H.M.S. DAINTY

1959 1960

Captain's Letter

This book tells the story of the second commission of H.M.S. DAINTY from January 1959 to December 1960. It lays no claim for great literary or pictorial merit but endeavours to record events as we saw them while serving as a unit of the 2nd Destroyer Squadron in Home and Mediterranean Fleets.

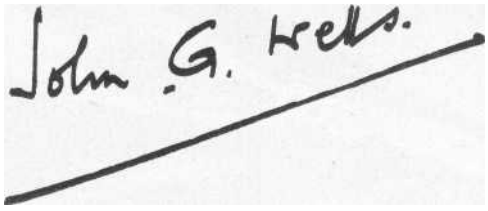
Right from the start we set our sights high and determined to live up to our motto of 'Dainty and Efficient.' Although probably not the correct person to say so 1 know we have accomplished our purpose but the way has not always been easy and we have had to work hard to meet these two essential but sometimes conflicting requirements.

A great deal of water has passed under the screws since DAINTY proceeded to sea for the first time and during the past two years we have got to know each other pretty well. Together we have been through the exacting process of working up and the intensity of an Admiral's inspection. We have operated with the navies of twelve different nations and shown the flag in fourteen foreign ports. We have trained with men of the Parachute Regiment in the mountains of Cyprus and supported our fishing trawlers in waters of the Arctic Circle. We have demonstrated our ability to shoot straight to large numbers of important people and have flown the flag of a Commander in Chief as guardship to Her Majesty's Yacht. We have met with success and setback, excitement and boredom, satisfaction and disappointment and all the many sensations that are encountered in a General Service Commission. There is no greater bond of union than experience shared.

Throughout the commission I have been concious of the steadfast support given to me by officers and men. Every job has been tackled with a spirit of cheerful confidence that has made its mark outside as well as inside the ship. You have always risen to the occasion and maintained yourselves and the ship in a state of smartness that has brought credit to the Navy and earned much praise. I have been proud to command you and serve with you in such a fine squadron.

1 hope this book will remind you of our adventures and that in years to come you will be glad to open the pages and remember the commission.

Goodbye and good luck to you all.



THE SHIP

'What did you do in the Dainty, daddy?'

The First Phase

DETERMINATION

Tuesday, 20th January, 1959: the day of the commissioning ceremony. Here the arrangements went very well. A dinner of roast pork instead of the expected corned dog provided a welcome surprise. By tea-time three hundred men, who had left their digs that morning, were settled into the ship which was to be their home for the next two years.

Then came the sea trials of the various equipments. There is no need to recall the headaches, of which every department had its full share. Suffice it to say that we had trials indeed.

DAINTY then sailed for Portland. One work-up may be very much like another, but ours will probably be remembered for two very temperamental distilling plants. F.O.S.T.'s staff produced their whole repertoire for our benefit. One quiet Saturday night there was a sudden fire alarm. In this emergency the Dainty Fire Brigade acquitted themselves with distinction. They were the only party to arrive on the scene of the 'fire' with a starting handle for the pump.

Perhaps the most successful evolution was the quelling of a 'riot' by the ship's landing party at Pembroke Dock. The part of unruly 'Dockies' was played in professional manner by Welsh soldiery. A very favourable impression was created by all who landed.

Eleven days' leave and a final docking were squeezed into this first phase which culminated in two days of intensive 'war'.

There will always be the cynics who maintain that Working Up only ceases with Paying Off. Be that as it may, DAINTY was eventually ready for business. The rough spots had been rubbed off. Most of us had got to know the other fellow.

We leave our digs.

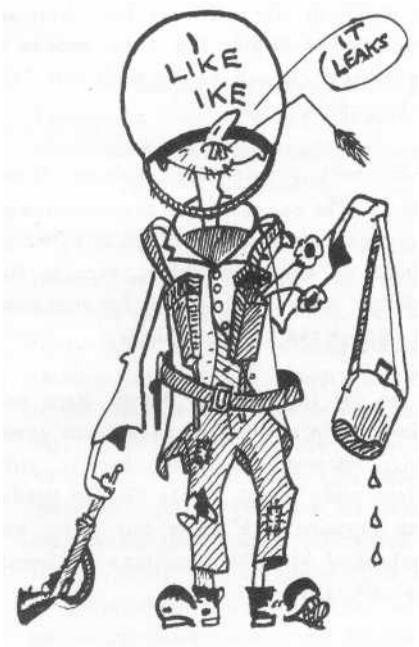
AN ANONYMOUS POET GAVE HIS THOUGHTS ON WORKING UP:-

Oh to be in Portland
Now that F.O.S.T. is there,
And whoever works in Portland
Will appreciate the air,
But not the visibility
That clamps down like a vice.
It upsets all the serials
And isn't very nice.

Oh to be in Portland
Now that F.O.S.T. is there,
Slipping past the Shambles
That guards his mighty lair.
We've come to know the landscape
And the shape of Portland Bill,
Like the prisoners we have never seen
On the grey forbidding hill.

We quelled a riot

A very favourable impression was created.



Oh to be in Portland
Now that F.O.S.T. is there,
Firing guns in Foxtrot
Without a sign of fear;
No matter if the shipping
Should run you into F.O.S.T.
It's results that count at Portland.
So keep your fingers crossed.

Oh to be in Portland
The serials are plentiful
The pubs are full of beer,
The busses full of passion
As the men leave for weekend
And on the Monday morning -
The chits the doctors send.

Oh to be leaving Portland
As long as F.O.S.T. stays there
We've had a thorough work up
In a thorough atmosphere.
And maybe in the future
When we clash with MIGS
We'll remember all the lessons
We learnt when we were sprogs

Say it with flowers.

The Second Phase

ANTICIPATION

Many made the most of this one night stop.

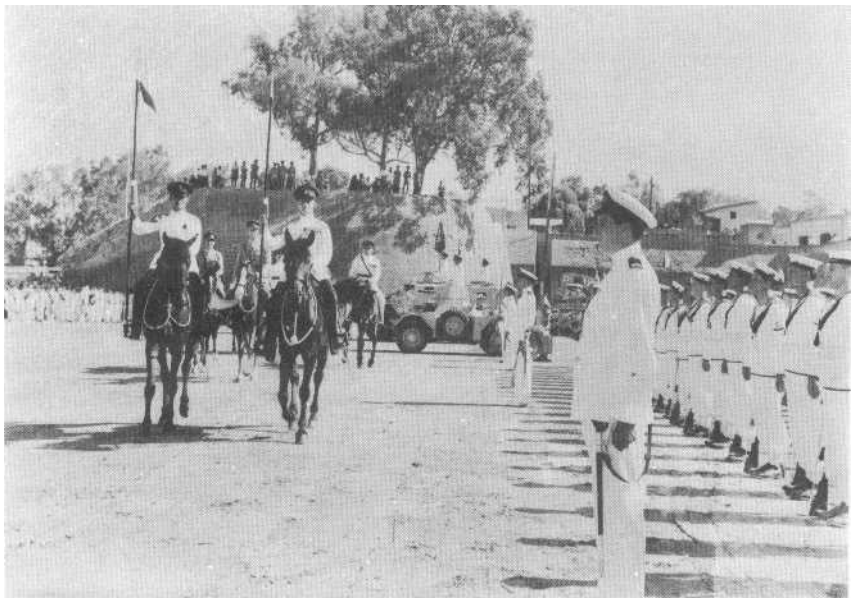
A.B. Ogilvie `at home' in B turret.

Though DAINTY's arrival at Gibraltar was unheralded by fanfare, many made the most of this one night stop. Some life was infused into the Trocadero and the best tables of the Panama were fully occupied. The following morning we were on passage again, for Sicily and our first Medaswex. Our future in the Mediterranean lay before us, but we were fortunate in having a Fleet Work Study Team with us. From them we learned the great lesson, to

Our first Medaswex over, we entered Sliema Creek. Malta was familiar to many; to others it was their first adventure down the street called Strait. The daily exodus to sea continued and the saying, 'It will be all right after the work up', continued to be popular.

There was one day with a difference. Nineteen Wrens spent a day at sea with us. The occasion was the departure of Sir Robert and Lady Laycock from Malta, in H.M.S. SURPRISE. DAINTY led the column of escorting ships, winning His Excellency's congratulatory signal, 'Thank you for your smart escort and Dainty lead through the Comino Channel'.

We then sailed for our first Cyprus patrol. Here was ample opportunity to indulge in recreation, passive or down-right active; swimming, water-polo, soccer, hockey, rifle shooting, Medfoba or just plain lazing on the Golden Sands. On top of this regatta practice was going full swing and parties were being exchanged with the Parachute Regiment, to which Dainty became officially affiliated.



The Moat resounded to `Hearts of Oak'

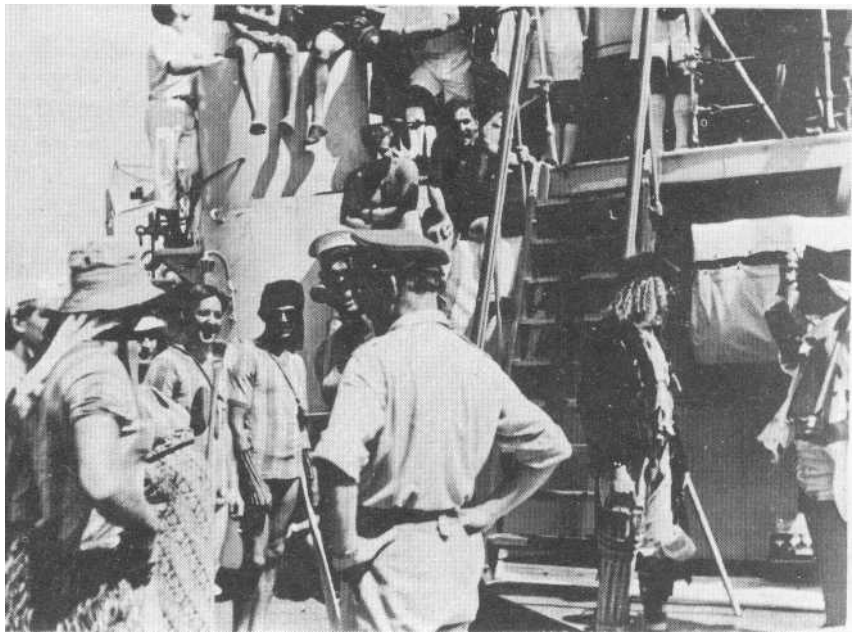
Some went inland to Nicosia to form the Royal Navy Guard at the Queen's Birthday Parade. 'Up in town,' reported the Times of Cyprus, 'the sailors stole the show.' Sir Hugh Foot, Governor and C-in-C, Cyprus, wrote: 'I know that the presence of the Royal Navy gave the greatest satisfaction not only to members of the United Kingdom community but to everyone else who witnessed the parade.' This is high praise indeed. The Director of Operations, Major General K.T.Darling, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. honoured the ship by spending a day onboard. He wrote thanking us for giving him 'such a pleasant break from things terrestrial.' A summary in verse runs,

We've come to know the coastline
As the palm of either hand.
We know the rocky bottom
As we know the rocky land
We've swum in tepid waters
And we've felt the touch of sun
We've met a lot of soldiers
And we've had a lot of fun.

