

ALL OF ONE COMPANY



SPORT REVIEW

Sport, at the beginning of the commission, didn't get off to the flying start that we had hoped for, due to operational commitments. Our teams had yet to get co-ordinated, we had a very intensive period of sea duty, which limited training, and few opportunities to play at all. It was not until our 3 month refit in November that any worthwhile results became really apparent. However, the excellent all round standard we attained then has been maintained and we intend to see our commission out on an equally high note.

Soccer

After three trials at the beginning of the commission, an eleven was selected which, apart from injuries, has remained almost the same throughout. We lost only one regular, A.B. Cauldwell, who returned to the United Kingdom on completion of his time in the Navy. Once combined as a team they gradually improved their form until they became quite formidable opposition as many opposing teams have discovered too late. During our refit in Singapore, our team became very fit. This explains their second-half recoveries after being down at half time.

Trophies obtained were: - the Kwon Lee Trophy (Small Ships' Cup) and the Berthon Cup (Fleet Cup): and Varley Shield for winning the 8th D.S. League.

The defeat in the Fleet Championship final to CENTAUR was a sore point as we virtually represented the Eighth Destroyer Squadron single

handed, - a splendid achievement for a Destroyer.

Present members for the team are: -A.B. Turner, L.R.E.M. Dufton, M(E) Catchpole, L.M(E) Cane, L/Sea. Coulbeck, A.B. Elliott (Capt), R.O.2. Meagher, L/Wtr. O'Rourke, L.E.M. Ford, E.M. Innes and R.E.M. Tait who replaces Cauldwell.

Other people who have represented the ship as members of the First XI are: -A.B. Young, M(E) Atkinson, R.O.2. Flack, P.O.M(E) Sloane and E.A. Cathie.

Results

Games Played 60 Games Lost 12

Games Won 39 Goals For 197

Games Drawn 9 Goals Against 94

Finally, I thank you all and enjoyment you have supporters for the great pleasure given me and your

A. PARFITT,

Team Manager and Selector.

In addition to the Team Manager's impressions, I'd like to add some of my own. I am extremely pleased with the progress of our soccer team, the way they knitted together and the high standard of play that was attained. Evidence of this was to be had frequently in Singapore; I'd be pestered with phone calls from the Secretaries of high class shore side teams who, in their own words, "wanted some good opposition". That made me tremendously proud, and even more so when the results were known that we'd beaten them, as we frequently did.



Our players seem to get better every match, three of them, Mech. Withecombe, LjWtr. O'Rourke and A.B. Young, were picked to play for the Navy Wanderers in the Singapore Services League. Oilr goalie, A.B. Turner, makes the saving ot penalty shots his specialty, although we don't have many to judge by; he has saved them recently with monotonous regularity, thank goodness. He, L/Wtr. O'Rourke and R.O.2. Meagher were chosen to play in Fleet Representative games dur-ing our Northern cruise to South Korea and Japan and, by all accounts, did very well.

We have had some splendid tussles with CAVALIER; initially she had the better of them, but since we have got our team going, the honours have definitely come our way. Thinking of these matches brings back nostalgic memories; the water-logged pitch at Sembawang where CAVALIER won 2 - 1, because they had webbed feet, the revenge we took for our beating when we arrived on the Station, that was sweet to the tune of 5 - 2 and perhaps the hardest slog of all, the match in Hong Kong for the 8th D.S. League Cup, which was drawn after extra time - this was played the day after the Ship's Company dance and one can perhaps realise what Ships' Company dances do to the constitution. However, in the replay a few days later, we comfortably beat them 4 - 1, so we still remain on top.

Rugby

Played 37, Won 27, Lost 6, Drawn 4.

Here again we've been blessed with terrific keen-ness and much success. We have a team of 100 % triers, and what some may lack in skill, they certainly make up for in verve and dash.

In this (other shaped) field we have done very well and. have tasted success on innumerable occasions. Our matches with the Australians in particular deserve mention; VENDETTA and QUICK-MATCH, whom we beat soundly, and ANZAC and TOBRUK, where we were not so lucky, but gave a good account of ourselves. It was those ruddy "Australian Rules" that did it.

Here, the most memorable match for me took place against CAVALIER, the evening we gained the 8th D.S. Rugby Challenge Cup, which we have held ever since. Of a myriad of scenes, some are outstanding, particularly the sight of our present Medical Officer, then playing for CAVALIER, being sat upon by 'Tiny' Bramwell; the dummy that E.R.A. Bunker sold to go through and score our third try; Jimmy Green running up and down the line doing sterling duty as a touch judge, and a very efficient one at that; then after the game, the number of times the cup was filled, and emptied (the Tiger was really roaring that night), the presentation of the tankard, suitably inscribed to Surgeon Captain 'Sam' Wallis. Yes, even Clubs' singing sounded pleasant that night!

As for the future, we hope to have plenty of games whilst in 'Aussie' and, who knows, we'll probably show them a thing or two; we certainly will if the team go on playing as they do at the moment.

Hockey

Played 41, Won 27, Lost 11, Drawn 3.

In this field we have done very well too although we have collected only one trophy as yet simply because the ship has not been in the right place at the right time. Even so, we have a record of which we can be proud and have produced a very good team, which has knitted together extremely well. In winning the Alan Archer Small Ships' Hockey Cup, the team produced some spectacular play, beating ALERT 2 - 0.

Cricket

Played 10, Won 2, Drawn 4, Lost 4.

Here again we haven't had very many games to date, and in those we've had we have been hampered by the 20 over rule or some time restriction. The matches we have played lately in the 8th D.S. League Cup are showing very good results. I'd like to say "Well done" to all the team and in passing a special one to the Chief Bosun's Mate for his sterling work, both with the bat and the ball.

Water Polo and Basket Ball

Water Polo:

Played 13,

Basket Ball:

Played 25,

Won 9, Lost 3, Drawn 1.

Won 14, Lost 8, Drawn 3.

Here again we have very keen teams in both sports, which are among the best that any team on the Station is able to field. In respect of Water Polo, three of our players were chosen to represent the Navy in Singapore, evidence of the high standard attained; these were O.A. Speechly, R.O.2. Flack and A.B. Bramwell, these forming the nucleus of the successful team, winning the 8th D.S. Aquatic Cup, 'fins down'.



I cannot let this opportunity pass without a word or two on the efforts of Petty Officer Electrician Collins and dinghy racing. You've all seen him busy in his spare time, scraping and polishing the hull of the ship's dinghy, in fact, looking after it as though it were his own, as it virtually might be. It has certainly produced results; here are some: -

He is the holder of the Malayan Area Sailing Cup; he has been well placed consistently in passage races between Singapore, Changi and the Naval Base, winning most of them or else coming in a close second. He has represented the Fleet both at Singapore and Hong Kong and has even been known to 'chivvy' the authorities into organising races, putting forward suggestions as to the course layout, etc., then promptly going ahead and winning the race.

So, if you see a dinghy well ahead of the others and are not able to identify it, all you need look for is the favourite pipe and you'll be able to say, "That's Jumper, he's done it again!"

In conclusion I'd like to add that, while I haven't mentioned the participants of any other sport, I think they have done themselves and the ship credit. I'd like to mention one name however, that of A.B. Bramwell, our Far East Station heavy weight boxing champion. Most people thought he would put up a good fighting display, but no one was prepared for the excellent boxing display with which he won the championship.

So "Well done" the Ship's Company, the players, officials, and a special word for the supporters without whom we wouldn't have. "Well done" you all, each and everyone of you; thank you for your support which has made my task that much easier and enjoyable.

S. LINTOTT, *Sports Officer*.



LIAISON WITH OTHER FORCES

It has been the policy to attach new ships to Army and Royal Air Force units as they arrive on the Station. CAPRICE has been attached to the 5th Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, Hong Kong and No. 2^o5 R.A.F. Squadron, R.A.F. Station, Changi. The liaison has been so good that the following article appeared in an Admiralty News Summary:

“The liaison between the three Services in Singapore is very active and new ships are attached to Army and Royal Air Force units as soon as they arrive on the Station. The value of this form of interservice contact is amply displayed by frequent sports fixtures between the ships and their shore-based counterparts and by trips to sea in H.M. Ships

by officers and men of the Army and Royal Air Force.

An outstanding example of good liaison is that between H.M.S. CAPRICE and No. 205 R.A.F. Squadron of the R.A.F. Station, Changi. Not only have they frequently met on exercises and for mail drops to H.M.S. CAPRICE, but considerable numbers of officers and men have been to sea in the ship for periods of up to a week, while members of the ship's company have enjoyed several flights in the Squadron's Shackleton aircraft. The liaison culminated over Christmas in a large number of officers and ratings of H.M.S. CAPRICE being invited to stay in the homes of the families of the Squadron”.

SOME MESSAGES RECEIVED

FROM . . R.N.O. GREENOCK. .

GOOD LUCK AND A VERY HAPPY COMMISSION TO YOU ALL.

OUR REPLY:

2. ROGET'S THESAURUS NO. 608 WHICH DO YOU PREFER.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR MESSAGE WHICH IS MUCH APPRECIATED BY ALL ON BOARD YOUR PARAGRAPH 2. “AT ONE'S OWN SWEET WILL”.

FROM . . R.N.O. GLASGOW. .

IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE TO SEE CAPRICE STARTING A COMMISSION AND SETTING HERSELF THE HIGH STANDARD THE R.N. HAS ALWAYS EXPECTED. I WISH YOU THE BEST OF LUCK AND HOPE THAT YOU ENJOY YOUR COMMISSION AS MUCH AS MY W.R.N.S. ENJOYED THEIR TRIP FROM GLASGOW TO GREENOCK.

FROM. . D.8. .

GREETINGS FROM 8TH D.S. ON COMMISSIONING.

SEEING YOU.

WE ALL LOOK FORW ARD TO

FROM. . TIPPU SULTAN. .

THANKS TO YOU FOR HAVING BEEN SO HOSPITAELE AND HELPFUL TO US. YOU HAVE ALL BEEN WONDERFUL AND OUR STAY HAS BEEN MOST PLEASANT. HOPE WE WILL MEET AGAIN SOON. CAPRICE IS DELICIOUS.

FROM. . F.O.2. F.E.S. . .

THANK YOU FOR A SPECTACULAR AND IMAGINATIVE FAREWELL WHICH I MUCH ENJOYED. THE 8TH D.S. WAS WELL REPRESENTED BY YOUR SPIRITED SOLO PERFORMANCE. GOOD LUCK TO YOU ALL.



The Hastings which the ship's demolition team helped to move from the runway at Gan.

