

The Cash Must Get Through

AT ODD TIMES the gangway staff have seen a bearded figure clutching a large leather holdall slipping down the brow pursued by a number of hefty sailors or marines wielding pick helms. This is not, as one might expect, Jim Cairo's representative getting the bum's rush, but the Cash Officer on his way to collect the loot ready for yet another pay day.

Others of the air world have seen the same figure, bleary-eyed in the first light of dawn and clutching a bone dome, tripping over the arrestor wires as he makes his rather jaundiced way towards a Skyraider. This again is the Cash Officer, not doing a quick flit with the proceeds, but on his way to get the makings of the next run ashore.

Collecting and returning cash can be an interesting and at times harassing pastime. The air world has made at least one positive effort to give me ulcers (when we ran out of flight deck and went over the edge with the feeling that Bovril is supposed to prevent), while on another occasion only the fact that I had one of the motor-boats, which was required, even if I wasn't, saved me from a long swim.

However, the stirring story of how the cash gets through (and is prevented from sticking to my fingers in the process) really started in Portsmouth when I went ashore with a strong team of marines to stock up for the jaunt to the Far East. We took a number of crates, and eventually staggered back on board groaning under an estimated half ton of money of one kind and another. This was distributed round the safes, the ship sailed, and the game was on.

Gibraltar demonstrated clearly the fact that zone times in different zones are different (I think), as the cashier had been standing by his safe waiting for me to arrive for two hours, having failed to notice the Zulu bit on the end of the D.T.G. As his wife and family had also been standing by in a car outside for a trip to Cadiz, we transferred the cash with the minimum of conversation and the maximum of speed.

Messina provided me with my first really good ulcer, as all the money arrived late and in notes so large that only the Nuffield Trust could have afforded to buy them, and by the time we had got round to sorting things out the banks had knocked off for a siesta-sized stand easy. However, all was well in the end, and I also received the first Makarios reaction to my beard when a small boy who served coffee to the bank's important customers (we got no coffee) insisted that I must be Il Commandante because I looked so fierce. The strain was obviously beginning to show.

Malta proved fairly simple, and apart from the episode (already mentioned) of returning to the ship as the brow departed and a number of pointed remarks about people who brought motor-boats back five minutes before sailing, nothing of note happened on the cash collection front.

Athens, however, provided considerable light relief when, after borrowing the patrol's Land-Rover to get to the British Embassy, we got firmly stuck in a

traffic jam and lost our way. We asked a number of people (a) where we were, and (b) how we got from wherever we were to the Embassy, but the Greeks are funny people, just didn't seem to be able to understand English or even my French, which after all is a foreign language. On reflection I am not so surprised at the failure to understand the French. Having exhausted our combined knowledge of foreign languages, we pulled into the side of the road, where we were sworn at by a policeman and a number of taxi drivers, and managed to find a man who spoke some English. He gave us a reciprocal course for the Embassy.

About four miles later we began to feel uneasy, and finally came to a halt outside a school in a district which didn't look as if it had much to do with the Embassy. Inside the school we found an English lesson in progress, and, after convincing the teacher that we wanted the British Embassy (which he didn't appear to have heard of) and not the American Embassy (which he had heard of), we borrowed two of his eldest pupils to direct us and set off amid shouts of good will from the rest of the class. The pupils were about seventeen or eighteen, and as it was a girls' school, were girls, which pleased the escort no end.

When we finally got to the Embassy, I found that everybody had been getting a little uneasy about the disappearance of one Land-Rover, two escorts, a driver, the Cash Officer, and about £7,000 of the local legal tender. Had we lived up to these dark thoughts, we could have had a whale of a time, as the females we already had.

The basic snag in Manila was the three days' ride by fast motor cutter needed to get inshore. By the time I arrived on board Belfast, which cash I was returning, Belfast had returned hers and the Embassy had packed up for the day. Nine telephone calls later we discovered the number of the Embassy Cashier, who was dragged from his siesta and induced to come into the town and perform. That left me with the problem of getting there myself, the only transport available being the Captain's car. As he was asleep I was allowed to take the car and dash to the Embassy, returning the car before the Captain woke up and discovered it not there. This was successful, and my ulcer, which had started breeding other ulcers when we first arrived and the cash didn't, sagged back into quiescence as another crisis passed.

The first meeting with the mighty scrip dollar took place in a little hut on the end of the pier at Inchon. I had been hanging round for some time making polite conversation and looking for the money, when a massive truck roared up and disgorged a small army of men strung round with lethal weapons. This proved to be the escort, and I was invited into the hut where the exchange was to take place. As soon as I was inside the door was locked, the guard took up defensive positions, and in the atmosphere of the Indians selling Long Island the bartering of greenbacks for scrip commenced. The six men in the room toted nine pieces of artillery between them, one of which seemed to be pointing uncomfortably at my stomach. However, I didn't have to worry, as after sorting out the original language difficulty

(bullets being called shells) I discovered that none of them had any ammunition.

In Japan things were easier: when we arrived we borrowed the Liaison Officer and the Liaison Officer's jeep and took off into Yokohama to find the bank. This was a splendidly easy run, but would have been much more pleasant if the Liaison Officer had ever driven a jeep before - as we started by ramming the car parked astern of us and proceeded in a series of heart-stopping leaps to throw ourselves with zest into

the path of every vehicle we met; however, the gods looked after us, and 58 million yen duly arrived on board.