We did not slip away unnoticed from Famagusta Bay. Colonel Beckett, who commanded the Parachute Regiment, did a water jump for our benefit.

We had a date to keep in the Bosphorus and on passage we joined up with the Mediterranean Fleet for the first time. Soon we were passing through the Dardanelles and had rounded the Golden Horn. Istanbul proved to be very interesting. Saint Sophia and the Grand Bazaar were much frequented. One street of peculiar interest became. the mecca for our cameramen and sightseers. The Hilton Hotel - that ultra-modern marvel in a city where East meets West - afforded an unforgettable view of the British Fleet below. This could be a very expensive view, especially if you were drinking whisky. Still regatta practice continued, notwithstanding the fast flow of the Bosphorus.

Rig for ucker players was optional



Turn left for Jack's bar

From Istanbul we returned to Malta. We had on board our Squadron padre, the Reverend Geoffrey Thornley. Later 'Geoff' wrote, 'In Dainty 1 discovered 'old ships', notably Les Seward, George Ogilvie, 'George' Renforth, and P.O. Jim Richardson, not forgetting Captain Wells (H.M.S. PHOEBE, 1942, when I was an O.D.!) In Dainty I got in quite a few crib games with A.B. 'Darby' Allen during which we sang verses of well known hymns.

In early August we returned to Augusta for the Regatta. Our high place, fourth, did great credit to the many crews and coxswains who had put in innumerable hours of strenuous practice.

Palmas Bay was the venue for the Squadron's aquatic sports. Here our water-polo team excelled. A successful barbecue was held on a deserted beach. The beer bar was expertly run.

The next cruise was Greek in flavour. We exercised with Greek and Turkish ships centred round the Isle of Mudros. Here the ship's company did not venture ashore in normal numbers. Soon we headed for Salonika. Rain fell, a phenomenon we had not experienced since Portland. A leading seaman was nearly the unwilling victim of a hanging spree. It was with few regrets and a very thankful leading seaman that we left the Greek port.

An Italian cruise followed. At Trieste we had the luxury of an alongside berth. With our stern overhanging the central square of the town we were the focal point of admiring eyes. We in turn had a grandstand view of a magnificent religious festival. We were soon at home in friendly Trieste. Venice was the next stop. The ship lay within a stone's throw of the Doge's Palace. The hub of city life, St. Mark's Square, was our landing place. At the hight of the holiday season, Venice was at its most enchanting. On the way south we broke the one-minute barrier for replenishing stores from RFA FORT DUQUESNE - and all on a sunday afternoon.

An ancient call, 'When are we going to get somewhere on our own ?' was answered in our visit to Trapani. Sport was the answer to good relations with the garrison town.

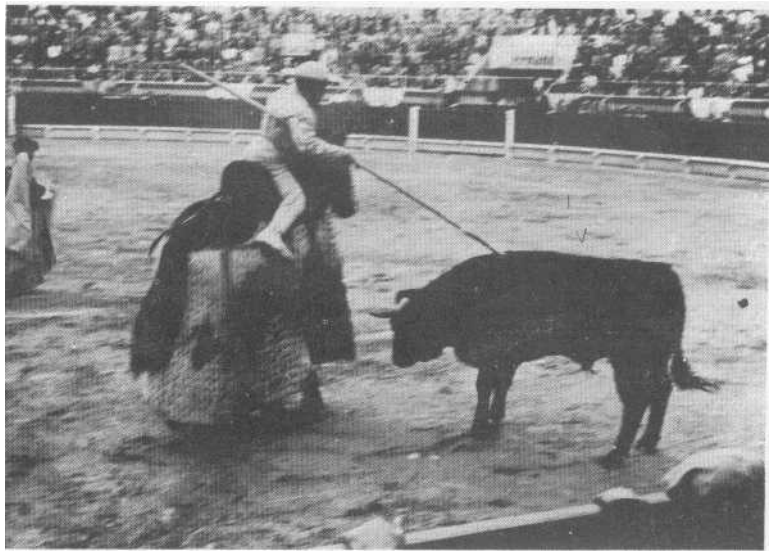
October was Spanish month. On completion of exercises, DAINTY entered Palma. Here a wonderful reception awaited. Everything was in the range of the pocket. The skiffle group entertained, many new friends were made, a bullfight was laid on. We were sad to leave but both money and stamina were ebbing. We sailed leaving behind many fond memories and the P.O. Writer.

Then came our docking period in Malta, followed by work-up exercises which culminated in a week of perpetual motion for bucket, scrubber and paintbrush. The activity was in aid of F.O.F.'s inspection. Everything went well on both harbour and sea inspection. The discriminating praise received was the strongest encouragement for us to keep our sights as high for the rest of the commission.

Showery Salonika

Venice explored.

PALMA BULLFIGHT



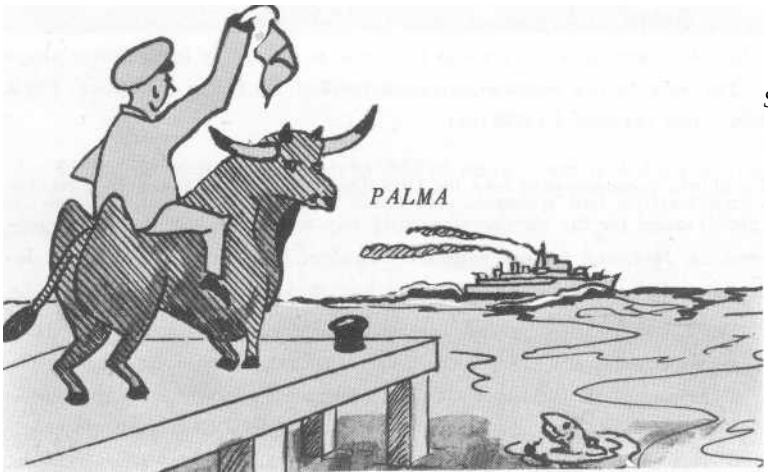
Death in an afternoon.

Cowboys with peculiar hats, gawdy tight-fitting trousers and heavily embroidered jackets enter the arena to a fanfair of trumpets. They are the picadors, banderilleros, and matadors. The door of the toril opens and the first bull enters the ring. The picadors ride in, their horses blinded lest they take fright. A lance, bedecked by a ribbon, is plunged into the bull's shoulder. First blood has been drawn. A banderillero rushes into the arena holding something like an arrow, feathered to the tip which is in the form of a barb like a fish hook. The arrows are darted into the bull's back. The doomed animal turns and twists as the barbs bite painfully into the muscle. Hold on to your cruelty; death does not come quickly but with full ceremony. The matador bows his way into the ring. He displays the beautiful footwork of the ballet dancer. Jeers at his incompetence as he rushes for his life (just look at the expression on his face) to the sanctuary of a barricade. He returns. A semi-conscious bull, tormented, bewildered, with hatred-filled eyes charges clumsily and slithers to a halt. The matador plunges his sword into the animal's back. It finally drops to its knees and rolls over. The carcass is pulled from the arena. The bloodstained sandis raked level in preparation for the next ballet of death.

THE MAN WITH THE WHITE STICK

Have you tried our fine selection of Malta Wines? All types in stock; Natural White, Golden, Gozo etc: Send for free explanatory leaflet `The Man With The White Stick . Obtainable from Head Office. R.N.H. Bighi.

GUESS WHO?



SALONIKA

Etna's Central Crater.

MEDFOBA

One sunny afternoon as the ship lay in a placid Sliema Creek, a strange cargo was embarked. It comprised rucksacks, tents, ropes and the like things that proclaim the outdoor life. The account below is of some episodes in that varied life.

CYPRUS:- The first Medfoba camp was ideally situated at Boghaz. One could watch a strange world pass by. Shepherds straight from the pages of the Bible drove their flocks every morning to dip in the sea nearby. A camel train bound for the wastes of the Panhandle stopped to say goodmorning. After dinner on the first day, however, the party set out for the distant mountains. The walk across the sweltering plains was punctuated by visits to the villages. The villagers were friendly as they congregated at the communal water pumps. The first evening the foothills were reached. Next morning a herd of goats, lithe as greyhounds, was driven among bodies as they lay huddled in their sleeping bags. That day the destination, lofty Kantara Castle, was reached. The Dainty party were not the first Englishmen to reach the castle. Richard Coeur de Lion had been there in the twelfth century, but there were no regrets in being so late.

ETNA:- When the ship went to Augusta for the regatta the Medfoba team set out for Etna. A walk into the biting wind was made difficult by the inability to find a firm foothold in the ashen surface. It were as if one were taking one step forward and two back. The party jester suggested that we walk backwards to the top. The final ascent, with the ground becoming warmer with every step, revealed the smoky multicoloured crater below. There had been much more to it than scaling a volcanic peak just for a lungful of smoke. We had reached the last inch of its 10,739 feet and looked forward to our next truimph .

CORTINA:- A Medfoba party stepped over the gangway at Trieste into a waiting bus. The destination was Cortina, fashionable resort in the Dolomites. The first few days were spent scrambling in the wooded hills. At sunrise on the final day the party faced a typical Dolomite peak, rising in fantastic shape and streaked with veins of vivid colourings. The way to the summit was well marked yet fairly strenuous. For a second time in the commission a party from Dainty had reached 10,000 feet.