T. A. S.

From our point of view, this has been a very successful commission; we have done a lot of hard slogging in most aspects of our work and, being mainly concerned with the Underwater side of affairs, naturally we cannot see much concrete evidence of the success of our operations. How-ever, we can be quietly satisfied with the results we have been able to obtain, even though it is "war to the death" with the Ops. Room crew.

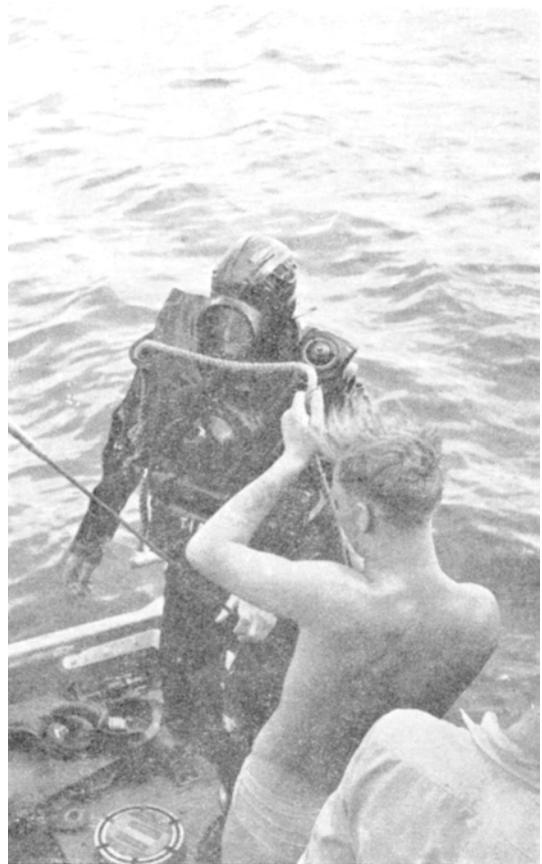
Sonar wise, we started off in a bad way, having only operated with one submarine for a couple of hours, but the situation has now improved and the results of our latest Casex are very satisfactory.

Regarding the weapons, having fired 26 tor-pedoes, including one live torpedo which hit the bullseye beautifully, we should now know how to "prep" and fire a torpedo, and there's no doubt we do. Our initial live Squid firings gave great satisfaction, (to us a lasting one, to the Galley and the ship's company, only temporary I'm afraid) and promised well, but unfortunately, in our subsequent firings, the fish have not been so obliging and we have felt like Old Mother Hubbard's dog. Certainly Berry's harpoon has gone rusty with disuse.

We've also had a golden opportunity to practise our demolition work, first at Gan in the disposal of the Hastings aircraft and at Plover Cove, Hong Kong, where we just didn't manage to blow the hill down; however, it was a good attempt. Perhaps we could have done with more practice at mountaineering.

Our record at qualifying Shallow Water Divers stands supreme: we have qualified eight divers at TERROR, out of thirteen, and one of these thirteen was forced to drop out through injury, so, com-paring this with a recent case of a ship sending twenty-six in for course and qualifying two, it is a most satisfactory record.

While serving out the bouquets, we must re-member



the sterling work done by our main-tainers, both 'L' and 'O/E', without whom it just wouldn't have been possible to achieve our successes; again it proves that it's the team that makes things work, not just individuals, so well done all of you and thank you very much.

PERSONNEL

Underwater Control

C.P.O. G. Evemy, T.A.S.I.	(George)
L/Sea. A. Tynan, U.C.2.	(Titch)
A.B. R. Walsgrove, U.C.2.	(Wal)
A.B. G. Taylor, U.C.2.	(Buck)
A.B. M. Forrest, U.C. Star	(Mick)
A.B. D. Roberts, U.C. Star	(Robbie)
A.B. D. Eyres, U.C. Star	(Jan)
A.B. H. Walsh, U.C. Star	(Wally)

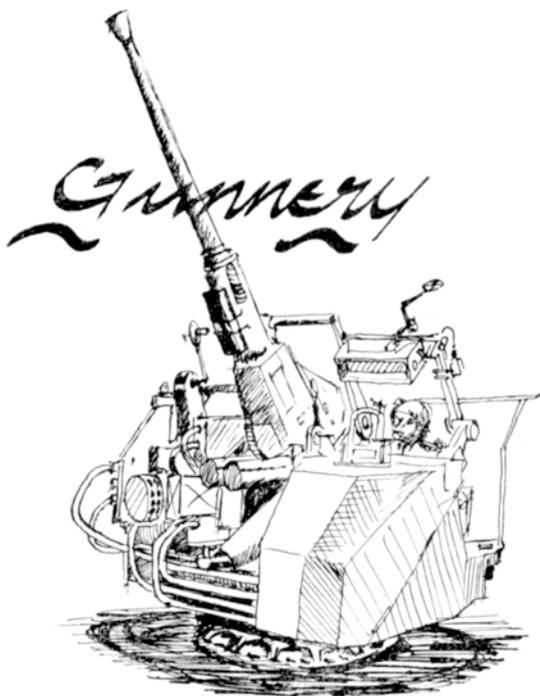
Underwater Weapons

L/Sea. D. Berry, U.W.1.	(Den)
A.B. T. Hill, U.W.2.	(Pusser)
A.B. D. Beaumont, U.W.2.	(Bow)
A.B. J. Elliott, U.W. Star	(Willie)
A.B. A. Anderson, U.W. Star	(Andy)
A.B. J. Colley-Priest, U.W. Star	(Wicker)
A.B. M. Baker, U.W. Star	(Bags)

And last, but not least, those youngsters who got their stars on board:

Ord. Sea. J. Eastwood, U.W. Star	(Joe)
Ord. Sea. H. Key, U.W. Star	('Arry)
Ord. Sea. G. Lewis, U.W. Star	(Lou)

UNGUIDED MISSILES



In an age when we are constantly faced with new weapons, tactics and techniques, the usefulness of well tried methods and our existing weapons and bits and pieces are often sneered at.

The gun, which has been with us for many years, is often criticized as being obsolete. Irrespective of the amount of money we may care to devote to this field, little return will be gained for large expenditure. In short it has, like the bicycle, reached the end of the road in its development, but no one suggests that we ditch the dear old bike. Until it is ousted by more sophisticated weapons, which will be able to some degree think for themselves, the gun has a useful part to play in "weaponeering".

With this assessment in mind, CAPRICE'S commission has included a fair amount of gunnery training and we can be encouraged by the results we have achieved. However, it would not be in the true spirit of the Navy to stop at this and we must always look forward to improving results with what equipment we have. Thus it becomes necessary to vary our methods to meet the changing problems as they are presented to us.

In modern engagements, which will no doubt be of fleeting opportunity, we must develop the philosophy of having everything ready beforehand, rely upon "shooting to instrument" and expect immediately good hitting results. This does not mean a chair bound button-pressing mentality, far

from it: settings, winds and tactics etc. have to be pre-planned so that we may join action and set the works in motion and let the machines get on with it.

We have, I know, closed up often for long periods at odd hours; wondered at "What is the delay"; often voiced "What! more gunnery" and generally upset ship's routine. But after all, this is our main reason for being here and I sincerely hope we have all learnt something and can feel proud of our efforts.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have helped, guns' crews, recorders, controllers, maintainers, safety numbers, plotters, ammunitioning parties; in fact nearly all the ship's company have had a finger in the pie.

Our record has been good and I sincerely hope our successor will be able to keep the Fleet A.A. Trophy we won.

J. CANN
Gunnery Officer.



Fleet A.A. Trophy

RAZZING AROUND THE EAST

It all started off Malta when we took fuel from R.F.A. Tideflow. Since then we have done more than one hundred and fifty transfers at sea of various descriptions. Commodities transferred include oil fuel, ammunition of all shapes and sizes, mail, operation orders, bodies including two Captain(D)s, Dockyard "Maties", a ditched aviator, doctors and Chinese "sew-sews". Some transfers of personnel and stores have been made more difficult by combining them with refuelling, but nothing has gone "in the drink" except bread from CENTAUR (their fault). However, when a dozen bottles of Sherry were transferred to CRANE, they managed to break one on arrival.

On arriving on the Far East Station we discovered it was the practice to approach replenishing ships at speeds up to 25 knots and then "apply the brakes" by stopping both engines. This tended to cause heart failure amongst the replenishment team but once we got used to it this operation became second nature to us. Ships dealt with include I.N.S. MYSORE, U.S.S. LEXINGTON, U.S.S. PASSUMPSIC, H.M.A.S. TOBRUK and ANZAC. The vast majority of transfers have been carried out when the weather conditions have been good. Two replenishments, which will be remembered, however are the refuelling before entering Tokyo and ammunitioning at night on passage to Hong Kong. Although we were in the lee of Japan on the

former occasion, Typhoon "Charlotte" made life very unpleasant for the rather miserable collection of individuals gathered on the fo'c's'le at 4 a.m. The latter replenishment was carried out at the end of seven solid hours of similar operations. When it ended at midnight the weather had deteriorated to such an extent that the operation was becoming distinctly dangerous to hands working on the fo'c's'le.

The speed and efficiency of these operations has increased steadily throughout the commission. A major discovery was that it was possible to almost double the pumping rate for oil fuel by isolating the filling line when using two rigs. As we go to press CAPRICE holds four records for the Far East Fleet: these are:

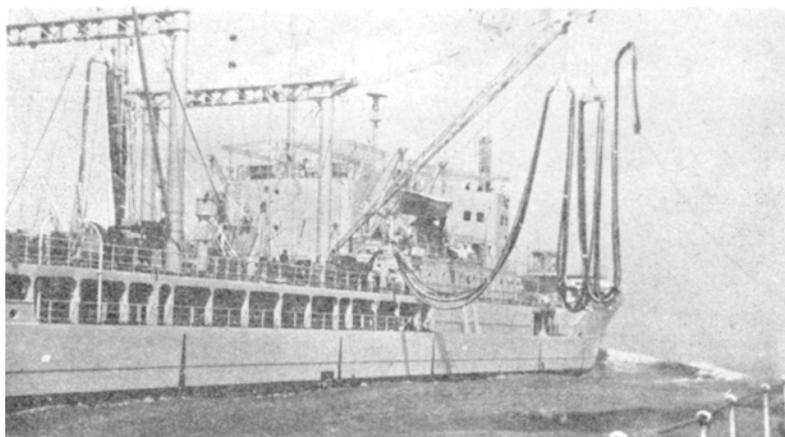
Time from waiting position to "first gun" for fuelling - 45 seconds.

Average pumping rate - 758 tons/hour.

