crown' at Caversham

Bridge, and the 'Roebuck' at Tilehurst. Mr W. M. Nelson, who has been at the 'Crown' for eight years, obtains a lot of his trade from the river, as there is a landing stage next to the bridge. He also goes in for catering on a large scale both on his own premises and at race meetings, horse shows, and other functions. Mr Nelson is Vice Chairman of the Reading L.V.A. this year, and his wife is chairman of the Ladies Auxiliary. The 'Crown' is also famous for its almost unbeatable darts team which has won the Hopleaf Championship for the past two years.

Mr E. J. C. Hazard has only been at the 'Roebuck' for about a year and a half, but apart from six years, when he was in the R.A.F., he has spent his life in the trade. Before the railway was built, the road used to run between the 'Roebuck' and the river, and its front entrance looked out across the valley. This meant that when the position of the road was changed the 'Roebuck' had to be faced the other way. There are still parts of the old house remaining, where the Tudor bar now stands. It's spaciousness, and the lovely view across the Thames Valley are the two things that impress one about the 'Roebuck'.

It is seldom that the 'Swan' in Pangbourne is not pretty full; its position overlooking the weir could hardly be bettered, and the reputation which Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spackman have built up for excellent food and drink served in a pleasant atmosphere has resulted in a faithful following of regular customers. The excellence of the cold buffet in the bar is only rivalled by Mrs. Spackman's speciality, Chicken Maryland, which is served in the attractive dining room. The house itself is probably five hundred years old, and parts of it were originally a wharf and the lock keeper's cottage. There are literary associations, as Kenneth Graham wrote much of 'Wind in the Willows' in the bar, and the story of 'Three Men in a Boat' finishes at the 'Swan' with the intrepid heroes of the book making a landfall there. Mr. and Mrs. Spackman were at the 'Cross Keyes' at Pangbourne before coming to the 'Swan' and before that Mrs Spackman was on the stage as a dancer, mainly in cabaret in London.

No doubt it is a little strange to find an inn in Goring called 'The Miller of Mansfield', but there is a legend which accounts for it. Henry III is said to have been out hunting near the town of Mansfield when he stopped at a mill for refreshment, without revealing his identity. The miller offered the King a meal of venison which he had poached, whereupon King Henry made himself known and drew his sword. The miller at once fell upon his knees

and begged forgiveness, so that the King, evidently touched, knighted him as Sir John Cockell and granted him a plot of land at Goring upon which to build a tavern. Nowadays the 'Miller of Mansfield' is run by Mr. and Mrs. A. H. A. Harris, who offer comfortable accommodation and good food to a wide variety of guests, many of them visitors from abroad to the Atomic Energy Establishment at Harwell.

The 'Kings Arms' stands on the lock at Sandford, some three miles from Oxford, and has been a popular rendezvous for rowing men and fishing enthusiasts for a hundred and fifty years or more. There is alleged to be a ghostly coach and four which has been seen in the past, but one is apt to pay little heed to such fantasies as one sits in the river-side garden on a warm summer's evening enjoying a glass of cool beer and watching the boats come through the lock.

Once beyond Oxford, the Thames narrows considerably as it meanders gently through the green meadows of the Cotswold country. Lechlade is one of the most charming small towns in this part of the world, and just outside it, at St. John's Bridge, stands the 'Trout Inn'. This ancient building was originally constructed in about 1220 as a hospital or alms house to accommodate the workmen who were replacing the old wooden bridge across the Thames with a stone one. It was dedicated to

St. John the Baptist by Peter Fitzherbert and came under the aegis of the local Priory. When the Priory was dissolved in 1472 by Edward IV. the premises became an inn known as 'Ye Sign of St. John Baptist Head', a title which was retained until 1704 when it was changed to the 'Trout Inn'.

The ancient fishery rights granted by Royal Charter are still held by the inn, which controls six miles of excellent trout and coarse fishing water and there is a delightful garden beside the river where meals are served in summer. The Angler's Bar remains very much the same as it must have been through the centuries, with its exposed beams, simple oaken tables and benches and stone floor. By way of contrast, the two upper rooms have a cosy French atmosphere about them and one can have an excellent meal by candle-light with a bottle of wine from the well chosen wine list. Mr. and Mrs. A. Bridgen, who have two sons studying to go into the hotel business, have been at the Trout for less than four years, but the way they uphold its 700 year old tradition of hospitality and good food has attracted a discriminating clientele from miles around.

These, then, are just a few of the Simonds' Taverns which, by offering a welcome along the Thames and something exceptional in the way of food, make a notable contribution to the amenities of this famous part of England.



The Terrace outside the 'Packhorse' tempts many Holidaymakers to tie up alongside

"BRITANNIA'S OWN"

or

SECOND DIVISION, DARTMOUTH

Today, Thursday, 26th January, we rejoined our poor hardworkin 'Acute'; ready once more to do our part in the training of the future Admirals.

