

Rugby



1st XV

*L. to R. Back Row: Lt. Kennedy, Lt. Patrick, A.B. Hornett, Sit. Miller, S.Lt. Watson, S.Lt. Walker, P.O. Jones, N.A. Parry.
L. to R. Front Row: Shpt. Glover, N.A. Hitch, Shpt. Hutt, S.Lt. J. Watts, Lt. Taylor, P.O. Wright, A.B. Walsh, Lt. Churchill, Shpt. Brown.
Absent—Lt. McLaughlin (Secretary).*

The cruise had its snags for rugby players, as it was just not rugby weather in most of the places we visited. However, this failed to deter the enthusiasts and some games were played on a fine variety of pitches.

Our first game was at Portsmouth versus CENTAUR, when we lost the Natal Cup 0-15. We next played on sand and under scorching sun at Aden where we lost heavily to the Shell Oil Company. At Singapore we welcomed the long grass pitches and beat CAVENDISH 14-3 and also had a trial for which over 50 players turned out. However, our next games were not until four months later at Mombasa, when a very good match against the Sports Club was lost 3-16 and a poor one against Hartland Point lost 3-6.

Three games were played on return to Singapore against R.A.F. Tengah (won 6-5), BULWARK (lost 6-9) and the New Zealand frigate PU KAKI (lost 0-11). Next we played the key game of the cruise under flood-lights at Hong Kong against their Rugby Club, when in a splendid game on an iron-hard pitch we played well to lose only 0-22!

We finished the season by beating 42 Commando 11-0 at Singapore on our final visit.

Basketball



*L. to R. Back Row: A.A. Radford, A.B. Hornett, E.M. Rose, E.A. Backholer.
L. to R. Front Row: Mech. Carr, A.B. Fairminer, Lt. Oswald (Secretary), E.R.A. Hiscock (Captain), A.B. Gilbert, E.R.A. Bath, Stwd. Haymes.*

This is one of the few games which are played widely throughout the world. This commission has taken us to many countries and we have enjoyed playing the game in all of them.

In August 1960 we were fortunate in having a nucleus of keen and experienced players; since then there has been a steady stream of new players coming forward to try their hands at the game, many of whom are now quite expert.

Up to Christmas 1961 we had played 39, won 17, lost 21 and drawn 1. Many of our games were against much more experienced teams and we need not be ashamed of our results.

Amongst the players special mention should be made of E.R.A. Hiscock, who proved a most popular captain before E.A. Offord took over and who has played consistently well, R.E.A. Backholer, A.A. Radford, E.R.A. Bath, Steward Haymes, A.B. Fairminer and A.B. Gilbert who has been particularly good at finding new players. There are many others for whose support we have been most grateful.

Basketball is an extremely fast, energetic and skilful game, the popularity of which is increasing fast. It is played in most countries and is almost an obsession in Asia. In the Navy it is unlikely to oust the traditional British games but it is claiming an increasing number of players every year.

Tennis



*L. to R. Back Row: Lt. Bawtree, L.R.E.M. Dodswell, Lt.Cdr. Ashton, E.R.A. Hawkins, S.D. Madgewick
L. to R. Front Row: Cdr. Rigge, Captain Gray, Cdr. Mitchell, Cdr. Tilzey.*

We began well by beating the R.A.F. team in Gibraltar shortly after leaving home. Three matches had been arranged in Cape Town, the teams representing the Royal Navy in the area which, in the event, meant that players were drawn from H.M.S. LYNX, AFRIKANDER and BLACKPOOL, besides ourselves. We lost all three matches but we played in difficult surroundings against most hospitable opponents. The game against "Olympics" was for the now traditional "Broken Racquet", which the Captain presented to them at a ceremony on board.

Following our visit to Aden where we lost two of our three matches, a Ship's Competition was arranged during the docking period in Singapore and was won by 825 Squadron.

Later on two matches were played against the Mvita Club and the Mombasa Sports Club. The Mvita Club game was a most pleasant social afternoon, since several members of the ship's team were partnered by ladies of the club to make it a mixed doubles match. The Sports Club match was a more serious affair and we lost against two very good pairs.

In Hong Kong we had a most enjoyable match against the L.R.C. and although beaten gave a good account of ourselves.