Time from waiting position to "first gun" for transferring solids - 1 minute.

Time from last load to disengage - 1 minute.

H. G. LITTLE
Engineer Officer.



THE GALLEY

Now that we are nearing the end of our 'Jolly' it is to be hoped that not all our efforts were wasted and that those of you who have lost weight will regain it during leave. Certain well known characters could perhaps do with a little circuit training but we hope that while with us they have not fared too badly. Our growing young lad from the B.W.O., our most frequent customer, continues to consume vast mountains of food; we hope his parents can cope on his return.

During the commission we became the first small ship to attempt meal choices and, at the moment, are the only one using the plate system of distribution. In this, your suggestions - some of them at least - have helped and as you began to understand the system, so it improved.

We apologise for any faux pas but hope you bare with us and took into account the ship's fast approach and 'take off on completion' normally executed at about 25 knots and hardover - which has often necessitated meals being served whilst the servers were trying to dodge flying dishes of chips, hot roast 'tatties' or a joint. Still, we've always had our saving clause: 'This menu is subject to alteration without notice'.



To our helpers, 'Butch', 'Tanky' and their leader 'Dusty', we wish a good leave and on completion, another quiet number.

To the 'Minister of Food', we wish all the best and hope he has the same success in his next job, and still continues to manage the feeding arrangements on 4/6d per man per day.

K.M.

* * *

THE SPARKERS

Date: February 9th, 1959. Time 0900. Place: Caprice Office, Yarrows' Yard, Dalmuir. Outlook: Cold and miserable Enter Pots - a tall, slightly stooped figure with the worried lines of many a previous commission creasing his sharp features.

"Anyone around?" he enquired to the apparently empty office.

"Yurs", a voice replied from behind a battered typewriter and a pile of stationery, "who're you?"

There was a slight pause to allow Pots a strategic thought on the immediate situation, then using his best authoritative voice he replied, "I'm the R.S.; who might you be?"

"Say!" the anonymous voice replied, "I'm Meagher; anything *you* want to know, just ask me Pots." Pots did.

"Is the L.R.O. around?" he asked. Meagher didn't know.

So I joined CAPRICE, and after settling in at Dalmuir, I finally met my staff in 'The Glen', where, over a few 'wets', we made it quite a meeting! However, I must confess that, although they have used many 'dives' since the last pint in 'The Glen', I could not have served with a better staff. They played hard but also worked hard.

We saw JET '59, Sealion and other fleet exercises and we are convinced that we are among the best communicators on the Far East Station.

It has been a pleasure to co-operate with C.Y. Morris, except of course when he did his whisper on the voice pipe or when his voice found volume whilst using the single word 'WAIT!', which was often inconvenient.

The staff: L.R.O. Brown and L.R.O(S) Emery have been good searchers, onboard and ashore (especially in Hong Kong and Japan). R.O.2's Colbourne and King developed a new way to save money for a 'run ashore' in Hong Kong. They requested to stop shaving and spend a period onboard. Regrettably Colbourne's 'chin stay' had to come off after a fortnight. R.O.2. Flack still likes the water, especially in a Shallow Water Diving suit and it is believed that R.O.3. Morris will one day realise his ambition to become a barrow boy. The youngest member of the team, J.R.O. Johnson, likes to get his full share of food and often volunteers to 'ditch' any food not claimed from the Galley.

Cheerio then, you skates, I think we've had a good commission. I hope you all get 'Whitehall' next time. All the best.

A. PARFITT
(R.S.)



I WAS A TEENAGE CURLY - AMP

(A lighthearted account of some aspects of the 'L' Division)

Ever since its inception, the Electrical Division has been steadily climbing the departmental ladder of success, until now, it must be admitted, it reigns supreme. However, as other ships' magazines invariably follow a similar trend, I won't risk mountains of abuse by further stressing the point of self-evidence.

The centre of the highest technical discussion, and the very hub of the Electrical wheel is, of course, the Electrical Office. A typical "technical discussion" follows:-

"I don't seem to be able to find any A.C. fuzes, Chief. Why is this?"

"Er, I'm afraid I don't know, Sir, but I'll ask the Chief Radio Mech."

Following this, the Chief Electrician, as steady a man as you could wish to meet, is rumoured to have gone ashore the same night and got drunk for the first time in his life, muttering "A.C. fuzes" throughout.

The department, on the whole, has functioned well, the biggest faux pas being made when a zealous E.M. prevented a Japan-loving killick Stoker from liberally oiling the steering motor bearings with cleansing paste, a most effective lubricant in view of the fact that the ship was just about to slip from Shibaura Pier, Tokyo.

We've had our usual share of little difficulties, but one persistent snag, recurring at the most inopportune moments, has been "Feedback Fred",

the scourge of the broadcast amplifiers. There have been many types - Thin Fred, Fat Fred and Go Home Fred amongst them - but we're confident that, with the next job change of Q.M's, the ghost will be laid.

That lovable sea-daddy, "Jumper" Collins, brought much credit to the ship and the 'L' department by winning the Malaya Cup in the rocket-assisted ship's dinghy, this unconventional propulsion being provided by his power-assisted pipe mounted in the stern. We were never quite sure if the Engine Room was blowing soot or if Jumper was up for'd.

Stan, after only 8 years as an E.M. was generously given a two week trial on table fans which proved catastrophic, so he was sent back to his colleagues on the Quarterdeck, snarling "That clears me". But all good things must come to an end, his next draft reputedly being Tiger (mess-deck party of course).

Generally speaking the 'L' department has been a well knit unit, dropping only a few stitches here and there, the 'L' Officer maintaining a firm hold on the needles, which we couldn't blunt despite our many and varied efforts.

But, as with all good things, so must all bad things come to an end too, and I dare not write any more without fear of reprisal. . . . Aaaaghhh, let me go Chief.

D. DUFTON



CHURCH

A man once told John Wesley: "My religion is a private matter between me and God." "Then sir," said Wesley, "your religion is not the Christian religion." What he meant was that Christianity has a great deal to do with our relationship with our neighbours, and that is why Christians from the earliest times have been united in the society that is called the Church - the largest and oldest society in the world. The Royal Navy has always had a great respect for this society, and for hundreds of years Chaplains have been borne in ships so that the sacraments and services of the Church can be available to serving men. And it is because of the clear understanding that no man is able to be a Christian in selfish isolation that the Navy still requires everybody serving in it to declare his allegiance to the religious denomination of his upbringing or choice - though he is allowed to describe himself as an agnostic if he wishes. Probably a declared agnostic is not particularly flattered to have his doubts about God described officially as a religious denomination, but is a way out for the unbeliever, which is more honest than to put himself down as "C of E" when he hasn't the slightest intention of doing anything about religion.

Until 1947, everybody was required by the Navy to attend on Sundays a service of his own religious persuasion, and one is still told stories of the highly impressive parade services of pre-war and wartime days; but the essential thing about wor-ship is that it is the voluntary union of men with God, and a considerable feeling of opposition to compulsory church was apparent after the war- - not the least among Chaplains. So the rules were changed, and the present position is that, while daily prayers for the whole ship's company are permissible (and why shouldn't it be when the majority describe themselves as Christians on their service documents?) yet Church services on Sundays are entirely voluntary.

Destroyers, frigates and smaller ships do not have Chaplains permanently appointed, but that does not mean that Sunday services have not been held

regularly during the commission. When the ship has been at sea, the custom has been that the engines are stopped for a service conducted by the Captain, either on the quarterdeck, or, in rough weather, in the Wardroom or a mess deck. The service is quite simple - a few hymns, a Lesson, a psalm said together and some prayers, always including one for the families at home, preceded by a few moments of silence so that each man present can remember his own people in his own words. There is no sermon! When the ship has been in Singapore or some other port on Sunday, it has sometimes happened that the local Chaplain or a civilian priest has taken a service on board, though more often men have gone from the ship to the local church, and only once during the commission has a Chaplain (me) been borne for any length of time. My duties are with all the destroyers and frigates in the Far East, so necessarily the time I can spend in each ship is always short; but I was able to join CAPRICE for the visit to Korea and Japan, and while on board, I celebrated Holy Communion on Sundays and Holy Days, and conducted evening prayers as well as officiating at the usual Morning Service. I was impressed throughout by the peaceful and yet vigorous atmosphere of all the services - something that the Japanese Bishop Nosse, who came aboard to evening prayers while we were in Yokohama, also commented upon. During my time on board, I have the opportunity, too, of sharing in some of the ship's activities (one of which took me *almost* to the top of Fujiyama!) and of getting to know most of the ship's company and I have enjoyed tremendously the general spirit of friendliness that I have found.

We will probably not sail together as a company again, but over the years, some of us are bound to meet from time to time, and that is something to which I look forward. To everyone I wish a happy homecoming, good fortune, and God's blessing at all times.

R. H. ROBERTS
Chaplain

THE TOPMEN

In the olden days (so I am informed by Nelson's winger, "Clubs") the term, "Topmen", referred to the more highly skilled of the crew members, who worked the canvas whilst perched precariously on the topmost yards of sailing ships. Nowadays, however, while still remaining the most highly skilled of the ship's company, our part of ship is that sheltered portion around the funnel area or, to those who haven't been in the Navy as long as "Clubs", 'the bit between the front piece and the back end'.

In this area, discussing various topics of the day, can be found the half-dozen men from the division detailed to keep it clean. Leaning up against the hot funnel pipes or perhaps a spud locker, they will be earning their pay arguing at great length on whether "Bloggs" Beaumont is in fact the fastest gunslinger in CAPRICE or whether the Skip-per will really let the end go before 1984. They are the backbone of the department, hard working, conscientious and willing at all times to slap a touch of ship's side grey onto anything that moves.

Also hard working and conscientious, but not quite so willing to do anything so menial as paint, are the specialists of the division. One of the specialists is A.B. Thompson. "Thommo's" work is in the Op's Room where, as the Navigator's Yeoman, he ponders over chart after chart in the erstwhile hope that his corrections will not result in the Navigator missing the entrance to the Suez Canal again.

Jimmy Green is another, whose work, if not done to the best of his ability, could result in the crew losing its morale (and Jimmy his head). He is the ship's butcher and, although not quite up to the standard of "that nice man at the Co-op", would have been a success with Henry VIII whenever a wife was given the "heave ho" and the axeman called in.

Incidentally, he is ably assisted by A.B. McDowell, a Scot who speaks better English than any Highlander I know.

