

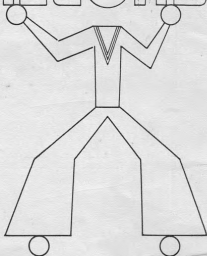
THE

H.M.S. 



SAINTES

REC○ORD



Vol. I.

OCTOBER, 1950

No. 1

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ANCHOR ALE



Insist on Anchor

JAMES CALDER & Co. (Malta) Ltd.

THE SAINTES RECORD

THE MAGAZINE OF H.M.S. SAINTES

CAPTAIN (D)

3rd. DESTROYER FLOTILLA MEDITERRANEAN FLEET

Vol. I.

OCTOBER, 1950

No. 1

EDITOR

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CIRCULATION
MANAGER

THOMAS MORPHEW.

NEWSWRITER

STANLEY REED

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FOREWORD

Once again after a lapse of some months, our *SAINTES NEWSLETTER*, re-appears. This time however, it has shed the slightly disparaging description of "Newsletter" and makes its debut in its first party dress as a Magazine.

Since the last number was printed, much has happened in our Ship to keep us busy, ranging geographically from Beirut to Gibraltar (and by the time you read this even further), and in entertainment value from the Ship's Company Dance — to the Admirals Inspection.

Now we are reborn, like a thoroughbred — by the Grace of God — out of Dockyard.

It was a difficult delivery.

We face our Second year in Commission free of the back log of troubles which have dogged us to date.

To start the new phase, we are once again breaking new ground. Parts of Egypt, the Canal, and a Small patch of Arabia called Aquaba. We shall have pulled in the Regatta, and fished in the Red Sea.

Once again, all this will keep us fully occupied — which is the best way to be.

One of the aims of the magazine is to be a permanent record of the highlights of this busy commission.

To do that, the Editors want *YOUR* ideas, *YOUR* jokes, and *YOUR* experiences, and hope that, busy as you will be, you will still find time to burst into print—

W. W. HAYNES,
First Lieutenant.

EDITORIAL

"One who desires no greater worldly happiness than to be accounted honest and faithful in his employment"

"To be accounted honest and faithful in his employment!"

How many of us in this post-war world, in or out of uniform, can justly claim to this honourable epitaph. One of the most noticeable traits in our world of today is the avoidance of responsibility by a large proportion of the population. "Passing the Baby" has ever been a popular Naval Pastime, but pre-war it was done with the idea of finding it's rightful owner. He certainly did not refuse to hold it! Nowadays the majority seem to have adopted an attitude of "I couldn't care less!"

This would not matter so much, but, accompanying it, there is also the falling off of that sense of pride and achievement in one's own work, and unless there is a revival of the old sense of joy in a job well done for it's own sake, our prestige will deteriorate.

The reason you may ask? The aftermath of war maybe, when everyone relaxes and lets their hair down, or perhaps, the large number of holidays and breaks in the working day which we now expect as our right, and not as a privilege. So we become bored in our leisure and boredom can be soul destroying.

The cure! — Here is George Bernard Shaw's opinion. "The secret of being miserable is to have leisure to bother about whether you are happy or not. The cure is occupation, because occupation means pre-occupied; and the pre-occupied person is neither happy nor unhappy, but simply active and alive, which is pleasanter than any unhappiness. . . . A perpetual holiday is a good working definition of hell."

So, let us see if we can do 'that' job just a little better, apply to ourselves all our tasks whatever they may be, a little more diligently and to the best of our ability, then and only then can we be "accounted honest and faithful." We'll all be much happier in the process, so why not give it a trial?

"THINK ON THESE THINGS" [No. 1]

CHARITY

"Faith, Hope and Charity, and the greatest of these is charity."

Of late the word "Charity" is usually used to mean the giving of money, but it is another meaning, that of being "charitable" in thought that we want to look at for a moment.

On all sides at the present time, and in all walks of life, there has grown up a large amount of criticism which is purely destructive. Nothing is right, everything is wrong. Conditions must be found fault with, people must be found fault with and their shortcomings continuously dwelt upon whilst their good points and qualities are ignored. It is becoming a common trend of thought.

What a man sows, he reaps. And those who give themselves continuously to a destructive line of thought, must not only endanger their own health, but they can never come to success. Everything in life for them is wrong, even trivial irritations become much magnified, their minds are always seeking trouble and they will surely find it. When such come to a position of responsibility their own critical natures will often inhibit them from making any positive decisions, simply because they are afraid of making a mistake — they have been critical of others and in turn will expect criticism from others.

There is always the individual waiting for something to criticise, to find a fault in a line of teaching or training, or in the way something is carried out, or with different personalities. Many of these who criticise can produce nothing other than criticism, they can neither build nor create, they can give no line of teaching, they take no responsibility, (they see to that), nor would they run a centre, even for a short time. One and all they lack something — charity!

