

## ADVANCEMENT

Statistics can be juggled to prove anything. However there is no doubt that a ship with a successful team of Fleet Board and examination candidates is a good one. Judge the record of the AJAX for yourselves.

### SEAMEN DEPARTMENT

Passed for Petty Officer	4
Passed for Leading Seaman	7
Passed for Able Seaman	32

### ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Passed for E.R.A.2	1
Passed for Mechanician 2	1
Passed for P.O.M. (E)	1
Passed for L.M. (E)	3
Passed for M (E) 1	6

### COMMUNICATION DEPARTMENT

Passed for L.R.O.	3
Sub - Specialised	4
Passed for R.O.2	7

### WEAPONS ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT

Passed Provisionally for POEL	3
Passed Provisionally for LEM	1
Passed for E.M. 1	4
Passed Provisionally for LREM	1
Passed for REM 1	6

### SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

Passed for L.S.A.	2
Passed for Leading Cook (S)	1

## MATCHING IDEAS

Those of you have sat an Objective Examination may remember that one type of question takes the form of Matching Pairs. To give an example, Column A may list a number of types of Radio Transmitters, and Column B a selection of Aerial Outfits. What you have to do is to pair each transmitter with its own aerial. On this occasion, nothing so difficult is asked. Column A contains some ideas and Column B a carefully selected list of Officers. See if you can link them together correctly.

#### COLUMN A

Other Men' Wives  
Geese  
Air Hostess  
Boots  
A Short Rest  
Motel Receptionist  
Wellington Middle  
Watch  
Austerity  
Orange Squash  
Miss Advertising  
Psychiatric Nurse  
Wartime Training  
Cruise

#### COLUMN B

MID MUNGO  
First Lieutenant  
D.W.E.O.  
Flight Commander  
Captain  
Commander (E)  
S.C.O.  
S.S.O.  
Commander(L)  
Sub Lieut BALLOQUI  
S.O.O.  
S.G.O.

## THE WHITE TORNADO TIMES (TWITT)

This informative and expensive daily newsheet ran for a grand total of fourteen issues. Produced to fill the gap when news was difficult to pick up at sea, it expanded off ten years of war in which interest, quizzes for those with nothing better to

do, and a noon position for the benefit of the Navigation Officer. In the excitement of arrival in New Zealand the answer to the final problem was never published. The answer is "No one".

## AJAX WHO WAS HE?

About 1200 BC Troy was a wealthy and influential city in Asia Minor. Paris, son of the King of Troy, made off with Helen, wife of the king of Sparta, a neighbouring Greek kingdom. This triggered off ten years of war in which successive Greek forces, led by Achilles, Agamemnon and Menelaus (Helen's husband) besieged Troy. The war was fully reported by Homer in his 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' and by Virgil in his 'Aeneid'. Their writings have been confirmed by excavation of the site of Troy. The war did not end until the affair of the Wooden Horse.

There were two Ajaxes. Ajax the lesser sailed against Troy with 40 ships. On his way home he was wrecked and escaped to a rock. When he boasted that he would be saved in spite of the gods, Poseidon split the rock and Ajax drowned.

Ajax the greater (no relative) was a major hero of the war. He fought single handed against Hector, the Trojan champion, defended the Greek ships and killed many Trojans. When the armour of Achilles, killed near the end of the war, was awarded to Ulysses, Ajax in madness killed himself. Hence our motto: Only Ajax can overcome Ajax.

## PILGRIMAGE TO KANCHANABURI

In the dim electronic world of the Op's Room all attention was centred on the noisy little recorder of the 162 asdic. The air of expectancy holding the imagination of those present was brought into sharp focus by the voice of the operator. "There she is!" We watched, fascinated, as the heavy slashing arcs drawn by each stylus on the paper broke dramatically to show clearly defined the shape of a ship's hull; the hard edge of the keel, the bulge of the armour plate and finally as the dark strokes of the returning echoes closed in again, the unmistakable angle of the bow. We had passed quite slowly up one side of the battleship Prince of Wales, lying on her side in the cool depths eighty fathoms below. We steamed on then turned to pass again, this time down the other side. We watched and waited once more, aware perhaps of a tingling sense of drama. Above the little frigate, noisy, vibrantly alive, her screws churning the water, sonar pulses radiating from her bow; below the battleship, dead in her grave of nearly twenty five years, and the souls of those who died with her. As the white shape appeared again on the paper I couldn't resist the eerie feeling that we, the living, were reaching out with invisible fingers that touched gently the steel plates of that tragic coffin, almost as if in salute to those lost lives. Later I stood on deck and watched as we dropped marker buoys at her head and stern and then steamed slowly back past them. I looked down into the water but the depths were as obscuring as the years that had passed. Imagination alone could envisage that sombre steely shape, and yet there she was, still reasonably intact. I was never sure how many had died in her. Some had escaped... into captivity. I looked up into the sunny horizon towards the Malayan coast that lay somewhere over it. Later, towards the end of the cruise that was just beginning, I was to learn how one of her crew had fared. A man who had my name.

