



H.M. YACHT BRITANNIA

Voyage
Round the World
1956 - 1957



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1957







You will find, on the pages which follow, an account of the voyage round the world of H.M. Yacht BRITANNIA after she left Portsmouth Dockyard on 28th August, 1956, returning on 24th February, 1957.

This narrative has been compiled from the official diary of the voyage. It has been put together not only to serve as a memento to those of us who had the good fortune to sail in the Yacht on this historic cruise, but also to help us to recall our individual memories of the great variety of scenes and experiences which we shared with our Royal passengers over almost 40,000 miles of many of the oceans and seas of the world.

This account covers, in chronological order, BRITANNIA'S preliminary voyage to Mombasa round the Cape of Good Hope, H.R.H. the Princess Margaret's East African cruise, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh's cruise to Australia and the Antarctic, H.M. the Queen's State Visit to Portugal, and the Yacht's final return passage to Portsmouth.

H. D. N.

J. M. F.

R. D.

*Portsmouth,
February, 1957*

Voyage from Portsmouth to Mombasa by Cape of Good Hope

I T I N E R A R Y

ARRIVE	PLACE	DEPART	DISTANCE
	PORTSMOUTH ..	1630 28th August ..	—
0830 4th September	FREETOWN ..	1700 4th September	2,857
1730 9th September	LOANDA ..	2225 9th September	2,055
1830 13th September	CAPETOWN ..	0730 15th September	1,627
1700 21st September	MOMBASA ..		2,692
			9,231

A SHORT BACK HISTORY

Before our sailing date, many changes of programme had taken place from the plan which started to emerge in some detail in the early days of 1956.

Originally we were to have been away for some four months, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh joining us in the Indian Ocean and his cruise taking us down to Australia for the Olympic Games in Melbourne, calling at many places on the way, then through the Roaring Forties and Fifties on to Antarctica, returning home up the middle of the South Atlantic calling at those islands which are only shown as dots in the atlas, H.R.H. finally disembarking at Bathurst in Gambia.

Then, some four months before we left, we were given the good news that Princess Margaret would join the Yacht at Mombasa in Kenya and carry out the first two and a half weeks of her East African cruise on board before the Duke embarked. This involved a corresponding increase in the length of our cruise but none of us minded that.

The last major pre-sailing change, brought about by the Egyptians being tiresome over the Suez Canal, made it necessary to sail to Mombasa via the Cape, thus bringing the wardroom's newest member back to a well trodden stamping ground sooner than he had bargained for.

The final major programme change was announced when we were half-way to Australia. To our great delight, we were told that H.M. the Queen would embark in the Yacht at the end of the Duke of Edinburgh's cruise and make a State Visit to Portugal. This last change brought our voyage up to its six month's duration.

SOME OF THE PREPARATIONS

Apart from the need to write several months ahead to a score of Governors and local port authorities in the places we were to visit, there was the considerable problem of what quantity of stores and spares we should carry to ensure that we did not break down in some out-of-the-way place because we did not have enough bolts of the right size or something like that. Clearly, it was possible to go mad and try and cover every contingency, sailing with about six inches of freeboard and no room to sling a hammock. In the end, as is usual in British ventures, we compromised and sailed some 90 tons heavier than we had been before. 25 tons of this was beer, but after all a chap must have something to drink and there were 500 string vests, but then a chap must keep warm amid the snow and ice! We took some ice-picks in case of severe weather but not the shovels to clear the snow and had to make some ourselves after the first fall of snow on Christmas Day.

Certain special equipment had to be fitted, such as a wireless set capable of allowing the Duke of Edinburgh to make a Christmas Day broadcast, and a Bathythermograph so that we could collect information for the Royal Oceanographic Society. There were scores of books and gramophone records to be embarked, together with a variety of handicraft materials to keep us amused.

We added Petty Officer Reeves to our complement to keep us fit, Surgeon-Commander O'Brien to cut us up if we were not fit and Lieutenant Baird, R.A.N., four Australian ratings and two New Zealand ratings to show us round the bazaars in their own countries.

We sailed with our storerooms bulging; many compartments not designed as storerooms on the Yacht's drawings were full of our necessities, space was even

found to stow the "strainers" which we hoped would prevent kelp being sucked from the sea-bed of Port Stanley, and surrounding parts, into the pump suction.