Charity — to be charitable in our thoughts about others, to refrain from harsh judgment where we do not know all the facts. Charity should help us to rub shoulders with others, to be a little more broad-minded and a little more tolerant. True we need to draw a line between what we are prepared to tolerate and what we are not, but we need to see the good in others, it is there if we look for it. Surely the Master's example was so different from that of many who claim to follow

him. He went among the poor, the "sinners," and He was at ease with Him, not feeling uncomfortable, inferior or criticised. The Master set an example by His own life and the way he lived — would that many who find fault so often would do likewise.

"LIGHT BINGER"

"THE MATELOT'S WEDDING SERVICE"

PARSON. Wilt thou, Jack, take this woman as thy lawful wedded wife, to live with insofar as the Drafting Commander will allow; wilt thou love her, take her to the pictures and come home properly and promptly at the week-end?

MATELOT. I will.

PARSON. Wilt thou, Mary, take this Matelot as thy lawfull wedded husband, bearing in mind restricted leave, ship's routines, watches, weapon training, recalls, uncertain mails, and the various problems of life in the Andrew? Wilt thou obey him and press and fold his suit?

MARY. I will.

MATELOT. I, Jack, take thee Mary, to be my lawfull wedded wife from 1700 — 0700, 1630 — 0730 when made Chief or P.O., and, as fas as permitted by Jimmy, restricted leave, subject to recall, for better or for worse, for earlier or later, and I promise to write once a week.

MARY. I, Mary, take thee Jack, to be my lawfull wedded husband, subject to the orders of the O.O.D., changing residence whenever the ship moves, to have and to hold, as long as the allotment comes through regularly, and there I pledge thee my troth.

PARSON. Let no man put assunder those whom God and the Drafting Commander have joined together by virtue of the authority in K.R., & A.I. and the latest A.F.O. re-marriage. You are now man and wife by permission of the Skipper, back dated six months.

THE ORIGIN OF OUR RED, WHITE AND BLUE ENSIGN

As can often be seen in paintings and prints of old ships-of-the-line, the British Fleet was divided into three coloured squadrons, the Red being the senior.

Each squadron flew an ensign according to its colour. On foreign stations this system was found to be inconvenient and was done away with in 1865.

The Red Ensign however, was adopted as the National colour in the 17th Century, and flown by the Mercantile Marine.

The Blue Ensign was ordered to be worn by ships of Naval Reserve.

The White Ensign is now worn by H.M. Ships of War in Commission, The Royal Yacht Squadron and Trinity House vessels when escorting Royal Yachts.

Note Ratings intending to fly Ensigns in their garden on their retirement from the Royal Navy are advised to study the Law on this point!

ANOTHER KIND OF NATIVE

Our Correspondent in India has mailed the following amusing story. "A Yogi presenting himself to the station-master of a North Indian railway, demanding a ticket for a station down the line. This was rightly refused. Yogi seated himself placidly and lapsed into a meditative coma. The train arrived, dropped and picked up mail-passengers, but could the engine driver, guard, station-master and staff get the train to leave — No! It was not until, in the ensuring frenzy, that a clerk suggested giving the Yogi a ticket that the answer was found. As soon as he boarded the train everything reverted to normal!

LIFE GETS TEDIOUS DON' IT?

The Anchor comes up and the Anchor goes down,
The Holders and Capstan go round and round,
And the Cable in Knots on the Foc'sle is found.
Life gets tedious don't it.

The Boat's alongside but I don't really care,
I ain't affiguring on going nowhere.
I'm duty and I haven't the money to spare.
Is it worth the effort?

Fuel in the tank's getting lower and lower,
Can't go to sea for six months or more.
But I've heard it said and it's true I'm sure,
That too much cruising 'll weaken you.

I open the Port and the Sea pours in.
I close the Port, I'm sweating ag'in.
I move too fast and I crack my shin.
Just one durned sill after tother,

The Turbo Generator must be sick
I checked it through with a megger pretty quick.
It ran alright but it woudn't kick
There's something cockeyed somewhere.

The Q.M.'s blowing he's all tripe,
The strangest Q.M. what a type,
One day I'll tell him what to do with his pipe,
That'll teach him to give over.

The Buffer weeps and the Part of Ship cleans,
There's washing and polishing on the Quarterdeck screens,
And the Rain comes down the Paint in Streams,
You can't depend on nuthin'.

Corfu, Rhodes, and Capri goes,
Wine, and Women in scanty clothes.
Exercise on exercise adds to our woes.
Life gets serious, don't it?

NAVAL NOTES

HOME AND MEDITERRANEAN CHANGE-OVER

Changes in the Home and Mediterranean Fleets during the next twelve months have been forecast. A statement at the end of March announced that it had been decided to place in reserve three fleet destroyers from the Mediterranean Fleet and four from the Home Fleet. They will be replaced with nine anti-submarine frigates from the Reserve, with ahead throwing anti-submarine weapons. The change-over will provide the two fleets with additional facilities for tactical training in anti-submarine measures.

The timing of the intended changes will be approximately as follows: In the Mediterranean the destroyers CHAPLET and CHILDERS will be replaced by the frigates LOCH SCAVAIG and LOCH DUNVEGAN in June. In November the destroyer CHEVIOT will be replaced by the frigate LOCH LOMOND. In the middle of January 1951 it is anticipated that two additional frigates, the LOCH CRAGGIE and LOCH MORE will join the Mediterranean Fleet.