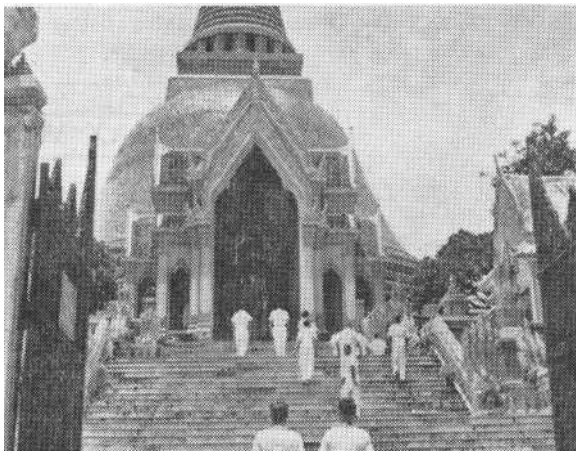
\* \* \* \* \*

We were anchored with the rest of the fleet off the tiny resort of Bangsaen, sixty miles by road from Bangkok. Though the thought had never occurred to me we were within visiting distance of the Chungkai Memorial Cemetery and the settlement of Kanchanaburi. That name means little to anyone living more than a few miles away in any direction and probably nothing to anyone living outside Thailand. But it meant a lot to some thousands of men who fought in the war against the Japanese for here was built the bridge that carried the infamous Burma Railway over the river Kwai. It seems also to have meant a great deal to an enterprising bus company and the morning of our third day at Bangsaen found a small but highly representative group of the ship's company setting out on a journey to the original of 'The Bridge On The River Kwai.'

We started at an early hour. The bus was good and so, rather surprisingly, was the road to the capital; not the rough track I had expected but a firmly metallised ribbon sweeping urgently northward, canalising the productive energy of a modern state. In deep contrast on either side the rural life of the land of smiles unfolded to the wakening day. The patterns of paddy fields, some small enough to be back gardens to the thatched and stilted Siamese houses, neat dwellings raised

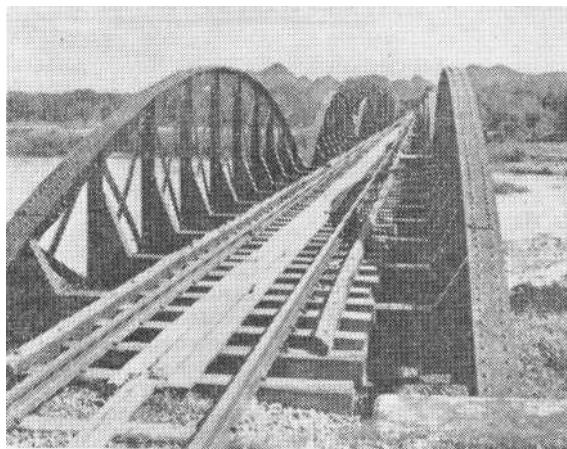
above the ground; some, oddly, with the family eating breakfast underneath. The great grey water buffalo sprawled at their ease under a specially erected cover; the quaint hats and short limbed garments of the peasants; and above all, that striking facial shape, high cheeked and square jawed, of the Thai people. And so on to the faded splendours of Bangkok. I found it dusty and noisy, the secrets of its oriental mystery now but thinly veiled to the western eye yet, paradoxically, hardly disguised by the western clothes of its people; quaint Annamese, Mons and Negritos rubbing shoulders amicably with Malays, Cambodians and Chinese. And of course, the dominant Thai. We lingered only briefly, hurrying out through crowded streets, the mind's eye image of fascinating Siam matched only here and there in a glimpse of a brightly coloured temple; more often jarred by the contrast between glossy shop front and jaded, tattered elegance of an architecture that barely whispered of glories that once must have been.

