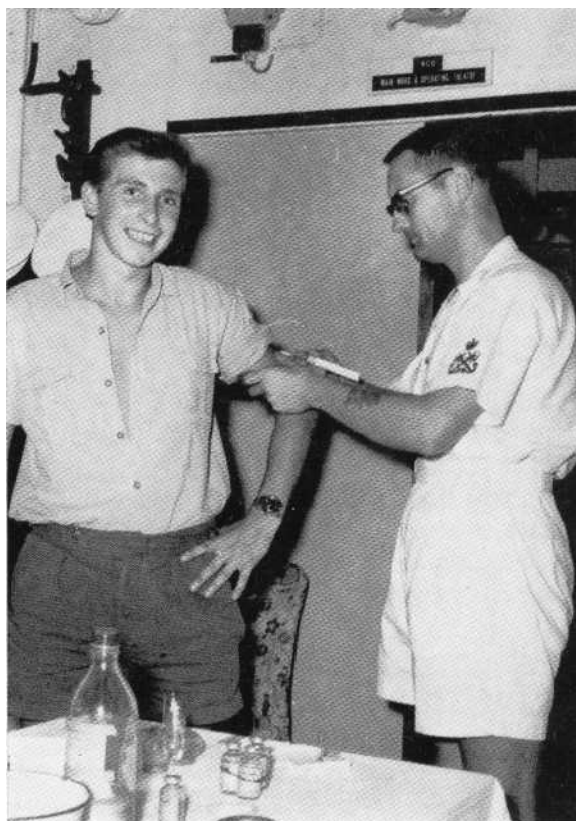


MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

In 1741, it was the practice for a boy to go round all the decks ringing a handbell and, in rhymes composed for the occasion, to invite "all those who had sores to repair before the mast". The present-day sailor of H.M.S. *Ark Royal*, however, is blessed with a large, air-conditioned Sick Bay, resplendent in a variety of pastel shades and attractive furnishings, which gives him a complete change of environment when ill. The tasteful decor and up-to-date equipment of the Sick Bay is the brain-child of CPOMA Hiskey who claims to have been deprived of numerous tots during the refit in order to achieve such an excellent result. The once-familiar designation of "Sick Berth Attendant" has now been dropped in the interest of recruitment and there emerges a shining new body of men called "Medical Assistants" and "Medical Technicians". Apart from producing overnight a remarkable preponderance of Chiefs over Indians, everyone carries on much the same as before and the Admiralty have yet to disclose the full complexity of the change which is, at present, not within the grasp of the ordinary mortal.



The Father of the Medical team is Surgeon Commander J. S. P. Rawlins, O.B.E., R.N., famed as a Boffin in Aviation Medicine and for his diving exploits. The colour of his hair belies his enthusiasm and youthful zest for life and his tall figure is a familiar sight all over the ship and also in every camera shop and night spot in the Far East! Our Surgeon is Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander C. Chapman, R.N., who has had to plunge his knife into all parts of the sailor's anatomy. The rumour circulating at one time that everyone, irrespective of complaint, was subjected to the same operation was of course treated with the contempt it deserved! Debonair Surgeon Lieutenant-Commander N. Denham, R.N., the third medic in the team and an anaesthetist by trade, has managed to make even the largest and most hard-bitten sailor succumb to his noxious potions. It is said that he finds the fair sex ashore much more amenable, requiring only mild hypnosis! Medical Technician 3 T. Clarke has ably assisted in the operating theatre and also enjoys gazing at exotic fish, both on the sea bottom and in a tank tended with loving care and attention.

Laboratory work has kept Medical Technician 1 Jennings busy and microbes both big and small have had a Maigret on their heels the whole commission, but his pseudonym "Jimpy" has not quite earned for him the respect of "Le Patron" as he refuses to explain its origin.

The complicated task of accounting for the stores and keeping track of the therapeutic whims of the Medical Officers has been successfully carried on the broad shoulders of POMA Strode. His hangover mixture, made from a secret recipe handed down by his father, who was a SBCPO long before the PMO had his first "Steak au poivre", has kept many a man on his feet at the Defaulters Table. Perhaps after the initial encounter with CPOMA Morgan, the would-be patient is convinced that he is imagining his aches and pains, but if they are genuine he will find that behind the gruff exterior there is a wealth of paternal Celtic sympathy. Even though he is the oldest member of the staff, he has umpired hockey matches both home and abroad - his almost half-century in years disdainfully forgotten.

Officers and ratings treated in bed have blessed the peace and quietness of the wards, so tranquil after the

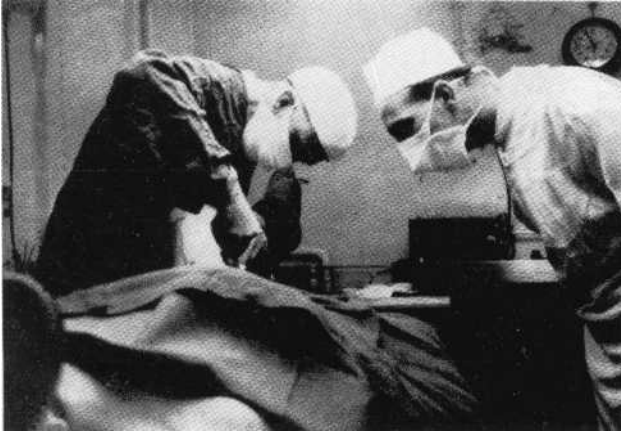
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

hustle and bustle of the rest of the ship and some have even offered their tot to be turned in. Perky Medical Assistant Jock Baird fusses around the officers in their spotless surroundings and keeps their spirits up and Mess bills down while the ratings are provided with home comforts by Med. Tech. Clarke and MA Slaymaker in the main ward. Such is the service that one rating remarked at pipe-down one night that if Nelson had been in *Ark's* Sick Bay Hardy would have kissed him twice!