On the way from Devonport we had the honour to be the ship from which the ashes of the late Admiral Braithwaite were scattered. Since the ship had spent some time in Dockyard hands, we had to carry out trials, etc. We Pinged to find that the stabilising was backwards (144) and the carbon ring lead on the Click-plate assembly cut. I suppose I am now talking 'Asdic History', most of us these days think that a Click-plate Assembly is a badly fitting set of false teeth. Our period in the 'yard had been eight weeks, during which time I had been able to join the East West Trail for short weekends. Who was it said that 'East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet'? That Blankity bloke wants to be at the oasis of Bridport at 1500 Saturday, and 0300 Sunday. Its there that all the bally coaches meet for coffee, and the topics of conversation vary quite a lot. The most popular is that of Preference Drafts! Last Monday there were eight coaches, four to take Plymouthians to their ships in Pompey, and four others to take The Portsmouthians to Guzz. The N.D.A. really works.

You know how a ship gets after so long in a dockyard? Well 'Acute' was beginning to get that way, and it was a treat to get to sea again. The whole ship smells fresh and clean; the lads work with the thought that something worthwhile is being done, - - some of 'em even sing!

Last term we had 'sea-boat and anchorings'. This term it will be 'coming to a buoy and jackstay'. 187 cadets in the first term, last term. So now we have 187 cadets second term this term.

While we were at Devonport the T.A.S. team had a day out with the demolitions. Along with Lieutenant Sanderson and P.O. Wright, we set out for 'Will Cove' in the Red Cross boat! Fortunately for all this did not prove to be an ill omen; as the truck, which had taken us on

the final stage of our journey, came to a grinding halt on the edge of the sand-dunes, Lt. Sanderson hopped out, and with a muffled yell of "Follow me blokes" galloped away into the rapidly disappearing distance. Stopping only long enough to gather together the gear, sort it out, distribute it, sling it on our shoulders, and make like camels, we followed, to find that he had become a small dot-like dot atop a hillock ('bout a hundred feet high is all). Nothing daunted, we staggered on at a pace roughly about fifteen pants to the yard. At long last we reached the top! Blimey! After climbing the gentle slope (approx. one in one) we spied the dot even further away. There was nothing to do but to lope after it and hope like mad that it really was the gentleman with whom we had set out, and not some gruesome mirage.

Presently he allowed us to catch up; and just as we were about to dump the gear, he said "No, not there. Pick up those boards and put 'em over there and there and there". I had the Dets. between my teeth, so there was only one place for the boards to go. While they were being placed, the remainder of the party had a long stand-easy. Although we had everything for tea, we had forgotten to bring a pot to cook the water. In future "Demolitions at Devonport Don't forget the Pot". We were lucky to be able to borrow one since the kind of West-Country weather we had that day, wet, windy and cold, made a warm drink essential.

After a couple of hours of bangs we had a camp fire lunch. A few more superior type bangs, collect the boards, hump the gear back to the truck up that jolly big hill, (and the number of times we stopped to look at the view was countless) though for all we could see in the mist and through the sweat from our eyelashes it was hardly worth it.

We really did enjoy our day though. It was worth all the humping and trekking, sweating and energy.

Thank you Staff.

Reg. Norley.

FRIGATE ISLAND

With acknowledgement to H.M.S. Leopard's Ship's Magazine

Frigate Island was our destination on that beautiful, clear tropical morning. Astern we could see the ship, (H.M.S. Leopard), nestled under the mountains of Mahé (Seychelles) as the schooner's bow cleaved through the crystal clear water.

The Gunner (G) had briefed us the previous day on the purpose of the trip. We were going to Frigate Island to blow a larger entrance through the coral reef into a small lagoon, to enable larger boats to get closer inshore.

The team consisted of the Gunner (G), T.A.S.I., L/S U.W.2. as the demolition party, and I, the shallow water diver, went along to access the results of their bangs if possible. The doctor came along too, not in his medical role, but as the ship's bird watcher, feathered variety (ornithologist to our more knowledgeable readers). We were the guests of Mr. Savy and his son Mike, and there weren't better hosts in the whole of the Indian Ocean that day.

On the way to Frigate, which was about twelve miles, we breakfasted on freshly cut tuna and sandwiches washed down with glasses of ice cold Lager. We made time on the trim little craft as she skipped across the wave crests with sails taut and engine throbbing, soon it was time to prepare an anchor as we sailed under the lee of the lovely island Frigate, with its golden beaches so brilliantly outlined by surf and waving palm trees. As the schooner rounded the headland we could see the rollers breaking over the coral reef into the lagoon, and a small gap of quiet water among the turmoil and spray, which was the entrance we were going to make larger.

The rattling of the cable through the hawse pipe heralded the end of the trip, and as our ship took her anchor we made ready to start the day's work. After a discussion it was decided that the best way to get squid projectiles in the right position was to lash them to a 40 gallon oil drum, then they could be towed right into the gap and the lashing cut at the crucial moment, and the explosive lowered to the bottom.

The island boatmen were first class, and without them we would never have achieved anything. You can imagine trying to steer a homemade 20ft surf boat in a heavy stern sea, towing a squid projectile lashed to a 40 gallon oil drum, and trying to stop it coming inboard.

At last the first charge was in place and the dynamo exploder connected to the cable which went away to the counter mining charges. I think everyone felt a tingle of excitement as they waited for the first explosion. The whole island had turned out to watch us, and we were all a little nervous about whether it would blow. We kept our fingers crossed because not only was our reputation at stake but the Royal Navy's too.

