

FOCSLE DIVISION

IT is said, that when our D.O. first saw the Focslemen in Barracks, he was heard to mutter the prayer "Oh God our help ---- !". Many months of close association with him has strengthened this rumour. Commissioning day was beginning and as yet we could see no sign of the end. The indescribable bedlam on the Messdeck, where too many people with too much kit were trying to fit into far too small a space, was eventually sorted out by the highly experienced midshipmen left-over from the last commission and man's basic instinct to survive. For some it was their first commission, for others their last, and for the National Servicemen their first and last (lucky devils?). However mingled with their shining angelic faces and as yet unknown personalities were many old ships of an earlier 'foreign'. Naturally no one got the job that they wanted but somehow managed to settle down in the job that they got and in a very short while the characters began to appear.

We were rather disappointed when the ship was delayed in Guzz as we had just got the sharp end looking tiddly and we knew what dockyard smoke could do. Having been in commission three weeks we wanted to get away and get started on the commission proper. However we were mollified by a few days leave and while the Commander was away we managed to 'hard stop' "B" turret.

Our work-up was a three weeks' grind, interspersed with wild weekends in Malta and many a run down the 'Gut'. To our great joy and to the D.O.'s in particular, "A" turret actually fired. The fact that it was like a mad-house inside, in no way affected its efficiency. Also we were getting to know each other rather better. I have been told that certain of the Petty Officers actually unbent so far as to gallop a Garry up and down the main street, shooting imaginary Red Indians to the martial strains of "The Wild Colonial Boy". Others met the W.R.A.F. ashore at Marsax Loka and judging by the gleams in their eyes they were quite pleased with the arrangement. We were sorry to say goodbye to Bob Hope in Malta who left us to go native.

In the athletics held in Malta, Focsle did much better than either of the other Seaman divisions and Cole won a very good hundred yards.

At Port Said we changed from blues to shirts and sandals. At first many of us suffered badly from sunburn and both the Captains of Top went quite lame with sunburned feet. It was now that the Focslemen began to appreciate the awnings and the skylarking in the canvas swimming baths.

The tropical beauty of Trinco. left those, whose birthrights are brights, red plush covered bars and the music of muted trumpets, a trifle cold. However to the many who had never been to the tropics before, the bathing, the palm trees, and Nicholson Lodge were very much enjoyed. Other members appreciated their pints of 'Tiger' in the canteen. One of us actually climbed over his hammock into

the harbour. 'Sammy' the whale shark swam around but it seems that Gabby didn't appreciate him. The D.O.'s Welsh Choir managed to get in a couple of good runs, and later took part in the concert party.

The East African cruise was thoroughly enjoyed by everybody. The Concert Party was a great success in all its fourteen performances and the one and only 'Gabby' Hayes stole the show with "Cigareettes and whusky an' wild wild wimmin". Mauritius was a wonderful time and by the time we had reached Mombasa, Petty Officer McKinley and Leading Seaman Bourke had earned the title of the Focsle Grippio Kings. The leave party up to Nairobi was a heaven sent opportunity for the privileged few. They had a marvellous time up country; though the concert party say that they had to work very hard; and train journey back was also fun!

Dar-es-Salaam was the best run of the cruise for most people and this became increasingly obvious from the reluctance to come back on board. In fact rumour has it that two of our members returned in civvies via the hawse pipe. Two others had the strength of mind, or greenness, to drag themselves from the fleshpots and climb Kilimanjaro, and one says he reached the top.

Such is the fickleness of some of us, that those who kept saying "Oh lets go back to Mauritius" were the same as those who later said, "lets go back to the Seychelles". In fact one or two tried to get the D.O. to get them a, draft to LOCH KILLISPORT when they learnt what her cruise was going to be. Anyhow Seychelles is out of this world. I don't think that there is anyone who would not like to back to this unspoilt with its hospitable people:

Neptunus Rex et Imperator honoured our focsle by initiating the uninitiated mid water, flour, barbers, bears, hands, policemen and of course Queen Amphitrite, on the wooden deck by "A" turret.

Back to Trinco. to the hard work of JET. Then the glorious ten days at Diyatalawa, with tea in bed; daily dodging the flying golf balls (as many more matelots were playing golf on the same course at the same time than should have been possible); walks and a nightly sing-song in the canteen.