Squash



*L. to R. Back Row: Lt. Wilkinson, Lt.Cdr. McEwing, Lt. Churchill, Lt.Cdr. Dawes.
L. to R. Front Row: Cdr. Rigge, Captain. Gray, Surg. Lt. Whitrow (Secretary).*

Throughout the commission squash has provided much enjoyment and exercise, not to mention subsequent expenditure in the bar. At each port of call squash courts have kindly been made available, and full use has been taken of these facilities and a number of matches have been played against local opposition.

The ship's team has been successful in most of the matches. The team is a strong one, largely on account of the even distribution of strength throughout, there being no stars or rabbits. The team has remained fairly constant, although about five "non-regulars" have played on occasions.

Golf



SINGAPORE GOLF CLUB

Our first series of matches at Cape Town were neither won nor lost, as we drew all our three games against the Royal Cape, The Olympics and the S.A.N. The team played very good golf considering the strength of the opposition.

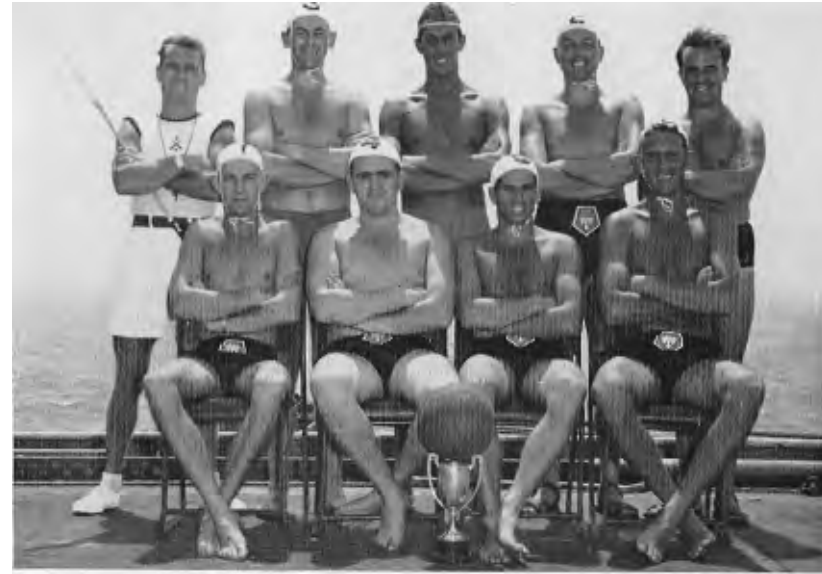
For the first time in many years an H.M. ship was granted the courtesy of the golf courses at the Royal Island Club, the Royal Singapore G.C. and the Royal Johore International Club, and VICTORIOUS golfers made full use of these privileges.

A match. was arranged with the Royal Singapore on Sunday, 24th September. Our first pair kept their unbeaten record, winning their match 2 and 1. C.P.O.s Allison and Akam also won their match, but the rest of the team can only be classed as gallant losers. The club provided an excellent curry lunch and revived our spirits at the 19th hole with warm generosity.

We were also fortunate in being in Singapore for the Far East Fleet Golf Championships, the 27th September. Once again C.P.O. Pickersgill excelled himself by coming 2nd with a score of 79. Unfortunately a torrential monsoon storm hit us on the second nine, otherwise he might now be the Far East Fleet Champion. Lt. Lewis and Surg. Lt. Whitrow received consolation prizes for some mysteriously hidden talent (social perhaps?).

As at Cape Town our golf team were again fortunate at Mombasa in being offered excellent facilities for golf at a low cost. The course was in great condition and the additional hazard of a permanent strong wind, with the sea alongside most of the holes, made it more than interesting.

Waterpolo



1st VII

L. to R. Back Row: L.Sea. Jones, E.R.A. Knowles, P.O.El. Carnet, O.A. Cave, A. A.I. May.

L. to R. Front Row: A.B. Nichols, E.R.A. Keeping (Secretary), P.O. Hayes, Lt.Cdr. Dawes (Captain).

(a) 1ST VII

A very successful commission indeed. The "Thugs" (a term of endearment not entirely misplaced!) have won almost all their matches. E.R.A. Keeping kept the team in good heart with his prolific goal scoring and stentorian voice. P.O. Hayes could be relied upon to swim his heart out to great effect, besides incensing the enemy with his Irish antics and humour. P.O. Carom, the comedian, a high class goalkeeper with great social attributes. A.B. Nichols verbally battered by Keeping and Hayes but, nevertheless, in great shape and a very fast swimmer. O.A. Cave and E.R.A. Knowles, the heavenly twins and full backs, reliable, steady and competent. Secretary and centre half Lt.Cdr. Dawes, who looked far more than his age after each game, but, nevertheless, a tower of strength in defence.

