

rabbits were purchased and to the music of the Royal Marine Band on *Triumph's* upper deck, we sailed for Portsmouth on December 28th.

Gan, Aden, the Suez Canal, an A.A. shoot off Malta; all were rapidly ticked off. Then Gibraltar for the final run ashore. The passage from Gib. to Portsmouth was broken at Brest to embark Admiral Sir John Frewen, C-in-C Home Fleet, who was returning from a N.A.T.O. meeting.

Eventually, on a chilly January 24th, we berthed alongside South Railway Jetty to rejoin our families, go on leave and start yet another maintenance period. Things settled into the familiar dockyard routine and as always after a long operational period, it was very frustrating watching our tidily work scratched and chipped, greasy and going rusty.

On March 8th, Captain Eveleigh performed virtually his last official ceremony as Commanding Officer, when



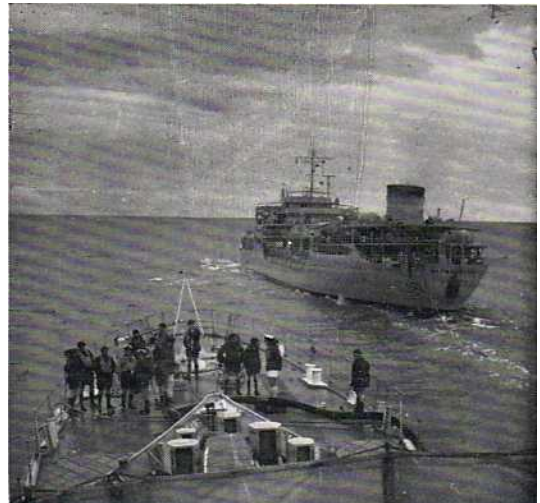
*Ch.M. (E) Mervyn receives the Guide Dog Trophy*

he presented a cheque for £250 to a representative of the Guide Dog for the Blind Association. Our new Commanding Officer joined the following day and Captain Eveleigh departed for some well-earned leave before taking up his new appointment at Bath. Commander James relieved Lieutenant Commander Robertson as M.E.O. on March 16th, and three weeks after Lieutenant Commander Hamill-Stewart arrived to take on the task of First Lieutenant. Not, however, before Lieutenant Commander Miles gained the distinction of having his second family christened on board this commission. His eldest son was christened in December 1965.



*Mind your head.  
Capt. Goodhugh joins to relieve Capt. Eveleigh at Portsmouth*

Now came a lengthy period of testing, tuning and sea trials and some General Service leave to each watch. Eventually after several false starts we left Portsmouth once more, bound for five days weapon

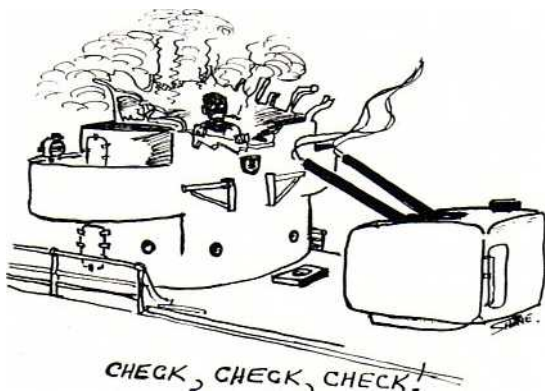


*Hope the weather's better than this in Bermuda.  
R.A.S. on route to the West Indies*

training at Portland thence to Bermuda to start the West Indies leg of the commission. Swimming, sun-bathing and exploratory runs to Hamilton were soon in full swing, and mopeds (Bermuda's main means of transport) stood patiently on the jetty by the dozen, like cowboys' horses hitched outside a saloon.

After a few days acclimatisation, we sailed to perform our first task on the station. The Bermudian Government, having bought a new tug and wanting to dispose of the old one, asked us to sink her in deep water eight miles south of Bermuda. With Sea Cadets and the local press embarked we took up position while the Gunnery department sorted out some real, live, genuine, explosive type, hole-making H.E. shells.