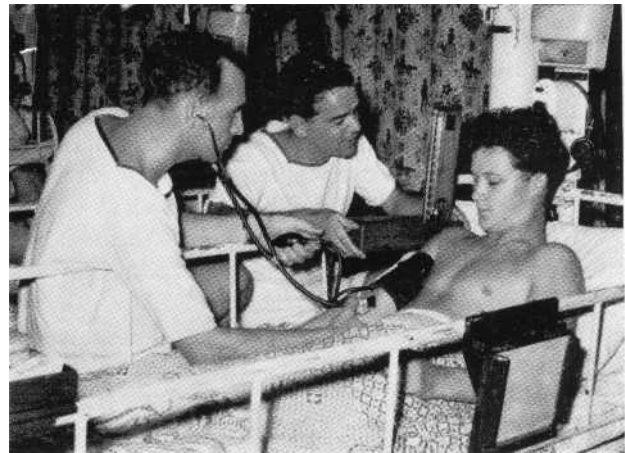
Medical Technician 3 Hickmott has had a go at everything from hypnosis to Judo and his imposing appearance, together with blue glasses and a fearsome beard give him an air of mysticism, having supernatural healing qualities or perhaps, who knows, there is a prophet in our midst.

Although there have been many interesting and amusing incidents, as yet no major drama has occurred, which might do justice to Emergency Ward 10. There have been sudden trips in the sea-boat and by helicopter; the Captain has been handed photos taken with a Polaroid camera of an appendix operation performed only minutes before; there was a major exercise in the North Sea where hundreds of bodies with labels ranging from "broken leg" to "dead" tested the staff both for its ingenuity and sense of humour; there was also the occasion when Chief Hiskey broke his leg while dusting.

Perhaps the ship's company may take for granted the high quality of the Medical staff and the efforts which are made to ensure that everyone is healthy both in mind and body, perhaps it is the lack of incident and drama which indicates the efficiency and capacity of the organization; at any rate it is wonderful to have the opportunity to blow one's own trumpet!



"It's in here somewhere."



. . . healthy both in mind and body . .



890 SQUADRON

"Caelurn Varrimus"

On 14th January, 1965, just over a year since 890 had departed the fold at the end of the Fourth Commission for the more "homely" pastures of Yeovilton, the Squadron returned with twelve Sea Vixens Mark 1 on board a rejuvenated *Ark Royal* to take its place in the Fifth Commission.

The first two days passed with no flying, while the ship made tracks for an exercise off RAF Leuchars. This gave the now land-minded squadrons a brief period in which to grow once again accustomed to the peculiarities of ship-board life, but at the first call of, "Fair, Fair, Fair . . ." everyone knew that we were home. The first flying period covered some ten days during which time a fair amount of weaponry was carried out and Dusk DLPs put brief restrictions on the business at the bar.

Four days at Brest was the due reward for all on board. This French naval port is, perhaps, not everyone's idea of La Dolce Vita (or its French equivalent) but it does have numerous advantages over rivals such as Devonport. The language problem, far from being a handicap, can, with suitable use of gesticulation, be turned very much to one's benefit.

Continuing the work up, the squadron flew on passage to Lossiemouth via the West Coast. During this period Brawdy and Lossiemouth were used as diversions. On 15th February five aircraft disembarked to Lossiemouth while the ship made tracks for Rosyth. Twelve days were spent in Morayshire during which time a fair amount of useful flying was carried out. In other days, of course, the home of those "other" fighters might have looked aghast at a Vixen night-flying programme but now it goes by with hardly a raised eyebrow to mark the occasion.

Back to sea, and Exercise Pilot Light, but at the front of everyone's mind the thought of Bergen. Here, potential skiers (pronounced both ways) tried their hands but the degree of success of either party is not recorded. However, nobody came away with broken bones and, for novices on the slopes, this was a happy state of affairs. Immediately after leaving Bergen, the Squadron disembarked to Yeovilton while the ship made for Portsmouth.

The time spent at Yeovilton was put to good use from the flying point of view but it also gave the squadron the opportunity to marry off two of its longer standing members. Both Lieutenants Mike Fallon and Dave Henry crossed the matrimonial threshold in the time-honoured manner. During this period there was a considerable change in the "face" of the squadron. Crews left and new crews joined, Lieutenant-Commander Tony Pearson and Lieutenant-Commander Nobby Hall taking over the reins as Commanding Officer and Senior Pilot respectively. Just before we finally embarked for the Far East leg of the tour, the outgoing Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Commander Jock Campbell, brought the list of newlyweds to three.

And so, on 17th June, we finally embarked in the *Ark* for a scheduled twelve months East of Suez. The occasion was marked at Yeovilton with a somewhat unceremonious "flag" raising on the parade ground mast yardarm.

890 SQUADRON

It took the station sports officer and staff some two hours to get the offending pants down which is somewhat longer, we understand, than the time spent on the initial descent.

