

TENNIS

This season, the *St. Vincent* team, with a lot of enthusiasm but with very little talent, has managed to lose all its League matches so far played. There is no need for despondency however as we reached the semi-finals of the Establishment cup, narrowly losing to H.M.S. *Excellent*, and we are in the finals of the Chilcott cup. You will find the latter result in the stop press.

The number of ratings playing tennis this year in the Establishment seems to be a huge increase on last year. The P.T. department alone have supplied four players who have represented the Establishment, and P.O. Smith has played in every match except one.

Many thanks to all the players who have turned out for the side with a minimum of notice. So far this season we have not been obliged to postpone a match because of team raising difficulties. This in itself is a worthy record. One other record worth mentioning, Inst./Commander Tidy and Lieut. Elliott are unbeaten in inter-Establishment matches (but we still have to play *Collingwood*).

ROYAL MARINES BAND

To give a complete account of our activities during the term would be impossible, so we must be content in giving you a few of the more important engagements undertaken during the "Silly Season".

The usual run of "Carnivals and Beating Retreats" have been performed at such places as Crawley, Fleet, Bexhill, and the famous Hurlingham Club in London. The strains of "76 Trombones" have also been heard at Bisley, and the U.S.A.F. base at Alconbury, where incidentally the Victualling Department could pick up quite a few tips. (Our supper on arrival was prawns fried in batter ! !)

Possibly the most important engagement was for the arrival at London Airport of President Kennedy. The Guard was supplied by H.M.S. *Excellent*, and the method of training this Guard caused some amusement amongst the Band. Our report, from authoritative sources indicates that it was seriously considered that the Guard should parade at sunrise (0430) to face the rising sun in order to become accustomed to having strong arc lamps shining in their eyes during the Television coverage of the event. (The possibility of rain vetoed this idea).

Our future engagements include a Gala Day at RNB, Brickwoods Day at Whale Island, and of course the Open Day here at *St. Vincent*.

The Band are now equipped with the new Rod Tension Drums, which have been, no doubt, noticed by the more observant members of the Establishment. Below are quoted the unofficial instructions for discovering the number of these new instruments.

"The number may be found by placing the right eyeball to the small hole in the shell of the drum. Keeping the left eyeball obscured, the number may be read on the far side of the drum.

Nothing is said about people who have a glass right eyeball?

Our Band may not rank high in the sporting world, but at least we are always willing to give our opponents a run for their money.

The cricket team has played several matches against ARIEL, TIGER, BLAKE, etc., and has successfully lost each one. Our football team also played the Band of the visiting Spanish ship, *Jan Sebastian de Elcano*, interpreted as "Johann Sebastian Bacho" by one of the Band (also lost).

Our greatest sporting achievement was, however, during a deck hockey match versus the P.T. Staff

when one P.T.I. was put out of action by a member of the Band. The class concerned should be duly grateful.

The Band are now looking forward to summer leave, and a brief respite from "presentations and awards". This aspect of *St. Vincent* life appears to be contagious, even the R.N.V.R. at Southampton, for whom we did a parade recently, have adopted the idea, to the utter disgust of the Band who were trying to get away before closing time..

FIFTEEN MILES OF BLISS

On 28th May six groups of Juniors comprising 343, 371 and 391 set off on an initiative test around the New Forest area.

At 0730 on Saturday the necessities for the camp were collected outside the block ready to be loaded into the lorry for shipment to the base camp. An hour later we rattled through the main gates of *St. Vincent* in an R.N. bus, everybody wondering what the next 48 hours would have in store.

The object of the exercise was to drop the groups of boys in an unknown area, with only a map and a compass, and for them to walk fifteen miles across country to a hidden camp site on the Beaulieu river. The only clue to the camp was the DUNCAN flag embedded in the undergrowth at the start of the entrance path. Articles such as a gorse flower, an out of date bus ticket and a 1950 penny had to be found.