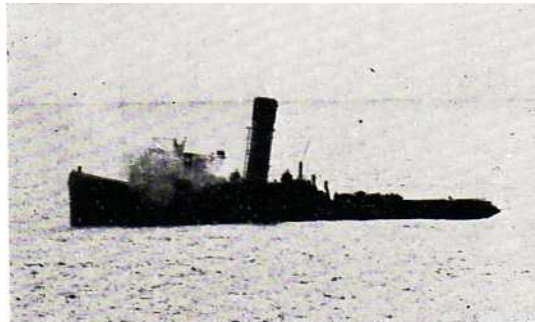
To avoid wasting ammunition we opened fire at 1,500 yards and it was quickly realised, after half a dozen splashes were seen several miles away, that the only way to get the turret lined up in elevation at such short range was to use local control at the gun. Thus



Leading Seaman Hind can probably claim to be the only Captain of a Turret for many years who, despite the modern Navy's electronics, has visually aimed and manually fired a 4.5" turret with the successful intention of sinking a surface vessel.

The old tug eventually went down, bows first, and a final salvo of mortar bombs sped her on the way to the bottom. As a fitting end, and almost like a gesture of defiance, the name board "Justice" came floating past the ship's side and was recovered. One could almost see the pressmen mentally writing such phrases as "the name lives on" or "the ship that wouldn't die" and "Justice conquers".

Departing the area after landing our passengers, we met *H.M.S. Mohawk* and assumed the duties of Bahamas guardship.



*Justice gets done*

Then followed in fairly rapid succession, three days in Freeport, Grand Bahama, several days patrolling through the cays and two days in Key West U.S. Naval Base, Florida.

The tasks of a ship on the West Indies station are varied and include hurricane relief, preventing anti-Castro elements from using British territory as a jumping off point for terrorist activities in Cuba, giving aid to Cuban refugees attempting to get to Florida - usually in small unseaworthy boats, and preventing the illegal poaching of crawfish from Bahamian waters. Our activities on patrol were limited to catching a few poachers (which resulted in fresh crawfish gracing the menu).

For some time we had been having a certain amount of trouble with our boilers and the Ministry of Defence flew a boiler expert out to us to investigate and report. As a result of his report, the M.O.D. decided to sail us for the U.K., where some necessary repair work could be carried out. This was a great disappointment to most people; we had been looking forward to having some good runs ashore in a part of the world that very few of the ship's company had been to before.

However, after short stops in Freeport, Bermuda and the Azores, we arrived in Portsmouth on August 18th. At the time of going to press, the intention is to spend two weeks in Portsmouth before going to Devonport, where the boiler repairs are to be carried out. There the first phase of the new commission will join. Our programme for the remaining three months of this present commission is unknown, but we have hopes that it will be as interesting as the preceding two years or so. Who can tell? Whatever happens, it has been a good commission, and it is certain that in the years to come a lot of us are going to look back and wish we could do it again.

## Prawn Cocktails for All

Strange that a spot on the map should be enough to give one nightmares, strange, but for me very true.

I have never visited Mombasa, nor do I ever wish to do so, and yet even to think of the place is enough to give me the most hideous of dreams.

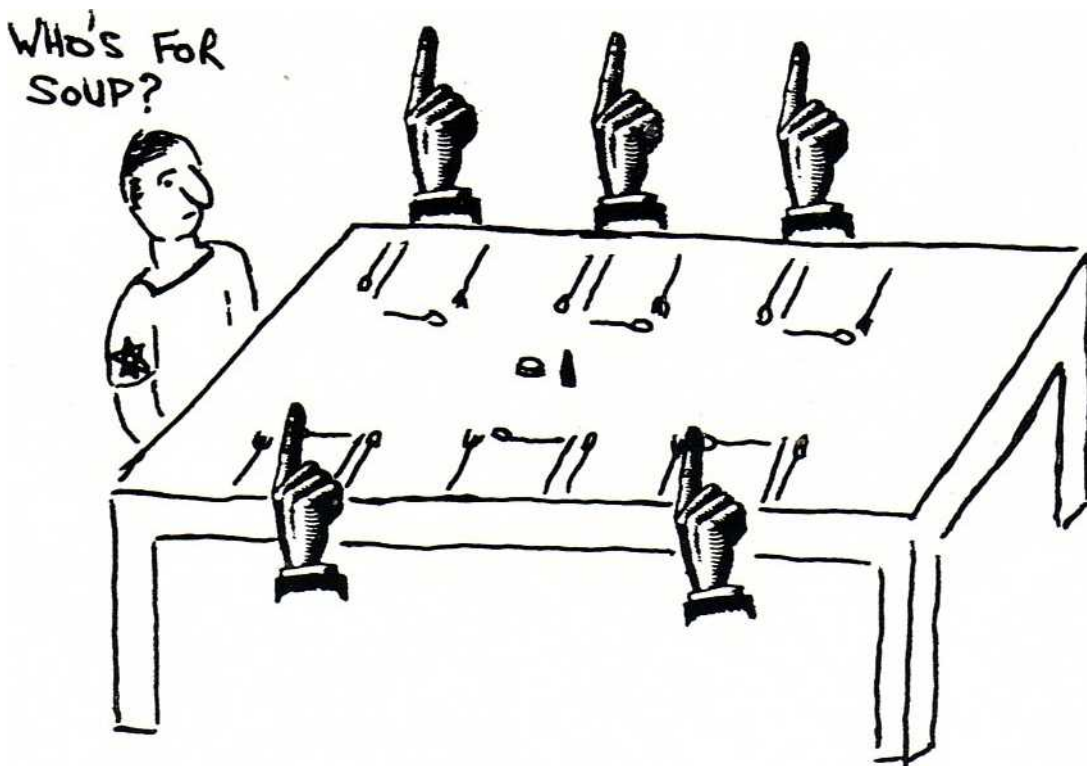
Let me tell you of these dreams, if I can steel myself to do so. In my dreams I am buried alive, buried alive beneath a cold, wet and smelly mountain, a mountain of prawns.

