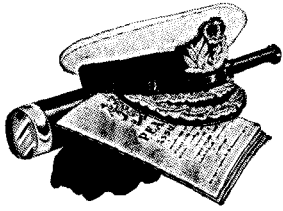


The  
Raleigh Journal





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# Things aren't what they were

It was an ancient mariner  
Who said one day to me  
'I was a lad like you,' he said  
'When I first went to sea'.  
  
'You'd not believe the life I've led.  
I've sailed the Ocean blue  
From North Cape down to Table Bay,  
From China to Peru.  
  
'I've been aboard the Dutchman's ship;  
Seen serpents, ghostly pale.  
And, off Ushant, a mermaid once-  
But that's another tale!  
  
'And now and then, I'd draw my pay,  
A pleasant thing to do.  
There'd silver be and sovereigns bright  
(Though these, alas, were few).  
  
'And then, one day, it all was changed.  
They summoned me on deck,  
They lined me up, they fell me in,  
They paid me off ... by cheque.



'Now that's no way to treat a tar  
Who's bursting for a spree.  
A Cheque's all right for banker-men-  
It warn't no good to me.

'What's that you say? *They do it still?*  
Oh, Nature! It's aginst her!  
Take my advice lad-don't delay-  
Start banking with Westminster!

*The advice is sound though the reasoning's  
shaky. To get at the truth of the matter,  
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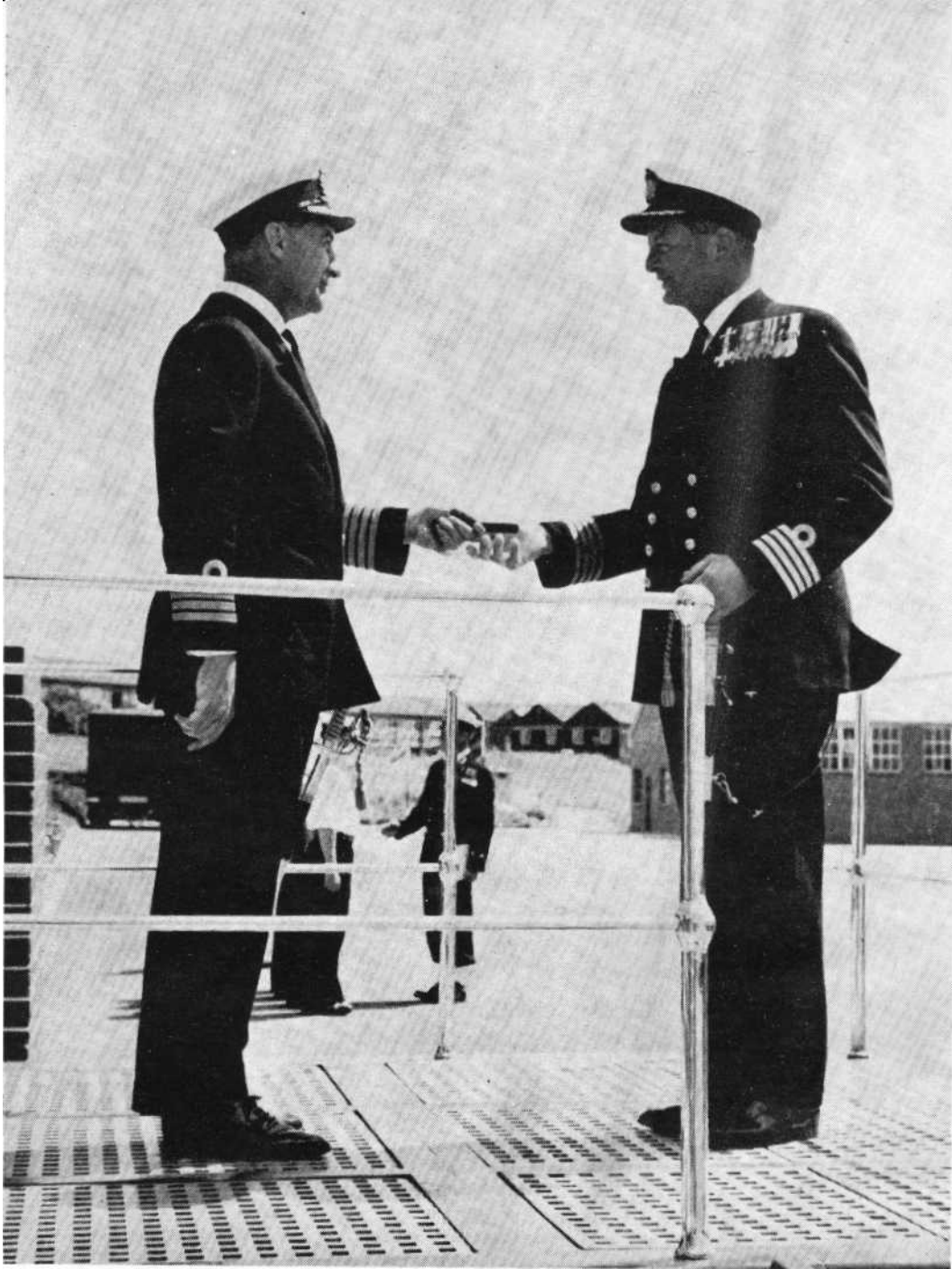
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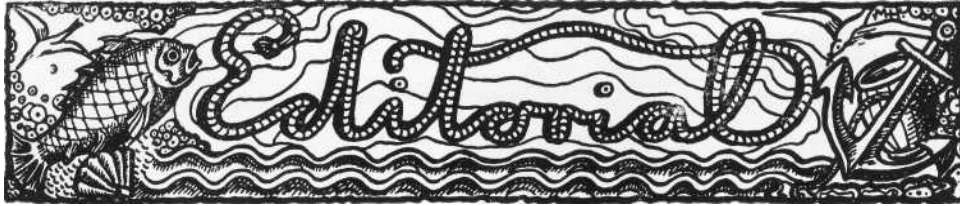
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## THE TABLES ARE TURNED