In the Home Fleet the destroyers BARROSA and ALAMEIN will start reduction to Reserve in April and AISNE and JUTLAND in August. The frigate LOCH ALVIE will join the Home Fleet in June and LOCH INSH in October. The LOCH FYNE and LOCH KILLISPORT will join the Home Fleet in February, 1951.

NAVY TO SHARE PRIZE-MONEY

About 650 officers and men who were serving in the British aircraft carrier HERMES on October 25th, 1939, or the relatives of those on board who have since died are to share prize money earned by the French Navy in World War II.

The French Government has made an award of 617,000 francs (valued at approximately £629 at the present rate of exchange) for the assistance rendered by the HERMES in the capture of the German steamship SANTA FE. The HERMES, at the time, was serving with the French Force X in the South Atlantic and she was present at the seizure of the SANTA FE in a position off Freetown, Sierra Leone.

The Admiralty are now tracing officers, and the men who

were serving in the ship on October 25th, 1939, (or their relatives) to pay out the French award, which is made in the "old style," to people present at the capture. The amounts are not large (varying between £8 for the Captain of the ship and 5s. for the ordinary ratings) but they represent a gesture by the French which is typical of the spirit of Western Union.

The Admiralty began the distribution of this money on April 22nd, and persons who are not now serving but are entitled to share should apply to the Director of Navy Accounts (D.N.A.3A) Admiralty, Bath, their applications (except in the case of Commissioned Officers) to be accompanied by Service certificates.

H.M.S. TRUCULENT TO BE SCRAPPED

In view of the damage sustained by H.M.S. TRUCULENT when she was in collision with the Swedish Merchant Ship DIVINA on January 12th and by the subsequent flooding of her compartments when she sank in the Thames Estuary, the Admiralty have decided that she is to be scrapped. The main motors and accessories and any equipment which is in repairable condition will be retained for further use.

HALF A HUNDRED YEARS

The U.S. Navy has recently celebrated its 50th Anniversary of the submarine's birth, by laying the keels of two new classes of underwater craft. One class will consist of 3 small anti-submarine submersible craft, and the other of 6 fast-attack submarines. The small craft (750 Tons) will be officially known as Submarine killers, and have an overall length of 195 feet. The attack vessels (1,500 Tons) will have streamlined superstructures latest type Snorkels. Their equipment will be most advanced, especially with electronic and sonar devices.

A CHANGE OF PLAN

Many in our Ship's company will remember that the Admiralty intended to enlarge the existing area of Pompey Dockyard. This Plan had formerly intended to 'Borrow' another 40 acres ... mostly residential and commercial premises, — now a change of plan has been announced, and the area proposed for extension has been practically halved.

It is presumed that this original bold scheme for enlarging the Dockyard has been pressed upon the Admiralty by lack of funds, and the vagueness of the future.

NEW M.T.B. FOR R.N.

His Majesty's Motor Boat 1602 built by Messrs. Saunders Engineering and Shipyard Ltd. is now off the 'Secret' list — she is 75 ft long and 20 ft beam, — Complement? 2 Officers and 10 Men. She is powered by Packard engines.

THE SAD TALE OF ELSIE PENN

This is the tale of Elsie Penn,
A charming and attractive Wren,
Seductive lips and lovely figure,
Like Venus de Milo, — only bigger;
Her dainty nose and fine complexion
To good cosmetics owed perfection.
Her Louis Heels and fascinations
Were not as per the regulations,
Such azure eyes and ash blonde curls,
One of the most alluring girls
Who ever joined The Service,
To make poor Senior Officers Nervous,
Lieutenants, when they shambled past her,
Would blush and feel their hearts beat faster,
And Sub. Lieutenants by the score
Would cluster round her Office Door,
To ask her, sighing, after Six,
To share nine pennorth of Flicks,
Now The Victualling Office was the Place,
Where Elsie radiated Her good grace,
And worked in an admirable fashion,
To give each Matelot his daily ration,
Comestibles in full, supply
Laid down in K.R. & A.I.
One of the jobs that was her lot
Was checking each Sailors Tot,
"Up Spirits" saw Our Elsie there,
To collect for each Mess it's share,

And as a Sailor called his number,
Our Elsie, cool as a cucumber,
Would call three pints or more,
According to the book she bore.
One day however, passing by,
A handsome Middle Middy caught her eye;
In haste to indicate her pleasure,
She tripped upon a half pint measure
And fell as smitten by a club,
Prostrate in the blooming Tub.
Emerging there above the Rum,
All one could see was Elsie's bustle
Ejaculating 'Blimey,' quicker,
She's soaking up our liquor!
At least a dozen Men I think,
Dragged Elsie, dripping from the drink.
The First Lieutenant, standing by,
Cried, 'Keep back, and let the Damsel dry'
They laid her down on the Terra Firma,
Amid a kind of awe struck murmur,
For her curls were gone, and her face was livid,
Her pouting lips no longer vivid.
And in the Tub, upon the Rum,
Complexion floated like a scum.
..... And thus poor Elsie paid the price
..... 'Cos from that day on she cut no ice.