The Gunner (G) had the honour of pushing the plunger home, and if the suspense wasn't enough he had to start a count down. We all heard the word FIRE and expected to see the eruption almost before we heard the word, but nothing happened. The time lag seemed like a year to us, but really it was only a second or so before the air was rent by a huge roaring, hissing noise, and a column of writhing water and rock was hurled into the sky. A great cheer broke out, and everyone was laughing and slapping each others backs.

Mr. Savy said, "This seems a good time to stop for lunch", so everyone headed towards the house still chattering about the explosion and emphasising their discussions with waving arms and strange noises.

The eats were laid out on the verandah, they looked delicious, but because I had to dive afterwards I had to sit and watch everyone else eat and drink. After lunch we went back to the beach and got ready to look at the results of the explosion. We rowed out to the gap and Mike told me to be careful because there was a strong under current caused by water washing out of the lagoon. I went over the bows on a lifeline and I'd hardly entered the water before I was struggling to swim against the tug of the current. I tried to swim around but the force of the water just turned me over and over, so I pulled myself along the line and crawled back into the boat. Now I know what

a hooked fish feels like on the end of a line, believe me, its not comfortable.

After I'd got my breath back I tried to tell the Gunner (G) where the next charge should be placed, but because of the difficult current I didn't get a very clear picture for the actual location. The next job was to go back to the schooner and prepare another projectile. This was prepared in the same way, countermined electrically with the dynamo exploder from shore. The problem, where to put the second charge, was more difficult because we wanted the second crater to be alongside the first. After lots of juggling, it was finally dropped, and we retired to the beach to watch it go. This time we felt more sure of ourselves and the projectile went off without a noticeable time lag. Its surprising how soon the novelty wears off something like that, because this time nobody let their feelings get out of hand.

When we went back to the house, the drinks were passed around and everyone sat about and discussed whether our work had brought about the needed improvement. I left the house after a meal and went for a walk along the beach, which seemed to shimmer in the heat of the afternoon sun. The palms stood quietly in the still air and you could hear the land crabs scuttling about in the underbrush. Looking carefully into the water, I found tiny hermit crabs that retreated into their shells when picked out of their watery world. It seemed incredible that the little things would one day grow big enough to inhabit and carry around twelve pound shells as their protection.

Soon it was time to leave the island and return to the ship. I think it will be the only opportunity we'll have had of a form of time travel in our time, for I felt it could quite easily have been 1859 and nothing would have been different on that little dot on the atlas.

We all gave the boys a hand to weigh the anchor and as we came about the sails began to fill and we said our last farewells to the islanders. The trip back was even more beautiful than the outward one, sunset in the tropics is something that can't be described properly, so I won't try, except that nature never repeats itself and every night there are different colours and clouds to make the picture.

We arrived alongside about 2230, everyone pleasantly tired and ready to turn in, after a wonderful day.

* * * *

Bags'es Band

Reference has been made in one of the stories to Bags'es Band. The writer of that story can only remember part of the words and would like to know the rest. If any reader can remember them we would be glad to print them, and so prevent the loss of so inspired a ditty to posterity.

To assist the little cells to do their work we give you what is available to us at present.

Every night at half past four,
People gather round our door.
We hold a concert each afternoon
Lead by old Bags'es Band - - out of tune.

Some are thin and some are fat,
Some, they wear the old brown hat,
Ready to stand, at the word of command,
He's the leader of old Bags'es Band.

Tra la la la, tra la la la (fill in here)
With his picalo in his hand.
And then his eyes would shine.
At a fifteen dollar fine,
He's the leader of old Bags'es Band.

Tiddle omp omp omp (more filling please).

* * * *

SUGGESTION

Getting back to the point of 'news' again for the Magazine, how about the committee placing a compiled list in every number of who's "gone and come"? Advancements, etc., not to mention any new arrivals in families all of which may seem 'small news' but to all who are away from the fold can be of great interest.

Other Worthies

The history of Portsmouth is so bound up with that of the Navy that were we asked to name famous men who have been associated with the town it would be those of the great seamen which would immediately spring to mind. Perhaps, after a little reflection, we should remember that Charles Dickens, the immortal novelist, was born in Commercial Road in 1812, but how many others should we be able to recall? Yet this small area has known many of the truly great in all walks of life, often as children or young men, it is true, before they have gone elsewhere to find fame and fortune: writers, engineers, artists, archbishops, and eccentrics have all walked her streets!

The most famous of engineers was born less than one hundred yards from the main gate of Vernon. A plaque on a house, now dominated by blocks of flats, in St. George's Square, records the fact that Isambard Kingdom Brunel was born there in 1806. His father, Marc Isambard, had fled from France during the Revolution and had been fortunate enough to have his invention of a machine for the cutting of pulley blocks, previously only possible by hand, taken up by the Admiralty and had been sent to Portsmouth to set up his machines in the Dockyard.

As a young man, Isambard nearly lost his life when assisting his father to build a tunnel under the Thames; the first time man had successfully accomplished such a task. Later, in 1833, he was appointed engineer of the Great Western Railway and was responsible for opening up hundreds of miles of track, building bridges, such as the famous Clifton Suspension Bridge and digging such tunnels as that at Box, which so frightened travellers of the day that many, on reaching it, would disembark and travel by horse drawn carriage over the hill to rejoin the waiting train at its other end.