For the next four and half weeks, little enough flying was carried out due to a variety of factors, the principal ones being the programmed passage time and unforeseen unserviceabilities within the ship. Brief spells at Gibraltar and Aden gave the "old" boys sharp reminders of what was to come and the new ones had their appetites whetted.

We were to have flown off Penang but the ship burned out one of its Plummer Blocks and this little-known part of the machinery became, in the space of one day, a household word. However, we made good use of the time to get the aircraft into fine trim, including new insignia with very streamlined witches on the fins.

So, with very little flying under our belts, we found ourselves, on July 19th, disembarking to R.A.F. Changi in Singapore. A new experience for all, it gave us the opportunity to really appreciate the incompatibilities of fighters and transports using the same airfield. Whilst most aircrew slumped it at the Hotel Ambassador, the remainder lived in the quiet and comfort of Changi.

Changi proved to be very popular, with almost all one could want on the station itself, and the transition from crowded mess-decks to the spacious accommodation was made with ease and pleasure by everyone lucky enough to get ashore. Here we had our first squadron "get together" and, for those clever enough to beat a continually changing organization and find the beach, there was a remarkable amount of Tiger and barbecued food to be had for a mere two dollars.

The ski boat became really operational for the first time and innumerable sorties were skied, splashed, wallowed or simply dragged depending on whether you were one of the experts or of the larger company of unbalanced non-swimmers. We had a bit of trouble finding a venue for our watersport that the R.A.F. would approve. They would have liked us to use Pulau Tioman but a compromise was reached and they let us use a bit of beach where it is almost certain our engine will be smashed to pieces and the bone of contention will no longer exist.

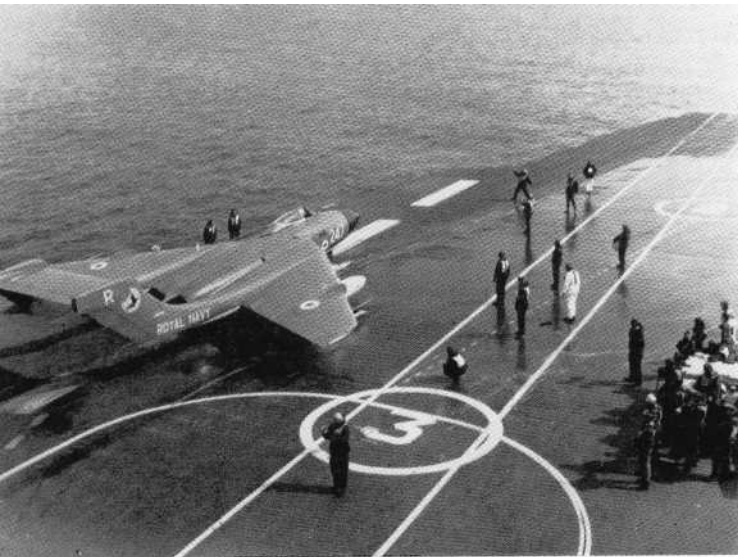
Back to sea after a fortnight ashore and the highlight of this period was the Bullpup firing at Subic Bay. We didn't have it all our own way, with the weather making it difficult to achieve the height necessary for the firing run. The remainder of the flying took place off North Borneo and some very useful experience in flying long range strikes over unfamiliar and mountainous terrain was gained.

On 4th September, we once again headed for Changi; and this time the Ambassador stepped down gracefully to give way to the Ocean Park Hotel with Miss Peggy Tan nightly (except Mondays!). This proved to be a popular move, not least because the system of reimbursement changed somewhat. It was possible with the minimum of food being consumed, to have enough money left over to take a taxi to night-flying when the transport failed to appear.

During this time ashore the port catapult became unserviceable and the decision was taken to spend an extra week in Hong Kong to fix it. We sent four aircraft to Kai Tak for refurbishing but the squadron did not disembark. We secretly felt that "in the manner to which we were accustomed" we might just be ferried ashore to the Hong Kong Hilton, but it was not to be! Some of the "marrieds" made do with the rather less salubrious surroundings of a small hotel in Happy Valley.

We then spent six days at sea during which we fired (or tried hard anyway) our Firestreaks at Subic Bay. However, unserviceable Delmar towed-targets put paid to that. Of our programmed twelve firings, three were fired.

During this time at sea we really cemented our position as the invincibles of Potted Sports Days. For the third time running we proved ourselves the masters of all-comers at standing on our heads, triple jumps, and running backwards with oars between our



890 SQUADRON

legs. The suggestion that our victories were due, in the main, to our having between a dozen and fifteen heads in our ten man team is hotly denied by our scrupulously fair-minded sports officer.

In addition to Potted Sports we came third in the inter-departmental Swimming Competition and are currently heading the Soccer League. Chief Petty Officer Tate distinguished himself in winning the Far East Fleets Open 120 Yards Backstroke Championship and went on to be narrowly beaten into third place in the Combined Services Championship.

Back to Changi, and we said good-bye to one-third of our numbers who reckoned they had done their stint in the Squadron and now preferred the cooler climes of U.K. in October. The new one-third were broken in slowly by the turn of events.