In the end, everything went according to plan - once the plan had been modified to suit the occasion.

And so the six months or more of crystal gazing, inevitably and happily interrupted by our Summer Royal Duty, came to an end. Many of the fruits of this planning and preparation appeared during our last week in Portsmouth after the Western Isles cruise. Those who had expected a week of relaxation were disappointed, as stores poured into "B" lock in a seemingly never ending stream. It was a case of all hands to the plough and somehow, almost miraculously, the piles diminished and the various stores disappeared up the almost vertical brow. The Yacht began to sit lower in the water and those responsible breathed sighs of relief as the crates of milk and butter, the sacks of spuds and cabbage, the Senior Engineer's rabbits and the Chief Yeoman's paper all reached their proper destination in the bowels of the Yacht. Eventually everything was on board and, after a week which few will ever want to repeat, we were ready to sail- WE HOPED!

WE SAIL

At last the day for which we had been planning for so many months arrived, Tuesday, 28th August, 1956, when we were to set off round the world.

We all woke up on that rather blustery morning with a sense of anticipation which was rapidly turned to amused derision when a writer in a morning paper suggested that the *Rock and Roll* Yacht was not sufficiently seaworthy to undertake such a voyage.

BRITANNIA was towed out of "B" Lock at 4.45 p.m. to the accompanying twang of a parted wire which, according to the papers, nearly killed several dockyard mateys, but failed even to startle some of our wives and children standing a few yards away!

Quite a large crowd of friends and relatives had assembled at the Sally Port to see us go out. Included among them were the remaining members of the Ports-

mouth Group R.M. Band dressed in plain clothes and playing us *Au Revoir* with Rock and Roll music.

Our last, if not biggest, cheer came from *Mariota*, the Admiral's own yacht near the Outer Spit Buoy, skippered by Commander Robin Graham who, while still our Navigating Officer, had planned so much of our voyage. With him were Lieutenant Mike Barrow, who had left us that day, and three of our wives.

After clearing the Needles we set off for Ushant at 19 knots. We had little time to spare if we were to arrive at Mombasa on time, and it would mean keeping up 18 knots most of the way.