Later he turned his talents to the design of steamships and one he built, in 1859, "The Great Eastern", of 20,000 tons and nearly 700 feet in length, was so far ahead of her time that it was half a century before the world saw a larger vessel.

An outstanding engineer was Brunel, to whom the Navy must ever be grateful. Firstly for the rifling of large guns and secondly for the introduction of the screw in place of the paddle wheel.

What of the writers? Dickens has been mentioned already, but how many readers realise that H. G. Wells, Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling, all in fact, lived longer in the city than did he.

If one bears right at the Vernon gate and follows the bus route, passing the N.A.A.F.I. Club and the Duchess of Kent Barracks, one comes first to King's Road, then passes through Elm Grove and, after crossing its junction with Victoria Road, continues into Campbell Road. This short itinerary has been described because all three of these writers knew this thoroughfare well.

H. G. Wells served for two years as an apprentice in a draper's shop in King's Road, until in 1883, though with only slight academic qualifications, he left to become an assistant master at Midhurst Grammar School. He later called upon his experiences at this time when writing his novels, particularly "Kipps" and "Love and Mr Lewisham".

Conan Doyle, before he created the best known detective of all time, practised for many years as a doctor in Elm Grove, then an attractive tree lined road of stately houses. Where his house stood, one will now find a blitzed site being used as an unofficial car park!

Rudyard Kipling was born in India, but, as a small boy, lived with his aunt, whose husband was an admiral, in Campbell Road. With his cousin, he attended a small private school in the area, but we learn that he later recalled this period with little enthusiasm.

The fame of other writers, well known in their day, such as Besant and Meredith, but

(Continued on page 27)

GOING DOWN

Three Monkeys sat in a coconut tree discussing things as they're said to be, Said one to the others "Now listen you two, There's a certain rumour that can't be true, That men descended from our noble race, The very idea is a shocking disgrace.

No Monkey ever deserted his wife, Starved her babies or ruined her life. And you've never known a mother monk To leave her babes with others to bunk. Or pass them on from one to another Till they scarce know who is their mother.

Another thing you'll never see, A monk build a fence round a coconut tree And let the coconuts go to waste, Forbidding all other monks to taste. Why, if I put a fence round a coconut tree Starvation would make you STEAL from me.

Here is another thing a monk won't do, Go out at night and get in a stew. Or use a gun or club or knife To take another Monkey's life! Yes, man descended, that's obvious! But brothers, he didn't descend from US!!

* * * *

HOWLERS

- Q. What is the function of the Pitch Limit Switch?
- A. It stops the barrels from bumping against the mountain.
- Q. What removes the semi-permanent stop from the loading cycle?
- A. The semi-permanent stop is removed from the loading cycle as soon as the rammers have retreated from the barrel by the W.P.C. (W.R.N.S. Chasing Party).
- Q. What is the function of the C.M.Q. receiver?
- A. The C.M.Q. receiver is a contact communication between the mountain and the handy room.
- Q. In 164 how is the beam made directional?
- A. It can be rotated in a 360° turn.
- Q. Write notes on Unifoxer.
- A. or a sub can tow one astern to baffle the 1st operator of ship.
- Q. Write briefly on the T.A.R.T.
- A. The T.A.R.T. is an obstacle towed astern of the ship thus giving the opinion of a S/M or target of some description.
- Q. What are the subsidiary uses of A/S?
- A. Can be (a) To find out if the sea-bed is rocky or mountainous (d) Fishing.

It's True

For those of you who didn't know the old 'Defiance' let me explain:

She consisted of three old hulks, the 'Indomitable' (living accommodation) the 'Vulcan' (stores, workshops, offices) and the 'Andromeda' (wardroom, cabins, classrooms).

To get from ship to shore, other than by the routine boats during the day, a skiff was used, manned by two hands from the duty watch.

The particular time that the following incident occurred I was Q.M. on the main gangway.

Two young E.M's were duty skiff's crew, and had to wait by the gangway in case they were required. I was sent for by the Commander, who informed me that he and the Captain would be going ashore in civvies and would use the duty skiff, to save calling out the Captain's boat's crew.

On being told, the E.M's manned their boat and brought it alongside, where the Captain and Commander entered, and the boat set off for shore. Watching them through the binoculars, I was surprised to see the boat stop half way across and the occupants appeared to be quarrelling.

Returning on board, on completion of the journey, they came up to me (the E.M's) and said "We were told to report to you P.O." When I asked them why, they didn't know, and left me rather puzzled.

The next morning the Commander sent for me and asked if they had reported to me. When I told him yes, but they hadn't said why, he told me the story himself.

It seems the E.M's had mistaken him and the Captain for dockyard maties (who frequently used the boat). They lay on their oars and said, "It's about time you Dockyard B. . . . Maties got a boat of your own".

Needless to say when the Commander explained just who they were, the journey was completed with all due dispatch.

The sequel to this story is that lower deck was cleared of E.M's every morning for week, and they had to go boat pulling for an hour.

* * * *

EXERCISE TARZAN

Who was it said that life on a Carrier was all dhobey and no Ping?