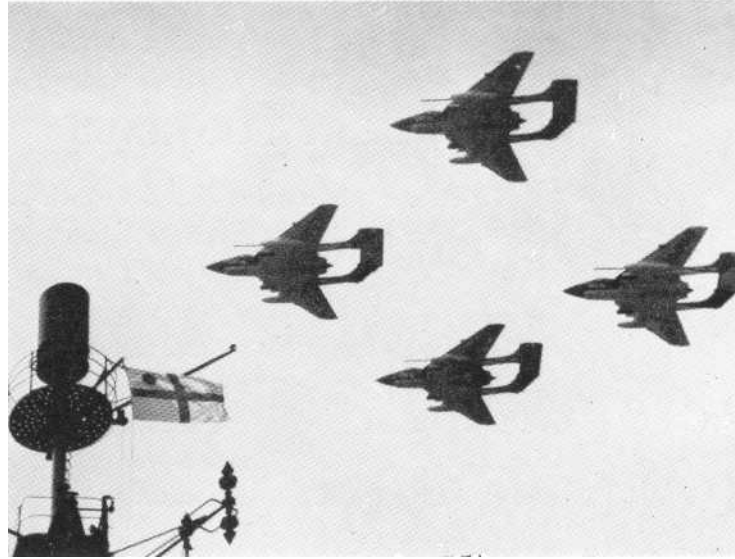
A dastardly trick by 803 Squadron to try to sabotage our squadron serviceability, was to jettison a refueling hose right in the face of a Vixen who had just plugged in! They were duly warned to "watch it" or they would get struck with a probe where they were least expecting it.

Whilst at Changi this period the ship suffered a serious fire and we knew we were ashore for a long while. The first period at Changi lasted three weeks during which time we flew a lot, played a lot and had a Squadron Ban-Yan on Changi Beach. Soon after this event we were invited to move to Butterworth to make way for *Eagle's* Air Group. Despite the problems of the move, everyone found the end result very worthwhile. The R.A.A.F. were pleased to have us and spared no effort to show it. Although we were "out on our own" up there the aircraft stood up to it very well indeed. Unfortunately we left earlier than expected and were recalled to Changi just when we had all decided that this was the life for us.

Back at sea again at the beginning of December with the Ship and Air Department under new management, we quite quickly found our sea legs again and settled in to the old routine. Only the night flying programme was not met, through lack of wind.

An engine room snag caused us to make a quick call into Singapore area again, before we were off on passage to Australia. On the way, we passed within Vixen's range of Christmas Island. We took the opportunity to de-patch a Christmas card to the Christmas Islanders in a dayglow envelope, which was popped out of the Air Turbine bay by Lieutenant Ron Badenhorst while flying overhead the island's airstrip.

After the variety of 1965, the months of the foreign leg in 1966 had a certain sameness, principally because of the repetitious flying as visual probes during the Beira operations. The wind and sea conditions of the Mozambique Channel in March and May made getting on and off the deck more tricky than usual, but, once airborne, we played a valuable role. Apart from this we had some successful flying with Gan as a diversion and two runs of note - Mombasa with its beaches and safaris and that final expensive shopping spree at Singapore.



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RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Rugger players first settled to their chosen sport in the heavy, muddy conditions of the south-west, where the game has a strong, dour character of its own. The first game was played against H.M.S. *Hermes* on her return from the warmth of the Far East. After playing the familiar naval sides, the XV took on the local teams, such as Teignmouth, Salcombe, Liskeard and Looe and opened up a further aspect of the game with hearty, social gatherings after "No side". Having enjoyed two very pleasant evenings in the old Clubhouse of the Teignmouth Rugby Club, it seemed fitting that Captain Griffin, as President, should present a plaque to mark the opening of their new one.

The policy throughout the commission has been to provide as much Rugger as possible for those who are keen to play. Even in the somewhat uninviting conditions of Rosyth several fixtures were played, and six of our players were selected to represent the visiting N.A.T.O. Fleet against the resident Royal Navy (Scotland). Unfortunately, due to typical weather, this match did not materialize. However, we moved

into the "international" field with the visit to Brest, where the Ship's team won a hard fought game against the hitherto unbeaten French Navy (Northern). This success led to a quick challenge from a strong, local, civilian side and a scratch side lost this game by a single point. Both events were marked by the consumption of much local produce at the traditional Vin d'Honneur after the match.

Up to date, over eighty players have turned out in the ship's colours on one occasion or another, and on one particular day no less than three teams took the field. The ages have ranged from a Junior Seaman at the youngest to the more mature, or vintage, Chief Writer or the Senior Engineer. (We have also had our very welcome and regular supporters on the touch-line, whose attendance has been much appreciated.)

In the very different conditions of the Far East, we have had a very successful season, especially during the extended October S.M.P., when each week brought a fresh challenge for the Chunking Shield. This was won from H.M.S. *Triumph* and, then, successfully defended against assaults by *Eagle*, *Albion* and *Terror* and by Down Under sides, like *Duchess*, and *Taranaki*. Chippy Veal led the victorious side through these games. At the same time, we supplied a number of players for the Singapore Royal Navy and Combined Services sides:

Lieut. Bradley, Lieut. Chilcott, E. M. A. Dunn, Lieut. Jones, E. A. Langton, E. M. Patterson and Lieut. Stutchbury.

During the visit to Hong Kong, in October, the Club gave itself a Dinner at the China Fleet Club to say farewell to the departing President. Seventy members attended, some of whom joined the dancer in the cabaret with a demonstration of body swerves and other movements. Photographs of this event are not entirely suitable for publication.