Captain A.T. F. G. Griffin, Captain of H.M.S. Ark Royal presenting the Coxswain of the winning Motor Whaler (Capt. D. Jermain) with the Silver Oar Trophy for winning the Fowey to Plymouth Sailing Race.



IT APPEARS THAT Their Lordships (or Ministerships of Defence) have at last tumbled to the fact that a certain Service magazine editor has spent an inordinate time in Britain's premier cradle of the young sailor in the West Country. Thus, after many seasons and fourteen feet of Cornish rain, I have received my sailing, or marching, orders to the Far East (of England) - to the Royal Marine Depot, Deal.

However, it is with some satisfaction that I can hand over the tiller of the *Raleigh Journal* to the capable hands of Instructor Lieutenant John, certain in the knowledge that he will navigate it capably through the many reefs and rapids that inevitably lie ahead.

Good luck to him, the Magazine, and to all of you.

## QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PARADE



THE QUEEN'S COLOUR PASSING THE SALUTING BASE

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN'S Official Birthday was marked by a Ceremonial Parade of Young Men from H.M.S. *Fisgard* and H.M.S. *Raleigh* on *Raleigh's* Parade Ground on Saturday, June 13th.

The Commander-in-Chief Plymouth, Admiral Sir Nigel Henderson, K.C.B., O.B.E., reviewed the Parade on a fine afternoon in the presence of 450 official guests and over a thousand other civilians, the former representatives of the whole locality and including the Lord Mayor of Plymouth, the French Naval Attache, the Chairmen of the Cornwall County Council and Torpoint Urban Council and the Member of Parliament for the Bodmin constituency.

On completion of the Parade a reception for the official guests was held in a marquee on the Wardroom lawn, followed by a buffet lunch in the Wardroom.

The Commander-in-Chief, in a signal to both establishments, said:

'I was very proud to have taken the salute at such an excellent ~~Q.B.P. today. All~~ on parade deserve warmest congratulations on achieving such a high standard, which I hope will be kept up when they leave to go elsewhere. Well done!'

And the French Admiral Witrand stated that the food and wine were excellent!!





*'The buzz is the Admiral had a whale of a time in Naples.'*

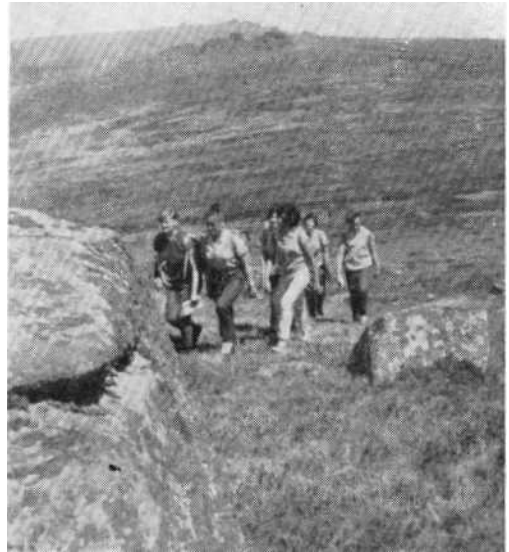
## TEN TORS 1964

TO SOME OF the personnel at H.M.S. *Raleigh* the word 'Exped' brings a shudder to the spine, a picture of Dartmoor on a wet, cold and windy day and a response of 'Never again!'. To us it brings a sparkle to the eye and the challenge of adventure and the wide open spaces. Walking across Dartmoor is a pleasurable spare-time activity and we are privileged to have good facilities at our disposal.