Also worth a mention in this cross section of 12 and 14 messes' employment cards are "Scouse" Rogers and "Bagsy" Baker. The infinite care taken by these two in maintaining their respective guns has to be seen to be believed. However, it is rumoured that "Bagsy" spends all his spare time inventing a gun that will fire "Oggies" at the rate of 100 Ogs. per min. at anyone fortunate enough not to live in "Janner" country.

Characters! We have plenty:

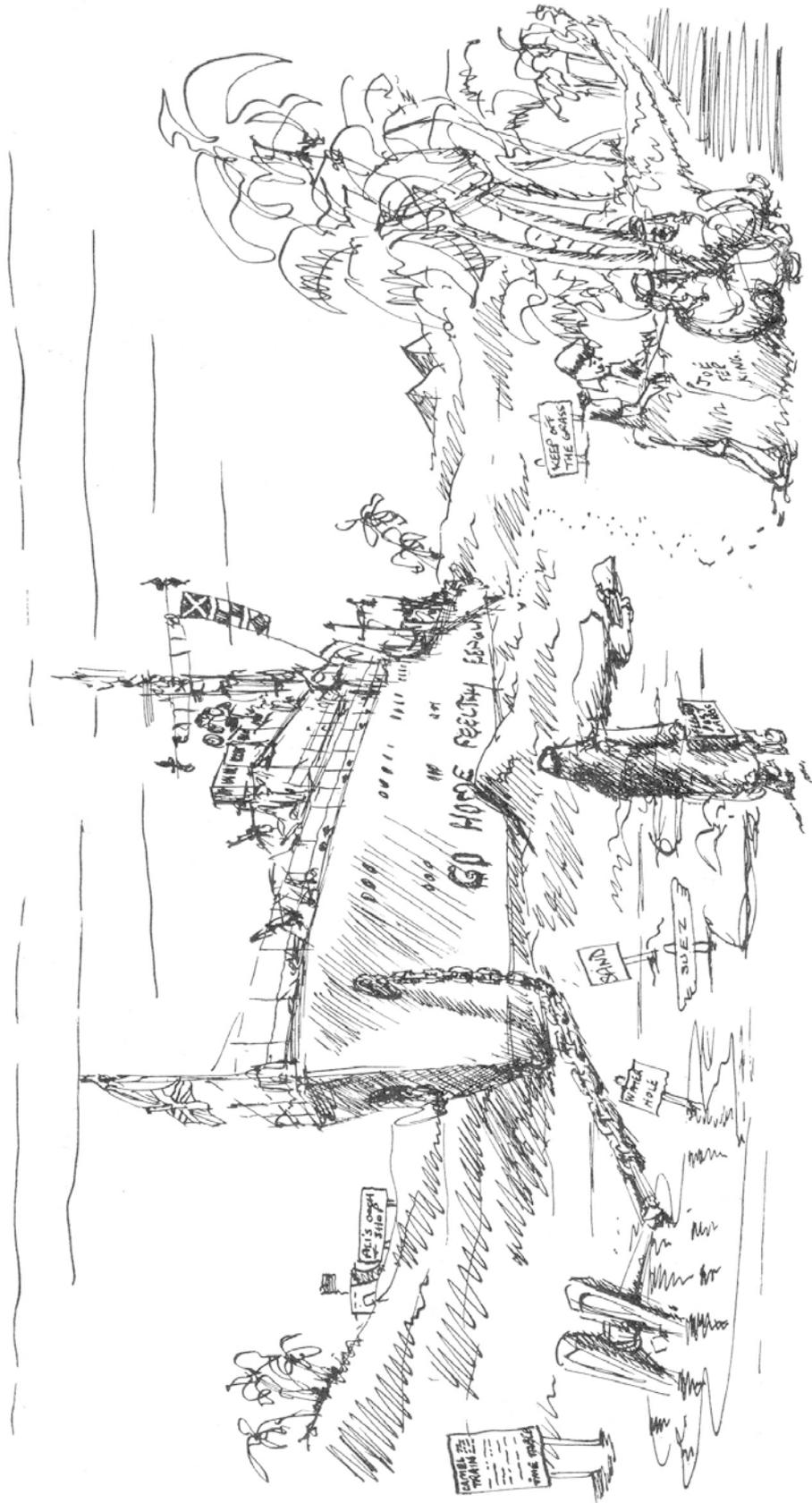
A.B. Jackson will gamble on anything, from a horse winning at 33 - 1 to an even money bet that the Buffer will catch him the minute he creeps down the mess for a crafty "cuppa" and a Woodbine.

Ord. Sea. Lewis (better known as "Shiv") would be described in "Readers Digest" as "The most unforgettable character I've ever met". It is rumoured that he is going to Hollywood to do a sub for Peter Lorre.

"Dizzie" Gillespie, another staunch topman, holds the messes', if not the ship's, record for mail received. Whilst not exactly modelled on Tommy Steele, he nevertheless has a postman detailed to collect the many sacksfull he receives each week.

The topmen can boast the possession of a mess-mate with the biggest and best beard on board: he is A.B. "Ginger" Young.

Excuse me old chap, could you possibly direct me to Port Said?



Q.D. STAND EASY

Baggy came down the mess, looked round and asked, "Anyone wet the tea?" As this was the start of a daily ritual, no one answered. Casting his eyes round the mess, Baggy let them rest on Thommo fleetingly, but was answered, "I'm Gunner's party; got to do Jackie's cabin yet." Obviously this cleared Thommo from such menial tasks as wetting tea.

Next to come under Baggy's gaze was "Sqdn. Ldr." Hall, so named for the long periods spent airborne in his hammock. At the moment he was not in his "flying" position, but as usual, thinking of it. No tea would be wet by him.

Suddenly, a wicked gleam came into Baggy's eye as he heard someone descending the messdeck ladder. This however soon vanished for it was Topsy Turner. "Where's the tea?" queried Topsy, he himself being excused from wetting the tea since he is mess caterer. This heavy responsibility he carries with nonchalance and, although he may condescend to draw tea issues occasionally, he draws the line when it comes to wetting the stuff.

A little taken aback, but not deterred, Baggy cast round for another "tea wetter". His eyes fell on little Mac but too late; Mac, disliking tea, was already mixing his favourite drink - cocoa - and fixed Baggy with a crafty leer, as if to say, "Sort that out, buddy". Still, before he was reduced to wetting the tea himself, Baggy had other members of the mess to tackle.

Now Flynn the Hero had just entered the mess, so naturally he also had to undergo his part of the ritual. However, stronger men than Baggy, have wilted

after tangling with Hero. The best Gunner's Yeoman manner was assumed by Hero and Baggy should have immediately seen failure. Incidentally, Hero is the only man on board who can be considered to be "digging out" whilst skulking in the Gunner's Store. Anyway, in demand that Hero should wet the tea, Baggy received the reply, "I'm too busy working out the "ammo log" in my head".

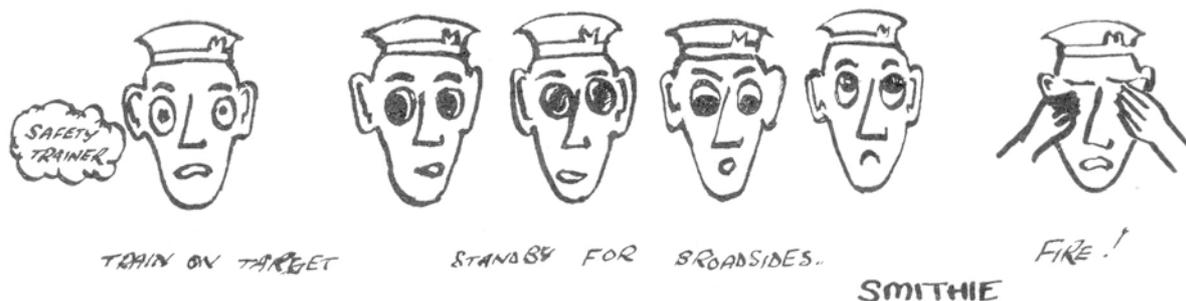
After this "Wicker" came down the mess but needless to say even Baggy did not tackle him. It's not that the "Wicker" is lazy, but has an infuriating habit of acting stupidly when anything is required of him, usually this benefits him greatly as in this case for he was not asked to wet the tea.

Finally, Dennis, the Leading Hand of the mess, appeared. Now a good leader knows his men. Dennis ignored the mess, walked into 19 mess, and returned with a "cuppa" which he sat down and enjoyed.

Sensing his failure, Baggy looked at me as if to say, "Well, Sid, I tried. There's nothing left but to try the old dodge again". Conveniently at that moment, Dixie, the After P.O's messman came down the ladder, carrying a fresh pot of tea. Baggy leapt up and engaged Dixie in conversation about Rugby; soon they were both arguing heartily, Dixie placing his tea pot on the deck so that he might express himself unhindered. While he was so engaged, his pot was replaced by ours and the conversation rapidly ended by Baggy.

Stand Easy! in thy name. Oh, what crimes are committed in thy name.

SID



THE ERGS

*These are the men who deliver the amps,
Who scrape the paint and swop the lamps,
Who pray the wizards will maintain the volts
Instead of tinkering with nuts and bolts.*

*Some of them play with valves, and hope;
With delicate amps and sometimes a 'scope.
These are the boys who adjust sensitivity,
Who control the gain and reduce intensity.*

*There is a group, which stands about,
Who pace the deck and sometimes shout.
Theirs is the life of sun and neaters,
Who sometimes deal with newton-metres.*

*There is but one amongst the few,
Who knows the ins and outs of GRU:
He tests and tunes and nurses servos
And has been seen near the turbos.*

*Curly, low pressure high rate,
Is shaped by George and his mate.
When load is unsteady and volts fluctuate,
It's usually' cos Flo has ceased to rotate.*

*Fat amps were directed by Jumper till ten,
Thereafter by Jessie, Mitch and Ken.
After that there is only one thought,
Would there be wind enough to boat.*

*There is one from Collingwood,
Who none have really understood.
He changes the revs and steers a course,
And delves in ergs and primary source.*

*The empire green know how to play,
To lift a glass and clear their pay.
Few can beat them at drink and sport,
Or ever excelled them in the Report.*

*For Eighteen months we've worked and played,
Through storm and heat and hangover laid.
Alas, the time is now but nigh,
For all of us to say Goodbye.*

B.H.

THE NIGHT ENCOUNTER

“Do you hear there! Gunnery Officer speaking: tonight hands will darken ship at 2100 and go to Surface Action Stations at 2145 for the Night Encounter exercise with CRANE at about 2345.”