TO VENICE - BY WHALER- As the ship's company prepared for Divisions at Trieste, the ship's whaler was provisioned for the seventy-two mile trip to Venice. On the first evening out the first international incident occurred. A darkened vessel hauled alongside. Our boats' papers were demanded. A naval paybook satisfied the interrogators that we were not smugglers but they were still puzzled at the purpose of the voyage. But how do you explain Medfoba to a foreigner? After flat calm, sea fog, and recourse to the wooden engines, the ship was reached.

The Third Phase
RELAXATION

Herculanery visited.

After the inspection we had a week in Malta before we sailed for Medaswex 34. A week later we arrived in Taranto, anchoring for the first few nights in the Mar Grande - the outer harbour - before graduating to the Mar Picolo - the inner harbour - where we were berthed stern to the jetty.

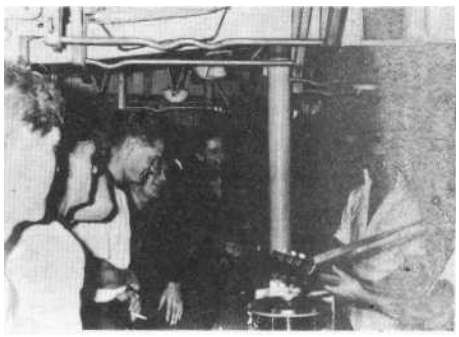
The exercises were with the Italian Navy, the sea was rough, and we were all heartily glad when they were over.

The *Captain stirs it up.*

At the end of November we had our roughest passage to date en route for Naples, arriving there on the third of December. 'See Naples and Die' and we could not see Naples for the rain and mist. The bad weather held throughout our stay. Our time was spent in reberthing, resecuring, buying Christmas Presents and sightseeing. Pompeii, Herculaneum and Vesuvius were all visited. The U-types went to the Opera, and the majority went to see John Charles playing for Juventus against Naples.

We sailed with our messdecks full of dolls - not live ones of course and went through the straits of Messina. Stromboli had obliged with her customary salute.

Back in Malta, a number of families had arrived to spend Christmas there. The Captain stirred the Christmas pudding and the scene was set for the great day. As we lay in Grand Harbour, the warm sunshine and the unusual view through the scuttles made it all seem a little unreal. Nevertheless we ate, drank and later slept. The Captain and Mrs Wells made the traditional tour of the messdecks.



Musical interlude.

Generals Sharp, Phillips and Pain relax with their 'troops'.

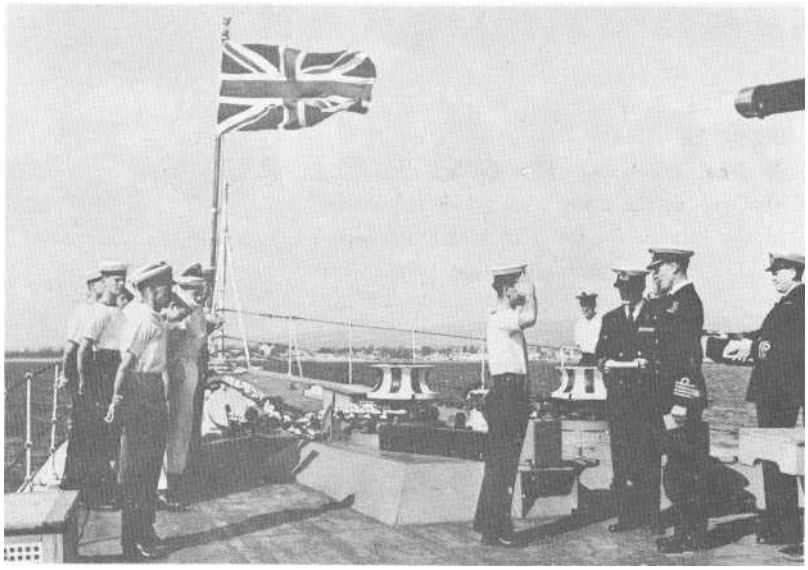
After Christmas we went into dock for a fortnight and afterwards went round to Sliema for self maintenance. In fact we did not go to sea again until we went for trials in mid-February.

During this period in Malta our sports teams were having an unparalled run of success. The hockey team continued its series of wins. The soccer team won the Mediterranean Fleet Competition.

A real soldier shows us the drill.

In February we sailed for our second spell of Cyprus patrol. We spent over a week alongside in Famagusta, and while we were there we made the most of it. Our landing parties carried out intensive training in the mountains above Kyrenia, and came back bronzed and fit. Their capable instructors were our chummy regiment, the 2nd Parachute Battalion. Simultaneously soldiers came to live onboard. The feeling of mutual admiration knew no bounds.

A real sailor shows them the drill.



Gunnery Proficiency Prizes (off Limassol)

Well in advance of arriving in Famagusta a notice on the Canteen Hatch appealed for men with skiing experience. Many declared their experience of sheing down Strait Street but it was felt that they had been really skating on thin ice. When the ship lay alongside skiing became a fact. While some sought pleasure in the nightclubs of the Land of Keo Beer, the less hardy set out for the Troodos Mountains. It was believed that there was some good skiing to be enjoyed. On reaching the camp, the inmates were seen to walk around with faces trailing the mud. They complained of the thaw. Their moans were quickly discredited when a perfect beginners' slope was found on Mount Olympus. After a forenoon of basic instruction, the Dainty team tackled the slope. The first afternoon was spent in finding their feet - not an easy task on skiis. In the ensuing day ambition was unfettered. Skiers were making running

Lt. Lockwood posing.

The Dainty Ski team.

starts, skiing between trees whose breadth apart left no margin for error, some skiers even became airborne. Nobody was hurt, but there were some near things. At the crucial moment skiis would desert their owners and finish the course riderless. When the party embarked on the army truck for the homeward journey to the ship there was much talk of a skiing holiday in the Alps. After an erratic journey down the mountains, there was more talk of how lucky one was to be alive.

The ship returned to Malta in early March for a week of intensive exercises. A final week-end was spent in saying goodbye to the many friends we had made in the island. On the 14th March we sailed from Sliema Front for the last time in full ceremony. We were sailing homewards.

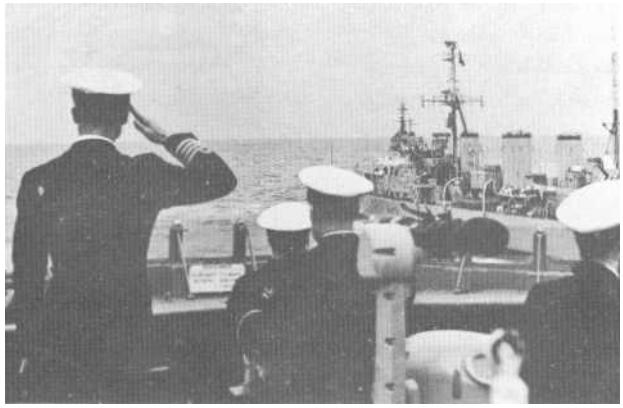
On the way back we spent six days in Algiers. Many had been a little apprehensive of this visit, having read of barricades and bombs in the not to distant past. This feeling was quickly dispelled by the hospitality extended to us. The supply Office: reports that we spent a mere £2 10s. per head there, so we were perhaps saving it up for Pompey.

We had left the Mediterranean having won the CURZON HOWE Trophy for Naval Gunfire Support and the Fisher Cup for Surface Gunnery.

Gibraltar was the final stop on our journey homewards. After a last `rabbit' run we were on the last leg. We steamed past the C-in-C, flying his flag in H.M.S. APOLLO, and started a large N.A.T.O. exercise involving a host of European nations. The sea was very rough, and we kept hearing of ships that had to drop out or shelter in the nearest French port. Dainty carried on, and temporarily left the exercise to land her Navigating officer, whose daughter was seriously ill. We were all pleased when we heard that she had made a wonderful recovery.

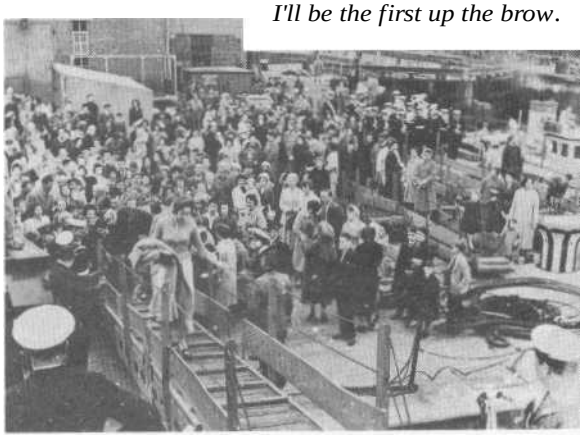
Delight in our wake

Steaming past Apollo: Homeward Bound.



Welcome Home.

I'll be the first up the brow.



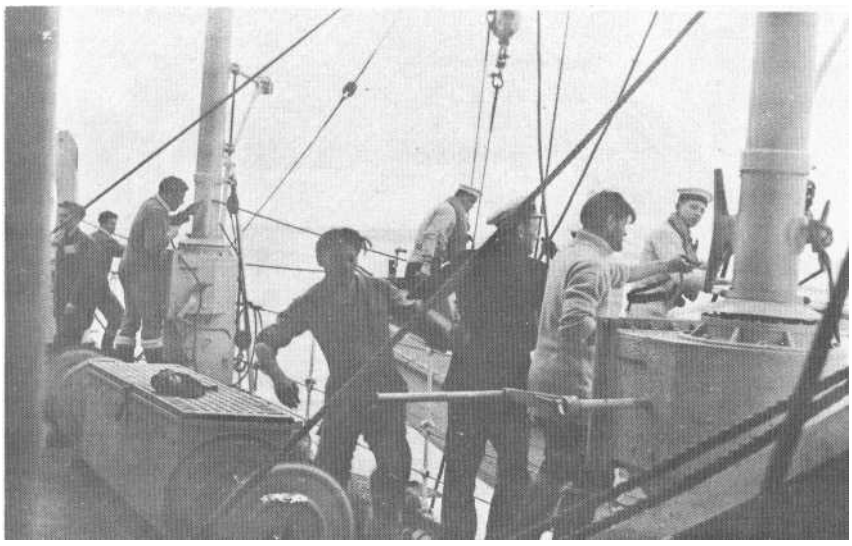
The Fourth Phase

CULMINATION

'Oh to be in England, now that April's there.' It was April, 1960 and DAINTY was back in England. No advice against the vicious local grogs, like ouzoo of happy unhappy memory, would be longer necessary.