(PER SIGNA SAPIENTA).

DEPARTMENTAL DILEMMA

To put evaps on reserve feed tanks need plenty big
pulley-hauley tackle.

* * *
Astern Throttle is a form of silences used in polite society.

* * *
A salinometer is a sort of electrical cruet.

* * *
Half a ton of fuel left
Nowhere near an oiler,
Everything is going wrong,
Pop goes the boiler!
* * *

'BLACK & WHITE'

SCOTCH WHISKY



*Distilled, Blended and Bottled
in Scotland*



JAMES BUCHANAN & CO. LTD., GLASGOW, SCOTLAND

THE SECRET IS IN THE BLENDING

SOLE AGENTS:

SIMONDS-FARSONS-CISK, LTD., MALTA.

DID YOU KNOW . . .

THAT the 4th and latest Aircraft Carrier "ARK ROYAL" displace 36,800 tons and thus be half as large again as any British Navy Carrier hitherto?

* * *

THAT the U.S. Navy intends to build 4 new type submarines? One is to be an experimental nuclear powered vessel and will be driven by atomic energy. The cost will be around 40 million dollars.

* * *

THAT the "JEAN BART," a French Battleship of 35,000 tons has recently been completed and has sailed on her first cruise?

* * *

THAT a combined force of warships — American, Canadian and British — recently carried out exercises in the West Indies?

* * *

THAT the issue of duty free tobacco to ships and naval establishments at home is to be cut by 20 per cent?

* * *

THAT the First Lord of the Admiralty is Viscount Hall, and that recently he stated that regular recruiting for the Navy is "not unsatisfactory"?

* * *

THAT a night raid by 65 men against an enemy held coast line to destroy an important bridge will be demonstrated at this years Royal Tournament by the Royal Marine Commando?

* * *

THAT scenes from the film "Captain Hornblower" were shot in the Flagship H.M.S. "Victory" and that ratings from the other "Victory," rigged in period costume acted as "Extras"?

* * *

THAT H.M. Ships "Resource," "Artifix" and "Wolfe" will soon be either sold or scrapped?

QUEER STORY

Have you walked through the Park lately? Lovely isn't it. Those spring flowers are beautiful. I used to walk through there every night but wild horses wouldn't drag me there again. Why? I'll tell you. Its the oddest experience of my life, in or out of the R.N.

The time was about sun-set, the park was very quite and I sat by that peculiar Pagoda-like monument, writing a letter to the misses. Suddenly I was aware of the unmistakeable scent of Lotus blossoms. There was a dull boom as though a big bell had been struck near by. Looking up, I found I was being regarded with some interest by a matelot. Nothing odd about that you will say, but this one was different. He was dressed in a style of a past period, Sailors flannel (the old yellow kind) serge trousers, gaiters, bandolier of cartridges, a cutlass and the whole ensemble crowned with a straw hat and cap ribbon. I was about to ask him what the Navy Day Department was doing there at that time of the evening, when he lent forward, cigarette in hand saying "Give us a light chum."

He caught my hand to steady the match, I jumped, his touch was like ice. He straightened up. "What's the idea of the fancy rig" I began, pointing to his suit. "Identification mainly" he replied, "You see, I am really what you would call a ghost or Spirit." Startled at this form of introduction, I glanced quickly around for possible assistance, the park was deserted. Various thoughts raced through my head, this chap is obviously "mental," he also looked as though he could handle that cutlass. With a kind of forced breeziness I asked — "Then what is the idea of er— haunting a place like this? after all" (here I thought it safer to enter the spirit of the thing, at least till help arrived) "after all, surely this place, nice as it is, is not a matelots idea of Heaven." He smiled. "You're right there, but this is a voluntary duty." "What, standing there striking that bell?" "Yes," seeing my puzzled look, he went on, "You see that Chinese bell over there" pointing to the monument on which it was mounted — "that was presented to our ships' company after a big scrap up at Tientsin that was before your time" he added as an after thought.

"You see those words?" he pointed to the Chinese characters engraved on the bell. "Roughly translated it says: 'Come wind and gentle rain, The Empire is at peace again.' That is

where I come in." I found myself wishing desperately that someone would come along, anyone. It was growing dark now, the park was quite, early so, even the trees were still.

His voice again broke the silence. "That Tientsin "do" was years ago, but we have been busy ever since." "Doing what?" I interjected at this point, more to hear my own voice than anything else, it was a hoarse croak. "We all do pretty much what we want to do "up top" he continued"; but it must be something that will help someone else, either "up top" or down in your world. One way is to volunteer for a job like this. He stopped, "you follow me, don't you?" he queried. In spite of myself I was getting interested. "Yes go on."

The light was rapidly failing and he **did** seem a trifle unreal and sort of ghostly, he indicated my even paper, "my mob is responsible for the boys on the China Station, if they need any help out there, our lot go into action, ours are the very best of Spirits, wherever there is trouble or danger, you'll find us right there in the thick of it alongside your lads, we Never let them down."