(b) 2ND VII

Keeness for the game reached such a pitch that C.P.O. Burbidge formed (and played for) a ship's 2nd VII. Useful players like A.A. May, L.M.E. Brook, L.S. Yeo, L.A. Mullet, C.P.O. Clifton and Mech. Bennett all enjoyed games against a number of teams in Singapore.

Fencing Club



L. to R. Back Row: S.Lt. Mitchell, C.R.E.A. Newman, L.Sea. Jones, Cpl. Green, Lt. Durrant.

L. to .R. Front Row: S.B.A. Sims (Team Coach), S.Lt. K. Pearce (Secretary), Lt.Cdr. A. Howick.

Despite its growing popularity at home, fencing is a secondary sport in the Royal Navy and has been on the decline in recent years. It was, therefore, not without misgivings that the Club was first formed in October 1960, two months after commissioning.

The initial appeal welcoming beginners to the club did, however, attract a large number of people to the weekly fencing classes, and under the coaching of S.B.A. Sims the Fencing Club soon began to flourish. Six weeks after forming and still in the embryo stage, the club had its first match against ARK ROYAL for the Carrier Fencing Trophy, and lost by only a very narrow margin. Since then the club has fought a number of matches against Service and civilian clubs at the ship's various ports of call, including Cape Town, Mombasa, Singapore and Hong Kong. It is worthy of note that most of these clubs were of national representative standard, and whilst providing the best possible experience for us, the results of these fixtures do appear a little disappointing on paper.

Volley Ball



AIR TECHNICAL DEPT.

Winners of the July 1961 Volley Ball K.O., and Light Cruiser Cup v. "H.M.S. Centaur" 31st July 1961 in the Persian Gulf

L. to R. Back Row: R.E.A. Hedge, N.A. Huskinson, E.A. Pratt, R.E.M. Swendell.

L. to R. Front Row: R.E.M. Jones, Lt. Stokes (Secretary), N.A. Robinson.

When we commissioned in August 1960 there were very few volley ball enthusiasts in VICTORIOUS. During our sea-trials the wardroom made a few tentative efforts but, at this stage, volley ball was considered by most to be insufficiently active for the bracing home climate. The situation improved a great deal with the arrival of our squadrons, who brought with them some well drilled teams and much valuable experience gained from air stations and previous carriers. However, by Christmas only one major volley ball event had taken place and this was a ship's match against ARK ROYAL in which we were well beaten.

After Christmas we sailed for warmer waters and it was decided to freeze the operational activities of the Flight Deck for an hour daily to facilitate recreation for the ship's company. The instigation of these "Happy Hours" brought about such a boom in volley ball that the game was soon as popular and as much played as its arch rival, "deck hockey".

Captain Gray gave the game a further boost by leading a team, drawn from his Commanders, for a daily game.

VOLLEY BALL—continued

During the many Happy Hours we played off two open knock-outs and a number of keenly contested departmental competitions. The first open knock-out was won by 849 Squadron Officers who, in the final game, defeated the Guided Weapons team. However, by renaming themselves the Air Technical team the Guided Weapons players broadened their field of selection and, with a few team changes, became the champions of the second open knock-out.



Rifle Shooting



*L. to R. Back Row: Painter Welch, C.E.R.A. Fox, E. A. Watkinson, Lt. Jones, R.E.A. Shaw, L.A. Robertson
L. to R. Front Row: S.Lt. Clarke, Surg. Lt. (D.) Kemp, Cdr. Solomon, Lt. Derrick, Cdr. McKenzie, S.Lt. Ball, Lt. Cdr. Preston.*

Although there are quite a number of keen rifle shots onboard, opportunities have been few to discover the true full potential. Teams for matches have inevitably been drawn from "known" shots. We are, however, the proud possessors of the Oran Cup (the Carrier Squadron Trophy) and have successfully beaten off attempts by ARK ROYAL and CENTAUR to take it from us.

We caused a surprise at Malta when, backed up by ARK ROYAL, we defeated a team selected from the R.N. at Malta on the Ghain Tuffeiha range. We also acquitted ourselves well and had a good day out in an S.R.(b) match at Cape Town versus the S.A. Army and Air Force, coming second. In a three-cornered match at Subic we were beaten by the U.S. Marines but finished ahead of the U.S. Navy. C.E.R.A. Fox, Lt. Derrick and L.Sea. Olieff won medals for individual scores.