After Diyatalawa we got down to the serious business of the inter-parts. In soccer our very promising lead was lost after Percy Goodall broke his toe and Sails went sick. However our disappointment was made up for by beating the Somalis in the Hockey final.

We sailed for the Persian Gulf cruise after two days in Colombo, during which time we saw a big city for the first time in months. We sailed with a lot of brand new tattoos, glad to be getting a change and knowing that there were only four more months to Guzz. Roll on !

"OUR TOP DIVISION"

Divisional Officer

Lt. N.S. Phillips, R.N. (The Gaffer)

Captain of the Top

P.O.E.G.Sharman (The Foreman)

Divisional Petty Officer

P.O. D.C.Seignot (Assistant Foreman)

FOR those readers not acquainted with naval architecture, and I'm sure there will be many, let me explain that the `Top' of a ship is not the highest part but consists of the waistline - not as in Monroe because GAMBIA's vital measurements are 62: 62: 62: (feet, of course). It might be better described as the centre portion. The waistline is surmounted by a Boat deck and the latter by the Bofors Gun deck, which was at one time the roof of the aircraft hangars (pre jet-age of course) Accessories to match include boat booms, ladders, engine room boiler exhausts and intakes and other useless items, all of which add to the miseries of the 'Workmen' - the stalwarts who are responsible for the daily chores.

The highest part, the Bofors Gun deck - so high indeed that the `Foremen' rarely get up to it - is the site where groups of `workmen' gather for a `natter' and an unofficial smoke during working hours. It is a vantage point from which one can see for miles, or more particularly the `Gaffer' or `Foremen' approaching from afar - unless, of course, they have crept stealthily up the internal bridge ladders, which is unlikely as our bosses are rather past that sort of thing.

Looking backwards and downwards one sees the vast boat deck - invariably carrying unserviceable boats in which the workmen were hoping to go ashore. The centre-piece of this deck is a mechanical monster called a crane, which is fed regularly with black grease and which it occasionally disgorges on to the white suits of unsuspecting persons below. Once in a while the monster lifts the boats out and down into the water, whereupon some kind persons fill the empty space with swings, slides and see-saws, for the entertainment of the workmen (and even the old foreman).

Then when they tire, children from ashore get a chance to enjoy the ship's parties!

Under the boat deck, reaching backwards on either side of the engine and boiler room 'necessaries', are the `waists'. They extend from the galley to the `Promenade Deck,' in the rear, and consist of main pathways near which are the workshops. The latter are noted for leaving tell-tale marks of their industry in the form of backflash smoke from the incinerator, sawdust from the carpenters, anvil' dust from the blacksmiths, oil from the torpedoes and tubes and dirt, dirt and more DIRT!

Lest we forget - our chimneys! Both rising like magnificent memorials to the science of Shipbuilding. Around the base of each, the workmen can normally be found in cold climates trying to keep warm. In tropical climates, however, they become places where everything "that's in the way" or "will come in handy later" is placed. They are also the places where oiling hoses discharge `black gold' over our brilliant paintwork and on the spotless white screens which make the bases of our chimneys look natty.

This is our `Top.' Not for us the glories of hard-won sports trophies; startling seamanship with anchors and cables or the paint and brass of the `Promenade Deck', but the `centre portion' the 'waist' - call it what you will, at least it is the part where the work is happily done. Rarely are recommendations given. The `Gaffer' inspects at the wrong times; someone is always making a mess of `striking' oil from a ventilator pipe and the crane may decide not to lift any more, but when the `Workmen' finish work before inspections, entering foreign ports and the like, there's OUR TOP - immaculate !

WE'RE THE TOPMEN - THE WORKMEN



ELECTRICAL DIVISION

FOR most of the division the commission started as long ago as November 1954, when an understanding drafting authority gave us a good turnover with the last commission, thus ensuring that we knew quite a bit about equipment, and that most of it worked, by the time commissioning day came along. Subsequent delays were irksome, but by the time we sailed we'd managed to exchange all our Electrician's Mates for a knowledgeable bunch of Electrical Mechanics, as well as having some of our more fragile wiring replaced by helpful "maties". It also enabled us to start sorting out the lame and the skates since when butter would not melt in our mouths, and the "Jaunty" has e'er smiled on us.