A few miles out of Bangkok we stopped to gape, with the tourists detached curiosity, at the massive towering bulk of the biggest Wat in Thailand squatting inelegantly in the high-walled rectangle of its ornate grounds. Saffron robed sayadaws took little notice of us as we wandered about the circular corridors and stepped, shoeless, into the temple where a vast gilded Buddha reclined at its enigmatic ease, propped on one elbow. The sun was hot. It grew hotter still as we chased the dusty highway to the north-west, the journey lengthening into monotony. Then abruptly it ended. We turned off the main road and then again onto a smaller road still and moments later rolled slowly past the gates of the Memorial Cemetery which we were to visit on the way back. Turning once more we took to the country, bouncing at a bare walking pace over a pitted mud road that ended in a small flat space flanked on one side by an open fronted building that overlooked the river. I sat in the bus for several seconds, staring at the bridge before it dawned on me that this was it. I stretched cramped legs and stepped, surprised and disappointed, onto the banks of the River Kwai. This was not what I had expected, but as we began to filter in casual groups towards the parallel metal strips of that dreadful railway I began to realise



just how naive I had been in my thinking. My mind had been conditioned by the film, but there was nothing of any Hollywood romance in this flat, featureless, ugly structure. Quick eyes soon discovered the marks of action, furrows carved by bullets and holes gouged by cannon shell. These were food for the imagination and as we wandered in single file over the worn and broken footboards it became easier to reconstruct the past. The taller angled shapes of the new bridge sections and the broken concrete blocks in the water below were evidence of the attack that had broken the bridge some time after its completion. We walked its full length and then went down the bank on the far side to gaze up and contemplate this ugly, functional, iron and concrete work that had cost so much in valuable human life. It might have been found anywhere, even spanning some small and unimportant water in England perhaps. I looked about me. The sun was hot, the air clear and still, carrying the small sounds of the river and the voices of children splashing happily nearby. It could have been a hot sunny day at home. I wondered if an English soldier had chanced to pause wearily there and think wistfully of home, not really a soldier at all, some bank clerk or farmer perhaps caught up in the turmoil of war and now trapped in one of its most horrifying snares. How bitter must those thoughts have turned with the almost certain knowledge that there would be for him no return to the green hills and quiet woods, to gentle hands and 'laughter learnt of friends;' only the harsh reality of suffering, of bestial captivity, of sickness and withering limbs and, finally, of death. Not just to die, but to be drawn with infinite agony through the gates of hell.

But it was hard to see ghosts on this sunny river bank and in the faces of the happy girls who sold us fruit and soft drinks at the little shop. Here was just a plain black bridge evoking little but thoughts of loneliness and disuse, as if hugging to itself the ugly secrets of its past. It was much more difficult to remain unmoved in the little Memorial Cemetery half a mile back along the road. Not as attractive, not so colourful or so ornate as those at Singapore and Rangoon, it is probably, in its way, more intimate than either, through its proximity to that bridge. A simple entrance porch, a cross at the far end, and between them the disciplined rows of neat black and gold markers, grouped by nations, those of the United



Kingdom on the right. Walking slowly down the lines one became involved, just for a moment, with each name and the bare individual statistics that told of a life wasted; not lost with what little honour there is in battle, but wantonly squandered in a cruel captivity. The names were all so familiar, many of them namesakes of people in our little group. Someone pointed out to me a marker that bore my name and I stepped across the lines to see it. Most of the men remembered here had been soldiers but there were a very few sailors and as I pushed aside the fronds of a small shrub growing beside the marker I saw that this was one of them. The surname was indeed my own. He had been an Able Seaman and his ship..... H.M.S. Prince of Wales. An odd little cycle of coincidence was complete. I knew nothing of his story. Had he survived the two and a half hour engagement that destroyed his ship, only to be taken into captivity? And had he then suffered the horrors of the prisoner of war in Malaya, the degradation and brutality of work on the Burma Railway, and eventually death somewhere near that bridge over the River Kwai? Which ever way it was, his ship now lay broken beneath the waves of the South China Sea and he remembered only in this quiet little plot. The Prince of Wales went down with the Repulse in December 1941, only three days after Pearl Harbour. He died in January 1944, only twenty two years old.