The deep voice of the Master of the Ship's ordnance thundered throughout the vessel and those of us with our action station in the Operations Room visibly paled at the thought. At 2145 exactly, less one minute ten seconds Deck Watch error, which 'Navy's Yeo' had failed to apply last 'time check', the alarm buzzers sounded and big 'G' yelled hands to action station over the broadcast. The 'Radar Men' came steaming into the Ops Room, and continued reading their magazines. The senior R.P., a benevolent looking soul, but firm master, barked out some orders and the R.P.'s took their allotted stations. The temperature rose in the next five minutes from 85°F to 95°F and everyone present prepared for a tiresome evening - a Saturday too.

On the Bridge a carefully reasoned plan of campaign was being produced:

N.O.: “I think we should circle Pulau Tioman and then surprise her from the Northward, Sir; we know she has to make for Tingi and that she has been damaged. Her 6” arma-ment is only functioning in local control, and we have a speed superiority of 15 knots, it should be a cert! “

Captain: “I don't agree, she expects us to do that - what's your view Guns?”

G.O.: “Well Sir, Pilot and I worked out this plan and it seemed to be the best, what do you suggest, Sir?”

Captain: “I think we will close a Merchant Ship, staying close to, hiding in her radar shadow and then pounce at the suitable moment.”

G.O.: “Excellent idea Sir, I quite agree with that.”

N.O.: “Where's the Merchant Ship Sir, the plot has nothing out to 20 miles.”

Captain: “Pilot, don't ask silly questions; of course there is a Merchant Ship somewhere - bound to be.”

N.O.: “Aye, Aye, Sir.”

Ten minutes later the Ops Room temperature had reached 105°F. The Narrator a tall hand-somely groomed officer, and a member of an exclusive club, dabbed his forehead with a silk handkerchief murmuring; “Really quite hot in here.” The Senior R.P. in similar fashion, but with greater 'Sang froid', wrung out his good morning towel for the third time and continued mopping up sweat. One R.P. swore softly as his cigarette disintegrated soggly in his fingers before it was half finished. The Ops Room was definitely warming up. Two minutes later 'Navy' poked his head in, gingerly stepped over two R.E.M.'s, one spare R.P. and an unknown T.A.S. rating, nodded to the Narrator who just glared at him, and scrutinised the long range radar. A sudden shriek electrified the entire room and the Senior R.P. dropped his cigarette into the lap of the Chief Radio Mech, who blessed his parentage in Gaellic. The shriek was made by 'Navy' who had sighted a small contact on the radar. The radar operator too had seen it, but being a quiet silent type had failed to report it. 'Navy' grabbed the mike and hailing the Captain passed the range and bearing of the contact.

Captain: “What did I tell you Pilot, of course there's a Merchant Ship, for pity's sake buck up.”

N.O.: “Buck up, Aye, Aye, Sir!”

Captain: “Hard a starboard, revolutions 290.”

N.O.: “Course to intercept 210 °, Sir, at 25 knots.”

Captain: “I'm going at 30 plus, Pilot.”

N.O.: “Aye, Aye, Sir, course to steer 215°.

Captain: “I don't agree. Try again.”

N.O.: “It looks as though we are going to cross two miles ahead Sir, can we come round to 220 ° ?”

Captain: “Have another think.”

N.O.: “Aye, Aye, Sir.” Pause, then tentatively “230, Sir?”

Captain: “Third time lucky, you clown.”

THE NIGHT ENCOUNTER

Fourteen minutes later the ship heeled violently to port as she tucked herself neatly alongside the Merchantman and the TAS man, who was carrying a fanny of cold water to the A.C.R., rocketed back across the Ops Room, missing the Narrator by inches but hitting the Senior R.P. square amid-ships. The collision resulted in the Senior R.P. giving a grunt, the TAS man letting go of the fanny, and two R.E.M.'s being rudely awakened by the dousing of cold water. The 'Navy' hap-pening to enter the Ops Room at this instant added to the confusion by stepping onto the spare R.P., who called loudly to heaven to witness his plight, turned over and dozed off again. The ensuing debate was a vigorous one:

Senior R.P.: "Can't you look where you are going?"

TASman: "If this bloody ship stayed on an even keel it would be all right, but I can't walk up bulkheads carrying a fanny!"

Senior RoP.: "I'm surprised, I thought you were the perfect ape."

TASman: "R.P.'s give me the 'ab dabs'."

Senior R.P.: "One of 'em's going to give you something more painful unless you get a wriggle on."

Meanwhile the Bridge was a scene of calm and languid chatter:

Action OOW.: "How close do you wish to keep to it, Sir?"

Captain: "This will be close enough Number One, a cable is quite sufficient to merge contacts."

Action OOW.: "Right oh, Sub. that will you."

2nd OOW.: "Yes Sir. Down two turns, steer 0320."

Action OOW.: "Seems funny that she has not noticed us yet."

Captain: "These Greeks are all the same."

Yeoman: "This one is English, Sir!"

Captain: "Quite, but I was speaking figura-tively, you clown."

At that moment the Merchant Ship did notice, sat bolt upright, and started signalling frantically with her Aldis lamp.

Captain: "Yeoman, tell her we are hiding under her skirts."

Yeoman: "Shall I say, 'Am exercising and would like to use you to help fool the opposition'?"

Captain: "Yes, full marks for diplomacy."

Yeoman: "Yes, Sir."

G.O.: "It's about time we got a contact Sir."

Voice from Ops: "Bridge, Ops, we've got a contact close on our starboard bow, Sir, about a cable away."

Captain (leaping to the microphone) "Ops Room you useless, switched off whatnots, we have been here for the last five minutes; it's about time you woke up." Then turning round. "Pilot do something."

N.O.: (moving out of the way fast) "Aye, Aye, Sir."

G.O.: chuckles a little too loudly.

Captain: "Guns, why is 'B' gun covered, I thought we were at action stations?"

G.O.: "Yes Sir, 'B' gun is uncovered Sir, that's the moon shining on the polished muzzle."

Captain: "Why?"

G.O.: "I don't know Sir."

Captain "Well find out!" "Yes Sir."

The N.O. hops into the Ops Room cursing all R.P.'s from the day they were born. "For pity's sake you chaps, must you be so wet."

'The Voice': "Well I didn't know, Sir."

N.O.: "You wouldn't."

Ten minutes later a faint blip appears on the radar set bearing 0800, 12 miles. The course is 2800 and speed 12 knots and it looks as though this is the CRANE. The N.O. reports the contact to the Bridge:

Captain: "Well done Pilot, you seem to have switched on down there."

N.O.: "Yes Sir, fuze repaired."

G.O.: (on Armament broadcast from T.S.) "Captain, this is Gunnery Officer. 'B' metadyne has fallen over, I can't fire starshell, Sir."

Captain: "How long Guns? We've got CRANE on raJar now and I want to close and engage."

G.O.: "At least half an hour Sir."

The Captain controls his mixed feelings and talks quietly to the Action O.O.W., who wonders when the explosion will come.

G.O.: (on Armament broadcast) "Captain, this is Gunnery Officer, 'B' gun is now working but 'Y' gun has fallen over."

The Captain explodes and several people quietly evaporate from the Bridge. To the relief of all remaining the G.O. shortly reports all is well and we move into the attack phase.

Captain: "Command to Ops Room."

Action O.O. W.: "Command to Ops Room."

The Operations Room already a sweating steam-ing mass of humanity is now invaded by the Command; this consist of the Captain, Gunnery Officer, T.A.S. Officer, Yeoman and a Signalman, and the luckless N.O.

G.O.: "Stand to 4.5's, Surface blind, G.D.R. indicating, P.C.O. directing, T.S. over." - This in a voice of thunder magnified by the loud-speakers.

Captain: "Where's my chair? Where's the contact? Where are we? A pause then with relish, "Let's go boys. Full speed ahead."

As the ship works up to 30 or so knots, things begin to quieten down just a little. The Gunnery Officer has been persuaded to speak in a sibilant whisper, the T.A.S. rating no longer has to shout from the ops room to the tubes as his headset is replaced with a working model, and the Captain is seated in 'the chair'. Continuity is maintained with the Narrator reverently wiping his brow and the Senior R.P. mopping up. The range is decreasing rapidly and CRANE, now suddenly aware of the odd 3,000 tons of fighting fury racing to-wards her, is frantically flashing a redlight thereby simulating gunfire. A minute later starshell range is reached:

Captain: "Alter course to 3000."

Bridge: "Say again."

Captain: "Come round to port."

Bridge: "Starboard twenty."

Captain: "Port I said, hard a port."

Bridge: "Hard a port."

This is the most trying of manoeuvres for one R.P. known as the 'Hot-seat-totsie'. The H-S-T's sole duty is to keep the Captain on his chair, and the chair upright. As the ship heels over, the luckless R.P. braces himself and is inexorably losing the Battle. The Senior R.P. summons re-inforcements in the nick of time to avert a catastrophe. The Narrator looks a little crest-fallen. At that moment the Captain orders, "Illuminate, Illuminate" and everyone tenses for the shuddering crash of the guns. Ten seconds later as everyone lets out their breath, the crash comes. An ink bottle perched on top of a fan trunking suddenly goes into orbit and gives the indignant Chief Radio Mech a hearty dip, while a half empty mug of cold tea lands in his lap. The Chief Radio Mech reverts to Gaellic.

The one-sided artillery duel completed - no one can rave about a red flashing light - the ship storms towards the enemy to deliver the mortal blow - a torpedo attack. The H-S-T nearly gives up as the ship weaves along at thirty odd knots, and it is only the thought of what the Senior R.P. is going to say if he deserts his post that keeps him on the job. Suddenly we are only 4,000yds away and swinging to starboard. "Fire one, Fire two, Fire three, Fire four, fire a green grenade" and it's all over.

Yeoman: "Signal from CRANE Sir: 'Thank you for a most instructive exercise'."

Captain: "Make to CRANE: "Same to you we will pick up your survivors."

"Hardover" (guess who?) returns to the Bridge smiling broadly.

"Q.E.D."

* * *

EXPEDS

While the ship was in Yokohama, two attempts were made on the summit of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan. For the first one, a party of eleven set out to climb as much of the mountain as was feasible and to rejoin the ship three days later at Shimizu, a town some 90 miles along the coast. The first phase could not have been easier, largely due to the co-operation of the Missions to Seamen Chaplain at Yokohama, who arranged transport to

Lake Yamanake, one of the five lakes at the foot of Fuji.

Several hours were spent there, organising the gear, while one or two private expeds were accom-plished (by rowing boat and motor scooter) on and around the lake. The snow-capped top of the mountain revealed itself, ridiculously high in the air, for long enough to stir up the party's enthusiasm for the climb, and a start was made just before dark.