I posed an obvious query, as he paused, "if what you say is true, why are you here ringing that old bell instead of being out there with the lads at the present time?" His response was quick almost an echo, his voice faded to a whisper, I could hardly discern his outline in the rapidly growing dusk, "this bell must always be rung until there is peace in the Empire once again, secondly it is a symbol that we are on the job — some people in your world can see us you know, finally it is a useful conscience reminder."

"In what way?" I asked quickly, his voice was hardly audible now, only a dull gleam of the tip of his cutlass showed where he stood. He smiled slowly and after a long pause replied — "Ever heard of BARRACK STANCHIONS?", "but what" I began, but he had vanished, I was left staring at the spot where he had been, all that remained was a crumpled piece of silver paper on the ground, and the unmistakable scent of the lotus blossoms.

Whats got me about all this business really is, that the other day when I passed by the park I noticed that the bell had vanished too. They tell me that it was taken down at the beginning of the 1939 war. If that is true, how is it that I can describe the bell accurately, never having seen it, or read about it?

I still have a piece of silver paper that smells of the Lotus blossom.

(Leadsman).

IF

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look to good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;
If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings;
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so held on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings — nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,

If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

THE ADMIRAL'S COCKROACH

I'm just a nice little Cockroach,
And I was born in the Admiral's Flat;
I always take dinner with Charlie,
But live in the Admiral's hat.

It's been a most lovely Commission,
I've met all kinds of queer folk;
They all salute me most carefully,
It's really all rather a joke.

The Admiral and I pay our visits,
To the Monarchs, the Mayors and the rest;
The Admiral gets lashed up with daintes,
While I just watch from my nest.

At Alex, we went to a party,
He placed his hat by the eats,
I was over the side in a twinkling,
And made hay on the pastries and sweets.

A wonderful time I was having,
And forgot the Admiral would go;
So imagine my horror and anguish,
In watching his exit and bow.

But fortune was with me; his Major,
Was taking his fill at some cream;
I ran up his arm which was handy,
And settled down under his seam.

It really was rather an evening;
His Major quite opened my eyes;
The fleshpots and garlic and fleshpots;
He gave me quite a surprise.

Very late he returned to his cabin;
And I was far too weary to move,
So spent the night in his cupboard,
With revolvers and puttees and food.

At daylight I scampered off quickly,
To regain my place in the hat;
To eat my dinner with Charlie,
To retain my hold of the flat.

ABOUT THIS TIME (Six Years Ago)

"D-DAY" On 6th June, 1944, the eagerly awaited news that at last an Allied Army had landed successfully in France was flashed all over the world. To condense the story of this great invasion into the short space available in these notes, means of necessity that much of importance must be omitted. Preparations on a vast scale began years before, when the British and United States' Governments and their professional advisers set on foot plans to encamp a large American Army in the British Isles, to turn this army and a British army into a specialised force, to lay mooring and build yards in every suitable south-coast estuary and harbour, to build up a great assembly of vessels of a hundred different types and to form a staff organisation capable of controlling the movements of ships and men to an exact time-table. 125,000 officers and men of the Allied Navies and 70,000 officers and men of the Allied Merchant Fleets were employed, while over 5,000 ships were brought into service for the operation. This great fleet consisted of six battleships, twenty-three cruisers, 104 destroyers, 4,012 landing craft, 316 coastal craft, 152 escort vessels, 4 monitors, 324 auxiliary vessels, 224 merchant ships and 1,032 coasters and blockships, and after the first great landing 2,000 merchant ships were continually employed in keeping the armies supplied. Two vitally important tasks fell to the British Navy — the clearing of mines ahead of the expedition and the subsequent covering of the passage and of the landing.

(Nine Years Ago)

THE SYRIAN CAMPAIGN. In June, 1941, it was known that the Germans were planning to extend their offensive in Syria and further east and, following a decision to forestall them, a British army advanced from the south on the 8th of June, supported on the seaward flank by Vice-Admiral King with the cruisers "PHOEBE" "AJAX" and "COVENTRY," and infantry carrier and destroyers. Admiral King's squadron bombarded enemy naval positions and drew away some French destroyers, but "ILEX" and "IRIS" were badly damaged by dive-bombers and "JANUS" was damaged in a short, sharp destroyer battle. Sidon was captured on the 15th June and from then until the 4th July the cruisers, reinforced by

"PERTH" and "CARLISLE" and destroyers, were constantly meeting requests for the support of their ship's guns. The short campaign came to an end on the 11th July, 1941.

(Ten Years Ago)

WITHDRAWAL FROM NARVIK. By the third week in May 1940, the situation in Norway had deteriorated, and on the 24th, the British Government decided to evacuate all troops. Assisted by a powerful bombardment from the Fleet, our forces attacked the Narvik peninsula which was completely in their hands by the night of the 29th May, and, having wrecked the ore quays and the electric power and railways to prevent the use of the port for ore shipments, the troops numbering about 25,000 were embarked in transports between 4th and 8th June and escorted back to the United Kingdom by the battleship "VALIANT", cruisers and destroyers. These ships arrived safely, but disaster overtook a number of vessels that sailed independently. "SCHARNHORST," "GNEISENAU," "ADMIRAL HIPPER" and two destroyers were at sea to harass our shipping and on the 8th June, 1940, they sank an oiler, here escorting trawler and the troopship "ÖRAMA." The same day they encountered the aircraft carrier "GLORIOUS" and two attending destroyers — "ACASTA" and "ARDENT" — and sank all three ships after a two hours chase. "GLORIOUS" was carrying Royal Air Force personnel and their planes, and amongst the many hundreds lost were nearly all those crowned their achievements in Norway by flying their land machines on board the carrier.