At the time of going to print we still have a number of visits to come which will doubtless produce trouble of one sort or another, but before I finish I must clear up the point about the escort. The escort is provided to stop people getting at the cash, *not*, repeat *not* to stop me making a dash for it. At least, that's what it says in the book.

Supply and Secretariat Branch

There's a Branch you may not notice, for their stations are below
In the cubby-holes and lobbies where the "sailors" seldom go.
They are wont to call them "idlers" with a curious sense of fun,
For their watch was never ended and their work was never done.
They were later known as "day-men" just because they slept at night:
Though they had to get some sleep in, yet it did not seem quite right.

You can often see them sitting in an office like a den,
Filling up strange forms with figures and a stylographic pen.
You can hear their busy fingers clocking far into the night,
Typing reams of flaccid foolscap, with a cardboard-shaded light.

There are many thousand items in a modern vessel's stores,
And they issue them by ounces, by hundredweights and scores,
You can see them in the mess deck, having tried the safety catch,
Swinging down a steel-runged ladder through a heavy armoured hatch,
To compartments filled with firebricks, sacks of flour and cotton-waste,
Cabin furniture and bedding, frozen fish and potted paste.

If a smoker wants his 'baccy, if a toper wants his rum,
They produce it from a packing case, or draw it from a drum,
If he lacks a feather pillow or a blanket from his bed,
If he needs a new sou'wester or a helmet for his head,
If he seeks a black silk necktie, or a flannel or a shoe,
He has only got to pay for it and sign a chit or two.

In the galley and the kitchens, in the bakeries and stores,
You may find him tending pots and pans, or merely doing chores,
Mincing mutton in a Hobart, kneading dough or scrubbing bins,
Stirring cocoa in a cauldron, shaking salmon out of tins,
Cooking tasty meals for officers, or plainer food for men,
Six or seven in a galley, only eighteen foot by ten.



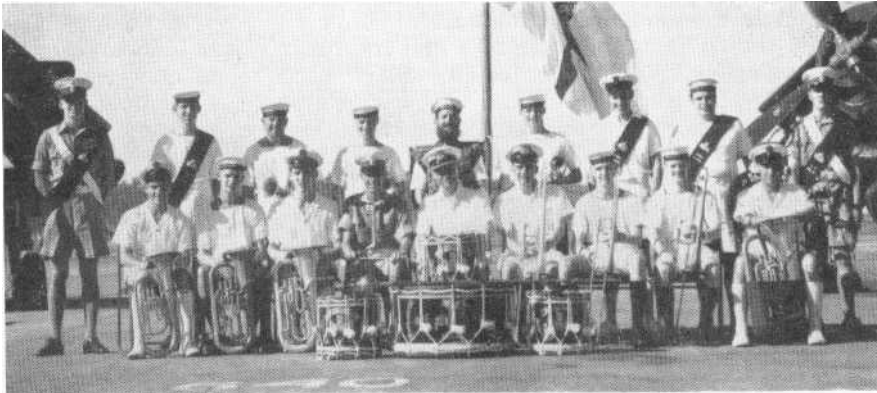
"THAT LOOKS GOOD EVEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS PUDD."

Deftly setting out the tables for the officers to dine,
Serving tots of gin and bitters, mixing cocktails, bottled wine,
Meditating over menus in conjunction with the cook;
Making out the monthly mess bills; writing up the daily book,
From illegible inscriptions scrawled on soda-sodden chits;
On a guest night, staging banquets like a Carlton or a Ritz.

When the ship goes into action their commitments do not stop,
They are wanted down the conning tower or up the spotting top;
Plotting splashes on the ocean, noting flashes in the sky,
In the surgeons' first-aid parties, at the 4-inch gun supply,
Passing shells and cartridge cases, hoisting high explosive loads,
Turning plain language into cypher, using transposition codes.

Their activities are endless, and they function all the time,
Unrecorded in the press, uneulogised in rhyme.
In the backgrounds of the picture, in the outfield of the game,
In the shadows of the limelight, in the ante-rooms of fame.
There isn't any glamour in the work they do on board,
But remember that the "pen" is as essential as the "sword."

H.M.S. Albion Volunteer Band



ONE CANNOT PERFORM "Beat Retreats," play for wardroom programmes, cocktail parties, etc., with only ten instrumentalists and four drummers. This we had to leave to the Royal Marines Band from H.M.S. *Terror*, the H.L.I. Band from Aden and 17th/21st Lancers from Hong Kong. Not that they could do any better but because they are all greater in numbers.

Our first engagement of the commission was a guard and band at Portsmouth for F.O.A.C. in early December, and, although only having a band of twelve, the Admiral seemed to think we showed promise. At the Commissioning Ceremony our full total was fifteen, and the Band also played for a carol service the previous day, using all the blowing members.