Liverpool was the first home port to be visited. The occasion was the anniversary of the Battle of the Atlantic and in the packed Cathedral a most impressive ceremony was held in memory of those who had given their lives in the long and bitter struggle which had so intimatley concerned the Merseyside. Liverpool proved very popular, if one may judge from the number of draft preference cards favouring Sea Eagle. When the ship was open to visitors, children flocked aboard in their thousands. That we had a ship to sail away in will remain a mystery of the sea.

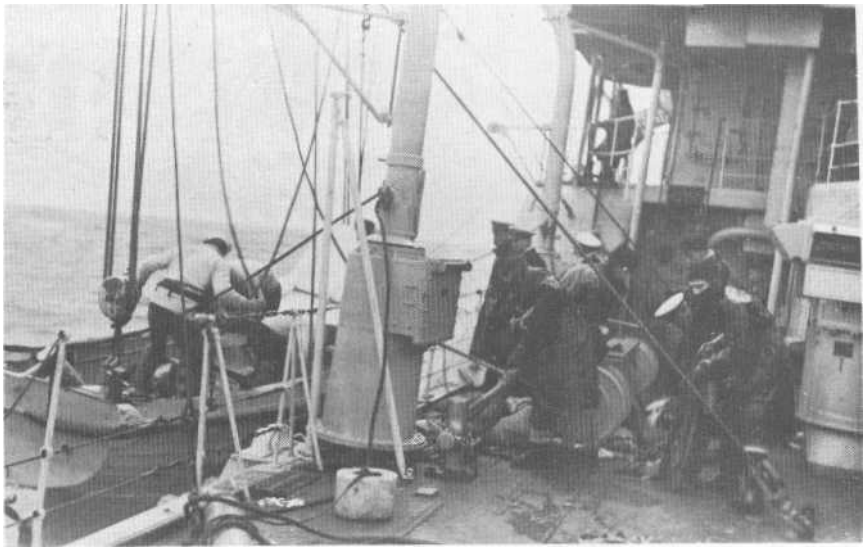
What can we do for you?



We'll lower our motor boat.....

The next big episode in the life of the ship was her first Iceland patrol. For nearly a century British trawlers had fished the waters of Iceland and DAINTY joined them in their natural setting off the Cape. The generosity of the trawlermen abounded. In appreciation of medical and technical aid, the liferaft would return full of fresh halibut, plaice, sole, haddock and cod.

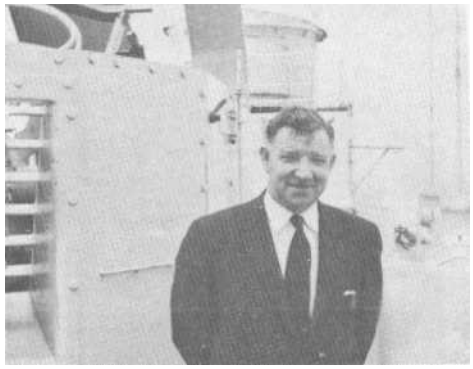
.....hoist our motor boat.....



.....and take the fish inboard.

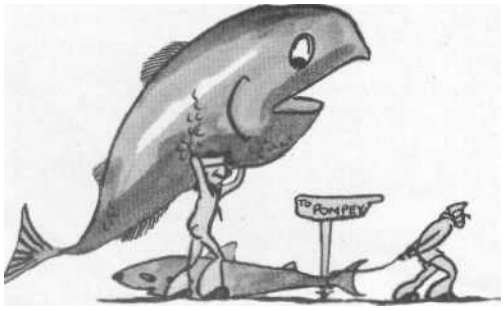
X gundeck became the fish-deck where our liaison skipper, Mr. Green, showed his skill at filleting. It was a quiet patrol - there was good fishing in the temporarily untroubled waters. Dainty then sailed for the Portsmouth market.

How does the sailor amuse himself on a month's patrol? Apart from listening to the trawler waveband, there were indoor games, physical training sessions, quizzes, films, tombola. A beard-growing competition lent a wisp of unfamiliarity to a number of faces. The winner, P.O. Pain, had an unfair advantage in that, on another patrol, he had imitated a famous clerical gentleman of Cyprus. It was rumoured that Fidel Castro was serving incognito in the Wardroom.



Our popular skipper, Mr. Green.

He cannot speak above a whisker.



We made for the Portsmouth market.

No good fish goes anywhere without a porpoise.

After our return to the civilisation of Portsmouth, we sailed north to Loch Eriboll to support the army. We also fired our second live torpedo, which brings to mind the old saying, 'No good fish goes anywhere without a porpoise.

Our first foreign visit of the Home leg was to Bergen. We were there for a weekend only. Karlskrona lay ahead and that, we were assured, was to be a second Palma.

Bergen Beauty

KARLSKRONA SAGA

Our travelogue gave Karlskrona a boost. Yet it was with certain misgiving that some old salts looked on our going to show the flag there. They recalled the Swedish naval port of 1950. Then it had been rather dull with a population none too well disposed towards the British.

People and places change with the passage of time. Let it be recorded that this was one of the most enjoyable visits of the entire commission. No effort was spared by our ever polite Swedish hosts, both private and official, to make our stay pleasant and memorable.

After the customary official calls, the curtain went up on five days of sheer bliss. From the first cocktail party onboard it was reported that many of the officers did very well for themselves.

'Rather wet isn't she?'

'The officers did rather nicely for themselves'

That same evening the senior ratings went to a party. Given by the Swedish C.P.O.'s at their private club, it was a roaring success. It finally broke up at 0400. For the junior ratings there was a series of supper-dances - with bevies of Nordic beauty supplied - which needless to say proved immensely popular. Even the visits to 'places of interest' were unusually interesting and had been well arranged. A rather hilarious 'at home' was given by the Karlskrona Fire Brigade for a number of Damage Control Personnel. The hosts arrived for their guests in a fire engine.

Nothing was too much for the Swedes. Even the local newspapers ran daily sections in English for those of us who could not read their language. The local girls were most friendly and fabulously attractive, the sandwiches and the schnapps were delicious, the handshaking and the skal both delightful customs, the official and the private invitations overwhelming - there was fun for all at Karlskrona.

In return for hospitality received ashore everyone played his part aboard. The wardroom handed out the glasses of gin. The C.P.O.'s and P.O.'s entertained the Swedish C.P.O.'s and their wives to a tea party on the forecastle.

Who made a hole in the awning

Griselda

Age before beauty

`Tell me, does he always smoke that pipe?'

`But, my dear chap, how do you recover it?'

A children's party attracted a multitude of children of all ages, some of whom were quick to light up their cigarettes after the ice creams. Another Swedish social custom?

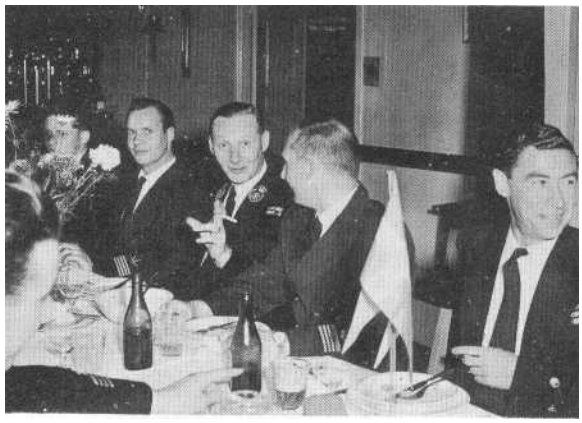
Perhaps the highlight of the visit was for the few. A Civic Luncheon was given by the City Council of Karlskrona. Representatives of all ranks and ratings from the Royal Navy together with their Swedish opposite numbers were lavishly entertained. The function was a model of perfection. The speeches were amusing, the food and wine excellent, and the happy intermingling of the two nationalities from such widely differing spheres was a masterpiece of planning.

All good things come to an end too soon. As we slipped out of harbour on a dull Monday morning there were many sad hearts both ashore and afloat.

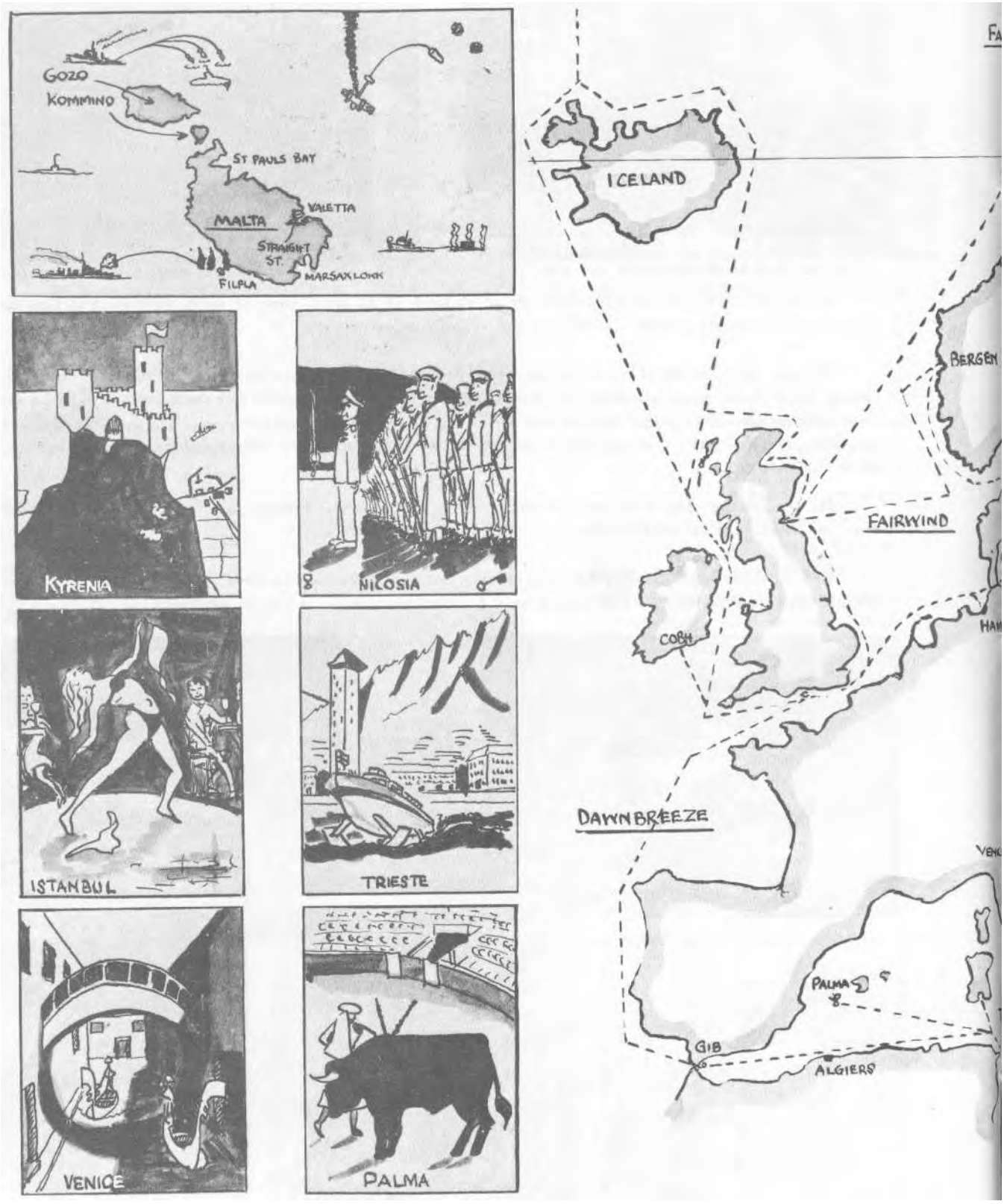
Two final thoughts. Firstly, was shakespeare thinking of Karlskrona when he wrote, 'Tis ever common that men are merriest when they are away from home?' Lastly, 'Why was the M.S.O. so popular?'