Inevitably amongst those hundreds of markers there were quotations from Rupert Brookes famous war sonnet, *The Soldier*, and though no-one in fact lay buried here this was indeed such a 'corner of a foreign field.' Time has erased most of the scars and one realised with a sense of helplessness that there was nothing one could do for them now. It would have been little comfort to them in those dark unhappy days to know that one day people would come to read their names and yet, should there be as Brooke wrote, a pulse in the eternal mind, then surely nowhere else on this earth could one come closer to feeling it than here in this little corner of Thailand. The journey had been long and tiring, but it had been worthwhile and I was happy to think, as we returned very late to the ship, that we had contributed something, however little, by our pilgrimage to Kanchanaburi.

G. HULL

# NOMINAL LIST SHIP'S COMPANY

NAME	RANK	NAME	RATING	SQ
A. G. TAIT D.S.C.	Captain	LE VERDIER R.	AB	SG*
A. R. WOOD	Lieutenant Commander	LYNESS, D. R.	AB	SG*
M. HUNTER-JONES	Commander	MARTIN R.	AB	SG*
C. F. GEORGE	Commander	McINTOSH, P. D.	JSI	SG*
B. H. LAWSON	Commander	MILLER, J. P. A.	AB	SG(Q)*
R. W. HANDCOCK	Commander	OSBORNE, A. J.	AB	SG*
R. A. FISHER	Commander	PARTRIDGE, D. J.	AB	SG*
L. T. HICKSON	Lieutenant Commander	POTTS, W. R.	AB	SG(Q)**
F. M. FLYNN	Lieutenant Commander	RATHBONE R.	AB	SG*
J. F. LAKE	Lieutenant Commander	RYALL, R. G.	AB	SG
J. GARNIER, M.V.O.	Lieutenant Commander	RUDD, W. E.	AB	S(-)*
V. S. V. DUKE	Lieutenant	SIMS, R. W.	PO	SGI(P)
A. BREWSTER	Lieutenant	TERRY G.	AB	SG*
D. R. CHRISTMAS	Lieutenant	WAGLAND, D. C.	AB	SG
G. A. TRIBE	Lieutenant	WOOD, T.	L/SEA	FC
C. A. STICKLEE	Engineer Lieutenant	VINCETT, S. B.	ORD	SG*
D. F. G. WEEKS	Engineer Lieutenant	ABBOTT, J. A.	AB	RP*
D. WOOLLEY	Lieutenant	BATES, J. P.	AB	RP2
G. R. MARTINDALE	Lieutenant	BEEL, S. H.	PO	RPI
W. S. C. DANGERFIELD	Lieutenant	CAMPBELL, D. R.	ORD	RP
H. P. M. BALLOQUI	Sub Lieutenant	CAMBELL, S. W.	JS1	RP(B)
M. A. EDGELL	Sub Lieutenant	CARTER, B. It.	J/SEA	RP*
A. P. SULLIVAN	Sub Lieutenant	CHIVERS, D. C.	ORD	RP
G. B. COOMBES	Surgeon Lieutenant	COX I. B.	A/LS	RP2
K. A. COURTENAY	Sub Lieutenant	CURTIS, J C.	AB	RP*
J. G. L. SPILL	Midshipman	DAVIES, E. H. G.	AB	RP2
F. B. MUNGO	Midshipman	HANSON, J. W.	L/SEA	RP2
M. H. CREGREEN	Midshipman	HEATON, M.	AB	RP*
E. W. ELWELL-SUTTON		HUNTER, T. M.	AB	RP*
		KENDALL, C.	AB	RP2
		McCLENAGHAN, F. H.	L/SEA	RP2
		MORAN, M. J.	J/SEA I	RP*
		NICHOLLS C. G.	AB	RP2
		PEACOCK, P. F.	AB	RP*
		PECK, A.A.	AB (RP* NAV YEO)	
		REYNOLDS, S. J.	ORD	RP*
		SCHOOLEY I. J.	AB	RP*
		SINGLETON, R. J.	ORD	RP*
		STRINGER, R. H.	AB	RP*
		STOCKLEY, R. A.	L/SEA	RP2
		TOLLINGTON, I. P.	AB	RP*
		THOMAS R.	LS	RP1
		WING, D. A.	ORD	RP*
		WALSH M. J.	ORD	RP(B)
		BARKER, R.	ORD	UW*
		BATTING, J. H.	AB	UC*
		BROWELL, R.	AB	UC*
		BROWNE, P. O.	AB	UC*
		CHENNELL, J.	JSI	UC
		COLEMAN, R. J.	ORD	UC
		CLIFTON, C.	ORD	UC
		CONNOR, P.	ORD	UC
		DANILOW, M. F.	AB	UC
		DAVEY, R. D.	AB	UW*
		DRYDEN A. R.	AB	UW2
		DUMIGAN, D. A.	AB	UC*
		EDWARD, E. A.	AB	UC2
		FISHER, R.	AB	UC*
		FLETCHER, M. R. S.	AB1	UC
		FOX, R. W.	AB	UC2
		GALE, A.	AB	UC2
		GOLDING, BF	ORD	UC*
		HANNAH, J. W.	ORD	UC
NAME	RATING	SQ		
EDNEY, T.E.G.	POAF (A/E)			
MABBOTT, D.F.	POEL(A)			
MacDONALD, C.B.	A/C MECHI (A/E)			
MOREHEAD, W.C.	C PO RE1 (A)			
STRAUGHAN, J.L.	NAMI (A/E)			
WEST, D.J.	EA(A)I			
HUGHES, R.J.E.	CPO(PRI)			
LAMBERT W.E.	CPO (PRI)			
GLADDERS, N.	PO (PTI)			
LEGG, G. R.	CPO (COX'N)			
MELROSE, R.C.P.	A/CPO (CUI)			
SARGEANT, M.A.P.	POMA			
BARLOW, G. W.	AB	SG*		
BATLEY N. R.	PO	GL1		
BLYTH, J.	AB	SG(C)*		
BRIGHAM, R. F.	AB	SG		
BUCHANAN, J.	AB	SG(Q)*		
COLLINS, R. W.	AB	SG(C)*		
COYLE, J. J.	AB	SG		
DAVIES, W.	AB	FC2		
DAY, J.W.	AB	SG(C)*		
DOWELL, G. K.	AB	SG(Q)*		
EUNSON P.	AB	SG*		
GOLDSMITH, K. J.	ORD	SG*		
GINGLES W.	AB	SG*		
HALLS, M. J.	L/S	GA2		
HAINES W. C.	LS	GL1		
HARCOURT, N.	AB	GL2 (GOW)		
HOLMES, P. T.	AB	SG*		
KAY, D.	A/L/SEA	SG(Q)*		