The visit to Mombasa gave an opportunity for a brief tour up to Nairobi by a combined side, of some twenty-five players, from *Ark Royal*, *Rhyl* and *Lowestoft*. The cooler climate at 5,000 feet was a



The Fifteen

SPORT

great pleasure and the hospitality of the home clubs was overwhelming. It was early in the season for the Nairobi teams and the representative side won their first two games easily and were held to a draw in their third. After the moist, heat of *Terror* and the clear air of Nairobi, the Rugby stalwarts are again looking forward to the mud and sweat of the south-west.

HOCKEY

This has been quite a successful Commission as far as Hockey is concerned in *Ark*. Several games were played before leaving "the wall" at Devonport, which resulted in only one defeat. We were narrowly beaten by the then H.M.S. *Ariel* in the Navy Cup.

During our two days at Gibraltar, and the two at Aden, we fitted in four games, winning two, losing one and drawing one. It was noticeable that our team wilted during the last fifteen minutes of these matches, due to the unaccustomed heat, but by the time we arrived at Singapore we were acclimatized.

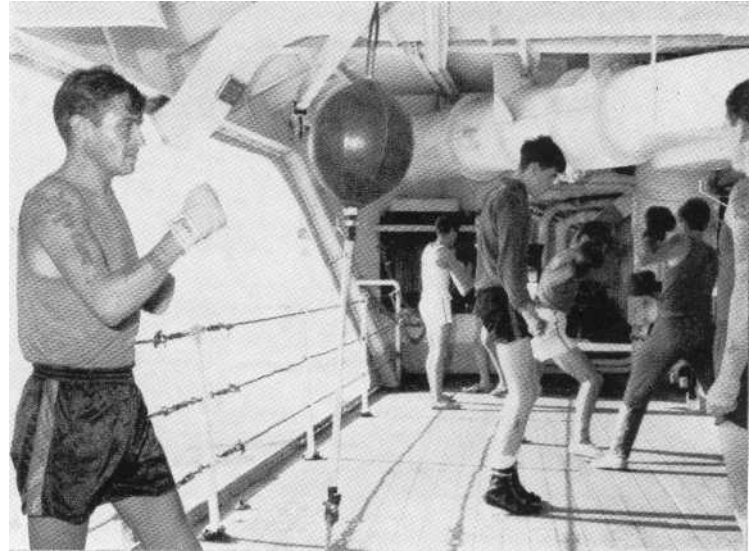
We enjoyed a good hockey S.M.P. at "Singers", losing only to SM 7 who made a great tactical move by asking *Ark* not to field too strong a team! We never made the same mistake again and in fact beat SM 7 during our second S.M.P.

With the exception of Fremantle, we have managed to play hockey at each port of call. One of our most enjoyable games was against the Hong Kong Hockey Club - a telephone call confirmed that the ground was unfit, but we were asked to go along to their Club anyway. A dinner had been arranged for us, and during the evening we competed at darts, snooker, dice and "schooner races". The game was declared a draw at midnight, and it was unanimously decided by *Ark's* team that the H. K. Hockey team were a great bunch of "players".

Approximately thirty players have represented *Ark's* Ist XI, but we have never been able to field our best eleven at once - duty, sickness, Squadrons ashore, etc., being the main reasons.

The team's umpire has been a great help, and he has consistently turned out to umpire the games and to assist in team selections.

Yes, all in all, it has been a long and successful hockey season.



Daily Training

BOXING, JUDO

The noble arts of Self-Defence have both had their fervent supporters during the Commission. The Starboard After Gangway Space has been turned daily at sea into a training area with boxers at work on the punch bag, or sparring, skipping or exercising under the eagle eye of Able Seaman Biggs, who has given his time and experience to encourage the Novice Boxers. These did well in the Championships in October '65 and *Ark* was able to provide sufficient boxers for an Exhibition match at all weights some weeks later. Able Seaman Field, unfortunately, could find little suitable opposition and had to return to the U.K. for competition and boxing honours.

Meanwhile the judo mats have been out in the Dining Hall where Leading Airman Mosely, a first Dan Black Belt, has given encouragement and instruction. Over forty have participated, and the

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P.M.O. has both taken part himself and, occasionally, patched up the results of an unfortunate fall. There has been some lack of outside competition but Judo is an international interest and matches have been contested in Norway, France, Singapore and Mombasa.



The Eleven

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Soccer! The bigger the ship the bigger the problem. The necessity for so many Trials, the problems of selecting and retaining a team in the face of unforeseen draft orders and in the light of informed criticism by a thousand self-appointed selectors. And, when the very best team is selected, the players who either cannot or will not get there to play. Such are the besetting experiences of the one finding himself with Soccer on his plate in a carrier. But let us not complain - or even appear to complain; those who have played, will surely agree that the goal that counted has often been scored from the touch-line by the cheers of the team's greatest critics.

The fact is that *Ark* has not been blessed with a great number of "star" players. Stalwarts, yes, and certainly a wealth of darned good part-of-ship players who could always be relied upon to give of their best. To judge from their encouragement from the touch-line this has always been appreciated by the Ship's Company.

Back in those far-away days at Devonport there

were the additional problems of week-end leave, of reluctant R.A.s and, of course, none of the Squadrons to choose from; it is not surprising that we hardly approached the expected standard. The Work Up and more trials under depressing conditions at Rosyth did not prepare us for such a strong team as the Dutch carrier *Karel Doorman* and we were pleased to be beaten only by the slenderest of margins. Brest again gave us a sad defeat to record, although the matches were played in almost festive surroundings.