'Now a famous man was ROBIN HOOD'

`Watch it.'



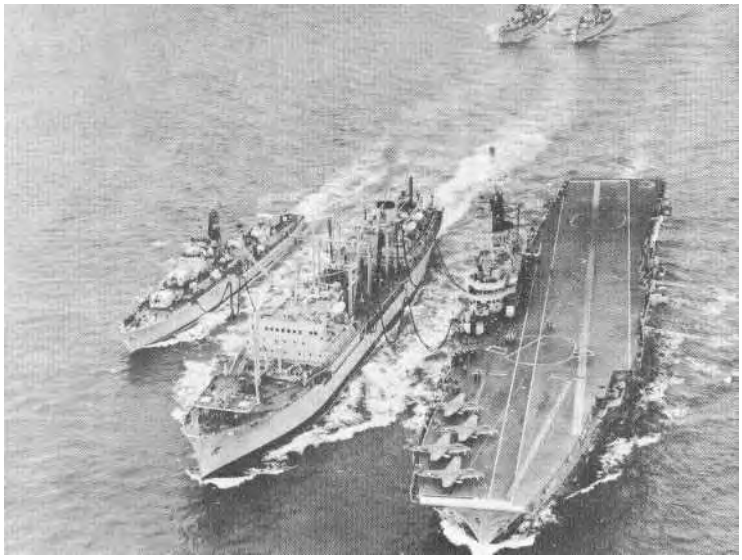
The happy intermingling of the different nationalities.


GOZO
KOMMINO
ST PAULS BAY
VALETTA
MALTA
STRAIGHT ST.
MARSAXLOKK
FILFLA
KYRENIA
NICOSIA
ISTANBUL
TRIESTE
VENICE
PALMA
ICELAND
BERGEN
FAIRWIND
COBH
DAWNBREEZE
PALMA
GIB
ALGIERS

LEX
KARLSKRONA
BURG
TRIESTE
NAPLES
APANI
MALTA
SALONIKA
ISTANBUL
CYPRUS
POMPEII
NAPLES
ALGIERS
OPEN TO
VISITORS
—
LIVERPOOL
ICELAND
BERGEN
KARLSKRONA
DAILY
ORDERS
HIC
COBH
HAMBURG

IN THE SHOPWINDOW

'4.5's Engage'



Refuelling from TIDE SURGE

IN THE WAKE OF DELIGHT

Manoeuvring with CENTAUR

Firing our squid.

"Good picture, Harry - just as you were saying 'NO's bluffing, he wouldn't dare ! "'

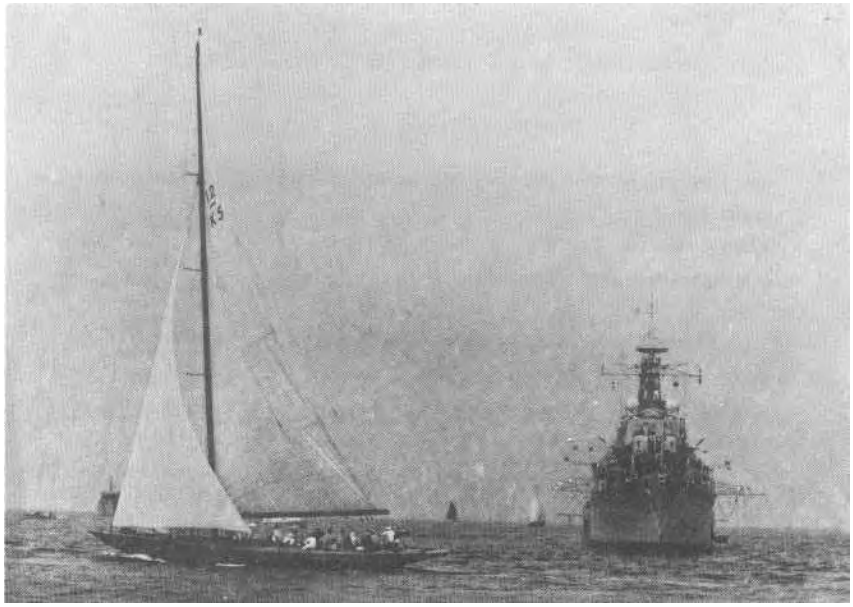
London Express Service

(By courtesy of Giles and the Daily Express)

COWES WEEK

It was fitting that a Cowes-built ship should return as Guard-ship. We made our mark by being the first ship in living memory to erect the pole at the R.Y.S. steps - not once but twice.

The press was well represented. H.M.S. DROXFORD claimed national interest, as did the young lady who fell overboard for a sailor



Vanity V passes the Guardship

Next time let's come as yachtsmen

The scene around the Guardship was one of brilliant kaleidoscopic change. From shore, the flawlessly floodlit DAINTY was the centre of attraction.

Off the Green we gave a pirate display, 'Down with the jolly Roger', under tricky conditions. When we contributed to the Town Firework Display the scene onboard resembled a major A.B.C.D. exercise.

When it was all over, the feeling prevailed in the ship's company that it was all tremendously impressive but, 'Next time let's come as yachtsmen,'

MY BEST WEEK IN THE NAVY

The Cowes Scene.

The Week started on the Sunday afternoon at the beginning of Cowes Week. At 1330 1 was shaken from my siesta and told to pack my bags. I did some light packing - a set of number eights, a pair of overalls, my toilet gear. The officer of the day told me that my boat was alongside. It would take me to H.M.S. THAMES where I was to watchkeep on D.G.'s and do any maintenance work required.

My boat was well and truly alongside. The stoker couldn't get the thing going. Soon, however we were alongside THAMES. My first impression of the ship was one of bewilderment. All 1 could see was acres of gold braid. Then I caught sight of a slim chap crawling up from a hole in the deck. He introduced himself as P.O.M.E. Somebody R.N. (Retd.). Then I met the Captain (a stockbroker), the Jimmy (a barrister) and the Electrical Officer (a banker) and many more distinguished gentelmen, many from the City.

It was then time to meet my messmates. There were an E.R.A.1., two P.O.M.E.'s, and a P.O. seaman in the Mess. I was told that the bar would open in ten minutes! Very soon I was having a couple of whiskies and watching television. The thought occurred to me that as the lights were on, a diesel generator was probably running. (I was pretty sure that we were not on shore supply, although little would surprise me in this remarkable ship). I asked who was on watch. A P.O.M.E. said that he was but a lieutenant had kindly offered to do it for him while 1 was having my 'welcome aboard' drink.

After a few meals in THAMES, I had come to realise that the cooking was of an exceptionally high standard. So I poked around the galley on Tuesday and met the chef. It turned out that he owned a large pub and had been in the catering business in London. He must be unique among minesweeper chefs.

On the Wednesday night I went home (I live in the island). I thought I'd join the R.N.R. for the night and go home in civvies. So I went down to the forward mess and searched around for some clothes. When I emerged at the gangway I was in a tweed suit and sporting a rather impressive yacht club tie. 1 was then told, `Your boat is along side, chief.' (It was CHIEF all the time). On reaching the Squadron Steps, I leapt out smartly and was saluted! `Good evening, sir.' `Good evening, sub.'

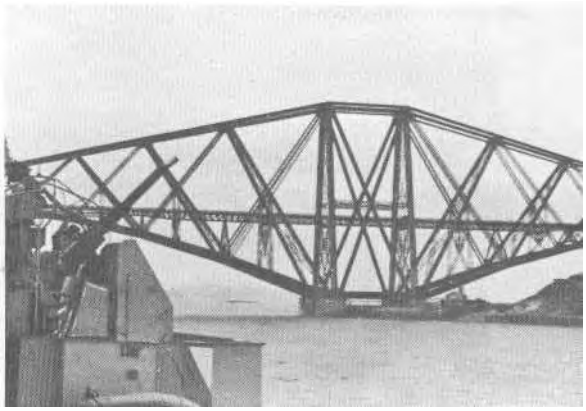
While all this to-me topsy-turvy navy was moving at top speed, I would do numerous odd jobs below. I always had a number of officers around, watching, listening and carrying. My main impression of the R.N.R. is its keenness to add to its knowledge.

On Thursday morning I was down in the stores looking for a piece of spare gear. I had to pass through the messdecks. It was a strange sight to see. Jackets with two, sometimes two and a half, gold rings lay draped across the bunks.

A final pleasant evening I spent in THAMES was when I attended a cocktail party. I was in my tweed suit again. It turned out to be one of the best parties I have ever been to.

I should, in conclusion, like to thank the Royal Naval Reserve for the privelege of being one of such distinguished company for a week. They gave me the best week I have had since I joined the Navy.

After the Portsmouth incident we set out for Iceland to relieve DELIGHT. Loss of vacuum, however, forced us to return to Rosyth. There we spent a few frustrating days before setting out on a Saturday night. This second attempt was unsuccessful, and we hastily stored H.M.S. SAINTES. The whaler trips seemed innumerable. `What do they want all that for? They'll get plenty fish', was the general comment. What we did miss at Iceland was a gift of fruit from the Hull trawler Cape Palliser, a client of our first patrol. DELIGHT



Return to Rosyth

SAINTES gets her marching orders.