The work-up period at Malta was fairly strenuous but there was time enough to put up a good show at the ship's athletic meeting, and to enjoy a divisional bus tour of the more interesting parts of the island. The remainder of the outward trip was uneventful, with great concentration on beard-growing, floodlight manufacture, and "routines", and trying to imagine how they used to pass their time during the last commission.

The big event on reaching Trinco was EM Geoghegan's wedding, at which he was assisted and encouraged by his mess-mates, and which gave us the distinction of being the only division with a "native."

The Pakistan Artificers who joined then for 6 months training, found their first precision job was to fit into the Electrical Messdeck. An interference fit however has been avoided by all-round tolerance, even under conditions of differential expansion and heat fatigue. They have worked in all sections of the department and we hope they've enjoyed their stay.

The East African cruise is a Kaleidoscopic

memory, retreat floodlighting, the power station tour, and frequent trips to Vacoas, in Mauritius; the lucky up-country party at Mombasa, and P.O. El. Pike's Mau-Mau (door) bolt-action fire arm; fireworks at Zanzibar; the tragic accident at Dar-es-Salaam which left E. A's Down, Addison, and Bartlett, in hospital, luckily to rejoin us later at Trinco, with inspiring stories of Electrical opportunities for time-expired men in East Africa; the divisional banyan in the Seychelles, where true discipline was evident, for when told to jump from the Cutter and swim ashore they all jumped - including the E.M. who couldn't swim; and Concert Party Electrics in all these places.

Jet was a strenuous time, enlivened by Provisional Examinations for some, and by games with the Delhi's Electrical Division, in which honour was satisfied; we won the soccer, they the hockey. After JET, Diyatalawa, and then the self maintenance period, with tours of Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa for the high-brows, and a heavily rained-on boating picnic for the low-brows; but most notable, the sporting programme, with the Electrical soccer team resplendent in its distinctive sportsgear bought by general subscription, largely raised by the efforts of C. E. A. Skilton (his device for getting blood from a stone is expected to win a Lott award).

Individual achievements have been many: C.R.E.A. Caiger promoted to Branch Rank; Rowlands and Carnell advanced to 1st class Mechanics; Bartlett and Hallett to 4th class Artificers; Ackford, Bence, Hughes and Rowe to P.O. Electricians; Morris, Ingram and Shepherd to Leading rating; while many others have qualified provisionally for advancement, G.C.E., H.E.T., E.T.1. and swimming.

THE SOMALIS

OUR thirty odd Somalis arrived onboard Gambia one dark snowy night in "Guzz" way back in April. The sight of them with their mountain of baggage, shivering in the cold despite large greatcoats obviously designed for one size of man and thus ludicrously big for the majority and far too small for the six footers, will remain with us for sometime. This of course depends on whether one can really recall the feeling of being cold, a hard task at Trincomalee where the sweat continually courses down one's face. However to return to the happy warriors from the N.E. of Africa, with their various customs and rituals. They have all impressed us with the ease at which they can get away with two Christmas's in the middle of summer, once on the East African cruise and once in Trincomalee. Then again their weekly singsongs have meant a lot to the upper seaman's messdeck, who gathered round to listen of an evening to the wild and fascinating music which would come vibrating up from the hatch leading below.

Of course their real achievement onboard, taking

sport for a moment, has been their success at hockey. For the Somali this has meant a great deal. He has been able to get ashore and thoroughly enjoy a good game against all comers. They have challenged everyone they could think of and on only a very few occasions were they beaten. When writing this they have reached the finals of the Interpart hockey, which is one better than they did in Newfoundland.

The man who has done a tremendous amount to keep everyone contented and free from squabbles is of course Noor Suliman, the Chief Tindal. The origin of Tindal no one seems to know, but this chief "one" really is a force to be reckoned with, that is if one ever does want to reckon with a force. He reached his fiftieth birthday during the East African cruise and yet he is as nimble as the best of us, especially where Tombola is concerned!

To sum up these Aden boys, with their camels and sheep at home awaiting their return; They have crossed the Line with due ceremony, they have climbed the masts with less, they have shown us good hockey, so let them remember that Gambia was best!



... CERTAIN BEARDED
PLAYERS'

SPORTS OFFICER'S ROUNDUP

THE commission started in typical West Country weather entailing the cancellation of many of the games arranged which proved very frustrating for all concerned and slowed up the all-important talent seeking operations.

The financial outlook, too, was gloomy and even a loan of £250 from the R.N. & R.M. Sports Control Board only enabled us to buy just enough gear to get along.