In comparison with Devonport and Rosyth, Singapore has delightful conditions for clean, straightforward play. The ship, as a whole, made the most of the facilities and in a month over 2,600 articles of sports gear were laundered, and most of it after use by aspiring soccer stars. The result - a flourishing inter-departmental league and a good, workmanlike First XI. In the last two months of 1965, in 10 games, they lost 3, drew 4 and won 3 with 21 goals for, and 23 against. The team was now winning some matches against good opposition and the defeats were narrow. All the matches, and particularly the floodlit ones, provided good entertainment for a large crowd of supporters.

A word about some of the players. The untiring half-back line of Leach, Martin and Edwards is possibly the best on the Station. Farquarson and Hitchens have given strong support at full-back. In the forward line the weakness has been the absence of a suitable centre forward with the right thrust and the ability to snap up goals. Watson and Goodwin are able providers for such a player. About ten different players have had a go, but the quest has gone on. Many other players deserve a mention but space forbids. A humble "well done" to them all, and a loyal cheer for Tommy Wise, General Manager, Bag boy and, on one occasion, Player.

SWIMMING AND WATER POLO

The Ship's Water Polo and Swimming team has gone from strength to strength during the Commission. At Rosyth we pulled off the N.A.T.O. Fleet Swimming Championships but, on the whole, condi-

SPORT

tions out East are even more favourable to aquatics and the Ship's own competition at Terror found many keen starters. The Quarterdeck Seamen won the day, with strong personal performances by their Captain, A. B. Rodgers. The swimming team also carried off the honours for the Far East Fleet Championships.

By the time of the visit to Hong Kong the water polo team had found their best form and achieved convincing wins over the two top local clubs. On the return to Singapore, with added zest, we moved outside the Naval field and challenged everyone we could. Despite the absence of some top players we managed 8 matches in two weeks and finished with a close 5-4 victory over the R.A.F. Seletar. A. B. Rodgers and Midshipman Steele were selected for the Royal Navy and Combined Services sides, and the latter went on to Captain a Singapore club side against the official S.E.A.P. Games team.

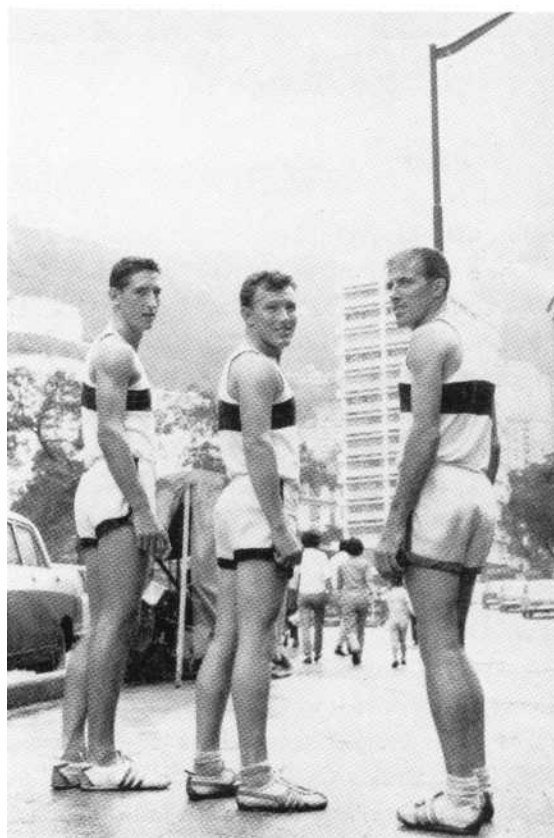
ATHLETICS

It is not often that any single ship holds so much athletic talent as *Ark* has carried since leaving Devonport in June. There have been seven Navy representatives on board. Steward Bob Meadows and Lieutenant Dave Brown have represented the Navy, the Combined Services and their respective Counties and Brown has gained also a Scottish cap. Meadows at present holds the Navy record for 3 miles and 6 miles, while Brown holds the Navy record for the 3,000 metre Steeplechase and the Scottish record for this event. In Singapore these two athletes have set over eleven meeting and national and all-comers records. Meadows has produced times of 14 min. 21 sec. for the three miles and 15 min. 3 sec. for the 5,000 metres. Lieutenant Brown recorded 3 min. 57.1 sec. for the 1,500 metres and 9 min. 22.3 sec. for the Steeplechase.

These two very strong leaders gave a boost to the sport and have been well supported by Petty Officers Joe Clare, Phil York and Tommy Mercer - all of whom have run for the Navy in the past. These have been backed up, in turn, by Leading Airman Dan Barker and Leading Steward Vic Bolton and by the up-and-coming Dennis Mack. When the Far East held their Cross-Country Championships at H.M.S. *Sim-*

bang it was no surprise to find Meadows and Brown romping home in the lead and the *Ark* team in first place; what was more remarkable was that *Ark's* next four runners would have gained second place had they been entered as a separate team. Similarly, *Ark* has carried off the Home Fleet and the Far East Fleet Athletic Championships.

At Hong Kong in October, Brown, Meadows and Clare set a road running record that will be hard to beat. Starting from outside the Hilton Hotel they ran a relay to the top of the Victoria Peak, a distance of 5½ miles and a climb of 1,600 feet. The runners travelled in the Land Rover between stages and relieved each other when the runner felt weary. The total time to the top was 24 min. 45 sec. Two days later, the same runners, with their staunch supporters from the ship, set out to run the same course individually. Meadows and Brown reached the peak in 31½ minutes, with Clare only 12 minutes behind and all the other four completed inside 39 minutes. This is no mean achieve-



Top of the Peak, Go!