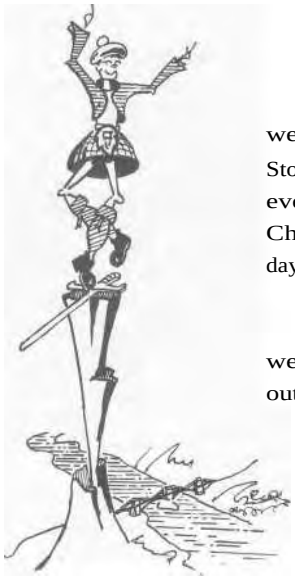
came in for this windfall as one may learn from her signal, 'Wasn't that a Dainty dish to set before Delight. Phillipians 4.17. 'Not because 1 desired it; but I desire fruit that may abound to your account.'

The following week there was much talk of vacuum. Even Today's Mental Tease asked where the elusive quality could be found. Unfortunately the answers were too crude to print. The first weekend from Rosyth was marred by late trains and hired cars. The next week was given to sport. The popular Interpart Soccer Competition was revived. After a long weekend, DAINTY sailed for Fallex.

CAPE PALLISER OFF THE CAPE.

What do they need all that for?

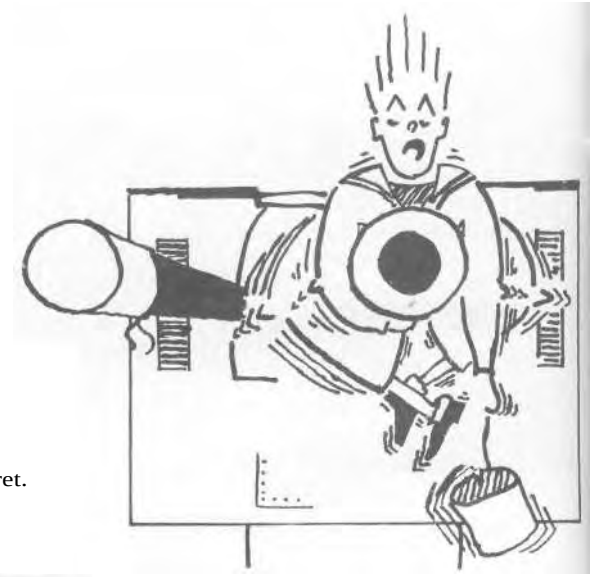
SHERPA



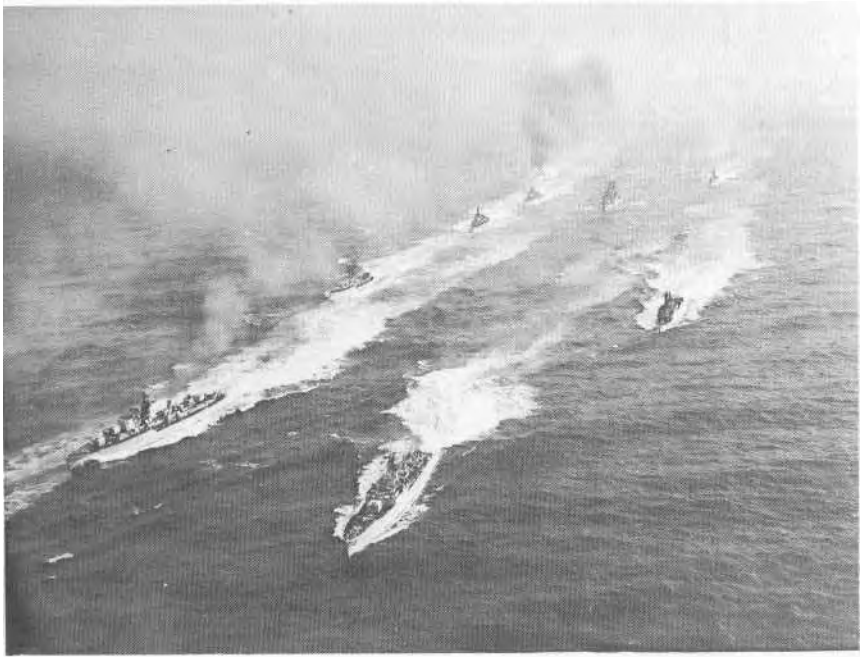
Medfoba was rechristened Sherpa for the home leg of the commission. From Rosyth a party went to the Trossachs. It camped below Ben An and promptly split into the usual messes of Stokers, Seamen, Communications and Electrical. The Wardroom was also the galley. In the evening they climbed Ben An (1,500 feet). The following day they had a long walk up Stuc a' Chrion (3,189 feet) where they scared a great herd of deer. The stalking was not too good next day.

A certain Able Seaman had the courage to return with the First Lieutenant the following weekend to try some serious rock climbing. He declared that it was not half as bad as sliding out on the guns of B turret to take the covers off.

Not nearly so bad.....



.....as covering b turret.



Which is the DAINTY ?

.....the only *ship in station.*

Which ship is on fire?

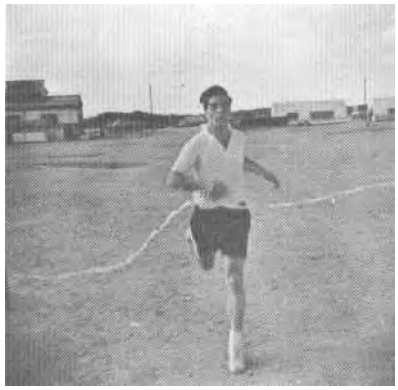
... ... No need to guess.

SPORTS SECTION

Hockey XI

Mass start of Cross Country

Water polo team



Cross Country winner.

SPORTS REPORT

RESULTS

	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
First XI Soccer	32	23	8	1
2nd XI Soccer	7	3	4	0
Hockey XI	7	6	1	0
Rugby XI	7	1	5	1
Water Polo VII	14	9	3	2

SOCCER:- In addition to an outstanding record in friendly games, the team won the Mediterranean Group II K.O. Competition. The team wishes that mention be made of the selection committee - Lieutenant Nute, S.B.P.O. Symonds, L.T.O. Davis - whose hard work greatly contributed to the ship's soccer success. Two interpart competitions have won immense popularity.

BOXING:- The ship's boxers have given a very good account of themselves. We had four winners in the Med Fleet Novices Competition. Miller, at featherweight, was the ship's outstanding boxer. He reached the the final in the Royal Navy Championships at Portsmouth, being narrowly defeated on points by the Navy Champion.

WATER POLO:- Dainty won the Squadron K.O. Competition after a marathon series of matches. In a thrilling interpart competition, the O.A. and E.R.A.'s team were worthy winners. Our swimmers have figured prominently in the two big events, at Ricasoli Lido and the Caledonia Baths.

RUGBY:- Although long in achieving their first win, the rugger team never lost any of its enthusiasm for the game. Since returning home, and with the infusion of fresh blood, they have done much better. By the end of the commission the team's record will look much better.

HOCKEY:- Although few games have been played, the hockey team has a record second to none. Well done those who have supported the game.

CROSS COUNTRY:- While the ship lay alongside at Famagusta, a cross-country race was arranged. Over a hundred runners started and everyone finished the course - dispite its length and the broiling sun.

Rugby XV

KING SOCCER

Soccer Team

The most successful team in the ship has undoubtedly been the soccer eleven. But soccer, perhaps unlike rugby, is the spectator as well as the player's game. It is worth dwelling a pause on the enjoyment our winning team has given this season. For what is there to match the thrill of a good football match? A game that can arouse such enthusiasm, now praising, now condemning, must have something about it.

The true football supporter is a wonderful chap at heart. He will argue with his adversary until he is blue or red in the face - depending on the team he is supporting - but at the final whistle all is forgotten. It warms his heart to address his idols in the most patronising manner, to forget any mistakes as the team battles manfully to score that winning goal. To shout advice or abuse to force the hand of the referee is the privilege of the fan. (Perhaps even the referee is enjoying every moment of it, though this is the last consideration.) Call it pure escapism or pure animal spirits but the participation in watching a football match is the most satisfying feeling imaginable, especially when your team is on a winning run. Remember the game against TYNE? The exhileration of a fight-back against heavy odds has to be experienced to be believed. Can you ever forget the epic games against DEFENDER and DARING? Life was never sweeter, society more friendly than when the winning goals were scored. Everyone was a momentary brother.

The game itself has a few things that are ugly - the crude tackle, players appealing to the referre - but Dainty's games have a little of this ugliness and much more that is beautiful - the flying leap of the goal-keeper, the immaculate trap, the poise of the speedy winger, the ball-juggling. At all times the artistry of the team has been admirable.

The soccer team has done much more for the ship than merely win matches.

There is little that is ugly in the game.

A Miscellany of Facts

We were at sea on 332 days.
We steamed 60,329 miles (approximately twice round the world)
We spent 4,871 hours 30 minutes under way.
We used 13,371 tons of F.F.O.
We fired 5,389 rounds of 4.5. inch ammunition.
We fired 26 torpedoes, including 2 live.
We fired 144 Squid Bombs, including 49 live.
The Commutators of the Turbo Generators have turned through a distance equal to 24 miles round the world and have generated enough power to supply the entire Portsmouth area for one day.
The gyro compass wheel has revolved 6,000,000,000 times.
We ate:
7 tons of sausages.
13,120 dozen eggs, i.e. 45 dozen per man
182 tons of potatoes, or 13 cwts a man.
5 cwts of turkeys, 9 cwts of chickens.
We deposited £ ~~8839. 16s. in~~ our P.O.S.B. We withdrew £5533. 12s. 6d. from our P.O.S.B.
We bought:
£1468. 10s. 6d. of stamps (who said we didn't write home)
£509 worth of premium bonds.
£4942. 19s. 6d. worth of postal order (without a big Treble Chance Win)
We were paid £146,965 in pocket money (i.e. after tax, Allotments, etc. had been deducted).
We drank:
1,457 gallons of Rum, an average of 50 pints per man over 20.
67,440 cans of beer, or 233 cans per man.
We smoked 4,387,000 cigarettes, which means that if there were no non-smokers, each man would have smoked 15,128 a daily average of 22.
We drank 7 gallons of cough mixture.
59 good conduct badges were awarded, 6 deprived and 7 restored.
There were 176 advancements.
11,376 signals have been distributed using 170,640 sheets of duplicating paper.
We have used 18 miles of tely typewriter paper in receiving signals.
210 films were shown.
216 men passed their swimming test (standfast A/Stwd. Sciberr as)
We have used 7,500 lamps
By the end of the commission we shall have used 2,476 gallons of paint.
We used 2,498 bandages, 70 lbs of cotton wool.
We swallowed 8,000 aspirins and 5,000 codeins.
We did not count the seasick pills.