On the way to the dropping area everybody was singing the "popular" songs eagerly led by Lieut. Saunders. One by one the parties were dropped off the bus. At last it was our turn. With bag meals thrust into our hands (including one owned by Lieut. Saunders - the dispatcher) we were bundled off the bus. The first move was to look around for any landmarks, but of course we had been dropped onto a patch of "landmarkless" forest. So after finding our course we proceeded through the New Forest with the chief navigator, Franklin, in the lead.

After a desperate struggle through the undergrowth we found a road, but it happened to be the one which we had just left. It was, in fact, going in the correct direction so off we went until, in front of us, we spied a station which was a landmark which we were looking for. On arrival we counted the number of tracks, (which was one of the questions), crossed them and climbed a fence and walked through a farm until we reached another part of the Forest. With Franklin checking the course at frequent intervals we made steady progress. The sun got hotter and hotter and tempers started to fray. It came to a climax when Egan found ants crawling all over his sandwiches; finding them a little distasteful he threw them away. Time passed quickly and we soon found ourselves once again on the road. This time to Beaulieu.

1400 found us in Beaulieu. This was the most difficult part of finding the camp although we were almost on top of it. Franklin had evidently lost his navigational powers and aided by Brewster we managed to get ourselves lost three times. Eventually we found the correct road. As we slowly progressed Brewster gave a shout of delight, yes, he had seen the flag standing at the head of a dirt track.

Hastily we made our way along the path which ran alongside a field. As it was fairly open country we could see a good way ahead. Straining our eyes we looked for a camp but there was nothing in sight so back to the road we trudged. There was another path on the opposite side leading through a wood to the river. Fresh tyre tracks led that way so, putting two and two together we decided that this was the

right track. Who had put the flag on the wrong side of the road? Obviously somebody had arrived before us. It turned out to be Smyth with that notorious mob in 343. We were the second team in but turned out to be the winners as Smyth's group were disqualified. Something to do with a "½ fare and Forces reduction and therefore railway travel at 7d."

After a delicious meal "cooked" by C.P.O. Batchelor and Lieut. Saunders, who had come by road, the groups that had arrived went for a well-earned swim. Later, as we lazed in the sun, the last group appeared with a very tired Badgery in the lead. He stressed the point that he had walked every inch of the way and half way back again. After tea firewood was collected for the evening bonfire and later parties split up, some going into Beaulieu and some for a swim. The ebbing tide produced a strong current flowing seawards and Booth, who appeared to be swimming

strongly towards us was gradually drifting away. He was eventually retrieved with a lifeline after a few hectic minutes. Booth, who likes excitement, decided that this was not enough so closely followed by Upton, Smith and myself, he charged across the river bed, stepping in mud up to his knees. Highly delighted with this, on he went until eventually three clay covered figures ambled back to camp to dry themselves around the newly lit camp fire. At about midnight we turned in, exhausted after an evening of leaping around the fire and singing unprintable songs. At 0800 we were roused for breakfast and later attempts were made to "break camp". After loading the lorry with the heavy gear we cleared up the site in preparation for our departure after dinner. Eventually an R.N. bus appeared and at last we rumbled through the gates of *St. Vincent* and I think that everyone was glad to sleep in some resemblance of a bed that night. E.G.F.

A ROGUE'S YARN OR A WEEK-END AT SEA

There she lay, squashed unceremoniously between a rusty Battle Class Destroyer and four P.A.S. boats, H.M.S.T.Y. *Marabu*. Perhaps not such an appropriate mooring for a yacht of her class, but our eyes were directed on the yacht and not the surroundings. She had a blue hull with towering masts that carried rigging unknown to our searching eyes. The Skipper was, as we had heard, full of searching wit and unrepeatable comments revealing his perpetual hatred of Gunnery Officers.