Once we left England the weather was right for sport but the opportunities few because of the work-up. Nevertheless, in Malta, we managed to get in quite a few games, including some at Kalafrana. Who of those present will ever forget the fag-end of a soccer team plus a few tennis players battling their way ashore in a fishing boat after boat traffic had been suspended?

The cricket season opened while we were at Malta, but not until Wednesday of the last week. By re-arranging the practice programme and thanks to the brilliant co-operation of the Met. Officer who let it rain all over the island except on Corrandino Hill, we slipped in a couple of trial games.

We were all very conscious at this time of the heavy demands which were going to be made on our representative teams during the East African cruise and of the very short stay in Trincomalee before the cruise started in which to get them settled.

The brief spell in Aden was packed with incident in all worlds, and in the sporting one a lot was done in the short time thanks to the willing and helpful cooperation of the R.A.F., who provided both grounds and transport without a murmur.

When we reached Trinco, it was heartening to see so many sports grounds and to find that the GAMBIA was given top priority on all of them; our need to get teams more or less settled before the cruise started having been appreciated in advance of our arrival. Inter part soccer and cricket leagues and an inter part hockey knock-out were started.

The only sports which we couldn't cater for were swimming and rugger and, as there had been no opportunity for these at Malta, we sailed on the cruise with only the Devonport knowledge of our rugger players and none at all of our swimmers to go on.

Mauritius soon showed that the players representing the ship were going to have an extremely strenuous time and we became very wary of accepting challenges for representative teams outside the official programme. Private games on a departmental level were encouraged and several took place, the limiting factor being the availability of grounds.

We did nearly everything at Mauritius, the soccer world being busiest as usual with three elevens as well as several departmental sides on the go. An unusual sport occurred on the first Sunday in June which was the opening of the "Chase" season and two parties headed by the Admiral and the Captain set out very early in the morning with guns under their arms and sympathy in their hearts. The expected massacre did not materialise, however, a running deer being surprisingly difficult to hit.

We will probably remember our sport in Mauritius more for the beauty of the setting and the hospitality of our hosts than for any particularly memorable matches. The Garrison Ground at Vacoas must surely be one of the loveliest outside England and rumour has it that other things than sport went on within the bounds of the Dodo Club at Curepipe. The combined bus tours cum soccer matches were also very popular.

The longest visit of the cruise - thirteen days at Mombasa - did not give enough time for everyone to do all that they wanted and our teams were somewhat unsettled by the GAMBIA'S attempt to colonise most of Kenya and to take over Nairobi complete during the second week. (I hear that Lt. Cdr. Vigrass is considering running for Mayor at the next elections, while R.P.O. Winter has been offered the job of Chief Constable and O.A. Dickinson is negotiating a contract with Nairobi Radio!)

Our swimmers took to the water in Mombasa for the first time after very inadequate opportunity for practice, and entered for the Swimming Gala at the Florida Baths - the Captain winning the veterans' race.

The soccer teams struck up a very pleasant liaison with the R.N. Armament Depot, whilst

enthusiastic opponents both for hockey and cricket were found in the Sikh Union and the Goan Institute. The Shell Company will be remembered with gratitude, not only for the games we played against them, but also for their kindness in providing transport on so many occasions.

The Sports Club lived up to its name by fielding teams against us at rugger, soccer, hockey, cricket, tennis and squash. The club was also the venue for the Rugger Dance and our players' training must have been set back at least ten days if the spirit in the changing room after matches carried on throughout the evening.

Only the boxers had yet to have a chance to show their skill and their opportunity came at our next port of call, Zanzibar. The three days spent there were slightly less strenuous than most and gave us a small breathing space before going on to Dar-es-Salaam (although probably the soccer players won't agree with this)

Three things stand out in my memory of Dar-es-Salaam; first the terribly exciting Rugby match which resulted in our winning the MacMichael Cup; second the cosmopolitan crowd of twenty sporting types who went off by train to Morogoro for the weekend, prepared, as a result of many conflicting signals, to play cricket, tennis, hockey, rugger or squash and, in fact, did most or all of these plus some pretty hectic social work as well; and last the ubiquitous Mr. Taylor, head of the Public Works Transport Department, who was always at Customs House jetty to see teams off in their transport and who always managed to be waiting to welcome them at their destination.