The ship was unfortunate enough (for me at least) to visit Mombasa in June 1966. This visit must have coincided with a bumper season for prawns in that part of the world, for my predecessor, bless his little cotton socks, embarked 500 lbs. of these Mombasa prawns. If we stop to think for a moment, this quantity represents some 100 meals, or a year's supply, under normal usage. However, as some members of the Ship's Company may recall, there were prawns for breakfast, prawns for dinner and prawns for supper.

Curried prawns, prawn chow mein, prawn salad, sweet and sour prawns and any other prawn dishes that your imagination can conjure up. Oh yes, the lads lived well, on prawns, until they had them popping out of their ears!

When I joined the ship in the February of 1967, I inherited a legacy of some 90 lbs. of the aforementioned fish, luxury at 10/6d. a pound! Luckily a small number of the Ship's Company were replaced by new, unsuspecting personnel so I have been able to palm off my heritage over the months. I am happy to say that my nightmares occur less frequently now and I hope, as the months and the years go by, they will cease completely. However, I think that if there are two words that are taboo in *LEANDER*, they must be "Mombasa Prawns".

P. O. Ca. STIDEVER.



## Succour to the Stranded

"Bridge-Starboard lookout. There's a ship flashing us".

"Nonsense, just a swaying lantern - wait - there is something intelligible about those random pulses of light".

M-Y E-N-G-I-N-E-S A-R-E B-R-O-K-E P-L-E-A-S-E T-O-W M-E T-O S-H-A-L-L-O-W W-A-T-E-R.

"Captain, Sir, Bridge - SALVAGE".

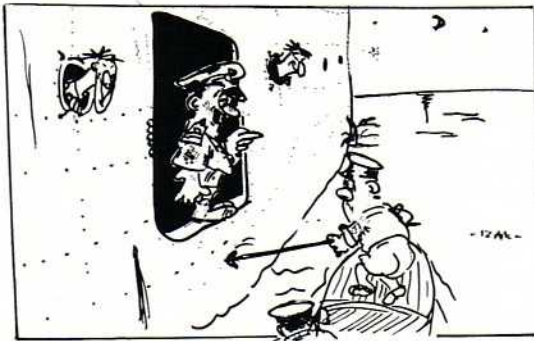
"Close at once" (Thinks: perhaps cigars will replace my old pipe yet).

Sundays evening's recreation followed well on Sunday afternoon's but with the difference that here was a real situation not invented to tease - or could one believe it? The Officer of the Watch changed role to Boarding Officer and was joined by a J.R.O. fresh from having beaten water rationing in the shower. The seamen emerged (again) to prepare for tow aft, and the boat was called away. It was 2015 and it was very dark.

The ailing ship was disappointingly small, about 500 tons, and was older than the average age of *LEANDER's* crew. The sea boat circled on a substantial swell and the Boarding Officer was jettisoned through a very nasty door in the coaster's side. His immaculate white shirt was brushed down by richly flavoured hands as he skidded through a puddle of oil in his non-slip shoes. The J.R.O. returned to *LEANDER* to wrestle with his 634 "walkie-talkie" which wouldn't speak.