The following from P.O. George Murray in the 'Bulwark' puts right a few misconceptions, and probably creates a large number of new ideas about the flat tops. If you can write a better one - - - Let's have it! !

Hill 615 was chosen as the scene of the battle; the defending force were the platoons of the Bulwark Landing Organisation; the enemy were the 2/2 K.E.O. Goorkhas. The weather was as hot as North Borneo can possibly get during October; the ground was as hard as tropical sunbaked ground can possibly get. The landscape, a mixture of small hills covered with bullrush and grass to a height of three feet and very thickly interwoven and valleys thickly wooded and marshy. A third party were also in company, wild water buffalo.

Bulwark was chosen to transport the 2/2 King Edward's Own Goorkhas with their transport, from Singapore Roads to Usekan Bay in British North Borneo. This part of the coast is not very far from the town of Jessleton. It was made known that the Goorkhas required a live enemy for a part of their exercises. As the Commando were housed in their barracks at Sembawang, the task was allocated to the ship's Landing Organisation - - in these days a rarely exercised company. Preparations for this were commenced as very little time was in hand. The Demolition Section of Company H.Q. - nicknamed for this exercise 'Sherrard's Own' - had, on paper, a difficult and unenviable task to perform. This was to break through the Goorkhas' lines undetected and create havoc with whatever we had or could lay our hands on. During the preparation stage, nothing could be put in print regarding our 'Private Gang' as the 'Enemy' were living with us. The utmost secrecy was essential and preparations were done in the seclusion of the Torpedo Body Room and Weapons Office.

The weapon we were to use in our exploit was then decided upon, a quarter pound of P.E.3.A. moulded to egg-shape, wrapped in grease proof paper and bound with adhesive tape. A peice of Sailmaker's twine formed a loop so that, if the situation called for it, a

bomb could be planted up a tree. A method of detonation was now required for our bombs, safety fuze was out as the time factor in thick undergrowth rendered this method unsafe. We required a method where we could plant the charge and retreat to a safe distance and wait, when the time came we could set it off. This pointed towards electrical detonation. Experiments were carried out and it was found that two pussers torch batteries could set off an 82 detonator using 120 feet of 991A cable. The batteries were kept in a Right Angled Torch minus the lamp holder. All that was required was to touch the two contacts with the two bare ends of the cable. Twenty four bombs were made up, four lengths of cable prepared, four torches aquired, detonators carefully packed in boxes of cotton wool - first stage ready. The question of what we should wear was then tackled. The defence company were to wear No. 8's but for us, we would stick out like a sore thumb in the open country. Victualling stores were approached on the question of Jungle Green and this was duly supplied. The new '58 webbing was chosen by us as it was found that no weight would be borne on our shoulders - and comfort was our motto. As we were to be ashore for a full twenty four hours, the necessary ration packs were drawn and packed in the webbing equipment. Our seconary armament was next on the list to be acquired. We had a good supply of small thunder-flashes - these proved a blessing during the exercise when water buffalo became too inquisitive. No. 83 Grenades and Brown Smoke Puffs were also packed as a backing up accessory to our now growing arsenal. All good soldiers carry a rifle, so why not us - along with the regulation ten rounds of blank ammunition. All was now complete from the preparation of equipment to food. Our tactics had to be decided upon. A large map was laid out on the T.A.S.O. desk so that the situation

in hand could be sized up. Four maps were traced so that we could refer to them at any time during the exercise, but the idea was that we should all have a mental picture of what was required and where. It was then finalised that we were to operate as Lone Rangers. The map enclosed shows how this was achieved.

The four lucky people to try to perform the impossible, bearing in mind the reputation the regiment of soldiers have, were chosen. They were I/C Lieut.-Cdr. Sherrard, P.O. Murray, T.A.S.I., A.B. Baker, U.W.2., and A.B. Tonks, U.W. It was then disclosed that we, the Bulwark Landing Organisation, were to make history. Taking a leaf from the Commando Manual, we were to land by helicopters. Lectures were given by officers of 848 Squadron on Ditching Drill, Safety Equipment and Emplaning Drills, the latter was carried out on the flight deck as 'dry runs'. Prior to this we had been detailed in sticks, five men per stick. This is the term used for a human lift by helicopter. "Sherrard's Own" were detailed as Stick 8. As eight Helicopters were to be used, we were to be the first flight inshore. Zero hour was 0800 Friday, 7th October, 1960, the day after the Goorkhas had landed and taken up their positions. They had agreed not to cross a line of demarcation about one mile from Hill 615 before 1200 on the day of the attack. This gave our three defence platoons a few hours to get dug-in their holes as recommended by C.S.M. Rendell of the ship's R.M. Detachment. At the same time, scouting patrols would have time to get in position on or about the line of demarcation-unknown to the enemy. Better still, it gave "Sherrard's Own" a chance to get deep into enemy territory and into the concealment of the wooded valleys.