NAME	RATING	SQ	NAME	RATING
HAYTER R. M.	LS	UC1	TANG, Y. T.	STWD
LOFTUS, R. C.	PO	TASI	WONG, C. P.	PO STD
MASON, R. J.	JSI	UC*	WONG, P. F.	STD
MEEKINS, TE	L/SEA	UC2	YEUN, K. C.	STD
MOULTRIE, JA	L/SEA	UC1	YUEN, H.	L/STD
O'BRIEN, M. E.	JSI	UW*	BARRY, L.	REM2
PRINCE, B. F.	ORD	UC*	BEECH, M. R.	REA I
SANDERS, C. J.	AB	UC*	BONNING K. G.	EA1
SIZELAND, D. J.	JSI	UC	BROOMS P. D.	REM2
TAYLOR, R. E.	PO	UWI	BURCHETT, D. G.	A/POEL
TULLY, J. H.	ORD	UW	CAMM, R.	EL MECH 2
TUCKER, W. R.	AB	UC*	CHEESBROUGH, E.	REMI
CUNLIFFE, B. J.	R03		CLARKS, M.	EM2
BLEWITT R.	R02 (T)		DAVISON, M. R. V.	REM I
BOTTEN, L. C.	R02 (T)		EDWARDS, C. M.	LEM
BUGG, J. A.	R03		EVANS, D. G.	EMI
EDWARDS, B. C. P.	R02		EVERTON, P. H.	A/REA2
CULLINAN J. B.	LRO (G)		FERGUSON W. T.	COA
EVANS, P. J.	CRS		HARPER L. M.	A/APP
GAMBLE, G. H.	LRO (T)		HARRISON, A. P.	EM2
GRAY, M.	R03		HENDERSON, M.	LEM
HOWLAND R.	R02 (G)		HULL, G. H.	EL MECH I
HOWARTH, J. A.	A/LRO(G)		JAMES, R. F.	REA 2
JACKSON, G. A.	CCY		LING, R.	CA(W) APP
KINGGETT, S. C.	ROI(T)		MERRY, D. S.	EM2
McBARRON, M. P.	R02		LOWS R, A.	CH. REL
McCRUDDEN R.	R02 (G)		MILLIGAN, R. J.	CA (W)I
McPHEE, R.	LRO (W)		MOORS, D. M.	EMI
MILLAR A.	CY		MUIR, N.	LREM
MOORS, A.	LRO (G)		NORMAN, J. W.	CCA(W)
MOODY D. J.	A /LRO (W)		O'BRIEN, E. F.	POE1
MUIR, G.	LRO (T)		PAGE, P. W.	REM2
MURPHY, M.	R02 (G)		PAINS R. D.	LEM
NOYES, R. W. J.	R03		POOLE, C. H.	LREM
PIPER, N. H.	LRO (G)		REILLY, T.	LEM
PRATT L. G. M.	JRO		ROSE, D.	REA I
SADD, M. F.	R01(G)		RUSSELL, B.	OA2
SOUTHALL, R. W.	R02 (W)		RUSTAGE, K. N. M.	REM2
STENNING, M. W.	A/LRO (T)		SEWARD, D.	OAI
TRAPPIT F. J.	C.R.S.		SHEFFIELD, S.	ART. APP
WHITING, S. B.	R02 (W)		SHEFFIELD, J. S.	REMI
WILLIAMS, J.	R03		THOMAS G. J.	REMI
WINTER, C.	R03		SMITH, T. W.	WMI
WISE, J. C.	A/CRS (Local)		SNELLING, R. J.	JEMI
BARKER R.	WTR		STEWART, R.	REM2
CHATFIELD, P. D.	WTR		TARRY, J. M.	CH. E1
DANKS, P. J. W.	PO WTR		THOMAS, A. J.	REA3
DAVIES, T. W.	SA		THOMAS, L.	EMI
FISH, J.	PO WTR		VANGORPH, R. H.	EMI
FISH, J.	PO CK(S)		TUCKEY, R. W.	CCA(W)
HAWKINS, H. W. J.	CPOSA		WARD, D. S. L.	CH. RE1
HOSFORD, J. J.	SA		WASPREE, C. J.	REM2
LAWSON, G. N.	CK (S)		YOUNG, L.	REMI
MASON, R.	SA		BROWN, M. T.	AB (QA2)
LEE, R. A.	L/CK (S)		CREWS H. T.	L/SEA (UM2)
MILTON, R. A.	CK (S)		DAVIDSON, J.	A/L/SEA (UC2)
MORGAN, D. J.	CK(S)		DOWSETT, R. C.	AB (FC2)
MORRIS, M. J.	A/CK (S)		LAWSON, R.	AB (UW2)
PACKMAN, R.	LSA(V)		ROPER, T.	L/SEA(QAI)
SHAW, G. E. G.	LSA		SMYTH, I. M.	AB (QR2)
SPINKS A.	LSA(V)		WYNNE, F. J.	AB (GA2)
SWORDER, J. N.	PO CA		ALLEN A. E.	M (E)1
WHYTE, R.	L'CK(S)		ANDERTON, M. F.	M (E)I
CHAN, Y. K.	L/STD		APPLETON, J. W.	M (E)2
FONG, L.	POCK (0)		BECKERTON, D. T.	POM(E)
LEUNG, C.	PO STD		BELSHAW W.	M (E)2
LEUNG, K. C.	L/CK (0)		BEZANI R. C.	M (E)2
KWONG, C.	L/STD		BEST, J. A.	M(E)I