To the bridge with, already, a bottle of Coco-Cola. The Captain was a miniature edition of his Premier, Chiang Kai Chek, and twitched attentively while his Chief Officer explained that the "engine drive shaft to propeller" was broken and had been for eighteen hours. The signing of the complex but vital "No cure-No pay" Lloyds Open form was celebrated with another bottle of Coke. Communications were then established with *LEANDER* by the Boarding Officer's Japanese transistor "walkie-talkie". (This equipment was invaluable throughout the incident as it proved the most reliable means of communication and much the cheapest).

*LEANDER's* seaboat returned bearing one Petty Officer, two Able seamen, a pusser's towing swivel and shackle, the J.R.O. and the 634. Each was precipitated through the rusty hole and the boarding party was complete.



"A word of warning P.O. They didn't have rounds in here this morning"

On the coaster's fo'c'sle it was immediately apparent that Pusser's cable gear was not compatible for size with that of a Nationalist Chinese coaster. However the ship's crew had prepared an excellent eight inch manila for towing, although it did lack any form of eye in the outboard end. In the event *LEANDER's* nylon was passed and the hard eye only just squeezed through between the fairlead and fo'c'sle combing-breathe again!

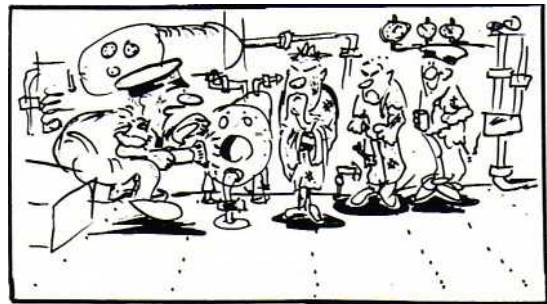
The nylon was turned up on ancient, rusty bollards with the assistance of a colourful gang of willing, sweating Chinese. All stood clear as the tow was taken up and a prayer was said for the tenacity of the very venerable bollards. They held without flinching and soon the tow was skimming along the water above its normal maximum speed, namely at eight to nine knots. By this time the third Coca-Cola seemed to be skimming along effervescently as well.

The boarding party then adapted itself to its new surroundings after a precautionary brief on this and that, and messages were passed to *LEANDER* concerning details of the ship, her owners and so on, and a proposed Complam. It was disappointing to find at this stage that the cargo had been unloaded at Manila so that the total value of the rescued hardware was that of one old coaster. However it is always a pleasure to rescue distressed souls and the crew made their gratitude most apparent.

The seamen settled down to a bucket of beer and cigars by the cargo hatch, while the Boarding Officer and J.R.O. roughed it in similar style on stools on the bridge wing. There was now time to reflect on the conduct of a small coaster in the China Sea. There was, of course, no radar or gyro compass. The signal lantern was apparently constructed of insulation tape and tar and smelt as good as the cigars. The charts were English with some Chinese sub-titles and the bridge publications were those of Mr. Inman and others. It remains a mystery how people not versed in our own noble language navigate on these, despite the presence of a few who had a very passable pidgin.

The wireless gear was English and American.

The Boarding Officer repaired to the unspeakable engine room where the delighted mechanics showed him the crankshaft coupling where a large spring washer was severed, the bolts had been loosened and



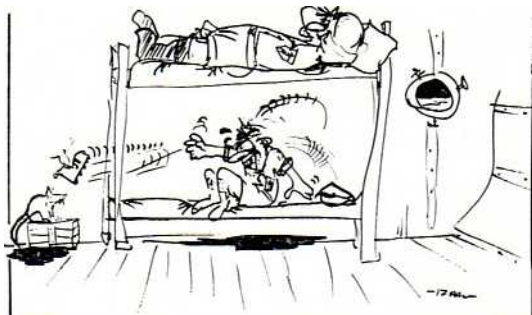
"I suppose you know you've got three Spaghetti tins rolling around inside your boiler"

the shaft was bent. The after (steam) piston was reported as having a velly bad knock and it appears that the aggregate grinding noise when steam was induced was hazardous. A wandering lead with naked bulb was obligingly put in the crank sump to facilitate inspection, which was rather curtailed as the Boarding Officer tactfully removed the hot bulb from the rising smoke before the inevitable flash. The engines, he was told, were thirty years old, Japanese, and therefore ..no good".