The centre of sporting life at Dar was the Gymkhana Club where we played soccer, cricket, rugger, hockey and tennis, and whose members were most hospitable both on the club premises and in their homes.

Four days rest at sea brought us to Mahe in the Seychelles and we entered an entirely different world unaffected by the rush of modern life, where the leisureliness of pre-war days still reigned.

The sporting world was active as the one combination soccer cum hockey cum cricket ground would allow. but in general we had a wonderful period of relative peace and quiet.

Back at Trincomalee inter part games had to take second place to trials to select the R.N. Teams for the very heavy inter Navy sporting programme which always runs parallel with the professional side of J. E. T. The GAMBIA's players formed the bulk of all the teams and acquitted themselves nobly.

No sooner was J. E. T. over than the first leave party disappeared to Diyatalawa to embark on

what for many must have been an entirely new sport - golf ! Although the Secretary of the Royal and Ancient might not have approved, it was an inspiring and unforgettable sight to see throngs of gaily dressed. 'Henry Cottons' fighting their way round the nine-hole course, displaying those qualities so essential to a fighting man - initiative, resource, enterprise and guts. Perhaps, the prize should go to Leading Seaman Yates who, though left handed, battled his way round with only a right handed driver.

'Hell-fire Corner' had nothing on the intersection of the third, fourth and ninth fairways, and war-time veterans were observed on occasions to blench under the hail of golf balls. Near misses were generally taken in good part but Staff Bandmaster Winchester was once heard to mutter something about golf etiquette after being nicely straddled.

SPORT ON THE PERSIAN GULF CRUISE

First stop Khot Kuwai on this our second cruise, and here the only sport that we could get was lurking the island goats as we exercised the ship's landing parties. But the brief respite was quickly over and when we arrived at Bahrein we found a large programme waiting for us once again. From Bahrein to Bombay we played everything from inter-part rigger to some magnificent games of softball, where our training at Trincomalee paid dividends in the end.

The grounds at Bahrein were but a foretaste of the type of pitch that we were to meet throughout the cruise, and we were lucky to escape without more injuries on the pebble and rock-strewn sands. Bahrein also saw, virtually, the end of the inter-part football league when the Communications drew with the Quarterdeck division thus ensuring that they could not be beaten. (At the time of writing the result of this competition is not yet decided and the Q.D. can still draw with the Comms.)

On our way down from Baera the pace started quickening and the number of fixtures at Abadan, Karachi and Bombay was formidable. At Abadan the boxing team once again had a match. The opposition was, however, much too strong and we finished the contest without winning a single

When both parties were back from Diyat, the inter part competitions got into full swing and the Foxle won the knock-out hockey from the Somalis just before the Persian Gulf cruise. Singles and doubles tennis tournaments were held and representative soccer, hockey and cricket matches were squeezed in for good measure.

During the visit to Trinco. of the U.S.S. Greenwich Bay, one of their officers very kindly ran an instructional soft-ball session and the seed was sown from which we confidently hoped would grow a team to do battle in the Persian Gulf.

Preliminary began during this period for the regatta to be held in Karachi versus the R.P.N., but we only had one whaler on the go and training was confined to non-working hours. Nevertheless a number of hands and seats received a preliminary toughening.

fight. In the Athletics, which was arranged there, we were also beaten but not by a very wide margin and there were some Olympic runners on the other side. At hockey and football, keen games were played and we treasure the photograph of the Captains of the Hockey teams exchanging bouquets of flowers before a rather vigorous match was started.

On to Karachi, where a good evening's boxing against the R.P.N. was enjoyed by the largest number of spectators we have seen from the ship since the start of the commission. The regatta was held here on the 5th December. Our crews had been training since we left Trincomalee on the 19th October, but training from a ship will never be as successful as from a shore establishment and, although we don't want to make excuses for our performance, we weren't half as well trained as the Bahadur crews who won the regatta quite easily. We came second and I am sure all our crews were thankful that they had not been taught the extraordinary stroke that the Pakistanis used.

And so back to Trincomalee and the rain, for some more football, hockey and rigger. When we look back on this commission, I am sure the Persian Gulf cruise will be considered to have been the hardest from the sporting point of view, but nevertheless extremely enjoyable.



CRICKET



Officers versus Ship's Company at Trincomalee

CRICKET was played enthusiastically and supported well throughout the commission and the standard achieved by the 1st XI was very high.