AUTUMN RAIN

Heralded by darkness, soundless flash
Whispering far off for those with ears to listen
Warm scented air, prelude to lash
Of icy rain, on wave face loudly hissing.
These cold rivulets, sporadic drips
Penetrate my oilskin, make depressing the watch,
Steadily beating they perform around the Ship
A thousand miracles shatter as they touch.
Their playmate Wind, shapes them
Where they mingle on the cold steel deck
Hesitating ripples, like a diadem
Sun transformed, to diamonds round her neck.

HULLO DARLING!

Hullo darling — laughingly said
As a greeting to this one or that,
By many a man, and many a maid —
Words without meaning, words without thought.

Hullo darling — written often
As dear ones must be far apart;
A greeting filled with deepest emotion
When coming always from the heart.

Hullo darling — Softly spoken
As home from far over the seas,
Came the loved one, and showing
A treasurer of love, joy, and peace.

Hullo darling — eyes are glowing
With love that naught can destroy,
Then again come words filled with meaning,
My darling! My darling, hullo.

— Important Notice to Readers at Home —

This magazine is essentially a real part of

H. M. S. SAINTES

Outside subscribers may be considered however, but
application should be made **early** to our circulation Manager:

Chief Mechanician T. MORPHEW.

E. R. A.'s Mess,

H. M. S. SAINTES.

(In Foreign Waters)

c/o G.P.O.

London.

Letters, Articles etc. should be sent to the Editor:

Chief T.A.S.I. GORDON HAYMAN.

C.P.O.'s Mess,

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(In Foreign Waters)

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SPORTS

CRICKET

It has been amazing the number of chaps who have asked for a trial this season. There is certainly no lacking of volunteers or talent!! Great difficulty has been experienced in selecting the 1st. XI. At the time of going to press, the 1st. XI stands as follows:—

Ldg. Tel. Bailey (Capt.); Ldg. Sea. Ward; Stores P.O. Hall; Sig. Boy. Horrocks; P.O. Gordon. Wk.; P.O. Stock; S.M. Coombes; Ldg. Sig. Burrows; Mech. Morphew; Ldg. Tel. Thomas; A.B. Pain. Scorer: — Stores P.O. Kellet. Umpire: — Yeo. Harvey.

Results and Comments of Matches Played to Date

SAINTES v ST. JOSEPH at BICHI PARK

SAINTES lost by 3 wickets and 56 runs. Our team in this match was no where near representing our 1st XI. Our 1st XI, and those participating are to be congratulated on a very plucky game. Difficulty was experienced in bowling uphill, and fielding amongst rubble!!! (No excuse).

SAINTES v CHIVALROUS

SAINTES lost by 27 runs. This was an excellent game, played in the very best tradition of the real cricket spirit. Many valuable lessons were learnt from the view of Captaincy.

Stores P.O. Hall took 4 wickets in 2 overs for 8 runs. Ldg. Sea. Ward scored 48 runs not out.

SAINTES v DISCOVERY

SAINTES won by innings, 6 wickets and 30 runs. SAINTES was acting as liason ship during R.R.S. DISCOVERY short stay at Malta, and they challenged us to a game. We rather overestimated their strength unfortunately fielded a much too strong a team.

SAINTES v ARMADA

SAINTES won by 7 wickets and 24 runs. This match was really a Flotilla Trial, to select the team to represent the 3rd D.F. in the Group knockout competition.

ARMADA batted first and scored 138 runs in 110 minutes. Their team included one Navy Batsman, and a New Zealand Branch officer, who had obviously played the game before!

Stores P.O. Hall took 5 wickets for 47 runs. Ldg. Sea. Ward took 3 wickets for 34 runs, — one of these being that of the Navy Batsman. Stoker Mechanic B. Coombes made an excellent catch, SAINTES went into bat with this quite formidable score of 138 to beat. They certainly surpassed themselves, scoring 162 for 3 wickets declared, in 110 minutes.

Sig. Boy Horrocks scored 58 runs and looked all set for another fifty at least, when he was dismissed by a really first class catch.

Stores P.O. Hall knocked up a really foreeful 44 not out, — even the umpire had to do some quick evasive action!!!

P.O. Gordon and Leading Tel. Bayley added some very useful contributions also. The first wicket partnership Gordon and Horrocks was not broken until 58 runs had appeared on the board. A really good all-round performance by SAINTES first XI.

SAINTES v VIGO

SAINTES won by 40 runs. Our bowlers did exceptionally well in this match.

Ward — 5 wickets for 21 runs; Hall — 2 wickets for 15 runs; Stock — 3 wickets for 2 runs — with 5 balls bowled!!! (A really devastating Over for VIGO).