A SAILOR

Of all the World's dwellers a sailor is perhaps the most widely discussed of them all. He is one of uniform classification and appearance, yet has a unique individual opinion of his own. His life is ruled by regular editions of Q.R.s and A.I. s and the state of the Barons onboard.

A sailor can be of any creed or colour, and yet he observes the same attitude of being in turn a cynical pessimist, a buzz - spreading optimist or a victim of countless 'green rubs'.

He can be found in, out of, beneath, on top and swarming upon ships of every shape and size, above and below the sea, yet his appearance never seems to change nor his face portray any appreciation of his worthy tasks. He has an amazing capacity for consuming liquid, and a cast iron digestion which consumes strange 'oggies' and 'pussers bangers'.

A sailor will complain every minute of the day and twice as bad after 'up spirits', venting his wrath upon the Buffer, Messdeck P.O. or Killick depending which is furthest away at the time.

Ashore a sailor is a paragon of good manners and virtue. He is sociable and genial and only wishes to be friendly.

He dislikes boots, hats, washing overalls and blankets, pay books, station cards, medical inspections mess bills, wakey wakey, kit musters and the girl who left him.

He likes very much 'rum calls', quarterly settlements, lurid books, Reserve Fleet Drafts, long leaves, mail, hammocks, make and mends, tickler, and the girl he dreams of up the line.

G.I.s find him maddening, his interpretation of the 'rig of the day' can resemble last weeks table cloth, while his apparently accidental footprint across the Quarterdeck can bring grey hairs to any raving Buffers.

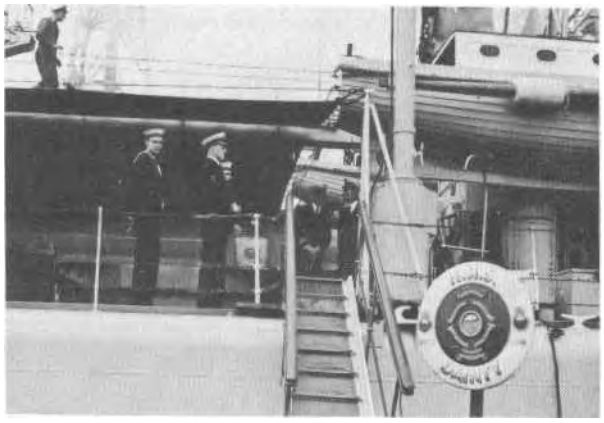
A sailor is civility with a shabby cap tally, industry in the bilges, studiousness with a deck cloth and humour with a N.A.A.F.I. pie. There is none so loyal to his sweetheart or his wife, for whom he will save and behave.

He is an accomplished sewer, mender, dishwasher and cook and is always eager to help whatever the job may be. He knows every barmaid in every bar, in every port he has been to but his recollection of the location of these establishment is truly bewildering.

His locker consists of beer labels, pussers yarns, photos, bars of soap, tickler tins and old letters. Everything is on top and nothing handy. He relies upon his 'oppo's' sense of comradeship in borrowing collars, silks and shoes to get ashore, but never seems to remember from whence they came.

He is a subtle combination of applied indifference and patriotic concern yet who can deny that it is a fitting gesture, when men from his own service were present to transport our Late King to his last journey. You must agree there were many proud hearts and willing hands on that day.

PICTORIAL TOUR



Come over the gangway

Take a more searching look at our 6'4" sailor

I'll try anything once

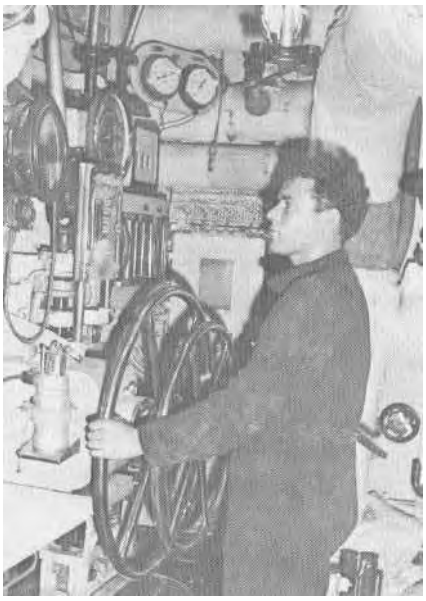
Ordnance Survey

Man cannot live by bread alone.

The Old Man of D.C. in his lair.

Power at his fingertips.

What price duty paid?



One machine can do the work of fifty ordinary men. NO machine can do the work of one extraordinary man.

Radio Dainty.

I'll tell you a tail.

Two are better than one.

Nominal List of

COMMANDING OFFICER: CAPTAIN J.G. WELLS, D.S.C.

OFFICERS

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER B.H. WAINRIGHT
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER G. MEEK
LIEUTENANT C.J. HOWE
LIEUTENANT W.R. HARRIS
LIEUTENANT W.Q. LOCKWOOD
LIEUTENANT (S.D.) E.W. NUTE
SUBLIEUTENANT P.S. LILLEY
A/SUBLIEUTENANT C.J. BUTLIN
A/SUBLIEUTENANT C.R.WHITE

COMMANDER R.A. PATERSON
LIEUTENANT COMMANDER K.D.E. WILCOCKSON
LIEUTENANT G. SHARP
INSTRUCTOR LIEUTENANT J.L. SOUTER
LIEUTENANT B.M. JONES
LIEUTENANT J.M. KINGSLAND
ELECTRICAL LIEUTENANT (R) G.I. TROTT
A/SUBLIEUTENANT (S.D.) H. BROWN
A/SUBLIEUTENANT W.W. WILSON

J. ALLISON
J.P HADDOCK
P.J. MAY
G.F. REES

S.A. BRAND
A.E. HICKMOTT
E.C. MARSHALL
E. QUAYLE
A.P. WOODTHORPE

A. DEVLIN
A.J. KELLAM
G. PARKIN
R.S. SHELDON
N.G. JEFFERSON

O.S. GIBBS
J.W. LORD
A.F. PLUMRIDGE
L.E. WILEMAN

PETTY OFFICERS

W.A. ATKINS
D.H. BOTTOMLEY
W.T. COTTON
W.E. HENDERSON
K.N. LAMBERT
R.A. NEWTON
L. POULTON
W.C. STROUD
R. WARD
R.C. WOOD

R. BAKER
L.A. BRAY
J. DUFF
H.F. HOCKLIFFE
T.M. MARTIN
A.J. PAIN
P. PSAILA
A.H. ROBINSON
C.J. SYMONDS
F. ZARB

R. BARNETT
P. BROWN
L.M. FEATHERSTONE
E.J. HOPTON
R.A. MOULTON
T.W. PARKER
L.W. EALES
G. SMITH
G.A. TANNER
J. RICHARDSON

R.J. BEAN
L. CORNEY
J.P. FIDDICK
E.H. KEMP
A. MURRAY
C.J. POND
I. ROBERTS
S. SPITERI
E. THOMPSON

LEADING RATES

W. BRIERCLIFFE
R.V. McKIE
L.J. WILSON
B.C. MANNING
A.T. PIDDLESTON
C.J. SMITH
G. PARTIS
R. BRAILSFORD
M.P. COURTLEY

A.J. MOSS
L. RADFORD
B. LAMB
J.R. MURRAY
W.J. JAMES
E.T. TURNER
W.G. SAMWAYS
S.P. DAVIS
M.J. HALDANE
J. CAMILLERI

M. GLADDERS
A.J. GREGORY
D.J. JONES
J.W. PAPE
P. HODGES
F.R. CROUT
R.J. SAWYER
A.J. CARTER
E. MORIARTY
F. BUHAGAAR

D.W. HARVEY
P.A. COTTINGHAM
J.W. ASHTON
F. FLETCHER
A.C. REEVES
T.M. ECKERSLEY
J.A. COOPER
B.J. ELLIOTT
D.M. BROWN

ABLE RATES

T.M. WHALES
P.W. TILLER

C.G. OGILVIE
D. YOUNG

P. WINGATE
F.J. STRONG

A. MATTHEWS
A.R. HAFFENDEN

Ship's Company

J.E. BROOKER
R.J. STEVENS
A. WEBSTER
P. HICKMAN
J. SEDGEWICK
R. WILLIAMS
P. BENGER
D. VOICE
B.A. KEW
F.D. POTTS
D.C. CLARKE
J.E. ALLEN
J. LANGLEY
R. FLETCHER
D.B. LYNES
R. PADGHAM
J. BATES
J.W. NOON
B.A. KIRTON
B.J. WALDEN
D.K. PARKER
M.C. HUTCHINS
D.C. HARRIS
D.W. TALLACK
J. CARUANA

B. TAYLOR
D.H. FIELD
F.H. FENNELL
E. LEWINGTON
J.W. RIPLEY
D.M. LUSCOMBE
D.J. TUTTLE
M.JACQUES
R.M. MURRAY
M.E. FAIRWEATHER
F.J. WOOD
K.ROBERTS
K.J. NEWLANDS
J.C. SCOTT
A.W. TOPLEY
J.E. PALMER
J.E. BURT
P.A. GAME
D.C. WARD
A.J. SMALLMAN
B.K. DENT
C.P. WEBSTER
A.D. RAMSAY
D.B. PARKER

P.K. ELLIOTT
M.E. RAWLINS
A.READMAN
I.M. BROCK
A. TALBOT
R.W. ELLIOTT
T.J. HUDSON
W.G. HAYNES
B. WALKER
R.W. BEAVER
B. SAVAGE
L.T. SEWARD
J.D. YOUNG
A. PARSONS
W.R. BAKER
A. STEVENS
B.E. LEECH
J. ARTHUR
W. MARTIN
J.R. PARRY
D.A. WHITE
T.F. PRICE
J.W. SETFORD
T. ELLUL

