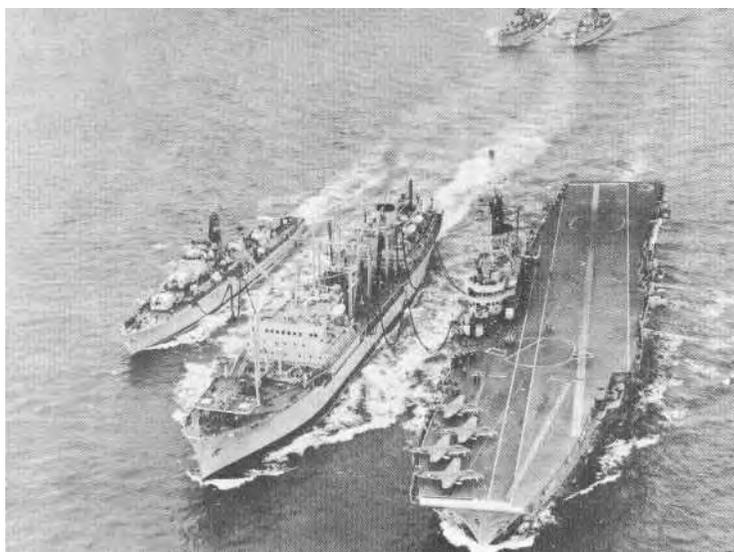


IN THE SHOPWINDOW

'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 !'"

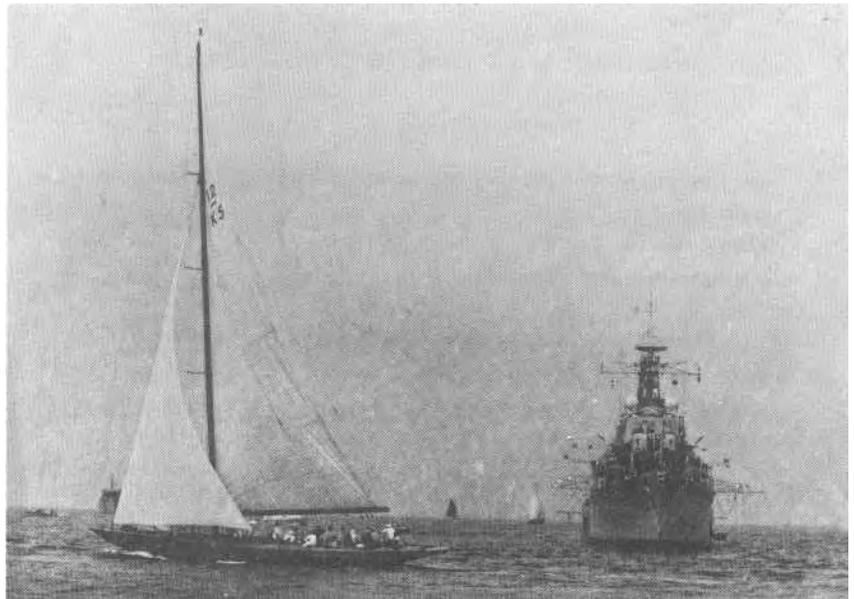
London Express Service

(By courtesy of Giles and the Daily Express)

COWES WEEK

It was fitting that a Cowes-built ship should return as Guardship. 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 I 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 I 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 gentlemen, 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 I 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. I was then told, 'Your boat is alongside, 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.'

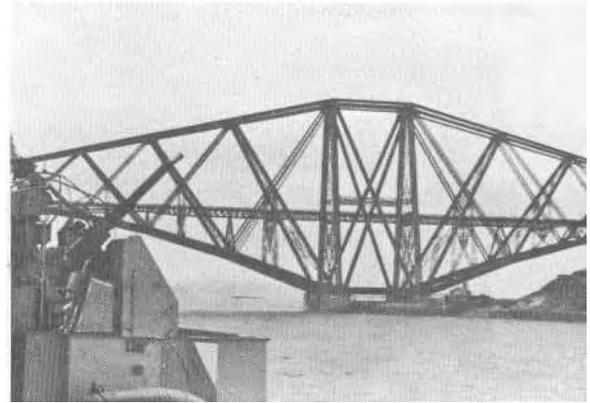
While all this to-me topsy-turvy navy was moving at top speed, I would do numerous odd jobs below. I always had a number of officers around, watching, listening and carrying. My main impression of the R.N.R. is its keenness to add to its knowledge.

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 privilege 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 I 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.

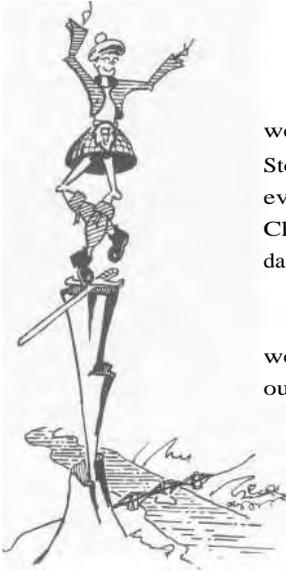


CAPE PALLISER OFF THE CAPE.



What do they need all that for?

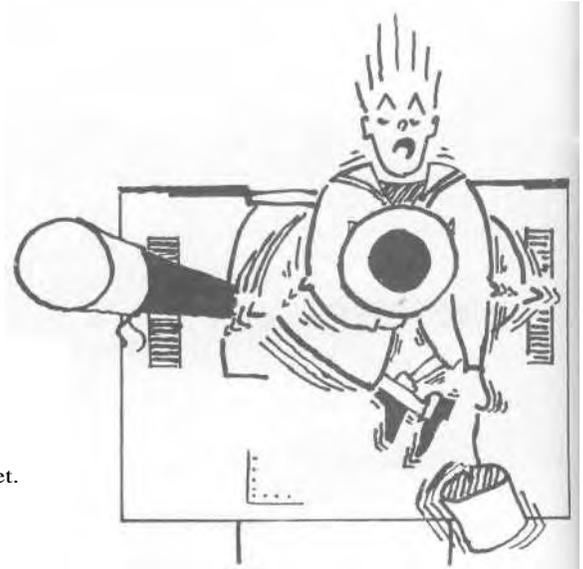
SHERPA



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 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 ruggar 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 - despite 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 exhilaration 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 referee - 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.*