Zero hour arrived, we were all safely strapped into "Z", the engine was running, all that was required was the given signal from Flyco and we would be off. Those few minutes of waiting set the butterflies fluttering in the pit of the stomach. The engine pitch alters as the clutch is engaged, the vibration increases as the throttle comes back, the handlers run clear of the wheel chocks, the aircraft gives a shudder and rises slowly off the deck and swings away from the ship. Once airborne the vibration disappears to be replaced with a slight pressure on the ears plus a deafening roar of the engine. We quickly cross the water and see below us a panorama of varying countryside, a mixture of marsh, jungle and open country, paddy fields and small native villages. Ahead of us is a small bare hill - Hill 615. On top of this, coloured markers had been placed on the ground to mark the landing areas. We go in to land but are told to go round again

- - cows had invaded the landing area. The second time round saw us on Terra Firma again. Our deplaning drill was remembered to a tee, the aircraft quickly took off again and we were left in a calm surround and were able to hear ourselves breathe once more. From the top of Hill 615, "Sherrard's Own" took stock of the situation which we had envisaged from the map. The wooded valleys were there alright, the open country was there, a bit more hilly than was estimated but this could be used to advantage. Our advance could be concealed by going behind these small risings. The grass and the bullrush was also a lot higher than estimated. At this stage, we split into pairs, Lt.-Cdr. Sherrard and A.B. Baker taking the West side of the area, while A.B. Tonks and myself took the East side. Once we had arrived at the valleys we would split up again. It was at this point that the decision was made, should any of us let off our explosives, the one in the next valley on hearing it would reply with a similar explosion. This would help to add to the confusion, if any, in the Goorkhas' lines. Should any of us be captured, under no circumstances were we to disclose what we were up to or how many more there were behind the lines. Now, all was set for our task.

Bearing in mind we had no idea where the enemy were and how they were to carry out their assault on Hill 615, we estimated that they would come up the valleys and carry out a pincer movement on the three defence platoons. The start of the trek for A.B. Tonks and myself proved easy until we arrived at the cover of the trees at the bottom of Hill 615. We then encountered the thickly interwoven grass and marshy conditions. Lt.-Cdr. Sherrard and A.B. Baker, it was learned, encountered the same on the West side. Once under the cover of the trees, progress was steady, but slow; this did not worry us unduly from the time factor as we had three hours in which to cross the demarcation line and attempt our penetration of the Goorkha lines.

When we had arrived at the half way mark on the East side, I decided it was time to part company with A.B. Tonks. A small hill which lay between 615 and the target had a nice clump of bushes on its peak, an ideal position to spy from. Tonks carried on down the East valley towards Valley 4, while I hit the open country and the long grass to make my way to the top of this small hill. In the open this hill gave me visual protection from the enemy's estimated position. The progress of our two compatriots on the West side was extremely good. Baker, being so short, must have made an extremely difficult object to spot in the long grass, a good advantage during his trek across

open country to Valley 2. On top of the small hill I had a good visual control of the country around. My only enemy was the spotter helicopters that flew around every so often. The bushes gave me good concealment. After an hour of searching I spotted a line of Goorkhas coming over the ridge Goorkha line. After a hundred and twenty I ceased counting and decided it was time to beat it to the concealment of Valley 3. The Goorkhas had split up into two sections once they crossed the ridge, one section heading for Valley 1 and the other to Valley 3. Picking the best and easiest route, I made for my line of trees in the Valley 3. These trees were just about the worst possible conditions to operate in, most of them were thickly intertwined by briars and creepers. Picking what I thought to be the best place to wait for the enemy, I placed a charge and ran my cable. All was set now. Having settled down, an explosion was heard from Valley 2. I was about to set off my charge when I heard a rustle in the stream about four yards away from me. Most unnerving to say the least, but my thoughts remained clear. It was dangerous to set off the charge, so I got a thunderflash ready. Gingerly pulling the long grass and creepers apart I received quite a shock - - the third party was with us - - staring me straight in the eye. Rather an ugly character this Bull Water Buffalo!

It was either him or me, so the thunderflash was promptly heaved at him. After it had exploded in the water, all I saw was a rear end view of him - tail well in the air and moving off at some speed through the heavy underfoot conditions. Having calmed down from my fright, I remembered to reply to the explosion I had previously heard. In the meantime, Tonks had given a reply to it. I pressed on from this position so that any Goorkha nearby would have less chance of detecting me. Lt.-Cdr. Sherrard and A.B. Baker in the meantime, had got past the Goorkhas undetected even though they had set off numerous charges on their way. Tonks pressed on to the objective, but encountered no enemy at all. I had the misfortune of being a victim of heat exhaustion and was out for

about an hour. Meanwhile, A.B. Baker doubled back on his tracks to the stream. On arrival at the stream he found an officer of the Goorkha Intelligence overcome by heat exhaustion. He was about to set off a charge and wait for results when four of the enemy appeared behind him revolvers pointed. He evidently didn't hear them until one said "Don't make it up, Jack". Rather unnerving I should imagine when one is about to place the detonator into a charge. Help had arrived and the Goorkha Intelligence Officer was made as comfortable as possible until a helicopter arrived and flew him back to Bulwark. Baker, being a prisoner, declined the offer to return to Bulwark with the patient. The tactics which the Goorkhas had employed were not what we had expected. The whole force of them came in from the West of Valley 1 and stormed Hill 615. As far as we were concerned, the enemy were now behind us, our object had been achieved. The tail-end of them we engaged with rifle fire.