After more refreshment from San Miguel Brewery, it became necessary to ask with speech and gesture where one might drain down the excess. After much concern and enquiry it was established that liquids only were involved and "over the stern much better for you" was the answer, to the relief of all.

The crew were very hospitable and the few who could speak a little English were good company. In return a member of the boarding party took the wheel for a time and Benson and Hedges were popular. An unforgettable mug of China tea was produced, the green leaves providing good chewing as no food was, in fact, offered. It also help dilute San Miguel.

The subject of night accommodation was not pressed by the crew and the boarding party unanimously preferred to remain on the upper deck than risk the hazards of a bunk. A watch system was planned and bedding, consisting of one rotten mat, one blanket and a lifejacket, was produced. These were used by the Petty Officer on the cargo hatch, who was later joined by an Able Seaman who found the fo'c'sle iron deck too hard. Alternative billets were the rest of the cargo hatch with one's own semi-inflated lifejacket as a pillow, although one member did get his feet up in the



*"You wouldn't like it if someone came along and pinched your pit without asking"*

Mess room. The only complaint outside the blanket was the chill night air but this did save the trouble of going to sleep.

During the silent hours the tow went smoothly and the gentle creaking of the ship was only disturbed by half-hourly communication checks and some consternation as a host of fishing boats were sighted. The J.R.O. remarked at 0430 how delighted he'd been to watch two large rats investigating the feet of those stretched out on the cargo hatch. However, the author vouches for having seen two fleas on the J.R.O.'s left leg as he spun his yarn.

The ship's cable party closed up early and dawn climbed up the hills round Subic Bay, as a chap with a very bad squint climbed up the fo'c'sle ladder with



*"Hope you no mind strong coffee. Big rat fell in kettle at last moment"*

glasses of strong, sweet coffee. The tow was slipped and the ship anchored in Subic anchorage at 0620.

The Captain and Engineer Officer of *LEANDER* called, the former being ushered to the Mess room and the latter to the grimy depths of the engine room. Most of the crew managed to squeeze in at the windows to watch the two Captains breakfast on cigars and beer or Coke. The conversation followed an almost identical pattern to that with the Boarding Officer the previous evening, which showed that initial pleasantries are pretty standard when vocabulary is limited. Then *LEANDER's* Engineer arrived and floored the lot with "Morning fellers, nice to see you on board". He then said the ship was in "Deep trouble, dockyard job, very sorry can't help, the shaft is plenty bent and will have to come out". This cheered everyone up. However, *LEANDER's* Captain assured the Master he would liaise with the American Admiral ashore and request assistance for the ship. A telegram had been sent to the owners as well, so there they waited.

The *LEANDER* party left through the hole in the wall after much handshaking, and set out for home, cigars at the short trail, to return on board for a quick bath and the dhobey of all items - but the water was turned off!

LEANDER B.O.

# HITCH-HIKING *in* NEW ZEALAND



The idea was to set off from Tauranga (North Island) at midday on Saturday, November 5th, to arrive in Port Lyttelton (South Island) by 0800 hours, Thursday, November 10th.

The aim was to meet the inhabitants of the country and see as many as possible of the natural beauties which it has to offer. The method was hitch-hikers luck.

In New Zealand when hitch-hiking, one has to plan one thing. That is to enter the town you intend spending the night at, at around 5 p.m. This means you have one hour to quench your thirst before the pubs close. It may sound rather a poor viewpoint for a hitch-hiker, whose real concern should be hitching lifts, but be that as it may, life in most countries is found in liquor-selling houses, besides which a glass of something refreshing is always nice after many hours jammed in a small car. Even at 5 p.m.

Our first intention was to get a lift to Rotorua, to visit the Maori open air exhibition, and tour the many weird and wonderful natural phenomena in the area. We knew that logging trucks left the railway sidings at Tauranga and that their destination was near Rotorua, so it seemed a good idea - at the time - to ask one of the drivers for a lift. We were successful and thus spent two hours crammed in the front of one of these wagons. The wagon itself was unladen, but life in the cab was rather cramped with two of us - and our bags - squashed next to the driver. All this with only a driver's seat in the cab (and this, quite rightly, he sat in).

For those who have not visited Rotorua, the first indication one gets of the place is the evil smell of mud and sulphur. The mud in fact is at boiling point, and amidst steam jets, geysers and hot water pools, it bubbles into the air discharging its horrible smell.