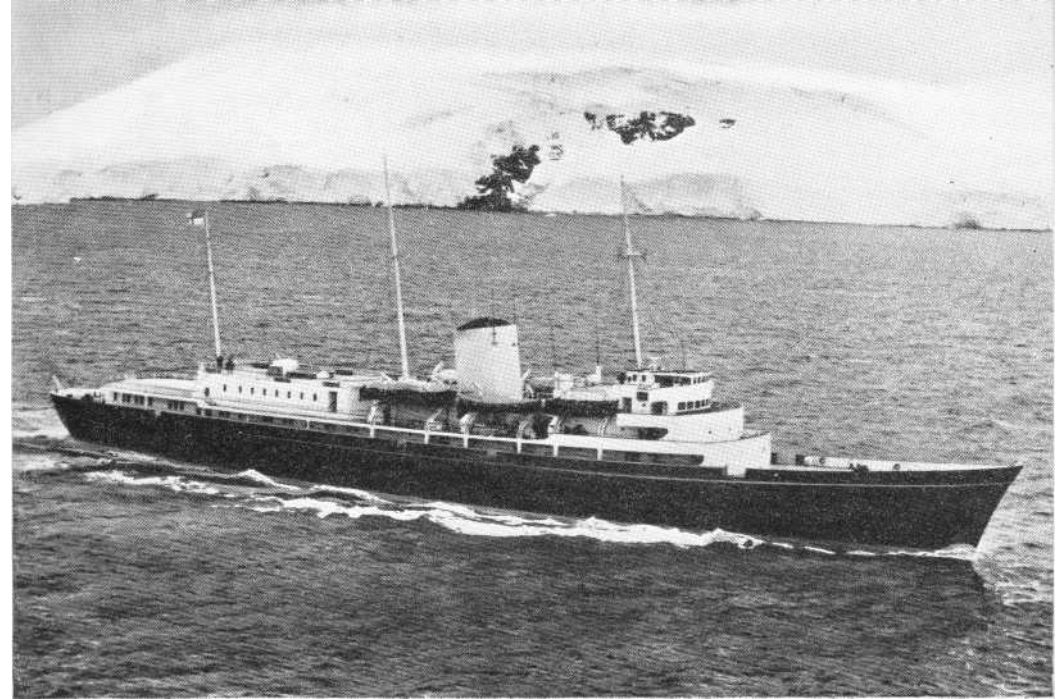
OUTWARD BOUND TO FREETOWN, SIERRA LEONE

Tuesday, 28th August - Tuesday, 4th September

The weather was kind to us across the Bay and the first few days of the passage saw the start of many of the activities which were to become part of our lives for the next few months. Musical P.T. and deck hockey became a way of expending our energies after tea, together with deck tennis for those who preferred to be less violent in their exercise. Indoor games, such as Ludo, reached such a pitch that the Communications messdeck later found it necessary to purchase a silver cup, which was suitably engraved. Meantime, they played for a wine glass covered in silver paper.

Having passed the Canary Islands and gone into tropical rig, the swimming baths were rigged, that on the focsle becoming occupied very soon by a lone flying-fish. The weather had been warm enough before this however to start showing the cinema on the focsle. Another focsle activity to be seen was the M.(E)'s pyramid-making team - perhaps more correctly pyramid-destroying team, because they were more often than not to be found in a heap on the deck!

Very early on, the Officer of the Watch on the Bridge could be observed surrounded by log books in which details of birds sighted, whales seen and weather experienced had to be recorded, together with other records of water-sampling, bathythermograph dips and deep echosounding.



A FORETASTE OF WHAT WAS TO COME

**Taken from H.M.S. Protector's Helicopter in
the Neumayer Channel off Graham Land**





'CROSSING THE LINE' AWARD WINNERS



APPROACHING CAPETOWN

Our first whale was sighted on the second day out. Three days later we sighted the biggest school of porpoises many of us had ever seen; it must have been over half a mile long and some thousands strong.

For some reason best known to themselves, half-way through this trip, the officers took it into their heads to paint out the wardroom anteroom. By midday there was the most fearful mess, but by sundown, Mr Young and Chief Painter Dore had managed to rectify most of the damage. One of the nicer sights was that of a bare-footed First Lieutenant shampooing the carpet on the focsle with Tide and a Dixon deck scrubber before an initially derisive, but finally admiring, audience.

FREETOWN

Tuesday, 4th September

At dawn on 4th September, many of us caught our first glimpse of Equatorial Africa, with the high ground shrouded in cloud and the promise of rain and a hot and sticky day to come. Our berth was a rather fragile looking jetty surrounded by oil pipes and tanks, and out of sight of the town. Almost immediately, the inevitable "bum boats" added colour to the scene and one brave even set up shop on the jetty to do a roaring trade in small knick-knacks. This was an operational visit of some ten hours to refuel, but it provided an opportunity for some eighty or ninety of us to go into the town and to the bathing beach. It was disappointing that there was so little to buy. Unfortunately we were nowhere near the border over which it is said that a few million pounds' worth of illicit diamonds disappear each year.

ON PASSAGE TO LOANDA, PORTUGUESE WEST AFRICA

Tuesday, 4th - Sunday, 9th September

The highlight of this trip was the "Crossing of the Line" ceremony. Work on the scripts and costumes had started a week or so before the event. We actually crossed the Equator at 12-30 p.m. on Friday, 7th September. Dolphinius, Clerk of King Neptune's Court, whose voice sounded very like that of Chief Petty Officer Goddard, boarded BRITANNIA on Thursday evening to read the

Proclamation of the Assembly and to present a sheaf of summonses for some 120 officers and yachtsmen, who had not previously entered King Neptune's Kingdom, to appear before His Majesty and his Court on the morrow.

The morning of Friday dawned grey and cold with a prospect of rain. In view of the type of ceremony, it was decided to ask King Neptune to postpone his arrival until the afternoon, in the hope of better weather. This decision was well justified as, soon after midday, the sun broke through and at 1.15 p.m. we were able to turn our stern to a southerly wind and thus provide calm and warm conditions on the focsle. Those of the Yacht's company who were Freemen of King Neptune's Kingdom assembled to watch from the bridge. The strong contingent of novices were mustered on the starboard side of the focsle, Commander John Adams being the senior offender for having avoided paying homage for 20 years of man's time, and Steward Hamilton being one of the youngest offenders for deigning to enter His Majesty's waters on his 20th birthday.