FLOTILLA XI

The following players are to be congratulated in being chosen for the Flotilla XI v the 1st D.F., though P.O. Stock was unfortunately unable to play:

Ldg. Tel. Bailey; P.O. Gordon; Stores P.O. Hall; Ldg. Sea. Ward; Sig. Boy. Horrocks; P.O. Stock.

The 1st D.F. were beaten by 7 wickets, — the actual scores being — 1st D.F. 131 all out. 3rd D.F. 132 for 3 wickets. The batting honours definitely go to SAINTES, with Boy Horrocks and P.O. Gordon opening the scoring 37 and 38 respectively, the first wicket falling for 88 runs. Ldg. Sea. Ward scored 21 not out. — Well done the 3rd D.F. — we now play in the finals on Sunday 11th June. COME ON THE 3rd D.F. — it's up to all SAINTES players to put as much net practice in as possible.

WANTED:— ONE GOOD SLOW SPIN BOWLER

HOCKEY

Throughout the season, SAINTES fielded a strong and very keen team. The initial difficulties of getting used to each other were soon overcome, and it was found that when we were at full strength, there were few ships in the Destroyer Command who had the beating of us.

In the Destroyer Command Knockout Competition, we fought our way through to the Semi-Finals, where we were defeated in a fast and open match against "Chivalrous" at Manoel Island.

SAINTES provided over 50% of the 3rd Flotillas' side during the entire season, and I hope that we do the same again next season. Our outstanding player proved to be O/Sea. CHAPMAN who by dint of his tremendous exertion and judgment in goal turned many defeats into victory.

Whether we field as good a team this season is dependant to a large measure on the support given to Hockey by the whole Ships' Company. I hope that the support will be large enough to enable us to win the Destroyer Command Cup from "Chequers."

D.G. COOPER,

Hockey Secretary.

WATER POLO

New Season. New Rules. New Talent.

Get in! Get on with it!! Get Goals!!!!!!

Next report should be good.

Finally, remember the Water Polo players motto:—

"STAY ON TOP"

CARL HAYMAN,

Water Polo Secretary.

"SAINTES" — SOCCER 1949-50

SAINTES got away to a good start doing extremely well in their first game only losing by three goals to one to the strong Sliema Wanderers Team. Everybody was very much pleased with this result, — especially as this was only a scratch team picked completely at random. After this moral success we decided to get down to it properly. We formed a selection committee of four non playing members, P.O.S.M. OWENS, P.O. BUSH, L.E.M. KEMPE and Tel. WRIGHT. We held trials and picked the team, as it happened there was hardly any difference between the picked side and the scratch team that opposed Sliema — the only other 'Find' was L.R.E.M. BOWDEN, — who later became one of our Stars. The Season didn't go too badly, ten wins — ten losses, — one draw towards the end of the season we lost quite a few of our most valuable players — S.B.P.O. Geering, P.O.S.M. Smith, L/Tel. Parsons and Sig. Saint just to mention a few, so you can see we didn't do so bad as it may seem, on the whole it was quite a good season.

P.O. GORDON,

Soccer Secretary.

SPORTS NOTE

Owing to the pressure of work much of our Sport reports have had to be unavoidably left out of this issue. We hope to improve the scoring in our next issue. [EDITOR]

Depending upon the success and sales of this issue we hope to include notes and news from "VIGO" "ARMADA" and "GRAVELINES" in the next edition. —

IT'S UP TO YOU.

G. C. H.

Sparks and Flashes

During a bombing attack on the Aircraft Carrier H.M.S. ILLUSTRIOUS in World War II, the sailors on the Flight Deck hurriedly scrambled for cover.

One sailor calmly made for the doorway of the Ship's Galley, took a stance, and shouted above the din: "I'm from a Destroyer. WE always stand in the Galley Doorway."

A nervous bystander said: "I'm from Submarines, — What the hell do I do?"

* * *

The Admiral had completed his stirring speech by addressing those contemplating 'Going Outside' "Think well" he said, "They don't pipe dinner regularly outside!"

A voice from the back of the crowd answered, "They don't keep B———— Middle Watches either!"

* * *

When DISCOVERY II returned from it's notable expedition in the Polar wastes, someone asked one of its Naval Crew what one thing he missed most while away. — "Temptation," was the brief answer.

* * *

THE CANTEEN MANGER says that there is no truth in the rumour that he is buying a third row of houses. He is, we understand, contemplating purchase of a fleet of buses.

* * *

CHIEF E.A. BUCHANAN when asked his views of life in the Navy said he was too exhausted after 23½ years of straining every sinew in all directions for the Royal Navy to write about it.

* * *

We have heard that Boy COOKE has signed the pledge. This is a great decision for modern youth, We signed it ourselves — once, — did you?

* * *

One of the nicest things we like to happen to us, is to do good by stealth, and be found out doing it!

* * *

BOUQUET OF THE MONTH is awarded to R. Dougall A.D. of the Gunners Party. From what we hear on the broadcast he seems to be ever answering the ripe to muster somewhere, at all and odd times. Having seen him at his work we feel he fully justifies our appreciation.