After an interesting hour, we headed south for Taupo, a young, rapidly expanding town. It is on the edge of Lake Taupo and is surrounded by beautiful, volcanic countryside - and, of course, geysers. It being November 5th, the evening was celebrated in the usual manner, and for us ended in a thermal pool rather early on the 6th.

Two lifts on Sunday and we were in Palmerston North. The second lift was really the only interesting one, in that the driver was a retired hobo, driving an old Jaguar (life in New Zealand is so good that even hobos' retire!). His character matched that of the countryside and his stories were as tall as the Pohatu geyser! Palmerston North is not recommended for young men out on the town on a Sunday night.

Monday evening saw us in Wellington, the capital of New Zealand. For a capital city, it appeared to us to lack any character and seemed to thrive in its peace and inhibitions. Nevertheless the peaks around Wellington provide some beautiful sights.

We took the Aranui ferry from Wellington to Picton in the South Island on the afternoon of Monday 7th, and after many short lifts (accompanied by much waiting in cold rain), we arrived in Kaikoura. That night was spent in a youth hostel and we awoke next morning to see the surroundings mountains covered in snow - and the sun shining.

As everyone in Kaikoura will tell you, they have a seal colony. With this information we set off on a three mile hike to see it. We returned after searching in vain for the creatures, but with a good appetite and thirst.

Our final lift was from a farmer on his way to the Christchurch Royal Agricultural and Pastoral Show. The contrast of this lift and our first one, typifies our hitch-hiking in New Zealand, in particular it reflects the willingness of all New Zealanders to give a helping hand at any time.

The hike through such beautiful countryside was great fun, but alas, those licensing hours don't fit in with a hitch-hikers plans.

"BOGEY" KNIGHT AND "DOC" SHONE.



'THE OTHER RIGHT, SMITH'

In passing . . .

O. Sea. Bloggs: "This meal's gash, sir".

O.O.W.: "That's quite true, Bloggs. Haven't you noticed that even the seagulls following us fly on one wing? That's because they're carrying a bag meal under the other".

Overheard in the Wardroom:

"Got all night in?"

"No, I've got the First Dog".

# The Sick Bay

Behind the closed doors of the sick-bay, throbs a vital pulse of industrious endeavour. Little is beyond our capabilities and there is nothing to which we could not apply our versatile talents.

For eighteen months, the redoubtable M.T.3 D. E. Shone, M.C.S.P. generally acted the Good Samaritan and occasionally father confessor to the afflicted.



*... and there's nothing to which we could not apply our versatile talents"*

In July of 1967, Surgeon Lieutenant D. M. Crean joined the ship and applied himself to a similar task. Since the medical staff doubled, twice as many patients, twice as ill as before, have been treated with the same cool, calm efficiency. (Applause).

The Royal Navy requires of its medical staff, a reasonable working knowledge of aspects of medicine not normally encountered in civilian practice and it trains them accordingly. Courses in Tropical, Aviation Nuclear and Submarine medicine are all available and all R.N. doctors take at least one of these.

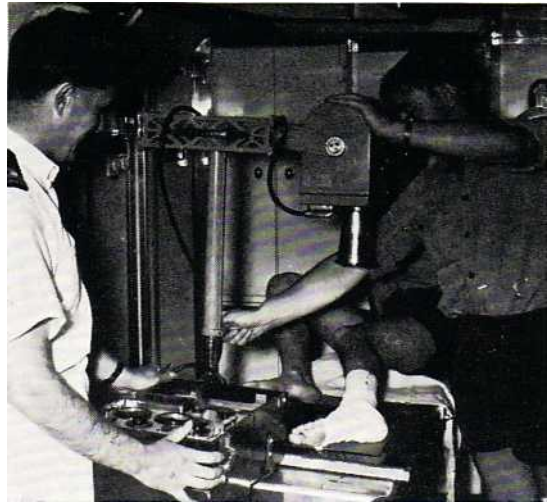
## Useless Information

### Countries visited

Gibraltar	Phillipines
Malta	Hong Kong
Jordan (Agaba)	Australia
Saudi Arabia (Ycnbo)	New Zealand
Aden	Singapore
Kenya (Mombasa)	Bermuda
Seychelles	Bahamas
Maldives (Gan)	U.S.A.