Starting from the top, we have R.E.A. John Sexton and S.A. Jim Lomas, who have been my two staunch cornet players throughout. S.B.A. Fred Gowenloch has given us a few turns on the soprano, and "Satch" Harling left the fold early in May due to overwork in the C.P.Os.' Mess! Working our way down, we come to N.A. Harry Crowhurst (tenor horn) and P.O. Tony "Swan" Sell, our baritone expert (providing the fingering is marked in!). Next in line are the trombones consisting of the Band Officer, Sub-Lieutenant "Taff" Flemming, M.E. Sandy Sanford and N.A. Ginge Beaumont, who joined us rather later in the commission. Two euphoniums, P.O. "Chippy" Tatnall (the buoy jumper!) and L.S. Ted Foster, lately promoted to the Admiral's barge, which makes it even more difficult to get him for Band duties. Last but by no means least in the blowing line, our bass player, C.P.O. Peter Penton. That completes the technical side. Now to the "skin beaters"! L.A. Dave Webb, our bass drummer for the last five months (the first one having been drafted home), P.O. "Nobby" Hurst (incidentally the only effort from the squadrons), A.B. Wally Walters, Mne. "Bongo" Belcher, not forgetting the two marine buglers, "Elvis" Casey and "Little Richard" Tynan, formed our batch of side drummers. Bringing up the rear is M.E. "Baldy" Rogers, who has tried hard to bang the cymbals.

Since the day we left the U.K. engagements for the Band have been few and far between, owing primarily to the lack of regular and 100 per cent.

Standing. - BUGLER TYNAN, M.E. ROGERS, N.A. CROWHURST, S.A. LOMAS, L.A. WEBB, S.B.A. GOWENLOCH, P.O. HURST, A.B. CLEAVER, BUGLER CASEY.

Sitting. - P.O. SELL, L.S. FOSTER, P.O. TATNALL, B./SGT. HUTTON (R.M.), COMDR. H. W. HOLLINS (R.N.), SUB-LIEUT. FLEMMING (R.N.), M.E. SANFORD, N.A. BEAUMONT, C.P.O. PENTON.

practice. This, however, seems to be an impossible task aboard a ship this size. Why, I cannot answer. After all, I should have thought the other 1,500 odd could have managed to run the ship reasonably well without the assistance of ten keen instrumentalists!

The Band under these circumstances have performed extremely well at all functions - entering and leaving harbour, divisions, a regular church quintet, Colours here and there, a children's party, and not forgetting the ship's concert, where undoubtedly we were the most experienced turn. I think our finest job so far was in the hangar when the wardroom dined the Captain. The ship was in Malta at the time, and, although I borrowed a couple of "bods" from a Maltese volunteer band, all our own ten played well.

One rather humorous episode happened while in Athens. On the flight deck for Colours the Band (that particular morning a frantic five blowing and three banging) had to play three anthems; our own, the Greek and American. This must have been unknown to the Officer of the Watch, because in the true Nelson style he bellowed "Sound the carry on!" immediately after we'd finished "God Save the Queen." This caused quite a panic at first, but then another voice echoed across the flight deck in reply saying, "Not yet, you fool!" and we managed to get through to the end without further interruptions.

With only three months of the commission left we will have the normal duties to perform, and our swan song will be entering Portsmouth Harbour on 16th December. From there each member of the Band will go back to his radar set, sea boat, air station, engine room, or whatever his track may be. Although it's been rather an easy trip for me, I've been very pleased with all the hard efforts of this volunteer band; and one never knows, perhaps at some later date we might meet again. But I hope it won't be as volunteers.

BAND SERGEANT M. G. HUTTON, R.M.

ACTIVITIES

First Eleven Hockey

THE SHIP'S HOCKEY TEAM has had a very successful and enjoyable season, but bad weather conditions caused the cancellation of many games.

The team has been well supported by the playing members and well equipped by our sports store. Transport arranged with good intentions hasn't always come up to standard, but the team has always arrived.

The first foreign competition was at Malta, where, after losing to the R.A.F. Station Falcon the team won against H.M.S. *Phoenicia* 1 goal to nil, H.M.S. *Tiger* 5 goals to 2, rounding off these successes by drawing with the Royal Navy in Malta Representative XI 1 goal each. This was an excellent game, and the ship was unfortunate to lose, having had the lion's share of the play.

At Hong Kong the ship playing H.M.S. *Belfast*, holders of the Navy Cup, drew with them 2-2 on a day when the temperature at Happy Valley was exhausting. The return match at Singapore on 27th July gave the team a 6 goals to nil victory, which it is hoped will be repeated when the cup is contested before *Abion* leaves the station.

On 4th July at Hong Kong the team were guests of the 17th/21st Lancers, drawing with them 2 goals each. A return visit on 28th August resulted in a 3-1 victory. This was a much better game, but rather marred by incessant rain.

The hockey team has been consistent in its members, but A.B. Buckle has left owing to cartilage trouble. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Lieutenant-Commander Dann has captained the side, and E.A. Gorvin and Lieutenant McLaren have been our umpires during the season.

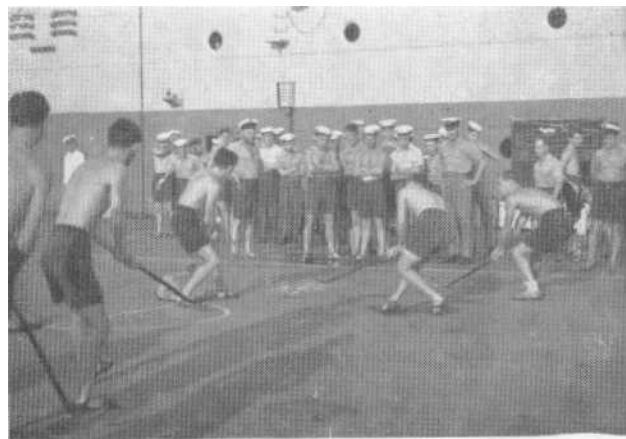
Team. - Goal, L.A. Prescott; Backs, Lieut.-Comdr. Dewing, C.P.O. Stock (A.B. Buckle); Half-backs, O.A. Undery, Band/Sgt. Hutton, Lieut.-Comdr. Dann; Forwards, R.E.M. Bessey, Lieut. Sturgeon, N.A. Leighton, Lieut. Randall, Lieut. Howitt.