The proceedings started at 1.40 p.m. and continued in the time-honoured way as we steamed slowly north across the Equator once more. The Royal Guard were a success because the Senior Engineer nearly blew the Deputy Supply Officer's face off in the "feu de joie." All the novices were heartily ducked by Able Seaman Ivory and the other bears. The Bosu'n as the King, Marine Lewis as his lady Queen and the whole of their court soon lost their dignified look as they, too, were propelled through the air into the bath. At about this time most of the Freemen were seen to slide away and change into older clothes. By tea-time, nearly everyone except the Admiral and the Officer of the Watch had been ducked for no reason other than that it was all great fun.

The party closed with the emptying of the bath to the accompaniment of a number of hoses sweeping the bridges and focsle with great effect and, the ceremony over, we turned away to the south once more to cross the Line for the third time that day.

After that excitement, we steamed peacefully on to Loanda, having experienced very un-equator like weather

most of the time. As we approached Loanda - one of the oldest towns in West Africa - and came within sight of its red cliffs dotted with old mine workings, we were met by another very large school of porpoises which escorted us for a long way, even though we were doing about 12 knots.

LOANDA

Sunday, 9th September

Again our reason for the visit was to refuel, but this time we only stayed for six hours, leaving after dark at 10.30 p.m. Although the town was clean and modern, 80% of it having been built since the war, there was not much temptation to stay there longer, the price of a meal and a glass of beer being what it was.

ON PASSAGE TO CAPETOWN

Sunday, 9th - Thursday, 13th September

The day after we left Loanda we ran into a heavy swell and a strongish wind which was more or less heading us. It was extremely uncomfortable all the way to Capetown and made most of us feel very lethargic and off our food - except for those who were in 29 Mess with Signalman Reason as their Leading Hand!

It seems unreal to look back on it now, but at the time, we were desperately afraid that because of Colonel Nasser, we might not have got further than Capetown. We felt so pessimistic about the effect of the emergency on the plans for the voyage that the heads of departments drew up a memorandum setting out the action to be taken within the various alternatives that could be foreseen. The side bets on what might happen were nobody's business, and someone even suggested that it might not be too unpleasant to lay up at Simonstown for a few months.

And so we went back into blues and tried to face our breakfasts.

CAPETOWN

Thursday, 13th - Saturday, 15th September

We had deliberately forced on at 19½ knots from

Loanda in order to be able to give each watch an evening ashore in Capetown.

At tea-time on Thursday the 13th September, we came down to 12 knots and enjoyed the approach to Table Mountain, one of the finest landfalls in the world, on a glorious sunny evening with a fresh breeze and blue sky.

We berthed at Duncan Dock at 6.20 p.m. with a surprisingly large crowd to see our arrival. A large number of yachtsmen went ashore that night, either to renew old friendships or to sample the hospitality for which Capetown is so justly famous. The next morning the Admiral went ashore to return official calls and to give a Press conference. He must have charmed his interrogators because the reception which the Press gave to us was very refreshing.

The Capetown Corporation were most kind, and on the Friday arranged a bus tour up the Peninsula for sixty yachtsmen. They were given a splendid lunch at Muizenburg, and afterwards taken to Cape Point and back via Hunt Bay and Chapman's Peak. Others went inland with friends, and all enjoyed the magnificent scenery. The Corporation were also kind enough to ask most of the wardroom to a buffet luncheon in the Mayor's parlour, which was beautifully panelled in a variety of shades of that now rare timber, Stinkwood - fortunately, it only stinks when it is newly cut.

We left at 7.30 a.m. on the Saturday morning with half the wardroom and Chief Petty Officers' mess looking extremely second-hand for some reason or another. There were some who had no reason for feeling well on Friday morning if the truth were known, although one of them was surprisingly photogenic - or perhaps it was the flag behind him that was in focus !

Before we sailed, a lovely consignment of those flowers which Princess Margaret likes so much, the South African Protea, was put on board to surprise her when she joined us at Mombasa.

ON PASSAGE TO MOMBASA

Saturday, 15th - Friday, 21st September

We set off at 18½ knots and went straight into a

force 7 wind and a heavy south-westerly swell. We had been asked to steam past Port Elizabeth, East London and Durban close inshore in daylight and so this speed was necessary. In the event, owing to a diversion, we did not reach East London until after dark, when we steamed past the port with the Yacht floodlit with great effect.