An advance party had left to prepare a base camp, and supper, about a quarter of the 'way up the 12,000-odd feet, and the remainder, stopping only to buy long staves and gloves, both of which proved later to be invaluable pieces of equipment, and to absorb, purely as a defence against the cold, a wee sensation of the local product, joined up with them at about 2130. A nourishing, if not exactly exciting, supper was - consumed (almost single-handed by T.O.2. Daynes) and the problem of sleep was considered. The base camp bore a marked resemblance to a disused scout hut in one of the more desolate mining villages of the Rhondda Valley, and, even though a splendid job of cleaning it out had been made by the advance party, the conditions inside were fairly rugged. And it was cold. The solution was that the hardier climbers made do with it, while the ten-derer members retired at speed down the hill to a curious Japanese equivalent of a youth hostel, where there were, at least, mattresses and lights, even though the party found itself the unconscious source of hysterical amusement to the proprietors until the early hours. At the unspeakable time of 0500, we were roused by the simple but effective device of having the bedroom walls taken down, and after breakfasting off soup and tinned tomatoes, we set off at 0700.

It quickly became apparent that there were two views about climbing mountains - one represented by that well known Sherpa, Lt. Barr, and the other by those in the party who saw no reason for producing a coronary thrombosis at least before dinner. This meant that, for the rest of the day, there were two groups, which was a logical" and sensible arrangement based on the assumption that everybody has his own speed. The climb was never easy for the mountain is volcanic, and steep slopes of volcanic ash are not the most comfortable surface to climb over. Two of the group, in fact, lost" the soles of their boots at various stages, though, very creditably, neither of them made the slightest complaint, nor did they delay the rest. By teatime it was clear that the summit was going to remain unconquered, though everybody got to within a few hundred feet of the crater at the top, and well above the snowline. At that height, the air loses perhaps 40% of its oxygen, and it requires an enormous effort to propel one's limbs upwards; time was also against us, since we planned to return by a different route, and at about 1700 the descent was begun.

At first this was stimulating in its simplicity - one half-walked, half-slid down the loose ash. P.O. Mallery perfected a system of mounting his, witch fashion, and riding across the snow patches, but this was not universally successful as an M(E) (who shall be nameless) proved by arriving like a guided missile in the small of his oppo's back. But as darkness fell

and there was no sign of a village, the whole thing, became, if not more difficult, more tedious.

The obvious plan - to cut in a straight line across country - was right, but it was not comfortable since it involved walking either down dried-up stream beds or else through thick layers of ash, which bothered the Padre most of all and necessitated his sitting down every three minutes to empty his shoes of several pounds of uncomfortable lava. A thick mist came down and reduced visibility almost to nothing, and the party flogged on down what must be the longest and dullest country lane in the whole of Japan. Just when it seemed that this would never come to an end, a light was seen, and on inspection was found to be part of the perimeter defence of some vast and anonymous institution. Moments later the lights of a car bore through the mist, and with wild cries and the waving of sticks, the attention of the occupants was attracted. This could have been interesting, for they proved to be an armed military patrol, who might well have taken offence at what must have seemed like a minor riot; but they were most helpful (in fluent and rapid Japanese) and assured us that we were near a village. This proved to be true and miraculously it was Subashiri, the village at which we had planned to arrive; An old gentleman in a kimona led us to the local bicycle shop, where the owner spoke English, fixed a taxi, and directed us to Gotemba, where we had arranged to spend the night.

At the hotel, the first thing was a bath - a simple procedure, merely involving throwing bowls of scalding water over oneself, and wiping with a towel the size of a face cloth. Kimonos were supplied, and sukiyaki was produced, to be eaten in the Japanese style, cross-legged on the floor. Afterwards, everybody needed a lot less encouragement to get turned in than was necessary at 0830 the next morning to get upright in 'bed' (a mattress on the floor) to drink the cups of tea that were brought. We all made breakfast - eventually- some of us even shaved - and, fairly late in the afternoon, when it was discovered that legs were still capable of bearing the weight of a body, the party split up to take photographs and look at the town. Excellent relations had been built up with the family who ran the hotel, and their response was signified as we left, in heavy rain, for the railway station, by a tearful voice crying; "Bye-bye Georgie" after one who had clearly been Britain's best ambassador for a short time.

A fast train journey brought us to Shimizu, and we rejoined the ship in: good heart (indeed, almost in column of threes!) at 1730 on the third day, just as she was securing alongside.

ODE TO FUJIYAMA

*On top of old Fuji,
All covered in snow,
Our gear is all ready
And we're raring to go.*

*With packs on our backs,
One each to a man,
We set off to conquer
That Mount in Japan.*

*Ranting and panting,
We trip over rocks,
Holes in our boots
Right through to the socks.*

*Every pace harder,
Let's have a rest
And take off our woollies
Yes, even our vest.*

*All dripping and sweating,
Our feet screaming out,
We plod on relentless
And think we've got gout.*

*The rear party rest
In the mist where it lies.
While George and young Roger
Up onward they rise.*

*I think they'll collapse
With the pace that they keep
And we'll pass them both later
When they're both fast asleep.*

*It's dinner time lads,
We'll eat in this place.
We'll unpack and enjoy
All the food in the case.*

*Oh, suffering catfish,
Good grief and alack,
The banquet before us
Has quite set us back.*

*Cold bangers uncooked,
Bread rolls gone stale,
The calories in this
Would just feed a snail.
I bet old Jack Dusty
Was grinning with glee*

*We've reached our objective
(Well almost, not quite).
We'll have to go down now
While we still have some light.*

*Each with one thought
Of a meal and a bath,
We scrambled and slithered
Down the dusty old patch.*

*Along the clay road,
That seemed endless in length,
We strode out together,
All lacking in strength.*

*Then all of a sudden,
What a wonderful sight,
Ahead in the darkness
A big yellow light.*

*IT didn't take long,
Once we got on the road,
To get to the town,
Our hotel, our abode.*

*Refreshed in the morning
After a jolly good kip,
We set off together
To re-join the ship.*

*Sayonara to a wonderful mountain,
You've been there since time began,
And through you I'll always remember
That glorious country, Japan.*

*Moral:
If you ever climb a mountain,
Be it big or be it small,
Take a tip from footsore Rupert, here:
Take a cab, that's all.*

*RUPERT CLUBS
(alias Muscles)*



OUTWARD BOUND

In October last year a volunteer was requested to go to the Outward Bound School of Malaya at Lumut to give instruction in handling of boats and seamanship. Since I enjoy 'mucking about in boats, I volunteered.

Such a long time elapsed after I volunteered that I thought everything had fallen through until one day, after much searching, I was found tucked away in the corner of the boat shed of the Naval Base Sailing Club, and told that I was expected to catch the night train from Singapore. This was a Friday afternoon so I made my way to the Movements Office to arrange transport. There I discovered that there was a rail strike and that I should now most probably be flying to Ipoh on the following Tuesday or Wednesday. This, how-ever, was not to be for on Saturday evening I was told to be ready to leave at 0715 on the Sunday and that I would be travelling by road - a distance of some 420 miles.

Into Singapore the trip was very comfortable but thence to Kuala Lumpur in an Army bus was not up to the same standard. We arrived in KL at 1915 and since the trains were now running in the North of Malaya, I caught the 2115 to Ipoh, arriving at 0230. Lumut was 42 miles away so I decided to stay the night in Ipoh and complete my journey the following morning. The last stage of the journey was in two local buses, shared with dogs, hens and goats.

Eventually I arrived at the school about 28 hours after leaving H.M.S. TERROR.

The Outward Bound School provide courses lasting 24 days and the ages of the members vary from 14 to 22, with occasionally chaps of 30. The overall cost is about £32, although the majority of 'Outward Bounders' are subsidised by the big commercial firms in Malaya. While I was there, we had Army officer cadets, policemen, school teachers and a few Malayan Aborigines taking the course.

The routine is strenuous, starting at 0545 daily when the boys turn out for a run and a dip - a half mile run to the sea, a short swim and the run back to the camp where they clean their dormitories out at 0630 followed by breakfast at 0730. Every morning at 0830, a form of Divisions and Colours is held. Instruction starts at 0900 and consists of classes in boatwork, seamanship, first aid, treks through the jungle and hill climb-ing. At 1700 Lifeguard drill as practised on the Australian beaches is instructed to the whole school. Dinner at 1930 is followed at 2100 by a lecture.

During the first week the effort is directed towards getting the boys fit. The jungle treks only last half a day and all classes spend three periods on the sports ground.

The second week is a little more strenuous for there is a 60 mile trip through jungle, swamp and hill country. The boys leave at 0630 and return -at 0630, three days later. Parties are also sent away in canoes and R.N.S.A. dinghies for 2 days to explore the local rivers and to round the islands off the coast.

In the third week the boys act independently, the instructors going to check points along the routes to be taken. This is the week in which all are examined to find out what they have learned and consequently what they have benefited from the courses.

On the last Saturday a 30 mile march takes place, usually completed in 7½ hours, while on the day before the course ends, a 5 mile walk is organised. When I was there it took the first boy 52 minutes. All activities are competitive; normally teams of sixes taking part, and the team, or watch, with the most points during the day has its pendant flown for 24 hours.

The Aborigine boys pose a bit of a problem since they speak very little English if any. They are examined orally only.

If anyone wishes to get fit I suggest they volunteer for the Outward Bound School. I took part in a 30 mile jungle trip and two or three short hill climbs. At first I thought I would collapse but happily I finished each course and in the end found that I could keep up with the rest of them.

Lumut itself is a small town at the mouth of the Dindings River 42 miles from Ipoh in the state of Perak. The school, built in 1955, overlooks Pangol Island which houses the largest fishing settlement in Malaya. To the South there are rubber and tobacco plantations whilst to the North, across the river, is jungle, swamp and mountain.

The emphasis is on the sea in the school, which is closely allied with the Outward Bound Sea School at Aberdovey. The school has 3 R.N.S.A. dinghies, 6 canoes, a small rowing cutter, 4 pram dinghies and a 30 ton ketch, the "Ruth Gordon". Unfortunately the "Ruth" was laid up so I could not sail her. Also at the school is a 28 ft. motor boat which is used to take the boys across the river when they go on expeditions. It is also regarded as the local lifeboat, having on numerous occasions been used to rescue inexperienced amateur seafarers who have ventured too far.

The staff at the school comprised: Mr. Fuller - the Warden, two permanent Malayan instructors - one a Lieutenant in the Malayan Army, and when I arrived a Dutch boy who has since left to become a cadet in the Blue Funnel Line. All the instructors, with the exception of the warden, are old Outward Bound boys.