Lt.-Cdr. Sherrard, A.B. Tonks and myself met eventually and a five mile route march faced us along a muddy track. At this stage, about three in the afternoon, the heat of the sun was replaced by a downpour of rain which was to last for a good few hours. This rain was sheer joy, it cooled us off beautifully for our march to Base Camp.

On arrival at the camp, the Chief G.I. was there to greet us. His part of the organisation was beautiful - - a blanket, hut numbers, a water bunker and crates of 'Tiger'. Having washed and cooked up our Compo packs, an enjoyable evening's singsong was enjoyed by the whole company. It was a good experience, but not one I wish to try again.

The Goorkhas are a swift moving regiment. It took them half the time to cover the ground that "Sherrard's Own" had covered in the field. We did cause a certain amount of confusion to their lines, due possibly to the fact that we were not expected to be there. A little cheating does help to add to realism I think.

P.O. Murray,
H.M.S. Bulwark.

HEARD ON THE RANGE

Wag making up Cortex 'Run'. "Just the job for the mother-in-law's clothes line. She smokes!"

T.A.S. SAGA

I long to be a U.C.3
Pinging submarines all day at sea,
Then I'd be as happy as can be - -
If I can pass this course.

Sitting in the A.C.R.,
Changing of the colour bar,
Miss the submarine by far,
I won't pass this course.

The range recorder slopes his line
To give us a good firing time,
This of course turns out just fine,
I might just pass this course.

1st Operator does his job
presses push, and turns the knob,
Aurally fit - -, what a snob,
Good course this.

A.C.O. keeps down the noise
Or he will worry the other boys,
This in turn upsets their poise,
Will I pass this course?

The Captain at the other end
Nearly driven round the bend,
Ear plugs I'm asked if I will lend,
Yes sir, Definitely passed the course.

My next course was for U.C. 2
I knew just what I had to do.
Of notes by now I had a few,
Bookworm.

Circuits and valves and other things
Its worked by power - -, not by strings.
Just to transmit numerous PINGS.
Boffin.

I move on now to 170,
and other things that I must know.
To Creasy building off I go - - -
Bedlam! !

This, of course, is easy now,
To operate please show me how.
On the beam and on the bow.
Braggart.

Procedures are not quite the same,
and what was once a merry game
Has now become almost tame.
Blushing.

Finally I pass the test
Coming out as second best,
Now all I want to do is rest.
Bouquet.

Into Vernon for U.C. 1,
After that this lot is fun.
Disillusioned unworthy one.
Dejection.

In A.T.H. and M.A.S.T.U. too
The table I begin to woo.
Until I found what I had to do.

Dubious.
As Captain and as A.C.O.,
All in turn I had a go.
Sooner than me you know.
Disinclined.

Tactics played a little part,
Though I was lost right from the start,
Is the horse before the cart?
Doubtful.

Thank goodness that's over - - back to sea,
I thought "That's the last you'll see of me".
But - - back again in '53,
Despondent.

The next step in my own T.A.S. Tree,
All the way from U.C.3,
A T.A.S.I. now I wanted to be.
Fanfare.

On weapons now I had to start,
Forget the Bathy and the T.A.R.T.,
Throw yourself into the part,
Factotum.

Squid and Hedge Hog started then,
Followed by the Mortar Mk. 10.
Spanners now instead of pen,
Feasible.

I regret to say I am not bright,
I studied until late at night,
Is it an Otter or a kite?
Flotation.

Tactics ??, we had a go
Getting away from the Torpedo,
Wasn't as easy as we thought you know,
Flurried.

All this adds up to 15 years,
Now raise your voices and give three cheers,
This is my lot for your poor ears,
Fini.

ANON

Credit Sales Soar

The phenomenal success of the instalment credit sales scheme introduced by Naafi in November, 1959, is telling proof of the extent to which it is appreciated by men and women of the Services. And no wonder. Highly favourable terms make it possible for them to buy from a vast range of household and personal goods without the need of ready cash. The scheme is open to all officers and other ranks over the age of 17½ years. Units and messes may also take advantage of it. Dividend or discount is payable on the majority of items and the maximum credit charge is only a penny in the pound each month. Payments may be made weekly, fortnightly or monthly. There is no problem about postings; an agreement signed in the United Kingdom can be transferred to any Naafi shop anywhere. Ask your shop manager for details.

£	s.	d.
81	9	6
290	5	5
11	15	4
1	9	4
2	7	4
18	0	0
6	6	0
	10	6
2	5	0
5	0	0
£419	8	7

[illegible]

To Balance carried fwd. 31/12/60

By Balance brought fwd. 1/7/60

£ 2 17 0

165	0	0	710	17	9
875	17	9			
			6	6	0
			12	8	0
			2	17	0

1	0	0
17	17	0
18	17	0

£116 Imperial Chemical Indust-

207	14	6
200	0	0
198	8	11

606 3 5

Sundry Debtors

198 8 11

5 3 606

198 8 11

5 3 606

198 8 11

5 3 606

We have examined the foregoing Account with the books, vouchers and Bank Account and certify same to be in accordance therewith.

WARD & Co., Accountants,
10—11 Landport Terrace,
Portsmouth.

MOTORING NOTES (Continued)

5. Road glare can be fatal; so either get a good pair of sun-specs., or fit some green strip on the wind-screen.

6. If you plan touring with the family, apart from other things, check that there are no leaks in the exhaust system. These can also have unfortunate results.