Venture Training for the Naval ratings at H.M.S. *Raleigh* is an integral part of their sixteen-week training there, and thus it is that a disused farmhouse some three miles south of Princetown was purchased to house at week-ends the Naval Officers and Senior Ratings who instruct the boys weekly. Wrens are allowed to occupy one, and sometimes two, bedrooms in this three-bedroom farmhouse, provided they do their share in washing-up, sweeping, tidying and sometimes cooking. Until necessity arises the male section of the community seem dubious as to the female cooking ability as, somehow, they are always at the cooking-pot first!

In 1963 the W.R.N.S. team had created a precedent on the annual Ten Tors Expedition by walking the course in record time and finishing first of our class. This good achievement lived on as a news item in our quarters and new Wrens arriving here who showed interest in walking were told of the trials and experiences that led up to the big triumph.

At the start of 1964 there were two of us remaining from the team of the previous year, both still eligible to tackle the course again. We were given the task of rousing enthusiasm among other Wrens, while a notice was displayed and some publicity photographs put on the notice-board. To the uninitiated (as West-country Wrens would call us) the Ten Tors Expedition is a national event held at Whitsun each year in which teams of young people cover given routes, depending on their ages, covering ten named tors, each of which is a checkpoint. The Expedition is organized by the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals and approved by the Duke of Edinburgh, who sends an annual message. The purpose is to promote a team spirit, to encourage initiative and self-preservation in young people, and to help them to appreciate their countryside.



THE VICTORIOUS TEAM IN ACTION

We started the Spring Term with gusto by going to Dartmoor every week-end. One of us, unfortunately, had to fall out later, as she went to have her tonsils out, while the other went on to be our very cheerful and placid Team Leader for the actual Expedition.

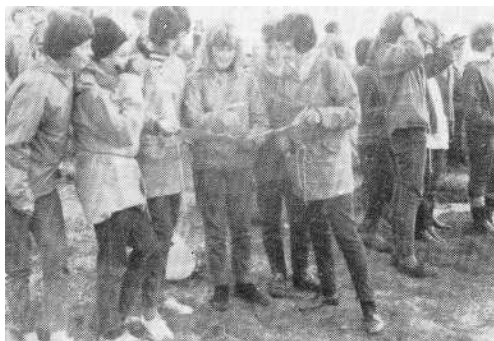
Throughout training we seemed to strike very unlucky with weather. We would set off with clean, curly hair, made-up faces, manicured nails and even clean jeans and anoraks, to return a day later with lank locks, wind-hardened faces and dirty hands, our clothes wet and mud-spattered, our bodies aching in every limb. However, when asked the following day we said, of course, that we 'had a FABS week-end' and 'No, we're not stiff! OUCH!'

Many names were put on the list, but enthusiasm waned as all the training had to be done in our spare time. The team was eventually composed of Writers, D.S.A.s and one Cinema Operator, Wrens Bridger-Sage, Davies, Mann, Thornton, Trickett (Leader) and Watkins.

Having been selected, the next problem was to maintain our enthusiasm - not always easy when our one shopping afternoon and one chance to 'lie in' were forfeited. There was the week-end when a message reached us *en route* to the farm, 'Snow falling fast'. 'A joke' we retorted as we left Plymouth in brilliant sunshine, but when we were deposited a mile from the farm in a real blizzard we laughed no more. The men thought we would 'welch' that week-end but, with inimitable cheerfulness, we arrived dripping for our week-end on the Moor. The day was saved by having a lesson in map-reading, so that we all knew now what 'navigation' meant! We got our reward, for the following morning dawned crisp and sunny, a picture of peace, with Dartmoor ponies and sheep outlined against the glistening white snow.

In spite of exhaustion after an afternoon's hard walking, most of us found the energy to trudge into Princetown on Saturday evenings to sample the bright lights of the Prison town. Such was our thirst that nothing more than cider was consumed, to the accompaniment of funny stories, or sing-songs, but it helped to keep up spirits on a wet night. There were constant jokes on the walks about finding the nearest inn and nipping in for a 'quick one', especially as local inns very often formed good landmarks, and one could easily mark one's route by them, albeit innocently!