NAME	RATING
BIRKETT, G. H.	A/LME
BRAYSHAW, G.	JM(E)I
CANADINE, A. J.	A/POME
COCKS, M. J.	A/CERA
CHAPMAN C. A.	ERA1
CRAVEN B.	JM(E)
CORRIGAN, E.	M(E)2
CRAGG, R. A.	M(E)I
CUNNINGHAM D.	M(E)I
DALZIEL, R. W.	M(E)I
DAWES, T. W.	A/LME
DUNN, D. G.	POM(E)
EARLEY, J. P.	M(E).I.
EASTMAN, R. A.	JM(E)I
EDWARDS, N. A. S.	LM(E)
FERNS, K. J.	M(E)I
FROST G. V.	M(E)2
GORDON, F. A.	POM(E)
GORDON, G.	CH.M(E)
HARPOUR, R. C.	M(E)I
HAUGHEY, F. T. O.	SHPT I
HIGH, T.	MECH 2
JAMES, H. C.	SHPT I
JENKINS B. J.	M(E) 1
JOHNSON, J. F.	ERA 2
KEITH H. F.	M(E)2
KEMP, P.	JM(E)I
LONGLEY, J. R.	ERA 1
LYMER, S. R.	JM(E)I
MABLEY, I	M(E)I
McLENNAN, I. B.	LM(E)
MINNIS, N.	A/LM(E)