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ment - but it is not what is usually meant by a *run ashore* in Hong Kong! The cost of this effort is the constant and conscientious speed and distance training of the team, often under difficult conditions, round and round the Flight Deck. But it has certainly brought rewards in terms of achievement.



The Ark Royal Cup

In October, we set out to regain the *Ark Royal Cup* from the Army Sailing Club at Hong Kong, who had held it since its presentation in 1963. We challenged the Army, and raced against them and, *Devonshire* and *Falmouth*. With hard racing against a keen opposition we won and Captain Griffin presented the Cup to the Ship's team. With great hospitality the Army entertained us at the Hong Kong Yacht Club - a splendid occasion.

During the October S.M.P. we held our own Ship's Regatta which was marked by enthusiasm, if not always by seamanship. The lack of wind at the finish rather took away the excitement, but the result was close with the Air Electrical just beating the Seamen. *Ark* also provided the nucleus of the Navy team which beat the Army, Midshipman Pym sharing the First Prize. And behind the success of the *Ark* team or individuals there lies a solid support from many keen amateurs who turn out regularly in the weekly races. As the Boats Officer of *Terror* remarked, "Every time I come down to Red House, all I find is *Ark Royals* in and out of the boats."

SAILING

Before the real sailing of the commission had started, there was considerable activity on board while members of different departments took advantage of the kits, provided by the Nuffield Trust, to construct their own Piccolos. Six of these small craft can be stowed easily and conveniently and they provide enjoyable sailing with a minimum of effort. In addition, the ship has carried three Bosuns and two whalers and, from time to time, has been able to use the boats of Clubs visited.

Our first competition was against *Centaur*, when we reached Gibraltar. We had heard much of her sailing talent, and challenged her with some trepidation. We need not have worried; we won by 49¼ points to 37. In the Far East, tougher competition awaited us. Although in the weekly Club races individuals did well, we were pipped at the post by *Albion* in the September Fleet Regatta. It is hoped to get our revenge in a straight race between the two ships.



Racing at Hong Kong

SPORT

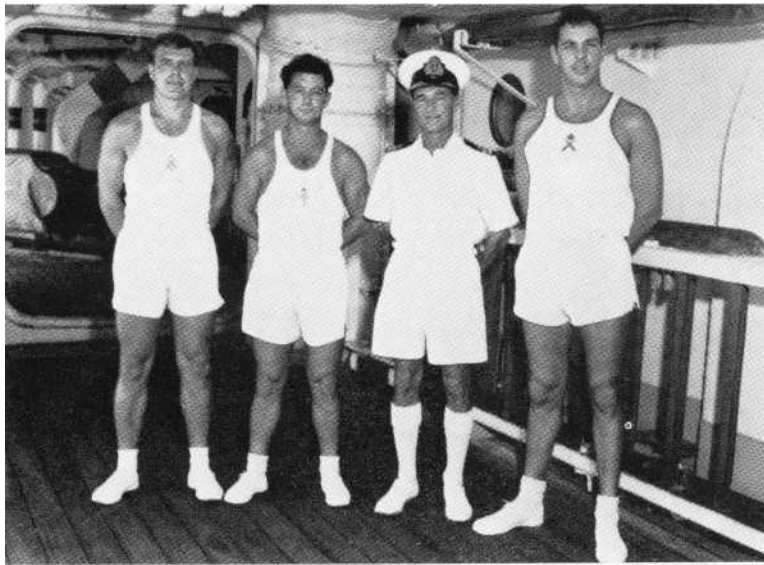
GENERAL

Behind the provision of the correct gear for each and every game, the organization of pitches and transport and all the paraphernalia of Sport looms the diminutive figure of the Sports Officer. In addition to his help and encouragement with those sports whose individual accounts fill the previous few pages there are others whose needs have not escaped the attention of Lieutenant Lundquist and the P.T. staff - basket-ball, squash, tennis, badminton and ill-fated cricket, which is continually out of season.

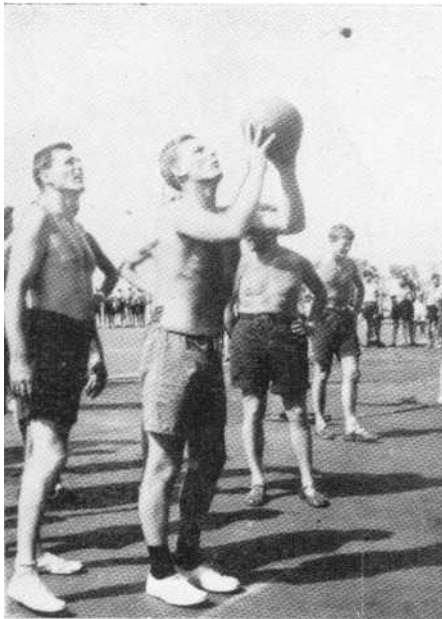
But we should especially remember their efforts to provide exercise and entertainment in adverse circumstances - seizing on breaks in the flying programme for a burst of deck hockey; persevering with Potted Sports until 890 finally failed to win; and devising and running the departmental Sportex system of the October S.M.P. The first Potted Sports only drew the minimum number of competitors and offi-

ciala but the word soon spread that this was something well worth watching, and the number of spectators and cine-photographers has grown progressively from meeting to meeting. A variation of the Sunday routine to provide a knock-out competition in Deck Hockey, Volley Ball and Tug-of-War revealed many well-developed gentlemen, the bulk of whom indicated an unfamiliarity with athletic endeavour but who pulled like Trojans, win or lose.