The diversion was our response to a distress signal from the S.S. *Inch Douglas* at 8.20 a.m. on the 16th September when we were entering Port Elizabeth bay, to say that one of their crew had been washed overboard, and because of mountainous seas they were unable to manoeuvre and search for him. We set off 60 miles to the southward to look for him in the position reported by the *Inch Douglas*. The wind was blowing force 7-8 and there was a heavy swell and confused sea, but the Yacht was able to manoeuvre without difficulty; it seemed surprising indeed that a vessel some 2,000 tons larger should find such difficulty. When at 12.30 p.m. the *Inch Douglas* reported her position to be 57 miles S.W. of the originally reported position, and that she was still hove to with the man possibly some 6 miles astern of her, it became clear that any further search was fruitless. It would have taken us three and a half hours to reach her newly reported position and by that time a man who had been in the water for eight hours in such seas could not have survived..

We steamed close inshore to Durban the next day. Several launches came out to meet us and three aircraft circled at very low altitudes, taking photographs and waving. Several hundred cars and a very large number of people were gathered along the shore to see us. It would have been nice to have looked in on them for a day or so.

We then set course for the Mozambique Channel and the weather improved. On the third day out, the Senior Engineer and a party of M.(E)'s were to be seen on the focsle, getting redder in the face as the day wore on, erecting our very well equipped stage. Petty Officer Electrician Edwards found that the spray coming over the bows turned his lighting equipment into a shock-making machine and so gave up until the next day.

The concert on the following day, each turn having only had forty-eight hours to be invented and rehearsed, was a great success and revealed a wide variety of talent, M.(E) Batten's Maori songs being a particular novelty.

Although many of us had left England expecting to get rather bored with three weeks at sea, so much seemed to go on that the time flew past. The last three days of the voyage were calm and sunny and allowed us to get the Yacht up into good shape to receive Princess Margaret.

Before arrival at Mombasa we went back into whites again and, with water rationing at an end, turned into the narrow and rocky entrance to the port, escorted by H.M.E.A.S. *Rosalind*.



H.R.H. The Princess Margaret's Cruise

ITINERARY

ARRIVE	PLACE	DEPART	DISTANCE	
0800	29th September	MOMBASA .. -	2200 23rd September	—
0930	5th October ..	MAURITIUS .. .	1900 1st October ..	1,577
0935	8th October ..	ZANZIBAR .. .	1315 7th October ..	1,412
0700	9th October ..	DAR-ES-SALAAM .. .	2000 8th October ..	45
		MOMBASA .. .	----	185

				3,219

This cruise, of just over two weeks' duration, comprised the first part of Princess Margaret's East African tour. We like to think that it was the least exacting part of Her Royal Highness's tour, because of the peace and quietness which she was able to enjoy on board in between visits. It was a great pleasure to all of us to have Princess Margaret and her Household with us; our only regret was that she could not be on board for longer than she was.

Mombasa gave Her Royal Highness a warm welcome as she drove through the gaily decorated streets, beneath that great archway of elephants' tusks, to arrive on board at 6 p.m. on Saturday, 22nd September.

BRITANNIA had arrived the previous morning, and we had had a preview of the freshly painted town and docks, the latter being policed by khaki-clad Askaris with scarlet fez and cummerbund. The squadron of yachts which sailed out to meet us, and the crowded sea-front, were a foretaste of the welcome which we received ashore. Many friendships made during that weekend were to be renewed on our return in October for some leave, although we did not know this at the time.

WE SAIL ON SUNDAY, 23rd SEPTEMBER

On the Sunday of our departure, before Princess Margaret attended morning service in the cathedral, the Mombasa Yacht Club paid a most impressive tribute to Her Royal Highness in a beautifully executed sail-past

and salute. Some thirty yachts took part, forming into three columns in line ahead, advancing across the harbour and saluting by letting fly sheets, before going about abreast of the verandah deck - a nicely timed manoeuvre which was perfectly performed.

The party given to Princess Margaret in the afternoon by the Arab women in purdah was quite unique and must have been fascinating - what a pity our sex debarred us from sharing her enjoyment of their charm and attraction.