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G.M. FEARNS
K.J. LAPEL
W. HEWITT
C. TRIPP
P.C.G. ANSTEY
D.W. HARRIS
G.SHUFFLEBOTHAM
W. McNAUGHT

G: TALBOT
D. RENFORTH
F. SHARP
B. STAFFORD
R.F. TURFREY
T.S. HOWARD
E. ACTION
D. SNELLING
B.W. SMITH
W.A. FELL
J. BROWN
J.S. DAY
T.J. RICHARDSON
J. DARMANIN

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D. JEFFERIES
D.F. SANDS
S. TYSON
P.J. WARD
C.J. BUCHAN
A.M. DUNBAR
R.D. CASHMORE
P.G. SMELLIE
A. FAUZZA
R. J. THOMA S
J.F. CAMPBELL-SMITH

L.P. RENDERS
T. GERRELL
W. WHITMORE
T.O'NEILL
R.G. POLLOCK
C.C. INGHAM
R. BYRNE
J.D. MILLER
T.A. HARDY
R.G. CARTWRIGHT
C.V. CHALLIS

J. CONNELLY
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H.W. WARD
S. BENINGTON
O.J. COPE
J.T. WOODWARD
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J.G. MORGAN
D.V. WILLIS

M.JOHNSON
M. CULLEN
C.W. DRIVER
W. HOPKINS
G.E. GILLARD
D.T. HUGHES
T.D. REED
J.S. CHILDS
R. SHERRIFF
M. BRIGHTMORE
F. PHINN

JUNIOR RATES

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H.J. WOOLARD
C.S. EDWARDS
A. CARSON
P.J. SWALLOW
B.D. CRAWFORD
R. J. JENKINS
D.G. HOLDEN
K.R. WHAYMAN
F. DITCH

P. BARNES
R.J. DENNIS
J.LANGSTONE
V. YOUNG
W.A. CURRAN
N. KNOX
M.J. CHAPMAN
R. BOURNE
P.A. STEER

J.A. LEWIS
R. POLLER
N. LEWIS
M.R. LANE
B.C. CREEPER
G.D. SANDERSON
G.L. PERRYMAN
T.S. SEALY
R.P. RAY

N. BOUGHTON
L.R. PRICE
J. MUNSON
R.F. RAFAEL
G.A. ELLIS
M.D. NORMAN
E.S. BURTON
P.G. NEALE
M.DELLER

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER F.R. BROOKE relieved LIEUTENANT COMMANDER B.H. WAINRIGHT.
LIEUTENANT C.J. PHILLIPS relieved LIEUTENANT B.M. JONES
LIEUTENANT D.J.F. ATKINS relieved LIEUTENANT J.M. KINGSLAND and was relieved by LIEUTENANT A.M. FORD.

RATINGS WHO HAVE JOINED SINCE COMMISSIONING

CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS

A.P. WALKER	A.B. BATES,	J.H. BUDD	L.J. McSWEENY
J.W. SHARP,	P.R.J. SMITH	R.J. MONK	

PETTY OFFICERS

R.F. FOAKES	H.H. PINCOTT	C.C. WATLING	E. BRINCAT
E. SPITERI	H.B. BROWN	P. REVILL	

LEADING RATES

R.W. HARTIGAN	M.R. BEADLE	L. HAWKES	D. HODGETTS
J.W. EDWARDS	J.N. BEKUSCH	T. THORNTON	C. BUSUTTIL
J. MERCIECA	C.E.J. PACE	M. BELCHER	B.R. ADDISON

ABLE RATES

J.E. BURT	M.C. ALGATE	N.A. CAREY	W. ERWIN
D.B. FREETH	M.R. FRYER	A. HALL	E. HUNT
M.M. MURPHY	C.H. NEHO	E.N. PARKER	R.G. POLLOCK
J.W. RIPLEY	J.S. STEVENS	D. STEWART	C. WATTERS
G.E. ANDREWS	E. BORLASE	R.I. CHAMBERS	J.J. CHANNELL
J.P. CREEDON	W. FORDE	R.G. GOODERHAM	J.R. JEAL
H.C. SCRIVEN	W.A.R. SMYTH	P. STOOT	A.A. SYMONS
E.E. UTTRIDGE	A. WOODWARD	J.S. WARBURTON	J. GATT
G. FARRUGIA	V.D.G. CAMILLERI	E.A. DAKIN	G. CLARE
	J.M. McCLINCHEY	B. KELLY	

ORDINARY RATES

R. FAULKNER	M.W.H. HICKS	J.S. GRAHAM	R.P. MARRIOTT
P. SHAW	J. WALLACE	G.A.J. STEVENS	J.E. PURPLE
C. CORDINA	M.J. JOHNSON	J.A. ROSKILLY	K.V. NEWNES
	J.F. SIBLEY	B.J. SOUTHGATE	

JUNIOR RATES

M.I. McCREAVY	H. MORRIS	D.A. SMITH	M.G. GREEN
J.G. HONE	P.O. WOOD	G. HOMES	

H.M.S. DAINTY

Commanded by
Captain J.G. Wells, D.S.C., Royal Navy

Commissioned at Portsmouth on
20th JANUARY, 1959

THE SHIP

Built by Messrs. J. S. White & Co. at Cowes
Launched by Lady LANG 16th August, 1950
Completed 26th February, 1953
The Fourth Ship of the Royal Navy
to bear the name DAINTY

EARLIER VESSELS WERE

First
1588 - 1594
Ship of 350 tons
Named personally by Queen Elizabeth 1. Lost after a bloody fight to a superior Spanish force on Sir Richard Hawkins expedition to Valparaiso.

Second
1920 - 1923
H.M. Tug, twin screw, in service at Pembroke and Queenstown as first warship in the Irish Navy.

Third
1932 - 1942
Destroyer 1,375 tons
Mediterranean and China Stations before World War 11, during which she served in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, where she sank two submarines and was frequently in action before being sunk off Tobruk by enemy aircraft.

Winners 1959/60 Mediterranean Fleet CURZON - HOWE Trophy Bombardment Competition

Winners 1959/60 Mediterranean Fleet FISHER CUP Surface Gunnery Competition.

Winners Mediterranean Group 11 Soccer K.O. Competition.

ASSOCIATION

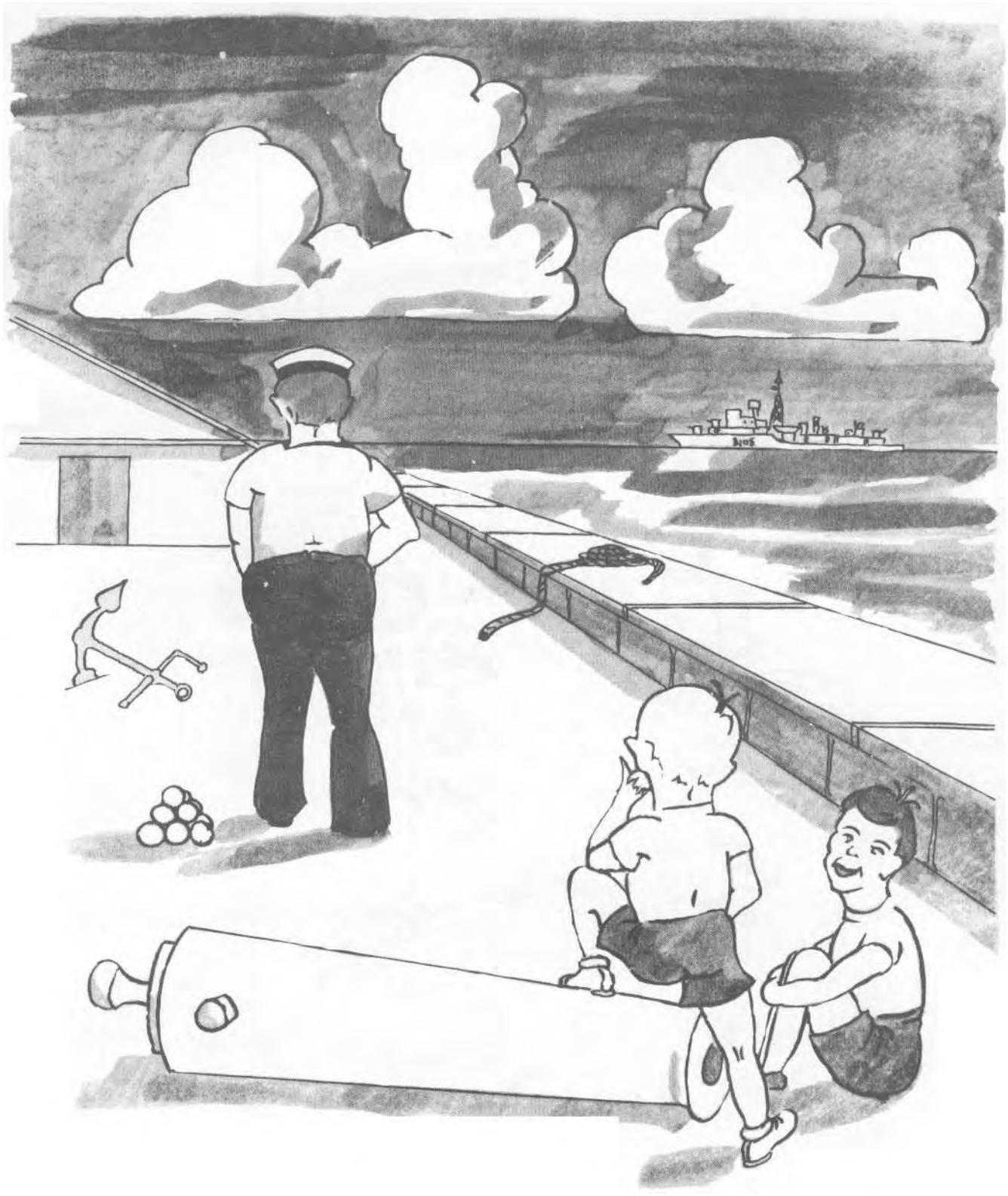
With the approval of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty and the Colonel Commandant of The Parachute Regiment and in accordance with the wishes of those serving in the ship and in the battalion an official association has this day been recognised between Her Majesty's Ship DAINTY and the Second Battalion, The PARACHUTE REGIMENT.

John. G. Wells.

CAPTAIN, Royal Navy.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL

1st. March. 1960.



`He was always a bit of a line shooter'

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