Team Record. - Played 40, Won 26, Lost 9, Drawn 5. Goals for 92, goals against 44.



Back Row: C.P.O. STOCK, LIEUT. R. C. STURGEON, LIEUT.-COMDR. DANN, B./SGT. HUTTON, LIEUT.-COMDR. DEWING, LIEUT. RANDALL.

Front Row: A.B. FEETHAM, N.A. LEIGHTON, L.A. PRESCOTT, C.P.O. UNDERY, R.E.M. BESSEY.



DECK HOCKEY

Judo Club

THE FORMATION OF THE "ALBION" JUDO CLUB was the result of several meetings at the Pitt Street gymnasium of various "Judoka" who were to become members of the *Albion's* ship's company. These members, Messrs. Sharrem, Parkes and Gainey, being typical mad Judo men, decided that if there was no Judo on the *Albion* then they would rather not sail with her. It was later decided that, as their absence might be noted by "My Lords Commissioners," perhaps they should join the ship and form a Judo club on board.

The opening session of the ship's Judo Club was a spectacular affair; it was attended by fifty spectators, 400 libertymen, and twenty-eight Judo mats. As the cruise progressed our ranks were reduced to ten Judo men, no spectators, and ten mats.

As the cruise progressed we were fortunate enough to visit many foreign "Dojos" at our various ports of call. The outstanding visit was, of course, to the home of Judo, Japan. Our first run ashore - nay, sacred pilgrimage - was to the "Kodokan" Tokyo; this establishment, besides being the headquarters of the International Judo Federation and the Japanese Federation, is also the Mecca of the world's Judo. Our members were lucky enough to have instruction from, and to practise with, such legendary "Judoka" as Mifune, Tanaka, Kawamura and Diago. Whilst there our instructor, Shipwright Gainey, took a grading examination for the second grade of the Degree of Black Belt.

Other memorable occasions in Japan were the visits to Mr. Watanabe's "Dojo" in Yokosuka and the match between the ship's team and the Yokohama Police Club. The latter, although being farcical in that the Japanese were able to field a much stronger and higher graded team, proved to be a great success. Marine Cummings won the only bout for the ship by throwing his opponent, a Second Dan, with a beautifully-timed and executed "sweeping loin."

Leaving Japan armed with new techniques and a new appreciation of how brutal and vicious the "gentle art" can be, we returned to our parent "Dojo" in Singapore. This club as well as being of a very high standard was also very hospitable, and the instruction and friendships gained there will be remembered and treasured for many years to come. While practising at the club two grading examinations were arranged, the examiners being Mr. Saito, Japanese Vice-Consul, Third Dan, and Mr. Ebimoto, Third Dan. The results of these examinations were very pleasing in that E.R.A. Parkes and Marine Cummings were awarded their Green Belts, E.R.As. Paton and Jones and Mr. Thorne were awarded their Yellow- Belts.

Although the ship's Judo Club has not been the biggest or the best in existence, considerable work has been done and the hours spent on the mat have been found both instructional and enjoyable.

To all the Judo men we wish good luck and happy landings, and to all non Judo men we wish to point out that our instructor's favourite technique is the "Hani-Goshi" (spring hip) and not the "Nagasaki something lock."

THE SHINTO-HEADS.

Basketball



L. COOK HARLEY, R.E.M. PARKER, MNE. TYNEHAM, A.B. PAINE, N.A. MARTIN.

THE SEASON ON BOARD opened with a series of practice matches against R.N.A.S. Hal Far, from which it was apparent that talent was going to be scarce. The reason for a lack of full sides has been due to duties and the squadrons disembarking at various times. The team was first run by A.A.(O) Curtiss, but after a few matches a vote was held for captain, resulting in Marine Tyneham being appointed and R.E.M.(A) Edsall as his deputy.

Both of these players have carried out their duties well, and in fact almost every match has been played in an atmosphere of "doesn't matter about the result, let's have a good game." Considering the high standard of opponents and the lack of practice facilities, the team has done very well.

Results. -St. Joseph's College, won 33-32. Sports Poliseria Messina, lost 50-80. R.A.F. Seletar, Singapore, lost 24-58. R.A.F. Seletar, Singapore, lost 42-44. H.M.S. *Tamar*, Hong Kong, won 28-24. 17th/21st Lancers, Hong Kong, lost ~~10-12~~. ~~R.A.F. Kai Tak~~, Hong Kong, drew 28-28. R.A.F. Seletar, Singapore, lost 27-52. H.M.S. *Belfast*, Singapore, lost ~~24-36~~. ~~H.M.S. Hartland Point~~, Singapore, won ~~32-18~~. ~~N.A.S. Cubi~~ Officers, Philippines, lost 24-62. U.S. Base All Stars, Philippines, lost 29-59.