The Medical Technician, fully qualified in a speciality such as Physiotherapy, Radiology, Nursing, etc., are also competent in First Aid and general principals of nursing and hygiene, gaining a great deal of medical expertise through experience on unaccompanied service; not to mention dispensing, accountancy, tea-wetting, beer-drinking and rugby playing.

In the latter half of the commission, *LEANDER* carried medical staff for hurricane relief purposes. This in itself can be a task with many aspects, not the least of these being the crew's own welfare during a dangerous time.



*"Stand clear while I see what happens"*

In time of action and in cases of emergency, it is not enough to accept that there are medically trained people in the ship. First aid lectures are held for the benefit of the ship's company and the Navy expects that a minimum of 10% of the ship's company are qualified first aiders.

So when those two smiling, industrious, courteous youthful medics tread their way through the complex passages of this ship, looking for the Sick Bay, don't be scornful, help them - they may need it.

**MONEY GIFTS ACCEPTED.**

### Operational data

66,781 miles steamed at an approx. cost of £70,371 for 13,533 tons of F.F.O.

### Flying

The Wasp carried out 1,873 landings, and spent 591 hours airborne using 36,642 gallons of Avcat, sufficient to drive an average car 1,100,000 miles.

# The Thunder of the Guns

*Let me tell a bit about  
The boys that make the noise.  
A bit about those Gunnery blokes  
Amid guns they call their toys.*

*The 'Palace' that they call a mess,  
That's numbered here as seven,  
A bit about God's angels  
All expelled from heaven.*

*About our leaders who could be  
A gift to fighting nations,  
If they only once could see  
Beyond their corporations.*

*To carry out I have to write  
Of things which we achieve.  
Like winning cakes, amid runs ashore,  
The shooting down of sleeves.*

*About the guns we have on board,  
Of Bofors I must tell.  
Also the one stuck up the front,  
Our twin four-five B.L.*

*Well, we wore the cake. TWICE on the trot,  
It could be said we ... ed it.  
Which cheered our leaders quite a lot,  
We usually take the biscuit.*

*Their when they held a village fare  
We turned out in all sizes.  
No one with Gunnery could compare,  
We took most of the prizes.*

*Town Crier and our Village maid  
Took first two for themselves.  
Then came Captain for a day,  
Snow White and all her elves.*

*Although we're good at many a thing,  
We're best at having fun.  
Our favourite is to drink and sing,  
Banyanning in the sun.*

*Our banyan in the Seychelles Isles  
Filled us with high delight.  
For three whole days we ate and drank,  
And sang into the night.*

*The fo'c'sle awning was our tent  
And when it started hailing,  
Our time inside the tent we spent  
And carried on our ailing.*

*I'm sad to say our ale ran out.  
This threatened our vacation.  
But from ashore came a boat load more,  
Which saved this fighting nation.*

*Of course, at shooting we excel,  
For that is our vocation.  
At 'Excellent' our 'soles' we sell  
To learn this occupation.*

*At Subic Bay, the Yankee fleet  
Still cannot quite believe.  
Just how in only seven runs  
We shattered seven sleeves.*

*Of course our leaders can and do,  
They dreamed of more than seven.  
But angels' powers are very few  
When they're expelled from heaven.*

*Still, they're enough when in Hong Kong,  
Just in case you're doubting,  
To get us drunk and make us sing  
Whilst on our Gunnery outing.*

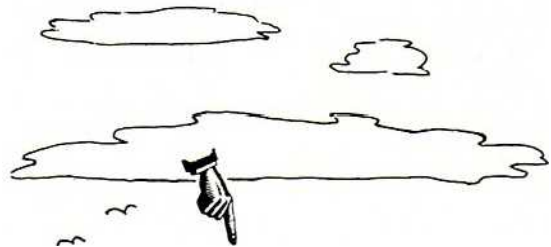
*Our visual aimer is the best,  
In fact he proved it later.  
When during trials, he took the test  
And beat the systems radar. (80% to 75%)*

*The 'Justice' was a tug by name.  
But 'Justice' was and went.  
'Twas when we played the gunnery game  
She started her descent.*

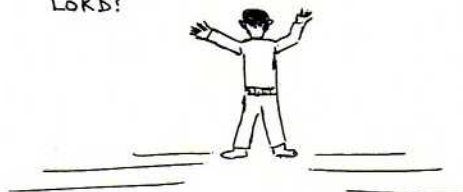
*'Justice' at rest at least is free,  
Never again to roam the sea.  
May well you ask. "What thinketh we?"  
Our job is only shooting.*

*But we are good, through thick and thin  
Or short and nicely rounded.  
We have to be to win, you see  
Or else our ears get pounded.*

'STAN'.