Our first object was to get out of the berth alongside Whale Island, out into the harbour to hoist sail and get under way. So when our gear was stowed below we prepared for sea. We were towed from the berth by a helpful M.F.V., and once clear set about hoisting sail. At once we took on a sizable list, which it was to become second nature for us sea salts to counteract during the next two days. When clear of the harbour we set about familiarising ourselves with the rigging, sails and drill for going about, and to try to remember how to steer a compass course. How very much easier than the Seamanship models. Once we had satisfied the Skipper that we knew our jobs we returned to the harbour for a peaceful supper before returning to the start line of the Royal Albert Yacht Club. We, together with some thirty odd other yachts, were taking part in the annual Morgan Cup race which is from Southsea to the C1 buoy off Cherbourg and thence to the Royal Sovereign Light vessel and back to Southsea. By the time that the starting gun went we were in a moderately good position, rushing for the line in company with a huge assortment of smart and well-manned yachts. Once over the line we sank to the deck exhausted but very willing to have a good time.

Shortly after the start we were galloping along at 7 knots which was a marvellous feeling, but even so the thought of a middle watch soon drove us below to wedge ourselves in a bunk, which in its turn did its best to hurl us onto the deck. *Droxford* was nothing in comparison with this. We now got down to the daily routine of sleep, wake up for duty, sit in the cockpit getting colder and wetter, take the wheel, heave in, let go sheets, all to the accompaniment of cries of encouragement from the skipper. Most of us managed to deliver our offerings to the sea but, with plenty to do, we began to feel hungry, and eyeing each other we thought, "Would he be better fried or boiled". Seeing these hungry looks I made a dive for the saloon and galley; then, with both feet on the head's door and both hands clutching any useful hand hold, with the remainder of my wits I managed to present a meal - black but crisp bacon with a fried/scrambled egg, but despite its odd looks it was swallowed down with approving comments. By noon on Saturday we were approaching the Cherbourg buoy and plans were laid and hands detailed for jobs for changing sail. Once round the buoy we started to hoist a brand new black and yellow wasp-like spinnaker, which looked a wonderful sight billowing out ahead in the strong wind. With this additional sail and the trisail set between the masts we rushed along with a following sea at over 10 knots, overtaking many of our rivals which was a most satisfactory state of affairs. This continued all day and at sunset we approached the Royal Sovereign, which we rounded, in its eerie rays, in company with the well-known yacht *Belmore* of Atlantic fame. We kept up our high speed throughout the night but in the early morning disaster overtook us in the form of a split genoa, but with a replacement jib we managed to keep going, racing until the finishing line was crossed between the forts. So ended our first ocean race and very great fun it was as well. I will volunteer for the next. G.A.S.