Played 12. Won 3, lost 8, drew 1. Points for 305, Points against 478.

Top Scorers. - Mne. Tyneham. A.B. Payne, R.E.M.A. Parker, R.E.M.A. Edsall, P.O. R.E.L. (A) Hurst

Players. - Mne. Tyneham (Capt.), ~~R.E.M.A. Edsall~~ (Vice-Capt.), P.O.R.E.L. (A) Hurst, R.E.M. (A) Parker, A.B. Payne, N.A.M. Martin, A.A.1 (O) Curtiss, Wtr. Lee, L.C. Harley, A.B. Chaplin, A.B. Eyres, A.A. 1 Allen, C.P.T.I. Taylor.

Football



Back Row. - N.A. RICH, E.R.A. GULLIVER, P.O. MEACHAM, MR. THORNE, A.B. EYRE, L.M.E. CRANSTON, A.B. WATSON, E.R.A. BOARD, STWD. COLLINSON, L. COOK HARLEY.

Front Row. -P.O. SOUTHERN, R.B.M. OSMOND, LIEUT. NEAL, SHPT. LIEUT. FORREST, L.S. BUTLER, L.S. WOODIALL, A.B. CLARKE.

THE SHIP'S FOOTBALL TEAM have played a large number of games at places ranging from Yeovilton to Japan. During the four months previous to the squadrons joining and when the ship was at Portsmouth a regular team existed made up from ship's staff only, and so when the squadrons did join trials were held to select a more representative team. These took place in Malta on Hal Far's ground, and it was there that the first games of any kind after leaving U.K. took place.

Whilst visiting Korea and Japan with other ships of the Far East Fleet, R.N. representative teams played against some of the leading amateur teams of those countries. Although not always playing a better

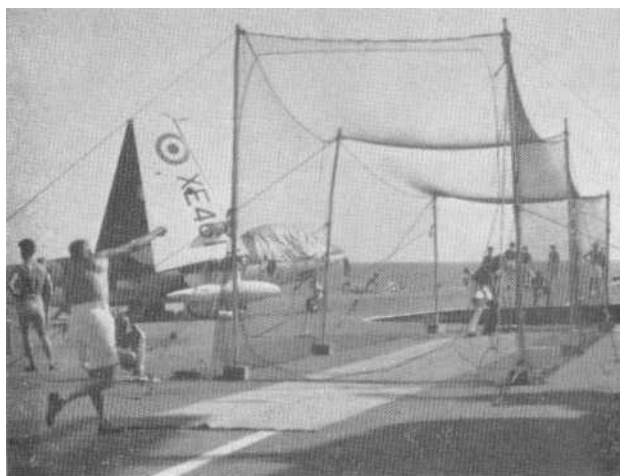
class of football, the local teams won most of the games. This was due primarily to their fitness, and secondly by being accustomed to the climate. *Albion* was well represented in the R.N. teams, having from five to seven players taking part.

A number of floodlit games were played, the first two being against R.A.F. Seletar, Singapore, on their ground. The team lost both of these matches, but there was little difference in the standard of play between the teams. On our last visit to Singapore the Terror floodlit pitch was operative, and several games were played on it, one by the Second Eleven, who showed their appreciation of this by beating the opponents (a small ship) 2-1.

Cricket

VERY LITTLE CRICKET HAS BEEN PLAYED during this commission, mainly because of it either being out of season or not played at the places visited by the ship. The first game took place between an untried ship's team and the British community from Messina. The result was a win for *Albion*, but both teams put on a good show, and after the match the home team entertained the ship's players.

The flight deck cricket net, designed by the Captain, was used as often as possible, and after some teething troubles with the rigging of it (especially with a 25-knot wind across the deck) the Chief P.T.I. and watch on deck were able to have it operational in about half an hour. The siting of the net was a problem at first, but this was finally overcome by positioning it just for'ard of the for'ard lift.



Flight Deck Activities

BESIDES THE MORE ORTHODOX FLIGHT DECK ACTIVITIES, e.g. deck hockey, we were fortunate enough to get the opportunity to take over the flight deck for interpart and intership competitions.

The first of these took place over a week-end *en route* from Aden to Singapore in April. The Saturday afternoon was devoted to flight deck frolics, in which the programme included a rather gruelling obstacle course, horse racing with tote, .22 shooting, a fancy dress competition, and various sideshows. A high-light for many was the hot dogs and hamburgers produced at a reasonable price by the pussers.

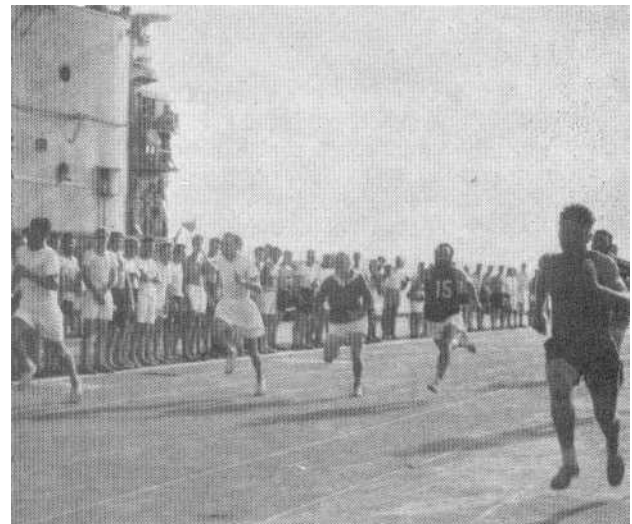
On the Sunday a modified sports meeting was held on an interpart competitive basis. Heats for the events, which included a relay, 80 yards wheelbarrow race, tossing the caber, hop step and jump, and tug-o'-war, were run off in the forenoon, with the finals taking place during the dogs. The Air Department won the trophy, but not without a struggle.