The first trial games were held at Malta during the work-up period. Two trials were played but even so it was not possible to give everyone a game and it was soon realised that competition was keen and that selection of the Ship's Team was not going to be an easy job.

Aden saw us playing our first match and also gave us a taste of real heat. In this game we held the R.A.F. to a tightly fought draw.

Trincomalee found us practising hard and playing all the local teams with some success. GAMBIA'S side was now becoming established and something to be reckoned with.

The East African Cruise gave us a lot of Cricket on every type of wicket and in many different

surroundings. Perhaps the most memorable of all was the match we played at Vacoas, Mauritius, on a beautiful turf wicket in what surely must be one of the most ideal settings for a cricket ground anywhere. Everything was right and the hospitality we received that day was exceptional. We won a very keen match in spite of the fact that many members of the team had been up until 5 a.m. the night before! But such was the kindness and spirit of our hosts that win or lose it would have made no difference to our enjoyment of the day's cricket. Leading Signalman Murphy took 8 wickets for 22 runs - a very good performance.

The ship also produced teams from first to third elevens to play at Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam and the Seychelles, all of which were thoroughly enjoyed. R.P.O. Winter had a 'benefit' match against the Mombasa Sports Club where he scored 53 runs and also took 4 wickets for 25 runs - truly a commendable performance.

Shortly after our return to Trincomalee, J.E.T. started and for the inter Navy games GAMBIA was able to produce five regular players for the R.N. contingent *and* the chairman of the selection committee!?! - to say nothing of the resident umpire.

After J.E.T. we all enjoyed leave up country at Diyatalawa where each watch had an exciting day's cricket against Mr. Villier's XI. At one match Chief E.R.A.Kent, who has done much sterling work as a regular opening batsman, arrived without his spectacles - an essential item - and the Captain who was watching said "I'm sorry to see you are not playing Kent - I believe you have forgotten your glasses". "Yes Sir" said Kent "but I'm keeping my hand in - I'm the umpire" !

In the other match spirits were so high after a very good lunch that the fielding captain was seen to assist the other captain who was batting, by carrying him half way down the pitch to his crease to avoid being run out. Next over, he bowled him!

Before we left Trinco. for the Persian Gulf cruise we managed, after two draws, to beat the R.N. Police by three wickets, thus leaving no doubts in anyone's minds as to who were the cricket champions. Perhaps the most consistent batsman against this strong side was Lieutenant Phillips who skippers the team - he scored a duck on each occasion! But without doubt the best game at Trinco - perhaps of the whole commission - was the challenge match between the officers and the ship's company. The officers' side, captained by the Commander, lost to the ship's company, captained by R.P.O.Winter, by 14 runs. Much was lost by worry on both sides but much was gained from locally-produced 'Tiger'. This particular game will long be remembered by those who took part for the spirit in which it was played and

the hospitality given to the ship's team by the officers - not to mention the photograph taken of our umpire!

Brief mention must be made of the other members of the ship's side - Commander Lee, whose support and keenness was matched by a particularly valuable innings of 44 against the Royal Ceylon Navy when it was most needed. Major Knight, who could always be relied on for twenty or thirty runs, both on the field and in the bar! The Triplets - R.P.O.Winter, Chief E.R.A.Kent and Chief E.R.A. Finnigan whose loyalty was an inspiration throughout. At the time of writing, Finnigan goes into the century-makers class (minus two - bad luck!).

The Midshipmen - Ellis, our keen stumper; Bowyer-Tagg, who bats and bowls and whose fielding would grace any county field; Shaw and Blair, newcomers to the ship and side, both of whom are well established with a 56 and 85 respectively. Ldg. Signalman Murphy whose 'Tweeters' were often so heartbreaking and who invariably made our tail wag. Perkins for his support - he seldom, if ever, missed a match. Lieutenant Phillips, the skipper, whose motto "By guess and by willow", only lost the toss twice. Surgeon Commander Wilson who umpired throughout - if his finger went up against you, you knew there was no doubt. P.O.Kinrade, our scorer - to him goes all our thanks, for his enthusiasm and for the way in which he always looked after the gear and organised its disposal after the match.

Mention must also be made of the many others who played for the ship so willingly and sometimes so often, but who didn't quite make their positions permanent.

We all agree, surely, that this was a good cricketing ship.