By 10.30 p.m., when we sailed, a crowd had gathered on the dockside. They cheered as we slipped and made down the channel for the first stage of the cruise with the Yacht floodlit. The moon was up and shining fitfully through scudding clouds. As we drew close to the sea-front, with Princess Margaret on the Royal bridge, we realised that thousands of people were standing there in the darkness to watch Her Royal Highness's departure. It was to the repeated cheers of these unseen thousands, English, African and Indian, that we made our way out to sea - a very moving moment.

ON PASSAGE, MOMBASA TO MAURITIUS

Sunday, 23rd - Saturday, 29th September

From the moment of dropping the pilot off the turning buoy, we steamed at 16½ knots to the south-east in order to gain sufficient time to visit some of the outlying islands of the Seychelles group ; in particular Aldabra, Assumption and the Farquhar group.

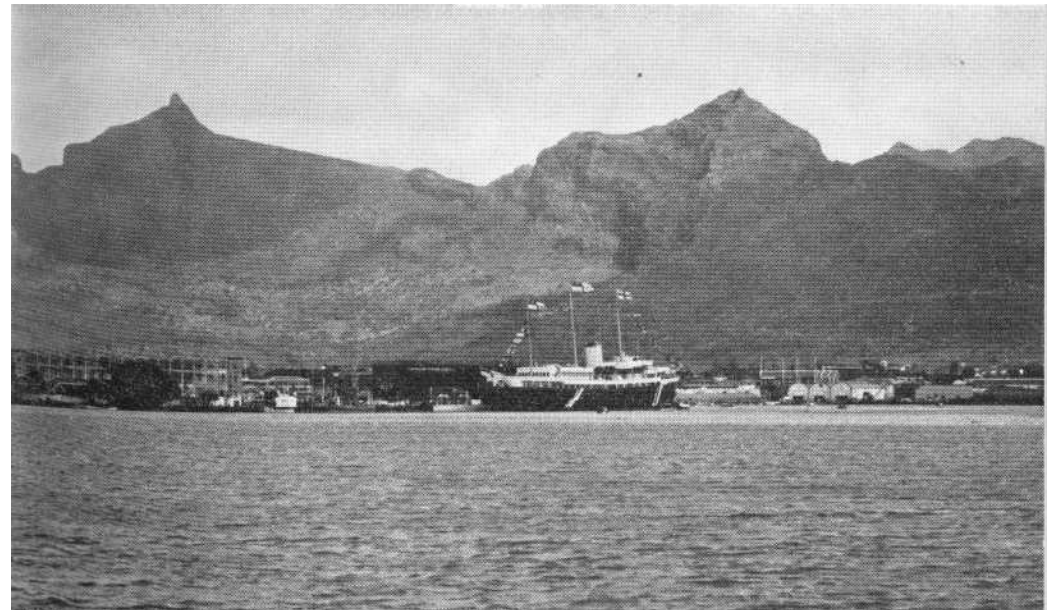
Princess Margaret was asked if she would like to see a concert party. The answer was definitely "Yes," and so preparations were started to give a show between Mauritius and Zanzibar.

We arrived at Aldabra Island on the morning of the 25th September, but, as landing proved impracticable, we moved on to Assumption Island in the afternoon where the Royal Party landed on a glorious beach. A bathing party of yachtsmen also went ashore further along the beach to act as a longstop in case the natives became too curious.

To many of us, this was our first sight of coral islands about which we had often read, whether in con-



PREPARING TO
GO ASHORE



ALONGSIDE AT MAURITIUS



"TWENTY TINY FINGERS" FOR PRINCESS MARGARET



CHEERING SCHOOL - CHILDREN - DAR-ES-SALAAM

nection with shipwreck or with dark-skinned beauties gently strumming on guitars. These islands made a lovely picture set in a sea of many shades of blue, the bright white coral sand being relieved with green shrub and topped with palm trees.

The bird log has a curious entry on this day. It says that "a large number of Red-footed Boobies in many stages of development" were sighted. One must suppose that in the course of time, this innocent entry is going to quicken the pulse of some ornithologist somewhere?

Her Royal Highness very kindly invited the wardroom and chief and petty officers to the cinema in the Royal dining-room that evening. Her confidence in our ability to maintain a high standard of conduct at all times was amply justified, because not one single article of that elegant furniture was smashed, although we enjoyed "Rock around the Clock" as much as anyone in Birmingham could have done!