A slightly different meeting was held next time. This was a three-cornered contest between U.S.S. *Yorktown*, *H.M.A.S. Melbourne* (both carriers) and *Albion* held at Manila Bay. The other ships were invited to send teams over to compete in volley ball, deck hockey, tug-o'-war, slippery pole contest, hop step and jump, tossing the caber, and sandbag and long jump. All three ships entered into the spirit of the contest, especially on the greasy pole, and even one of the off-watch O.O.Ws. took the plunge. *Melbourne* were the over-all winners on points, but there was little to choose from between any of the ships. Once again a supply of hot dogs, hamburgers and squash was available.

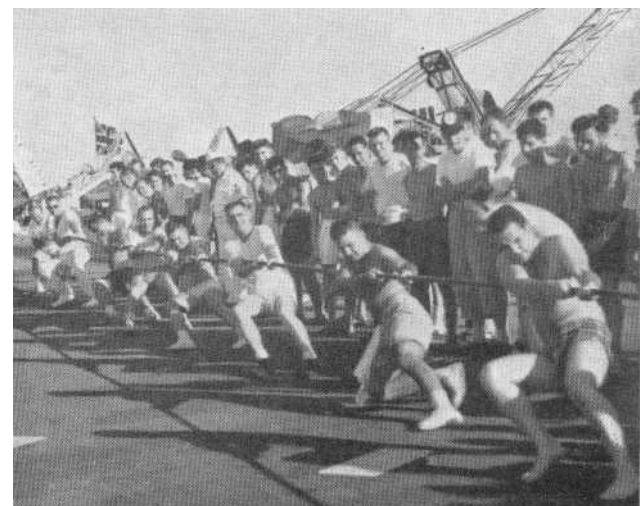
The final affair took place between ships of the Fleet who were relaxing at Paulo Tioman, a small island off the east coast of Malaya. The run ashore was very limited, even the beer ran out, and as there were no grounds available ashore it was decided to hold an intership sports meeting on board *Albion*. Twelve ships took part, and the main events included an obstacle course (won by *Albion*), tug-o'-war (won by *Belfast*), slippery pole (won by *Vampire*), and horse racing with tote (four of the six races being won by horse number 6). The pussers' hot dogs were again in great demand, and by this time they had the production and sales technique off to a fine art and were able to satisfy even the hungriest.



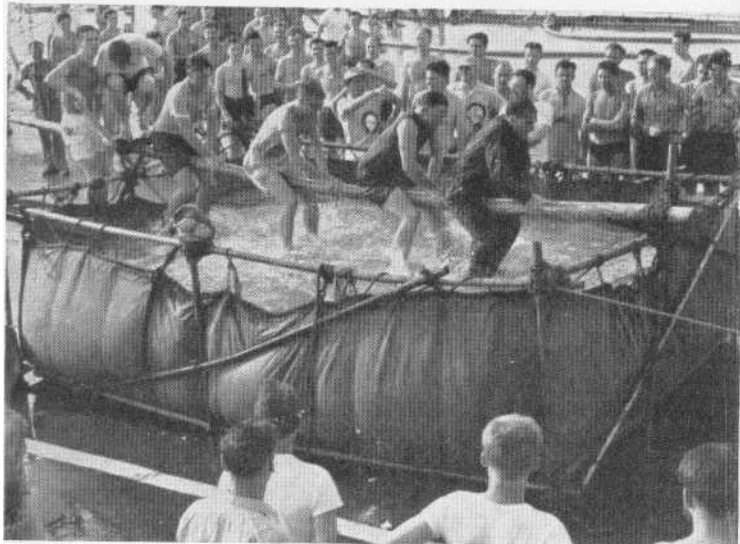
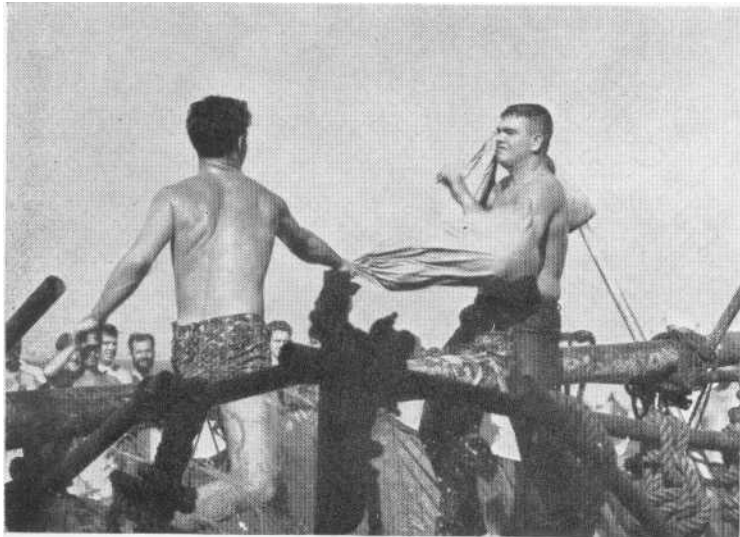
THE CAPTAIN PRESENTS THE CUP TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE AIR DEPARTMENT TEAM