Of the .22 matches we lost to the S.A. Police at Cape Town and to H.M.S. TERROR, but won against CENTAUR, ARK ROYAL and R.E.M.E. Singapore. We also gave the East African Police their hardest match ever in a competition foreign to us but soundly defeated them in a return full bore match.



*"All strange and terrible events are welcome
But comforts we despise"*

*Antony and Cleopatra
Act IV, Scene XV*

The Rudder Incident



Preparing to dive

A ship without a rudder is an alarming thing at any time. Should it occur in the height of a storm and threaten to prevent one getting home for Christmas, then the situation couldn't be worse. The story is worth telling from the beginning.

At about 1400 on Sunday, 11th December, 1960, while steaming westward in the Mediterranean, excessively high pressures in the rams of the steering machinery indicated all was not well. The rudder was making hard work of getting past amidships, and conditions were becoming steadily worse. Checks on the system were made, but no defect could be found.

While on the starboard side and returning to amidships, the rudder suddenly jammed at about 5 degrees. A change to secondary steering had no effect. By using the hand pump a small movement was achieved, but again it jammed at about 3z degrees to starboard.

The system was checked again, symptoms leading up to the event discussed and finally a theory was put forward. It was thought that the filling chock on the top edge of the rudder (not to be confused with the locking chock under the pintle), had become displaced forming a physical obstruction to jam between the top of the rudder and the bottom of the ship.

With the weather like it was, it was impossible to carry out a diver's inspection. Meanwhile the ship was steered by main engines in a rough sea and high wind with the rudder jammed to starboard. Under such conditions in an ordinary ship this is no mean task. In an aircraft carrier with a centre and two outer shafts it taxes skill and endurance to the full. It didn't help matters either that a few million pounds worth of aircraft were parked well forward on the flight deck.

It was over twenty-four hours before the weather had abated enough to allow a diver to go down to make a preliminary inspection. His report confirmed the diagnosis, and that the task of clearing it would be impossible without proper equipment. With underwater cutting gear and a sheltered anchorage the job could be undertaken. On Monday evening we had neither — on Tuesday afternoon we had both!

H.M.S. ALBION was homeward bound from Gibraltar, but one of her aircraft returned, picked up oxy-hydrogen underwater cutting gear in Gibraltar, and brought it to us by 1215 on Tuesday afternoon. During this time the ship had made slow and painful progress throughout the night to reach the lee of Majorca, and meanwhile preparations had gone on apace. Diving gear and all necessary equipment was laid out at the ready, and when we anchored the divers themselves literally went over the side with the "G". The time was 1415 and the day was Tuesday the 13th. Ouch!

In a couple of hours bottom lines were rigged, diving stage placed, equipment ranged and the sea-boat lay off the stern. All was ready for the surgeon's knife, so to speak, and the magnitude of the "operation" befits a brief description of the task that lay ahead.

The upper filling chock consisted of two large wooden blocks covered with steel plate, in. thick, secured to the rudder by tapped bolts and welds. The whole formation is wedge-shaped, being some 3 feet wide throughout the length, 15 inches deep at the forward end tapering off over a length of 7 feet. Due to a combination of high speeds, vibration and heavy weather, some fastenings had parted allowing the wedge-shaped blocks to move aft and jam in the few inches of clearance between the top edge of the rudder and the ship's bottom. It was necessary to cut away the steel cover plate and remove these offending blocks.



Petty Officer R. W. Collar

When gas cutting, the distance of the flame from the plate must be correct to about p in. and traverse must be slow and regular to maintain a cutting heat. On a workshop bench this requires a high degree of skill and much practice. Underwater, with the diver's body moving in the swell and vision restricted by a face-piece, the task becomes rather harder. To make things really difficult, the stage should up-end, and the diver be sitting on the upturned edge. He was!

Nevertheless, the work proceeded with early encouraging results, but after a while the cutting torch developed hiccoughs and became

temperamental. Due to a sticky valve guide oxygen control became difficult. By careful nursing progress was made and at 1830 the first cutting phase was completed. With a wire to the after capstan, a small piece of plate was detached and hauled inboard. Not a particularly large catch! A second "cast", however, landed a piece 7 feet by 3 feet weighing some 290 pounds. With coaxing by a crow-bar and a helping hand and foot, the two wooden blocks were dislodged from the top of the rudder. Being waterlogged, they slowly disappeared into the depths below.