I have given you a brief account of Outward Bound in Malaya; if you would like to know more, I suggest you read 'Outward Bound' by David James.

In conclusion, I would like to quote the words of the Duke of Edinburgh on Outward Bound Schools: "Outward Bound is not a Youth movement. The schools exist for the benefit of all young people between the ages of fourteen and nineteen. They exist to help in that most difficult transition from boyhood to manhood".

E. C. COLLINS

* * *

PEGS

Pegs, whether you know or not, can control a man's destiny. They can be inserted, put in, bunged in and hammered well and truly home. But the most interesting thing about pegs is the sly, crafty way they come out. Pegs are political, I'm sure, there being Labour, Liberal, Conservative and Independent pegs. The promises that go with insertion would get many an M.P. candidate home with a large majority. But, alas, like many things political, these "peg" promises often fall by the wayside and the ingenuity with which a matelot removes his "peg", without losing face of course, always fascinates me. And friend, Quarterdeck "pegs" are the most fascinating of all.

With one of his greasy hands in the rum fanny, "Tommo" ("I'm Gunner's party") passed me my tot, looking at me like a sheep dog on leave so I offered him a "wet". He looked at me as if this was the first time such a thing had happened throughout his plodding Naval career, gulped two-thirds of it down and said, "Ta!"

Conversation being at its lowest ebb, "Tommo" gave me his favourite "peg" routine.

"Well," he said, "that's it. The "peg's in" until London Airport."

I looked to see if there was any sign of a smirk on his face, but no, he was serious and at the moment considering what he would do at London Airport, six months hence, with six months un-touched pay in his pocket. This I thought was perhaps the real thing - a "Peg of pegs". How-ever, I had my doubts.

Now "Tommo" is quite a character and, the thought of him staying aboard for six months is just a little difficult to believe. On board, his daily routine is as follows:

He duly turns to at "Out pipes" every morning then proceeds to the Top mess deck to play crib until five minutes before "Hands of messes for rum" is piped. At this time he goes along the catwalk to his own special tin of grease, liberally applies contents to himself, then proceeds to the rum queue where he passes some of this grease onto the clean Stokers, muttering, "It's all right for you O.D's. I'm Gunner's party. Can't all have quiet numbers. Got to clean Jackie's cabin yet" in a long drawn out breath. Now when a chap like this says "the peg's in" when we are about to go to Japan, well it makes one think.

After a time we became used to seeing "Tommo" on board and were not surprised to see that he now had two steaming bags crammed with dollar notes; one containing clean notes, the other dirty (Gunner's party dirty). The clean notes were counted after rum issue while the dirty ones just before "G" was piped.

As we approached Hong Kong, I saw the gleam in his eye (the other eye being fixed on the mess deck ladder in case his favourite GI came down - not that this would have worried him unduly for he would have been ready with his "I'm just going to clean Jackie's cabin" technique) and began to wonder how long it would be before he removed his "Blackbush Peg" without losing face for it is a well known fact throughout the fleet that "Tommo" and the China Fleet Club are inseparable. If ever a club was dear to a man's heart, the China Fleet Club to "Tommo" was like an oil well to an Arabian Oil Prince. Twenty four hours later the ship tied up in Hong Kong and it was not long after "Haul taut," "belay" and "double up" had been piped that "Tommo" started what was perhaps the longest speech of his life.

“You know, you chaps are O.K. You’ve all got “civvies” to go home in, but me, well that bloody Tiger took some feeding before I put the “peg” in. Now that I’ve saved a little, I think maybe I’ll remove the “peg” for a short while and step ashore to buy some.”

Of course, we all knew this to be undeniably true. “Tommo” had no “civvies”, only an old pair of faded “eights” which he used to wear in TERROR.

After adding that he would need something better than his pale “eights” on the flight home, “Tommo” bathed (rare occurrence), dressed and set out to collect the “mufti”, calling en route at the China Fleet Club.

Well, we stayed in Hong Kong three weeks and sailed yesterday. At the moment, “Tommo” is in the bathroom with a bottle of bleach, trying to scrub his pale “eights” paler.

Pegs, lads! I could write a book about pegs.

SID

* * *

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN AT ALL TIMES

I was asked during the week to define a sailor. My correspondent must have known that the task is quite impossible. You can live on the lower deck half your life; work and play and sleep alongside the matelot and then think you are in a position to sum him up.

Put all your impressions down on paper and tell yourself that you have analysed Jack. You haven’t you know. A sailor is a psychiatrist’s nightmare, a walking contradiction.

A sailor can be all things to all men at all times. In a mess deck argument he will assume the profundity of a lawyer and will discourse at great length and in much detail on subjects about which he knows nothing. A bugle call or piped order can change him without pause for breath or alteration of tone, from a happy optimist to an embittered pessimist.

On board, ashore, on duty or on leave, waking or sleeping, he seems eternally to be at the mercy of some mysterious “dozen”, the expiration of which he will lightly, sadly, hopefully, win-somely, imploringly, scathingly or frantically entreat to “roll on”. And when the “12” have duly rolled, he goes to the Ship’s Office and asks for another ten.

This being granted to him, he returns to his mess and ever after raises the doleful cry “Roll on my pension”. In this matter, as in so many others, he is his own great deceiver.

When ashore, a matelot is, by his own light, a paragon of virtue. He learns a foreign language with the help of a native - feminine for preference - but he seeks lurid experiences and strange adventures not so much for his own gratification as for a subject of conversation at next morning’s break-fast table. If he doesn’t find these adventures, then he invents

them. This accounts for the frequency of the phrase: “Then this Brazilian countess takes me to her flat. . . .”

A sailor is a person who goes to Fratton Park with the sole purpose of cheering the visiting team. If he can do this in the midst of Portsmouth sup-porters, so much the better. His favourite pastime is to start an argument in a hitherto quiet public house, departing silently when the noise is at its loudest.

He is a born navigator, and he takes his bearings from Naval Tailors and Public Houses. The phrase. “out of bounds” intrigues him greatly and, no matter what obstacles authority places in his path, such areas will draw him like a magnet -just to find out why they are out of bounds.

He lives for the first liberty boat, and then wonders who is making a fortune from the suppers he doesn’t eat in his ship.

He is a man whose whole nautical upbringing and outlook has been coated with a shallow veneer of artificiality. But beneath this (and it is never far below the surface) is a deepness not to be found in other men. He distrusts the rites and ceremonial trappings of the High Church yet willingly he attends a service at sea. There on the oceans in their many moods he places his faith in God, his ship and her Captain.

He does not talk very much about things because he is aware that those who do not go down to the sea cannot possibly know.

A sailor is a subtle combination of applied indifference and deep concern. He is humour with a Pusser’s sausage, near truth at the defaulters table, Cassanova in bell-bottoms, a bon viveur with a pint of beer.

He is Britannia in a shabby cap ribbon.

A MALTESE WARRANT

It was read on board H.M.S. - - - at Malta. The delinquent was a Maltese steward who had overstayed his leave; and the officer who read out the warrant was also a Maltese gentleman. Mark you, whatever words Maltese officer used I cannot say, but I was given to understand that the recital sounded to the ship's company some- thing like the following:

“Sheep's gompany - shon! Off gaps!

“Every subject person to dish act who, without being guilty of exersion or of disproperly shaving his lip in place of duty shall be absent without leaf tobacco shall be liable to imprisonment for any pierrots, not exceeding ten long-weeks, with or without hard Labour Party, as the circumstance of the case may require, and to such other banish-ment by shifting furniture for wages or other medical comforts as the Admiralty, from time to time, may be regulations subscribe. . . . and if in time of war shall suffer death or some such brother's banishment as a fore-and-aft rigged stanchion.

“Ship's gompany - on gaps!”

“Why for it has been misrepresented in front of me that on the first turn of the moon, nineteen hundred

and thirty seven, Tomasso Bodiega Polonto, no class for conduct, character assessed for yesterday, verra good, did remain absent without leave till, ma craze, he came on board again. I do hereby adjudge that the said Tomasso Polonto be deprived of one good-conduct stroke, first and last three on low diet, forfeiture of time of flight, and stand by to start the watches.

“Before awarding the forenoon punishment I did personally and shove-ha-penny in the presence of seducer and seduced inoculate the matter. And having heard the evidence of the Master-for-arms who exploded the charge as well as what the prisoner myself had to offer on board the Defence, he calling no wishing-bones on his behalf, I con-sider the charge to be subcalibrated against him. Taking it into consideration this is the first and last offence conducted against him in the Registry Office I adjudge him to be published as before stated.

“Written underneath the top of my hand on board His Majesty's ship on this day the last turn of the screw one thousand, nine hundred and thirty seven - eight left. My ruddy oath, Miss Weston.”

* * *

IF

*If you can hold your tongue when all about you
Condemn and criticize, deplore and moan;
If you'll admit the ship can steam without you,
Though she were manned by fishermen alone;
If you can smile when troubled seas are rolling,
And cheer when sleet in torrents starts to pour,
And laugh aloud when hands fall in for fuelling
On top of middle watch the night before-*

*If you can shut your eyes and ears to scandal
Of some poor shipmate whom ill-luck befell-
And he an enemy, not worth a candle-
If you within your heart can wish him well;
If you can recognize him as a brother,
If you can hear the tale and heed it not,
But let it in one ear and out the other
And dwell upon the one good point he's got-*

*If you observe a shipmate make a blunder
In act or speech and do not ridicule
The slip he made by pulling it asunder,
And thus revile a sailor as a fool;
If you can face misfortune uncomplaining,
And with composure watch your treasures go,
And give the only bit you have remaining
To charity, and not let others know-*

*If you can give some spare time to a movement
Of bringing honour to the ship you're in,
And ask no credit for the grand improvement,
But only show you're out to move and win;
If you respect your seniors and endeavour
To show juniors how it should be done:
You'll be a man whose name should live for ever,
And what is more, an idiot, my son.*

IT'S A FACT

In 15 months we have:--

Steamed: 48,000 miles. (Expected to be 56,000 by October.)

Visited: 14 countries and colonies.

Spent: 3,247 hours underway.

Carried out: 67 full scale replenishments.

Used: 13,111 tons of fuel oil.
2,240,000 gallons of water.

Drunk: 1,125 gallons of rum.
52,300 cans of beer.
25,000 goffers.
20,000 tins of milk.
2,600 lbs. of tea.

Eaten: 24 tons of bread.
9 tons of beef.
80 tons of potatoes.
10 tons of sugar.
4,500 tins of baked beans.
60,000 eggs.
21,000 packets of biscuits from the canteen.