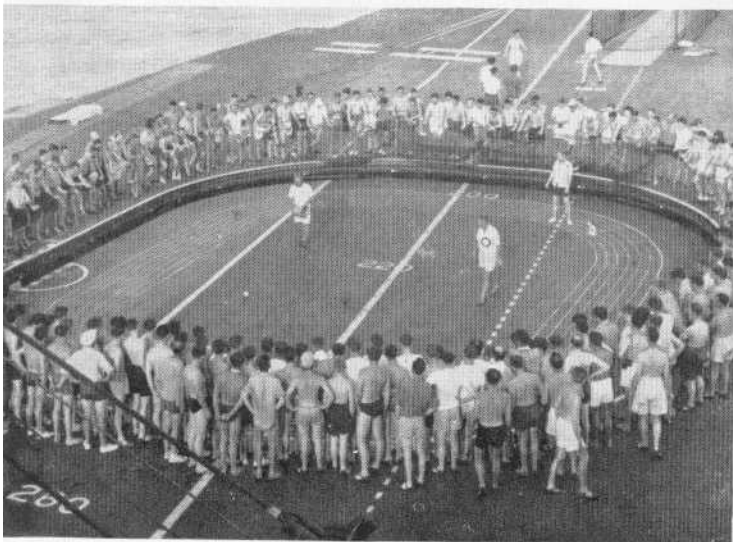
FINAL OF THE 100 YARDS



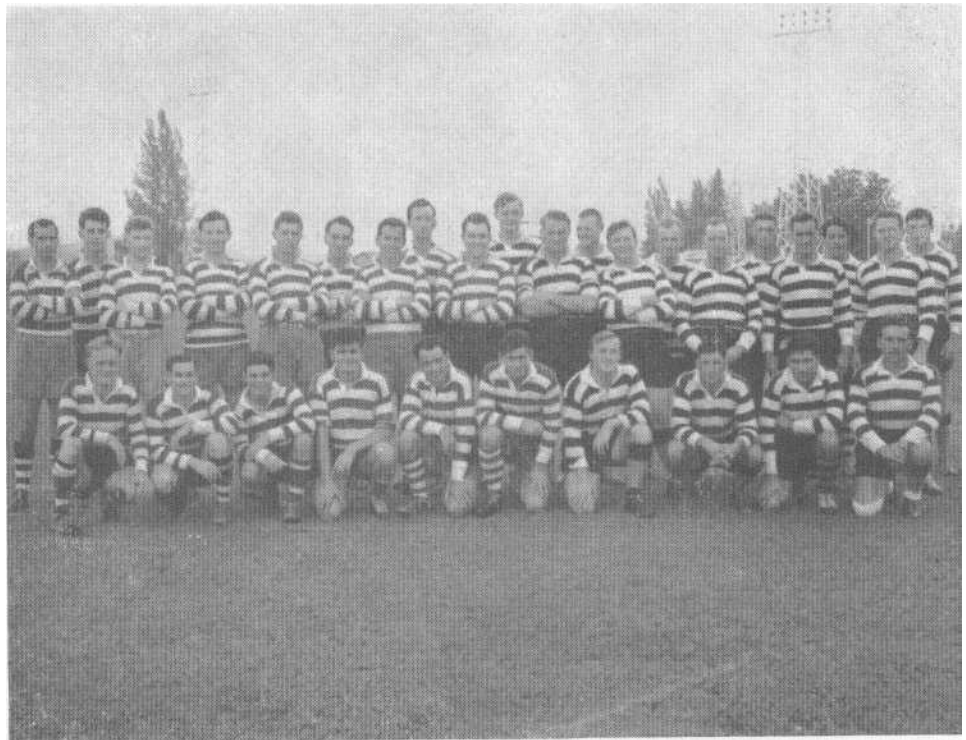
U.S.S. "YORKTOWN" IN ACTION



TOP LEFT **Who's next for a Ducking.**
 TOP RIGHT: **The Caber-Tossing Champion from U.S.S. "Yorktown" shows how it should be done.**
 CENTRE: **894 Squadron lead the way.**
 BOTTOM LEFT: **A day at the Races.**
 BOTTOM RIGHT: **Winner of the Fancy Dress Competition.**



Rugby



RUGBY TEAM V. BULWARK

THE RUGBY PLAYERS IN THE SHIP Should first of all be congratulated on their enthusiasm. Rarely during the commission have they had the opportunity of playing under what are usually thought of as normal conditions, and the difficulties of keeping fit on board and in training are handicaps which naturally effect all sports.

The nucleus of a rugby team began to form while the ship was in Portsmouth. Matches were arranged against local ships and establishments, but the most important fixture before leaving the United Kingdom was against the Royal Naval Air Station at Yeovilton. Rain fell during most of the match, and the team found themselves playing against much more experienced players who had been playing together for some time. They did well, however, having had a long bus journey, to be defeated by only a small margin. After leaving England we were strengthened by the squadrons and a batch of sub-lieutenants, both of whom produced valuable players who have played regularly in the first fifteen.