The obstruction was now cleared, the rudder free to move, the time 1950. All that remained was a small portion of plate on the starboard side which it was thought prudent to remove to prevent the possibility of it giving trouble later on. Portsmouth now seemed nearer, and who could be blamed for thinking that the job would easily be completed by 2100? Say 2110 if snags were encountered? The latter were met but not the timetable!

Broken only by the need to come up for changes of breathing apparatus, the cutting team had been below for well over 3 hours. Reliefs closed up and in the water appeared new faces which the cutting torch seemed to resent. What had been hiccoughs now developed into chronic asthma. The rate of progress was slow and it was almost as if the plate was being

welded up on the other side as fast as cuts were made. By this time Tuesday the 13th had passed and it was now 0100 of the 14th. Earlier success was being overshadowed by the present setbacks, but still no one showed signs of despondency.

The cutting gear was now being really troublesome and after short spells in use, required to be stripped to free the sticking valve. Parts from one set were being interchanged with parts from another. Full gas bottles, to replace the empties, sped across the quarterdeck like flying missiles and the Met Officer wondered if he would have any hydrogen left for his balloons.

The hands of the clock had crept to 0115 and thoughts turned to other methods of removing the remaining plate should the torch fail completely before the final cut. However it actually stayed alight, and moreover it didn't cough, nor splutter nor lose its hot-spot.

The diver surfaced to indicate with his fingers held apart, a distance of some 1½ ins. while shouting into his face-piece. His annoyance was understandable we thought, but even so, a cut of 1^a ins. was *some* progress. How wrong can you be? The distance he was showing was all that remained to be cut, and his display of disgust was occasioned by the fact that due to a blow-out of the torch, he had been denied the satisfaction of making the final cut. Perhaps this was as it should be. The diving party had worked so well as a team it would have been unfair if any one member could have claimed to have finished the job.

No further cutting was necessary and what remained presented no problem. With a shackle, a wire, and a Heave-Ho on the capstan the last remnant of plate lay on the deck at 1045.

The Engineers who had patiently stood by all day, pumping the rudder from side to side by hand, nipped smartly below to connect up steering motors, run up and test through the systems. The quarterdeck buzzed with excitement and never have things been got inboard so quickly. Bottom lines, diver's stage, underwater floodlights and the accommodation ladder appeared Oil deck as if by magic. Those who had been working for 15 hours or more without a break, replaced gear and drifted away for a well-earned rest, secure in the knowledge that the ship could get under way and Pompey on the 19th was still a good bet.

Later Petty Officer Collar received a Commendation from the Commander-in-Chief for the part he had played in this operation. This was a well merited recognition and both he and the diving party are heartily congratulated on a magnificent effort.

G. W. W.

Jungle Adventure

One week-end in April 1961, H.M.S. VICTORIOUS was anchored off Pulau Tioman, a mountainous, jungle-clad tropical island about 30 miles off the coast of Malaya. After much discussion a few of us, P.O.M.(E). Sandom, M.(E). Tapp, M.(E). Harrison and M.(E). Bushell, decided to have a week-end jungle expedition.

The idea was to cross the island during the Saturday afternoon, camp on the beach at the other side for the night, and return on the Sunday. The distance on the map was only about three miles and the maximum height where we intended to cross was about 1,600 feet. This does not, perhaps, sound much to you but it takes no account of the dense jungle and extremely hard going. We did not expect it to be easy but even so we got more than we bargained for.

After getting together ruck-sacks, ground sheets and supplies we set off about 1 p.m. From the very start things went wrong! The boat no sooner reached the beach than down came the rain to damp our spirits, but, nevertheless, putting our best feet forward we headed into the jungle.

It was easy going at first, but the undergrowth soon became so dense we had to have frequent rests. At about 4 p.m. we stopped for a brew of tea. It seemed strange to sit in the steaming, clammy jungle with no noise but that of the wild birds around us. So different from the ship! When the birds stopped voicing their disapproval of us everything seemed very strange and still.

Pressing on we reached the top without further breaks, climbing nearly sheer cliffs the last hour. As we reached the top and the trees thinned out, the sun was just setting, and it was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. I think I shall always remember that, even after the horrors that followed.

We started to go down the other side, and now that darkness was approaching we put on a bit of speed. We knew by now that we would never reach the bottom by nightfall, but we kept going. The night seemed to drop on us like a blanket, but still we kept pushing on. It was no use trying to fight our way through the undergrowth now, so we decided to find a stream and follow that. After searching for a while this was accomplished and things became easier, especially when M.(E.) Tapp produced a torch.. By now the jungle night-life had taken over and hundreds of fire-flies flitted about like so many watching eyes. We disturbed a few wild animals which had come down to drink at the stream but they disappeared too quickly to be identified.