7. A good tip when selecting somewhere to motor to for the weekend. Check with the motor-ing organisations for the location of the car parks. A good hour can be wasted at times if you don't know where to park.

8. To have to stop and work on a broken engine is bad enough, but when its filthy its

even worse. So save yourself part of the inconvenience and keep the engine clean.

9. By now, you know the bits which are likely to go wrong with your particular model. So carry a spare. Plugs for instance. Because although these shiny efficient-looking garages call themselves Service Stations, all they usually sell is petrol.

10. Finally don't ruin your wife and kid's expectation of a weekend out by spending half of it cleaning the car. Do that job during the week in the evenings, and - Happy Motoring!

T. R.

* * * *

N.A.A.F.I. NEWS SERVICE (Continued)

Other facilities to be provided at Fort George include a restaurant, bar, a central show-room for gifts and durable goods and the services of a draper and haberdasher, dress-maker, hairdresser, dry cleaner, tailor, photographic supplier, greengrocer, florist, watch-maker, footwear service, and a service for radio and electrical repairs.

In Singapore two new Service clubs were opened at about the same time.

For the Army there is the Phoenix Club at G.H.Q. which offers a grill room and lounge, a men-only bar, games room, a kiosk for cold drinks, a comfortable lounge and writing room, hairdressers and the finest Services shop in Singapore. Business is already booming at this shop which stocks tape recorders, record players, radios, gramophone records, Japanese and British porcelain, German cameras and toys, clothing, shoes and French perfume.

For the Royal Navy the Armada Club was opened at Singapore Naval Base. Amenities here include a grill room, tavern bar for men, lounge bar, guest room, billiards room, colourful verandahs and a roof garden.

* * * *

Other Worthies (Continued)

now hardly read at all, is recalled more by names of streets or blocks of flats than by titles in the lending libraries.

Are there other worthies as notable as these? Of course, and in plenty, but space is not available now to do them justice. John Pounds, the humble cobbler who did so much for the poor children of his time, and whose little shop, with its single room above, has long since made way for the giant power station.

Jonas Hanway, that rugged individualist who carried an umbrella when such an article was considered effeminate even by ladies; Wylie, the great marine artist, whose house, overlooking the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour is identified by its latitude and longitude cut in the entrance, and all the many others must await the indulgence of our editor.

Capsarius

UNIFORM SPECIALISTS

Officers' Outfits, Chief and Petty Officers', Ratings Uniforms, and Civilian Clothes made on our premises by craftsmen.

Complete Outfits or Single Items of the best possible Quality at Strictly Competitive Prices.

EXPERTS IN PROMOTION OUTFITS

Naval
&
Civil

E. Whitaker
& Sons Ltd.

Tailors
&
Outfitters

99, COMMERCIAL ROAD, PORTSMOUTH
Telephone: Portsmouth 21947

28, Military Road,
Chatham.
Telephone: 42829

78, Cornwall Street,
Plymouth.
Telephone: 64810

* *

TRAFALGAR SERVICES CLUB PORTSMOUTH

This Club with the homely atmosphere, whose doors never close, extends a warm welcome to all Naval personnel.

Restaurant, Bedsitting Rooms, Single Cabins, T/V Theatre, Lounge, Writing Room, Locker Rooms, Baths and Showers.

* *

Going to Portland with a Class?
Why not bring your wife?

THE PORTLAND ROADS HOTEL

Special terms for Service Personnel

Children according to age

Portland's largest fully licensed hotel, overlooking Portland Harbour and Warships. All bedrooms are fitted with hot and cold water and interior sprung mattresses.

No petty restrictions — Children welcome
Licensed Restaurant — Lounge with T.V.

Garage accommodation

Access to rooms at all times

To ensure a booking please write early enclosing a deposit. The Proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. G. Baxter guarantee a friendly atmosphere to all and in particular to members of the Association and their families.

*For Uniform and
plain clothes of Distinction*

Branches at
22 RAILWAY STREET,
CHATHAM

12 TAVISTOCK ROAD,
STOKE, DEVONPORT

14/15 CASTLETOWN,
PORTLAND



**81/82 QUEEN STREET
PORTSMOUTH**

CATALOGUES AND PRICE LISTS SENT ON REQUEST

For your Life Assurance requirements - - - -

*make contact with the
Colonial Mutual*

(Recommended by the T.A.S.I.'s Association)

Our Local Representative

MR. J. G. OLD,
60 PARKSTONE AVENUE,
SOUTHSEA.

TEL. PORTS. 33115
is at your service

**Colonial Mutual
Life Assurance Society Limited**

(INCORPORATED IN AUSTRALIA, 1873)

Head Office:— 4 St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.4.

Branch Office:— 22 Carlton Crescent, Southampton.



For happy moods...

'POMPEY' xxxxxx

The Aristocrat of Dark Ales

BREWED AND BOTTLED BY
BRICKWOODS

ASSOCIATED WITH THE PORTSMOUTH & BRIGHTON UNITED BREWERIES LTD.



THE
OUTSTANDING
CIGARETTE
OF THE DAY



WELL MADE • WELL PACKED

VIRGINIA TOBACCO AT ITS BEST