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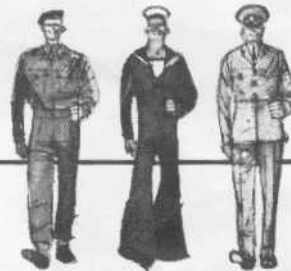
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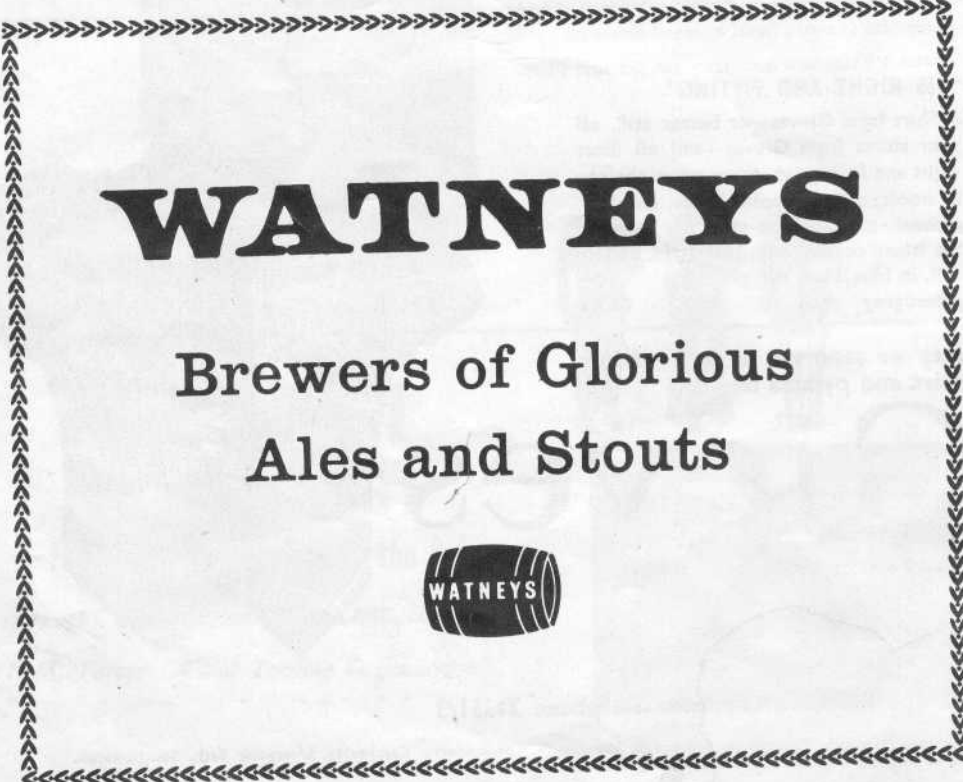
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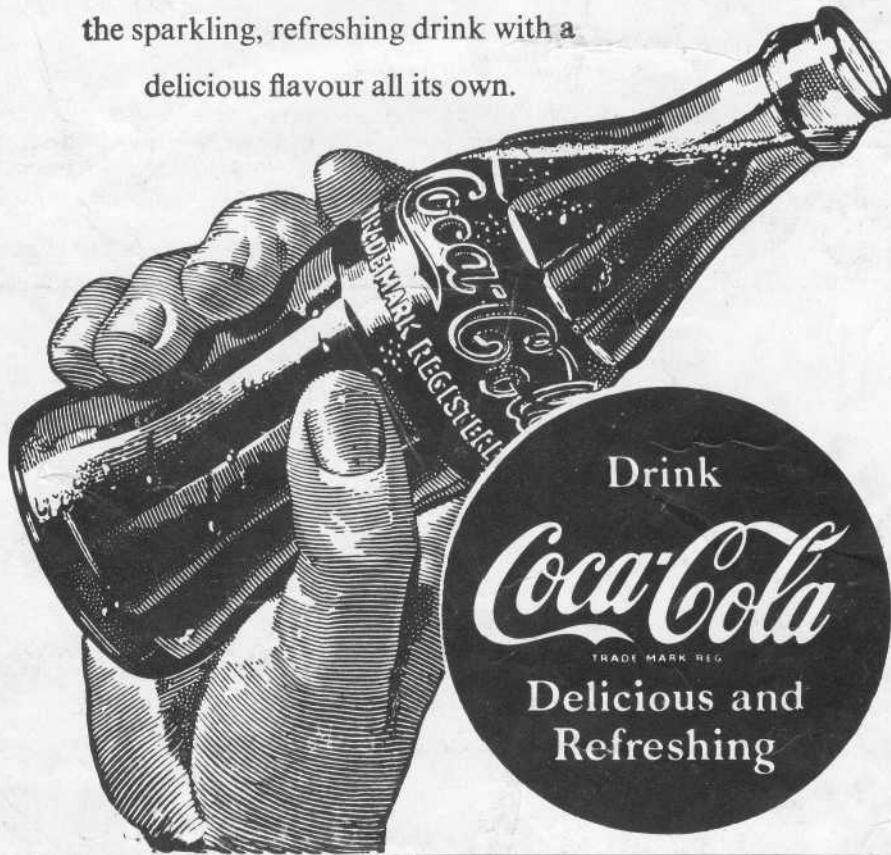
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FAMOUS NAMES IN THE ROYAL NAVY H.M.S. TIGER



H.M.S. TIGER, shown here wearing the flag of the C-in-C Mediterranean, is the twelfth British warship to bear this name. The first TIGER, launched at Deptford in 1546, gained battle honours in the Armada Campaign. The second accompanied Sir Francis Drake on his 1585 voyage to the West Indies. A TIGER featured in the recapture of Calcutta in 1757, and another saw action at Odessa during the Crimean War. The battle cruiser H.M.S. TIGER was present at the battles of the Dogger Bank and Jutland during the First World War.

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