Used: 9,000 packets of soap powder.
13,000 bars of toilet soap.
2,000 gallons of paint and spirit.

Shown: 120 films.

Fired: 26 fish.
41 live H.E. Squid bombs
108 inert Squid bombs
138 light Squid bombs
1,928 rounds of 4.5".
3,658 rounds of 40 m.m. } Total 287

Replaced: 3,450 lamps.

Consumed: 176 buckets.

Since the ship became self accounting on 1st August until 1st July,
£80,746 has been paid out for one reason or another.

Of this £56,970 was pay.
And £2,745 was P.O.S.B. withdrawals.
(to offset this £2,029 has been saved in P.O.S.B.)

FAR EAST FINALE

*The sun's so hot, the day so long,
The crystal water gleams;
Closed up again, threadbare as ten
But on the bridge, Hardover beams.*

* * *

*"You're men not mice," he sternly says,
For perfection all must strive;
The devil take the hindmost
Starboard thirty-five."*

* * *

*Eight drogues, one drone, torpedoes, squid,
Main armament, bofors as well;
Hardover says, pride in his voice,
"Thanks boys, we gave 'em hell."*

* * *

*We're renowned for sports and seamanship
Throughout the Far East Station,
And other ships can truly say;
"You've earned your reputation."*

* * *

*Looking back, we can't complain,
We're here to do our best;
Eighteen months of sweat and toil
-Now roll on five weeks rest.*

(D. DUFTON).



THE SHIP'S OFFICERS

Commander H. J. Startin	<i>Commanding Officer</i>
Lt. Commander P. R. K. Bell	<i>First Lieutenant</i>
Lt. Commander R. G. Little	<i>Engineer Officer</i>
Lt. Commander J. Cann	<i>Gunnery Officer</i>
Lt. Commander D. R. M. Tuke	<i>Supply Officer</i>
Lieutenant B. Hulme	<i>Electrical Officer</i>
Lieutenant A. W. Stewart-FitzRoy	<i>Navigating Officer</i>
Lieutenant G. J. Barr	<i>Communications Officer</i>
Sub. Lieutenant S. Lintott	<i>T.A.S. Officer</i>
Sub. Lieutenant P. F. Copley	<i>Assistant Gunnery Officer</i>
A/Sub. Lieutenant T. T. Wood	<i>Assistant Engineer Officer</i>
A/Sub. Lieutenant R. Noyes	<i>Correspondence Officer</i>
A/Sub. Lieutenant P. R. Gordon-Smith	<i>Assistant Navigating Officer</i>
A/Sub. Lieutenant M. W. Alvisse, R.M.N.	<i>Under training</i>

* * *

THE SHIP'S COMPANY

Seamen:

Every, J. C., CPO.	Blakemore, R. J., A.B.	Isted, L. S., Ord.
Ridgway, D., CPO.	Blane, D. E., A.B.	Jackson, D. W., A.B.
Taylor, N., CPO.	Bramwell, A. J. S., A.B.	Key, H., Ord.
Cawdron, D., PO.	Brand, C. B., A.B.	Latham, S., A.B.
Humphries, T. R., PO.	Clark, R., A.B.	Lewis, G., Ord.
Turner, P. G., PO.	Colley-Priest, J., A.B.	Lloyd, A. E., A.B.
Watkins, M., PO.	Coulbeck, R. D., L.A.L/S.	McCormack, M., Ord.
Fowle, P. J., L/S.	Drew, R. B., A.B.	McDowell, J., A.B.
Howard, K. S., L/S.	Eastwood, J., Ord.	McNaughton, S.W., A.B.
Howitt, D. G., L/S.	Eggington, A., A.B.	Morley, A., Ord.
Leonard, J. F., L/S.	Elliott, J. W., A.B.	Newman, C., A.B.
Major, E. K., L/S.	Eyres, D. P., A.B.	Olsson, N. B., A.B.
Tynan, A., L/S.	Field, J. L., Ord.	Osman, H., Ord.
Willsher, J. A., L/S.	Flynn, P., A.B.	Paterson, J., A.B.
Abbott, H., A.B.	Forrest, M., A.B.	Quicke, R. A., A.B.
Anderson, A., A.B.	Gillespie, C., A.B.	Roberts, D. E., A.B.
Baker, M., A.B.	Green, R. J., A.B.	Rogers, E., A.B.
Baker, R. A., A.B.	Hall, O. R., A.B.	Rogers, N. E. V., Ord.
Beaumont, D., A.B.	Harvey, C. C., A.B.	Rogers, T. P., A.B.
Berkley, A. R., A.B.	Hill, T. R., A.B.	Rossant, G., A.B.
Blackford, B. P., Ord.	Homer, J., Ord.	Sayers, M. J., A.B.
	Huckson, R. W., A.B.	Scriven, A. C., Ord.

Somerville, D. J.,
A.B. Strong, R. O., Ord.
Taylor, G., A.B.
Thomas, H., A.B.
Thompson, A. W., A.B.
Turner, B. A., A.B.
Upton, D. L., A.B.
Walker, A. S., A.B.
Walsgrove, R., A.B.
Walsh, H. P., A.B.
White, P. J., A.B.
Willsher, P. R., A.B.
Young, P. A., A.B.

Engineering:

Cole, A. C., C.E.R.A.
Kavanagh, J., Ch. M(E)
Bunker, D. G., E.R.A.I.
Prothero, A., E.R.A.I.
Stow, M. I. E., E.R.A.I.
Munn, A. J., E.R.A.2.
Breakey, G., Mech.2.
Withecumbe, R. T., Mech.I.
Bullock, R. S., P.O.M(E)
Chalmers, D. W., P.O.M(E)
Gillam, D. B., P.O.M(E)
Holloway, A., P.O.M(E)
Martin, J., P.O.M(E)
Bradley, J. K., L.M(E)
Cameron, J., L.M(E)
Cane, J., L.M(E)
Duckworth, J. B., L.M(E)
Johns, B., L.M(E)
Miller, J. D., L.M(E)
Mitchell, J., L.M(E)
Sheldon, H. R., L.M(E)
Sloane, J. R., A/L.P.O.M(E)
Atkinson, D. M., M(E)1
Attwood, A. J., M(E)2
Ball, R., M(E)1
Bennett, L. R., M(E)1
Brook, D. A., L.A.L.M(E)
Burgess, P. G. L., M(E)1
Carroll, J., M(E)1
Catchpole, E., M(E)1
Chambers, R., M(E)1
Clarke, G. C., M(E)1
Cohen, D., M(E)2
Curtis, H. R., M(E)1
Dixon, J. H., M(E)1
Inness, D.Mc., M(E)2
Jordison, M., M(E)I.
Martin, B., M(E)1
McCall, D., M(E)1
Muir, J. C., M(E)2

Smith, L. W., M(E)1
Soper, F. T. V., M(E)1
Spearman, D. J., M(E)1
Taylor, R. A., M(E)2
Ward, L., M(E)1
Milford, D. W., Ch. Shipwrt.
Kite, E. J., Ch. O.A.
Havill, J. A., O.A.1
Speechly, J., O.A.1
Holm, M. H., O.A.1

Electrical:

Cathie, T. C., E.A.1
Young, P. R., Ch. El.
Craufurd, B. W. H., E.A.I
Strudwick, G. G., E.A.2
Bonning, K. G., E.A.2
Sheridan, M. J., R.E.A.2
Walker, W.,
Ch. Radio Mech.
Lidgett, M. W., P.O.R.E1
Meakin, J. S., P.O.R.E1
Dutton, D., L.R.E.M.
Parsons, D. C., L.R.E.M.
Lamb, C. M., R.E.M.1
Tait, I., R.E.M.1
Collins, E. C., P.O.E1
Mallery, J. E., P.O.E1
Ford, H. J., L.E.M.
Griffiths, A. S., L.E.M.
Hayward, K. L., L.A. P.O.E1
McDermott, R. C., L.E.M.
Slatter, B., L.E.M.
Walker, J. J., L.E.M.
Cowdrey, M. G., E.M1
Innes, J., E.M.1
Mitchell, G., EM.1
Reek, A. H., E.M.1
Stannard, D. E., E.M.1

Communications:

Parfitt, A. a., R.S.
Brown, K. L., L.R.O.
Emery, J., L.R.O.(S)
Colbourne, A. F., R.O.2
Flack, S. T., R.O.2
Johnson, S. J., R.O.3
King, G. F., R.O.2
Meagher, J. P., R.O.2
Morris, D., R.O.(S)3
Morris, F. W., C.Y.
Claridge, B., J.T.O.
Dain, D., T.O.2.
Daynes, T. E., T.O.2.
Notley, D. M., T.O.2.
Sharman, P. J., T.O.2.

S & S:

May, K., P.O.Ck(S)
Jeavons, G. W., L.Ck(S)
Powell, J., L.Ck(S)
Adams, G. E., Ck(S)
Lennon, J. M., Ck(S)
Shaw, P. L., S.P.O.(V)
Wiseman, D. S., L.S.A(V)
Elderfield, R. L., S.C.P.O(S)
Wandby, C. C., S.A(S)
O'Rourke, T. B., L.Wtr.
Scarlsbrick, S. A., L. Coder(Ed)
Warfield, B. C., L.S.B.A.

Chinese:

Leung, Y. K., P.O. Stwd.
Hui, K., L. Stwd.
Leung, K. T., L. Stwd.
Leung, L., Stwd.
Tang, K. W., Stwd.
(Ah) Li, K., L. Ck(O)
Lin, P. C., Ck(O)
Lee, P., Ck(O)
Yeung, W. C., Ck(S)
Cheung, W., L. Ck(S)

The following have also served:

Ather, J., P.O.M(E)
Austin, J. W., P.O.E1
Brandom, G. B., A.B.
Briggs, H. O., A.B.
Bullard, H. R., P.O.M(E)
Byrne, J., R.a(S)2.
Caldwell, V., A.B.
Carter, R. E., E.M.1
Cooper, L., R.O.3
Eastland, D.C., Ck(S)
Elms, A. M. T., R.O.2
Haycox, J. S., L.M(E)
Holland, T., R.O.3
McKillop, J. B., L.E.M.
Newman, D., J.T.O.
Pearce, J. S., C.E.R.A.
Reid, H. W., M(E)1
Rees, H. J., P.O.M(E)
Smith, R. H., M(E)1
Shone, E. A., A.B.
Stewart, A. S., P.O.
Tobin, J. F., M(E)1
Weston, G. J., M(E)2
Choi, C., Ck(S)
Chan, C. Y., Ck(O)
Yue, N. S., Stwd.



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