After losing one hour's sleep that night, we arrived off the Farquhar Islands at noon on the 26th September. The Royal Party once again picnicked ashore on one of the island outcrops of this coral reef. Parties in the two jollyboats and motor cutter had a successful afternoon's fishing at the scene of Captain Cousteau's interesting stories about the world below the sea. A large school of big rays were seen around the Yacht before we left. A fishing competition had been instituted at about this time, the prize to be given towards the end of the world voyage for the heaviest individual catch.

We proceeded on to Mauritius at a leisurely 13½ knots in glorious sunny weather, putting in some time on the concert party rehearsals. The wardroom thoroughly enjoyed the dinner parties to which Princess Margaret was kind enough to invite groups of three or four officers in turn.

Towards the end of this passage, it was announced that His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh would now join us at Mombasa, the change of programme being such that we should spend seven days there before his arrival, allowing time to give three days' leave to each watch.

PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS

Saturday, 29th September - Monday, 1st October

We made our landfall at dawn on Saturday, 29th September, and, because of unexpected currents, had to increase speed to 20 knots to avoid being late.

The approach to Port Louis is always an impressive one, with the bare volcanic hills rising steeply behind the white houses of the town; the picture this time being completed by a fleet of yachts tacking in formation in the early morning sun. It was unfortunate that our high speed left them so quickly some miles astern.

We berthed neatly at 8 a.m. and at 10.25 a.m. Princess Margaret went ashore in the Royal barge, landing at Customs House Steps, to live at Le Reduit, the Governor's lovely house, during her stay.

Her Royal Highness received a tremendous ovation and the great enthusiasm of the crowd was almost too much for the police, the many hand-prints on her car bearing witness to a scene throughout which Princess Margaret remained smiling and composed.

The Garrison very kindly arranged a number of beds up at Vacoas so that Yachtsmen who so wished could have a night in the cool. They also played us at soccer, cricket and indoor hockey, a sort of deck hockey played in a gymnasium with a wooden puck.

Thirty Yachtsmen enjoyed a bus tour of the island which included a visit to a sugar factory and a welcome swim. We were told that in the factory was some of the heaviest steam-driven machinery in the world. Whether this claim is correct or not, the economy of the whole process was interesting, the boiler fires being fed by the crushed cane from which the sugar had been extracted.

We also sailed against the Grande Baie Yacht Club in their very attractive surroundings at the northern end of the island.

Many of us found time on Saturday afternoon to go to the races where some 90,000 people in highly coloured clothes made a gay spectacle in the bright sunlight. The roar of welcome from those many throats as Princess Margaret drove round the course, a picture of freshness

and beauty, made us all feel proud to have been associated in our small way with the scene. This is the oldest existing race-track in the world and must also be unique in having its race cards printed on silk.

After a number of private parties, the success of the Gymkhana Club dance for the officers on Saturday night was witnessed by the poor performance of those who subsequently took part in Sunday's sporting fixtures.

Her Royal Highness re-embarked on Monday evening, and at 7 p.m. we slipped, turned slowly on our heel and headed for the sea in a manoeuvre which no ship had completed before in this restricted berth without the use of tugs.

As we gathered way in the darkness, surrounded by small boats, and to the cheers of the crews of merchant ships as we passed by, a fitting climax to this colourful weekend was provided by the salute of rockets and flares sent up from the ships at anchor. It would be unjust to suggest that the masters, chief officers and chief engineers were merely continuing the party which had started before lunch in the Yacht's wardroom, since, as if triggered off by their flares, more rockets rose lazily above the town falling in a thousand stars against the dark background of the hills. This spectacle was closely followed by terrific flashes as two dumps of old cordite were ignited. The whole sky was dark one minute and the next, light as day, outlining the craggy hills and old crater rim which are symbolic of the island.

And so we set course for Zanzibar with memories of that wonderful and spectacular farewell.

ON PASSAGE, MAURITIUS TO ZANZIBAR

Monday, 1st - Friday, 5th October

The next three days saw us busy with concert party rehearsals, Lieutenant-Commanders Ash and Balfour becoming more and more gloomy as the time sped by and everyone else assuring them in the time-honoured way that "it would be all right on the night."

Others, who were not involved, shared the focsle and other vantage points carefully turning their torsos in the sun's rays to obtain that even colour which all hand-