On the week-end before Whitsun a complete 'dummy run' was planned to get us, together with the boys from *Valiant*, on top line, but this was not to be so. We could not anticipate the drastic change there was in the weather, nor that one member of a boys' team was going to hurt his ankle and be stranded on a remote part of the Moor. Worse was to come, for the search party who went to rescue the team could not compete against blinding rain, thick fog,



... AND IN A MORE RELAXED MOOD

and a very dark night. One of them collapsed unconscious. Three of us had stayed up at the house in case we could be useful and by the end of the night we felt a part of the episode and glad to have been there. We dried clothes, made endless cups of tea, heaved water from the brook, boiled kettles, and we administered first aid to blisters and sores. In their turn the other three of us rose early in the morning and provided breakfast at a lightning rate for the many hungry men who had had no sleep. All of us then acted as Staff, sitting on check-point tors while the compulsory walking for the boys continued as usual.

The great week-end came and with it the sun, with some heat behind it. Friday afternoon saw us arriving at Denbury camp with our D.O. - 3/O Miller - who had given us every support throughout our training. We were accommodated in spare huts, together with other girls, whilst our boys spent the whole week-end under canvas. It was early to bed for everyone that night, but our sleep was soon interrupted by a 'prowler', who entered by the window. However, our acquaintance was short-lived, for the M.P.s seized him by the ears and he was marched off to the cells.

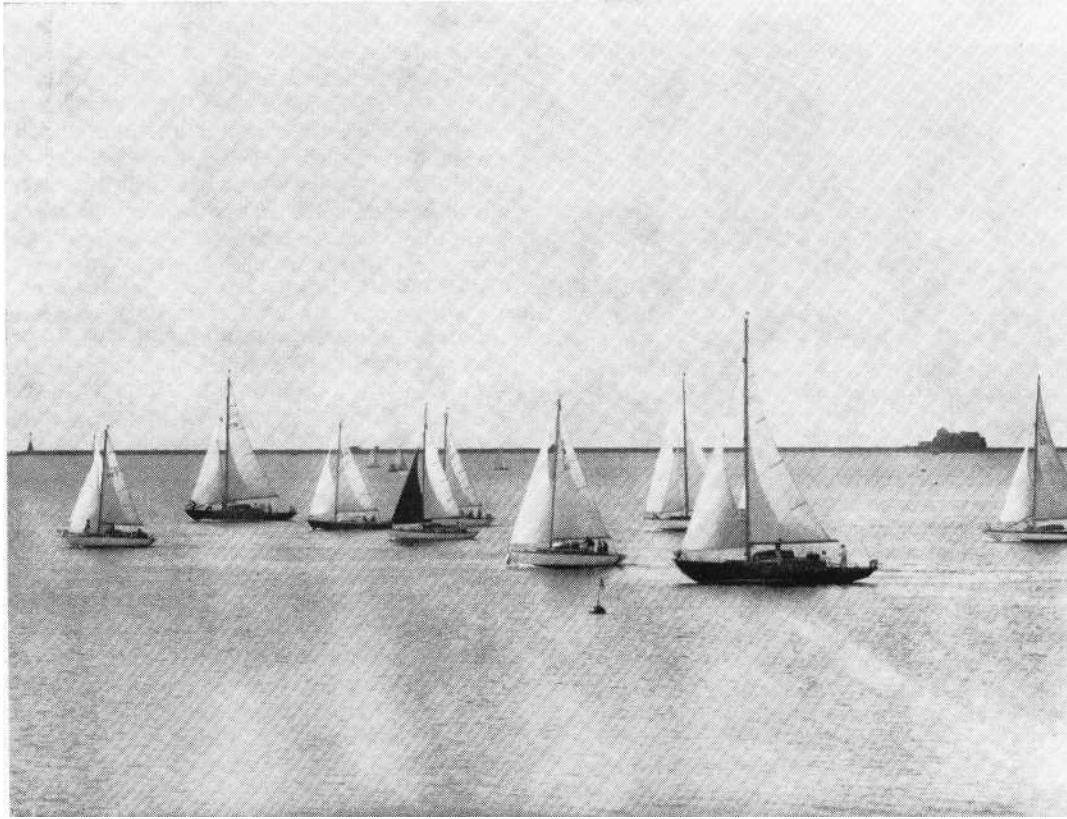
On Saturday we set off at 5.30 a.m. in large fleets of buses for Haytor Rocks, the starting-point. A quick briefing for the teams' leaders, maps and instructions were handed out, and the event began with a fanfare of trumpets and the Dartmoor prayer.