* * *

AT HIS DEPARTURE we bid Goodbye and Good luck to Chief Cook Balchin, and welcome his successor, Chief Cook Walker. A hearty welcome is extended also to Stoker Mechanic F. Bradshaw whom we understand is now with his brother, the Able T.D. 3.

* * *

LUCKY LADY. The total loss in Stores and Cash from the Navy Appropriation Account recently issued amounts to £1,841,910. The value of stores lost was estimated at £1,669,668. Cash losses due to fraud, theft, etc., came to £172,242. — An overpayment of an allotment to the mere tune of £1,480 to the wife of an Officer was an interesting item. It was not considered practicable to recover this amount. We beg to suggest that the wife in question was not in the least sorry she had spent the money.

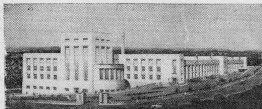
STRIPEY'S REFLECTION

"That's right, nag me. — I come home for a half day and what do I get? — Nag, Nag, Nag. First you want me to sign on, next you want my rum money. — You're getting 42/- from the Admiralty. Oh why did I marry you? Look at my single pals. All they get is a fat head:— One can get over that, — but YOU — NEVER.

Go on down to the Welfare and see if they can make a better husband out of me than I already am. Haven't I already bought new clothes for the kid and myself, — slaved and dhobeyed my hands away, given you my Tombla winnings, — what do I get? — come home, — no fire, baby crying, no gas, sardines for tea and you out.

Well my girl I'll give you a chance, — **BUCK UP!**

"Now what have you to say?" — there was no reply. "Answer me!" he cried, — but his reflection in the mirror said nothing.



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are brewed from pure Malt, Hops, Yeast and perfect water and their quality is unsurpassed.

We invite you to see the Brewery — write to us for a date.

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REFLECTIONS AT RICASOLI

About an hour ago, "bathing party" was piped to fall in. A well laden SAINTES motor boat brought us through the Grand Harbour, past the cruisers and the aircraft carrier, to the Fleet Bathing Centre.

From where I sit I can just see an M.F.V. approaching with a gay cargo of LIVERPOOLS lying off shore, waiting their turn to land bathers, are further well filled boats from "Glory," "Gambia" and "Chivalrous."

From where I sit, the view is good. We are on a flat roof, about which are spaced tables with gaily coloured umbrellas, under which sit happy groups from the Fleet.

The NAAFI Canteen presents a busy scene. The sailors come away with their beer, lemonade or tea and sit chatting or listening to the cheerful noise of the radio.

About 20 feet below the diving boards are in full use. To the rhythmic strains of a rumba or samba, the splashes are continuous. Some dive in with more zeal than skill, especially from the high boards.

The sea is very blue, calm and warm. About 30 yards from the shore are several rafts. On one a miniature battle is in progress as one of our C.P.O's is being grasped by many willing hands and flung into the "drink" with great hilarity. He quickly bobs up and swims purposefully for the raft. As he boards, the victors waver, then scatter as he heaves one of the sparkers overboard. But alas! his victory is short lived, as a crafty Quarterdeck sailor grabs his unsuspecting ankle and jerks him into the sea.

So it goes on. Every one is happy. Ships, exercises drills, all for the moment forgotten

The sun sinks lower in the heavens. The heat of the day eases. Across Malta's great harbour, many ships' boats make for our Lido. SAINTES' smart craft can easily be spotted in the Van, with its spotless canopy, gleaming brass and white woodwork. (!) We have just time for a fresh water shower in the roomy changing room, and so to the boat.

It was a grand afternoon. Exceedingly low cost, yet on reflection, well worth it

"LEADSMAN"

WIFE'S LAMENT

If you marry a sailor
He's always off to sea.
But when he's at home, he's such a boon,
That life's a continual honeymoon.
He'll wash the dishes, scrub the floor,
And do it cheerfully what is more.
He'll take you out if you say the word,
To dance, to dine or to tea —
But you can't rely on a sailor,
For he'll push off to sea,
It may be Malta or Scapa Flow,
Where his ship puts in you'll never know.
No, you won't be rich with a sailor,
But you're sure to have lots of fun,
He's the finest husband a girl can have,
You've guessed — yes, I married ONE!!

• SHIPS' COMPANY PLEASE NOTE:

All contributions (in sealed envelope please) should be addressed to:— The Editor, "SAINTES RECORD" and put in the Ship's Mail Box.

A THOUGHT

The week on board had been pretty grim, — one of those weeks which happens even in a well regulated destroyer, — I was real 'Chokka' and was sorely tempted to join the modern trend of thinking — The Couldn't care Less brigade, Whilst I was in this mood some photographs in a magazine caught my eye:— some blokes called SHERBROOKE, CAMERON, MAGENNIS AND SAVAGE. — A Royal Naval Captain, Lieutenant, a Leading Seaman, and an Able Seaman, — Surely an unusual group, — they certainly didn't look the 'Couldn't Care Less Type' — reading the accompanying paragraph, I discovered what they all had in common. —

the V. C.

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