WHY ME,  
LORD?





# Divers' Problems

Divers are variously described as-frogmen, water-swallowers, Buffer's-Best-Friends, sharkbait, obstructionists, operational necessities, lunatics, saviours of Naval stores, detectives, underwater stokers, demolishers, essential and a flaming nuisance - depending on time and space, the speaker and his problem. Thus we see what a universal role the diver plays in the ship. *LEANDER's* divers have filled all these roles and have spent as much time underwater (or more), as most ship's teams, although ship's programme and Acts of Jim and Chief continually frustrate them!

A quick rundown of assorted incidents should illustrate the point,

The day of the aptitude tests in the Seychelles was a 'water-swallowing' benefit. The first candidate having been thunderflashed during his surface swim (which point he missed as he wasn't feeling too acutely that morning) was sick as soon as he stepped into the boat.

Sharks are not permitted to yaffle R.N. divers, it's in D.C.L's. Most sharks seem to have read the rules, as proved by a pitch dark, night dive in the Mombasa shark breeding beds where the locals thought we were crazy. In fact this was an operational requirement met with a cheerful regard for the four bob a day! We have our rules though and apart from endeavouring to look like sharks and smell like old tyres, we also cause distress in such cases as locking all the heads. Thus we become 'painful' obstructionists.

The biggest operational line is: No Awkward - Big Bang - No Ship. This doesn't impress two of our senior rates who both claim to have been mined in *H.M.S. Barham* (though neither seems to have met the other before). However we are convinced we are capable of doing a grand job, particularly if the underwater lighting works!

The team did feel faintly lunatic beneath an R.F.A. in Portland in February at 0015, but this was mainly because everyone else in the Fleet had jagged in and

gone home at 2230. In this case perhaps someone did forget the diver.

We have recovered several items from over the ship's side from time to time. This usually takes one man two minutes and it is only then that the divers get offered tots - but as everyone knows, they don't drink to excess. The detective bit was when another ship's safe keys were thought to have been deliberately ditched. The threat of a thorough search by *LEANDER's* aquanauts finally revealed the truth,

Underwater stoking encompasses the cutting off of stabiliser fairing plates, clearing of screws and intakes, checking fittings, placing stuffing box over leaky intake, removing logs, cleaning domes and so on. There was also the blasting of the coral at Gan with demolition charges. This would have been a total success if one intrepid 'frogman' hadn't caught his flipper round the Cordtex run and isolated one charge. However you can't win all the time.

Having regard for all the things they think they can do the divers, at least, are convinced they are Essential. It is only the unenlightened who find them a nuisance. Just because the number of working hands (there seldom are any anyway) is decimated by diving, just because the boats and gangways go down, routine and watchkeeping is disrupted, kit musters have to be postponed and most of all, divers spoil the ceremonial appearance of the ship: these are little reasons to deny that *LEANDER's* divers are a credit to the ship.

If you can't break us - join us! There's a great, wide, new world waiting there for you to uncover, barracuda with big-size smiles, angel fish with delicate colouring, and fabulous scenery. All fit young men should answer the friendly challenge of the deep which has only recently begun to be taken up,

Some day you may be drafted to an underwater office block or D.Q.'s.

'SOAKED'

(Supervising Officer and Keen Exped. Diver).

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## More Useless Information

### Catering data

#### The following items have been consumed :

Baked beans - 9,360 cans (the Supply Officer denies being the major consumer): Instant coffee - 6,720 cans; Eggs - 13,500 dozen, or 672 per man: Sausages - 11,600 lbs. (5.1 tons) or over 7 miles in length: Potatoes - 170 tons or approx. 14 cwt. per man: Frying oil - 26,000 lbs. - most of which was used to turn about 100 tons of potatoes into chips: Rum - 1,838½ gallons or 117,664 tots,

No. of R.A.S. 's : 104.

### Money paid to the ship's company

A total of £202,171; 13s. 7d. or £808 14s. 3d. per head.

### Ammunition expended

161 mortar projectiles, 1,231 rounds 4.5" shell,