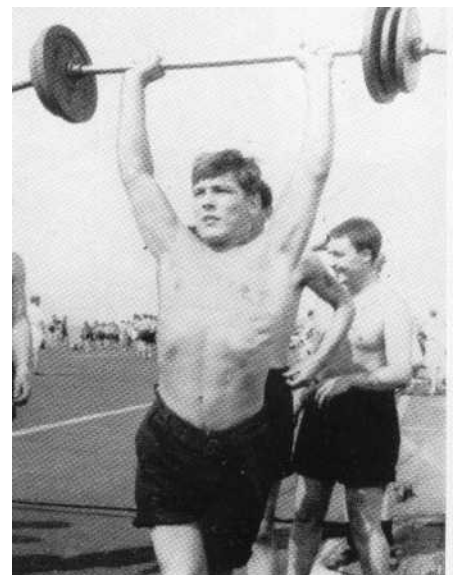
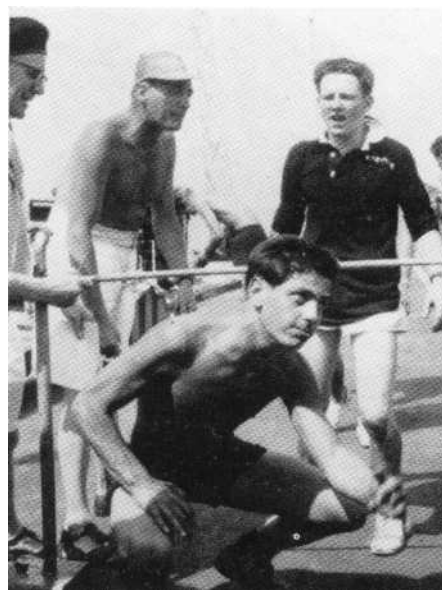
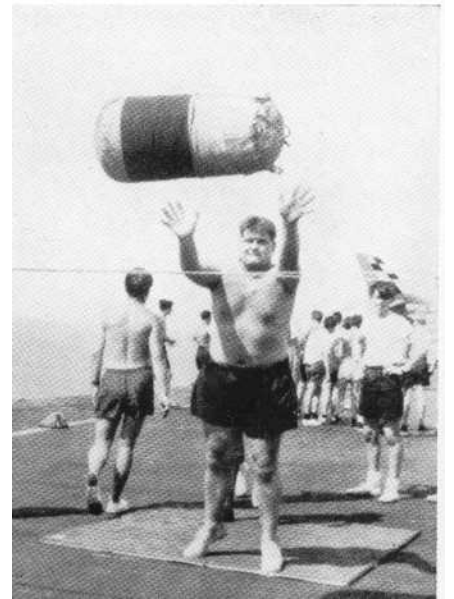
The Sportex provided a certain maximum of activity in the minimum of time, since the brief inter-section knock-out tournaments in hockey, soccer and so on had generally to be completed in one forenoon in view of the effects of probable afternoon showers and certain midday over-indulgence of hot dogs and pints. However, one sunny forenoon of exercise on Terror's grounds was worth a lot to keep up the fitness and morale of the whole Ship and, for their whole-hearted lead, great credit is due to the Springers.

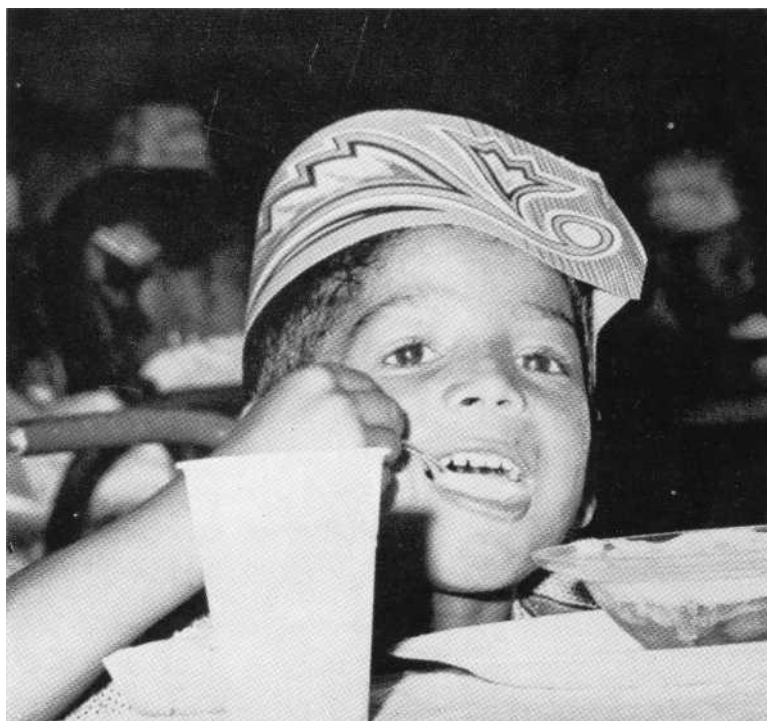


The P.T. Staff



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SPORTS





CHILDREN'S PARTIES

Whether the party was given in the cold of Norway or the heat of Fremantle, at home or abroad, in the East or in the West, all that is best about a children's party is summed up in one happy smiling face.