Chief Petty Officer Godkin was elected captain, and led his team for the first time abroad against the Royal Naval Air Station at Hal Far, Malta. The ground, although covered by a top layer of grass, was exceedingly hard below the surface. The match was played at a fast pace which our players had difficulty in maintaining, but they by no means disgraced themselves, although playing a man short, due to one of our players cutting himself on some barbed wire as he came on to the field.

There was little rugby between Malta and Japan as it was the closed season in Singapore and Hong Kong. In Korea a light, small, well-trained team, supported by a large crowd of spectators, gained a worthy victory over a ship's team which even at the top of its form would have done little better against such worthy opponents. In Japan the University of Yokohama was defeated on a ground on which there wasn't a blade of grass. It was only the perspiration of the players that kept the dust under control.

The team had their best match, which they won easily, against the Royal Air Force at Kai Tak, Kowloon, where the three-quarter line, well fed with a plentiful supply of the ball from the forwards, had a field day.

Enthusiasm increased on our last visit to Singapore. Johore was defeated on a ground almost submerged by heavy rain. *Bulwark*, who had rather better facilities for training ashore, managed to win after a close game, and an "A" team gave the Inshore Flotilla a close match. The E.R.As.' team, which entered the fray rather late in the commission, has produced some useful talent.

On the whole, rugby has had a successful season. It has been played, as it should be played, for the fun of the game. Matches have been enjoyed, there have been no serious injuries, and the transport to the ship after the match has generally taken the pleasantest route home, with a stop here and there to cement the very good friendships made on the field of play.

Water Polo



AT TOKYO BATH

IT WAS APPARENT prior to the ship's departure from Portsmouth that there was adequate and fair material for a ship's water-polo team. Pitt Street Swimming Pool afforded ample opportunity during the last two months of 1959 and the first month of January for trials and training. The team and team trainers were rewarded for their efforts by winning most of the games played against the ships and establishments of the Portsmouth Command during this period.

Unfortunately, following the ship's departure from Portsmouth two months were to pass before an opportunity for a game came along. Our stay at Gibraltar, Malta and other Mediterranean ports was "dry" from the water-polo aspect. Even the R.A.F. at Aden were unable to provide a team to play us; apparently they were afraid of getting their moustaches wet.

On our arrival at Singapore in April of this year, though, our prowess at the game soon came to light, and within a week we had won the base trophy. Our glory, however, was shortlived, for we lost it within the following week, not having had the time to "wet it or clean it." At the time of writing "revenge is sweet," and it is hoped that the cup will be restored and remain resting in *Albion* for the rest of the stay on the Far East Station.

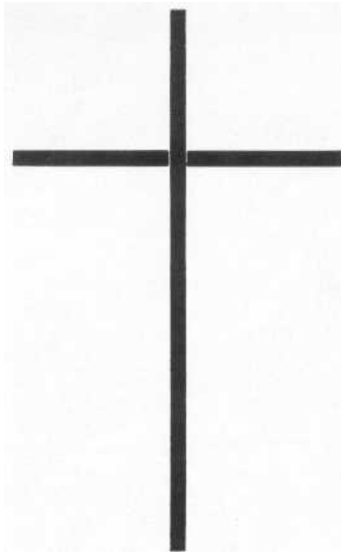
Albeit we have won 90 per cent. of our matches on the station, but the main water-polo attraction of the commission was undoubtedly the game against the Tokyo Club during our short visit at Yokohama. The game was televised, and we were beaten by a much fitter and experienced team by 23 goals to 3. If the need arises for excuses following such a thrashing, the sudden change from the warm water of H.M.S. *Terror's* pool to the ice-cold water of the

Tokyo Club's pool resulted in a few cases of cramp. Secondly, the forward line insisted on a "pepsodent smile" for the TV camera, which resulted in misses galore when aiming the ball at the 10 ft. by 3 ft. goal. One of the team spent the first half of the match trying to convince a very charming female spectator that he was the "Screen's Sixth Tarzan" and was very upset at half-time when he realised that he would be on the opposite side of the pool to his would-be admirer: this definitely put him off his game during the second half of the game. The result may well give the impression that it was a walk-over for the Japanese team; but it was an excellent all-round game with close marking, fast swimming (our team had to keep warm) and good team work. Only poor shooting on our side was predominant, otherwise the result may have well been closer. The opposition, however, were ready to admit that *Albion* had its fair share of talent; even though one or two members of the team were "dribbling at the mouth" instead of "dribbling the ball."

SOME STATISTICS

	Games	Won	Lost	Drew
1st XI Football	39	21	14	2
2nd XI Football	16	10	6	4
1st XI Hockey	40	26	9	5
2nd XI Hockey	5	4	1	
1st XV Rugby	19	14	5	nil
WaterPolo	19	7	6	6
Basketball	12	3	8	1
Interpart Football	146			
Interpart Hockey	24			

ADONIS



In Memoriam

LIEUTENANT **ROBIN JOHN EDWARDS** ROYAL NAVY

LIEUTENANT **NICHOLAS ALBERT CROAD** ROYAL NAVY

SUB-LIEUTENANT **RICHARD JOHN LOE** ROYAL NAVY

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