NAME	RATING
NEWS, G. A.	M(E)I
NEWALL T. C.	CERA
OLIVER, C. W.	ERA I
PARKER, P. E. C.	JM(E)I
PEARCE R. J.	M(E)I
PHILLIPS, G. A.	M(E).I.
POWELL R. D.	CH.M(E)
QUINAULT, A. G. A.	M(E)I
PRICE R. C.	M(E)2
SALTER, B. R.	M(E)2
SHEPHERD, H. M.	M(E)I
SHEPHERD B. W.	SHIPT1
SHEPPEY, E.	M(E)I
SHINTON, R. J.	JM(E)I
SKINNER, M.	ERA I
SMITH, R. J. A.	LM(E)
SPACE R. T.	M(E)2
SUT'CLIFFE, E.	M(E)I
SMITH, W. R. M.	M(E).I.
TARBOX, J. F.	A/LM(E)
TILBURY P. J.	M(E)2
TOWNSEND, C. G.	M(E)I
TUCKNOTT, J. W.	M(E)I
RICHARDS B. J.	POM(E)
WAND, S.	MECH I
WALKER J.	LM(E)
WELLS, D. A.	JM(E)I
WHITEFIELD, G. T.	POM(E)
WILDMAN, P. J.	M(E)2
WILSON, D. J.	M(E)I
WISEMAN D.	M(E)2
WOLVERSON R.	M(E)2

## SOME FACTS AND FIGURES FROM THE COMMISSION

*Flight figures* –

Used 19,500 gallons of AVCAT

Flew 314 hours - equivalent to approximately 27,000 miles.

Made over 1000 landings

Dropped 24 Depth Charges

117 Practice Depth Charges

119 Flame and smoke floats

3 Markers marine

Fired 12 signal cartridges.

Distance run: 39,811.7

Hours underway: 3,454

F.F.O. Burnt: 9,762.2 tons

Fresh water used: 11,054.8 tons

Average 22.8 gals/man/day

Boilers steamed for a total of 9,821 hours.

Biggest RAS - 3 tons Potatoes

½ ton flour

½ ton milk

720 dozen eggs

1 ton sugar

1/3 ton butter and Margarine

¼ ton bread

Total 25,879lbs.

This was the 87th in the current commission and the biggest, from Fort Dunvegan.

## Nam Heng Bar & Restaurant

No. 93, 10 m.s. NEE SOON VILLAGE,  
SINGAPORE, 26.

TEL: No. 59963

—: 0 :—

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Able and well dressed waiters and waitresses to serve you day and night.

We cater for parties in European and/or Chinese style and provide excellent and delicious foods within our premises on instant notice.

We guarantee that our patrons would be fully satisfied before they leave our premises.

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(AIR CONDITIONED)

(ESTABLISHED 1947)

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—: 0 :—

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EXPERIENCED HAIR-DRESSERS  
SERVICES*

— ALSO —

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AVAILABLE*

Hours of Business: 8.00 a.m. to 6.00 p.m.  
(Sunday Closed)

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*T. V. Rental Service at your doorstep  
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陶 記

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Tel. No. 59112

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Proprietor: TAM JEE HU



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for you!

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We cordially invite you to visit us to choose from a wide variety of fresh meats imported from Australia and New Zealand. However, if you cannot call personally, please do not hesitate to Ring 59956 to place your order.

The shop is fully airconditioned; has efficient and experienced staff to look after your requirements and provides FREE and prompt delivery service to your home! Credit facilities are also available.

We do hope we shall have the pleasure of seeing or hearing from you and can assure you YOUR satisfaction is our most earnest wish.

### JOSEPH BUTCHERY

18, Jalan Tampang,  
Sembawang Garden Arcade,  
Singapore. Tel: 59956.