It was quite hot walking and our jumpers and anoraks were soon discarded and carried in our almost overflowing haversacks. Five check-points were covered on the first day, which completed 21½ miles of our 35-mile course. After checking in at our fifth check-point, we walked slowly down Great Mis Tor to our camp site for the night.

The 6 a.m. start on the second day saw H.M.S. *Raleigh* W.R.N.S. team walk off in the lead, and we never looked back. It was with great excitement that on reaching Hare Tor, our tenth tor, we were greeted by TV cameras and many smiling friends. Our aching limbs were forgotten as we walked through the finishing-post to hear the pipers play us in. Ten Tors 1964 was over for another year. How proud we felt later, standing on Divisions receiving a surprise trophy from the Captain, knowing that every minute had been worth while.

WREN D. TRICKETT  
WREN D. BRIDGER-SAGE

## FOWEY WEEK-END



THE START OF THE RACE IN PLYMOUTH SOUND

AS IN PREVIOUS years, the base camp to accommodate and victual the sailing crews taking part in the Fowey races was set up at Hall Farm, in Bodinnick, on Friday, 19th June.

A departure from the usual routine was the decision not to participate in the Plymouth-Fowey Passage Race on the Saturday but to tow the cutters and whalers to Fowey on the Friday and arrange a series of local races on the Saturday, thus ensuring everyone some shore leave in Fowey itself. This was very fortunate, as it happened, because late on the Friday afternoon a Dockyard decision meant the withdrawal of all our boats, except Sea Scamp and the new 3-in-1 whalers, from the Passage Races.

The sailing crews for the boats thus disposed of were naturally very disappointed when this news was received at base camp. However, the sun did shine very brightly on the Saturday, so the camp was not entirely a picture of gloom. The sailing programme arranged for the Saturday was modified but two races were held, one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon.

The afternoon race saw the fleet of cutters and whalers, followed by the class boats of the Fowey Sailing Clubs, on a run down-river to meet the yachts in the Passage Race from Plymouth to Fowey beginning to tack upstream. In this particular race Sea Scamp was third over the line, but was unable to hold this position on corrected time. Meanwhile the cutters and whalers sailed merrily on with the whole fleet

(or so it seemed at the time) following Lt. Cook around a flagged buoy and so back to the finishing-line. Unfortunately, this was not the turning-point designated, and the eventual winner turned out to be that crafty mariner from Revenge Block, Lt.-Cdr. Brown himself. (Have still to discover whether he was so far in front or so far behind that he was unable to see what the rest of the fleet did and thus managed to round the correct buoy.)

Prizes were distributed at the Fowey Yacht Club in the evening, when it was discovered that Lt.-Cdr. Donegan had taken second place in the Passage Race from Plymouth for motor whalers.

Unfortunately, no prizes were offered for agility and energy at the local 'hop', but undoubtedly Wrens Galbraith, Trickett, Allen, Fisher, Mann and Davies, who graced the

base camp for the week-end, would have cleared the board.

Sunday arrived with an overcast sky but with a fair wind, which remained quite steady for most of the day and provided a very enjoyable race back to Plymouth in the smaller craft. The larger craft could have done with more wind - Sea Scamp in particular, who is not at her best in a light breeze and with the wind behind her, and consequently failed to gain a significant place in her class.

The Captain, in a motor whaler, set the pace for the Service boats but was overtaken off Looe by Instr. Lt. Cook, sailing a 2-in-1 whaler. These positions were maintained right into Plymouth Sound, with Instr. Lt. Owens holding third place. Lt. Cook held his lead and was first over the line, but corrected times gave first place to Capt. Jermain and third place to Surg. Lt.-Cdr. (D) Davies.

**M.W.**  
Capt. Jermain  
Cunnington  
Stamp  
Peacock  
Hunt  
Avery } 809 Class

**2-in-1 Whaler**  
Instr. Lt. Cook  
Lt. Hammond  
Blythe  
Summers }

**M.W.**  
Surg. Lt.-Cdr. Davies  
Lt.-Cdr. Norman  
Barrowclough  
Anscombe  
Gardiner  
Endean } Ship's Company

Firth } 422 Class  
Fyffe }

**M.W.**  
Lt.-Cdr. Donegan  
Lt. Marshall  
Card  
Irwin  
Marlow  
Broady } 320 Class

V.G.

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Men in Gillingham and the Naval School of Motoring at Portsmouth, where Naval men are taught to drive and service motor vehicles. In addition to grants for immediate needs, there are special schemes to help the disabled and to provide annuities for the aged and for widows with young children. The Trust also makes annual grants to many other organizations whose activities benefit Naval men and their families.