Slowly but surely the torch batteries grew weaker and weaker and at last we had to make camp while we still had some light left. So finally, at 1 a.m. on Sunday morning we more or less collapsed in a niche formed



by some rocks. The down-pour earlier on, on Saturday afternoon, had thoroughly wetted most of the wood but we managed to get a bit of a fire going. It did not last very long, however, as none of us had the strength to stay awake and keep it going.

Being wet and cold, none of us slept very soundly that night and about 5 a.m. P.O.M.(E.) Sandom and I had another go at making a fire. This met with more success and soon we had a breakfast of sorts going. It was demolished in quick time and with beans under our belts we set off once more with new hope and a spring in our step. Little did we know that the end of this clay would see us in a far worse state!

Now, being completely lost, we picked up a stream again, but whether it was the same one as the night before never know. We followed this all the morning and into the afternoon until about 2 p.m. when the undergrowth closed in. and became impassable. The only thing to do now was to make a detour to by-pass this barrier, and about an hour later we heard the welcome sound of breakers on the shore. We emerged on to a rocky beach with high, sheer headlands at both ends.

This small lagoon seemed to be an ideal place to freshen up, but even here we had a small problem to overcome, namely, how to get rid of three not-so-small sharks without meeting them in their own element. A few well-aimed rocks soon sent them on their way and we were left with a natural swimming pool. After a quick dip the serious problem of getting back was discussed. To return the way we had come seemed pure madness, so M.(E.) Tapp volunteered to swim round one of the headlands, with only a knife for protection. against sharks, and try to contact some human life. At the same time P.O.M.(E.) Sandom tried to get around the other headland by followin^g the coast line. Both returned without success after about an hour and a half, and that meant that the only solution now left was one which we had all hoped would not have to be done. This was to re-cross the island and try to make the beach from which we had started.

Travelling light, with only a knife each, two of us would make an attempt to reach the top before dark and try to contact any search party that might be out looking for us. This fell to the P.O. and myself and so, expecting a four-hour trek, once again we plunged into the jungle. At first we made quick progress, but then things started to go wrong again. Darkness fell while we were about three quarters of the way up and to add to our difficulty we ran into some very thick undergrowth again. This was one mass of thin, wispy tentacles which seemed to reach out and bury their

thorns into our flesh. The more you pull against them the deeper the thorns go, as they grow *back* along the creepers. We back-tracked a short way, but as it was now completely dark it was useless to go any further. A fire was started but soon the rains came and put it out. However, the rain was a God-send, because after only four hours our tongues had swollen and our lips had cracked. The only way we could catch the rain was in our shirts which we got soaking wet and wrung out into our mouths. This was the first drink we had had since we arrived at the beach and we were so exhausted by now that we dropped where we stood in the mud, and knew no more until the first birds awoke us at dawn. So, half starved and parched with. thirst and with no idea where we were going, we plodded on.

Meanwhile, back at the beach the two remaining members of the party had spent a much better night and were picked up about 10 a.m. by H.M.S. CASSANDRA, a destroyer which we afterwards learned had been left behind to look for us when the rest of the Fleet sailed on Monday morning.

How we kept going that day I don't know, but go on we did, not caring about the leeches that were now crawling over our bodies. Nor did we bother about the large lizards and other reptiles that scurried for cover as we stumbled past. By now our voices had just about gone and we had nearly given up hope, but some inner force kept making us put one foot in front of the other. At last the ground flattened out and we broke through the tangled vegetation to stare with unbelieving eyes at the beach we had left 24 hours earlier!

We could see CASSANDRA waiting off shore but no-one was in sight. P.O.M.(E.) Sandom collapsed on the beach from exhaustion and I went down with him. No one appeared to have seen us from the ship, but further along the beach a flag had been erected on a long pole and lashed to some rocks. The 30 yards to that flag seemed like 30 miles as I crawled towards it and hacked it down with my knife. Then I lay there on the rocks, with the P.O. a little way off, and neither of us moved until a boat was sent to pick us up.

Then things seemed to get sorted out again and after a shower, a meal and a visit to the sick bay to get our feet bandaged, we were returned to "Vic" by helicopter. Perhaps it doesn't sound too bad to you, but that's one week-end in hell I'll never forget.

M. (E). Bushell.