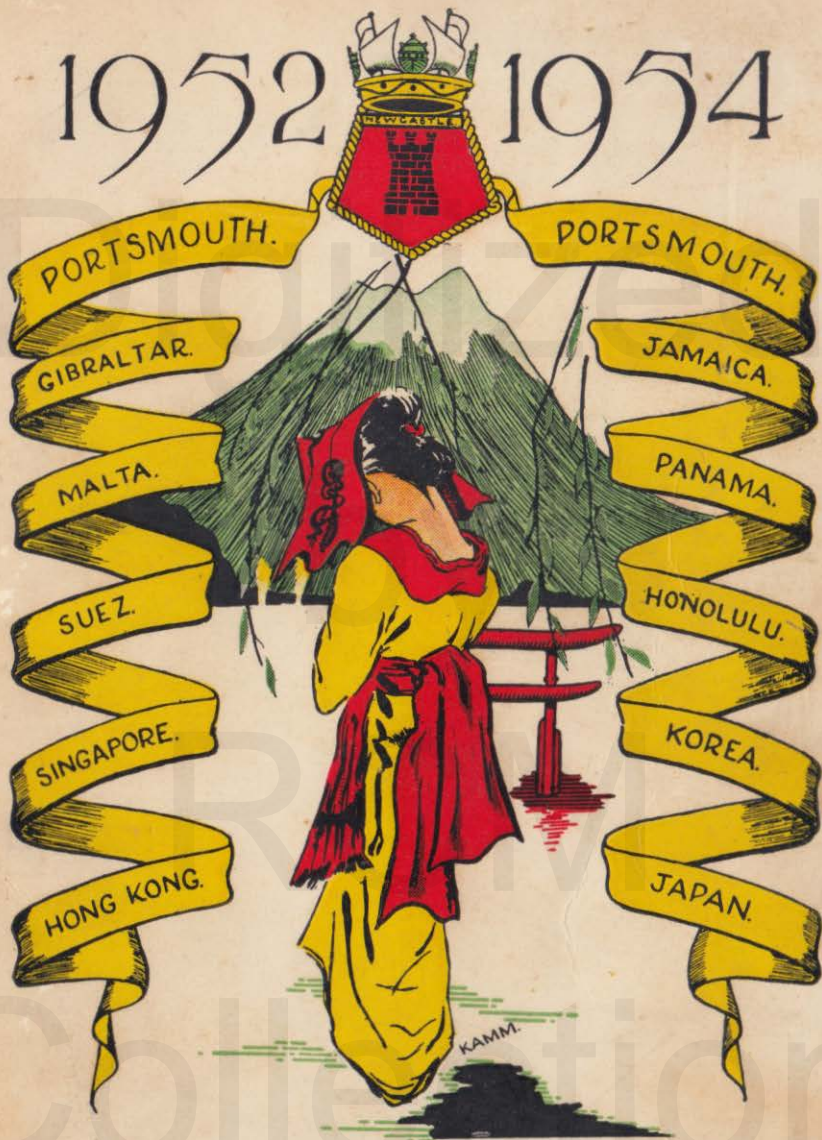


1952 1954



HMS. NEWCASTLE

F.W. Stephen. A/B P/Sx852250.

320 Mess. H.M.S. Newcastle.

14<sup>th</sup> March 1952 to 15<sup>th</sup> June 1954.

(Quarks deck' part of ship)

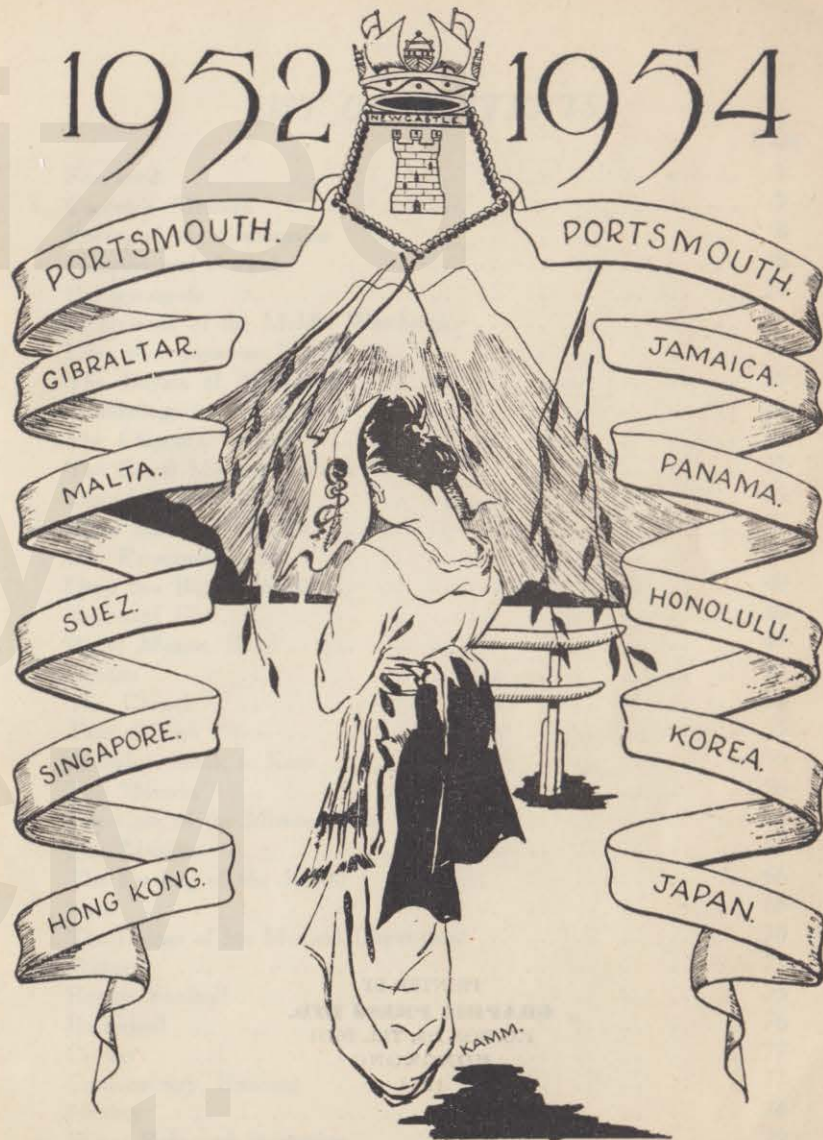
Rover Park - 960 Office.

Admiral's Program - Type 960 Office.

(P.O. HAWKES des)

& P.O. RUBYTON.

1952 1954



HMS. NEWCASTLE

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 1954

# H. M. S. Newcastle

*Flagship of the Fifth Cruiser Squadron Far East Station*

## SHIP'S MAGAZINE

*Commission*

3rd March, 1952 to June, 1954

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AS this commission approaches its end we have looked back over the many things that we have seen and done, and tried to produce a selection of them here, together with some light relief. At one time we despaired of gathering together enough material, but in the last six days before going to press so much was received that some has had to be omitted. We wish to thank all the contributors, whether their effort was used or not, who, have made this a real ship's magazine.



**Captain W.F.H.C. Rutherford**  
D.S.O., R.N.

3rd March, 1952 to 18th September, 1953



**Captain Sir St. J. R. J. Tyrwhitt,**  
Bart., D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N.

From 23rd September, 1953

## H.M.S. "NEWCASTLE" AT HONGKONG

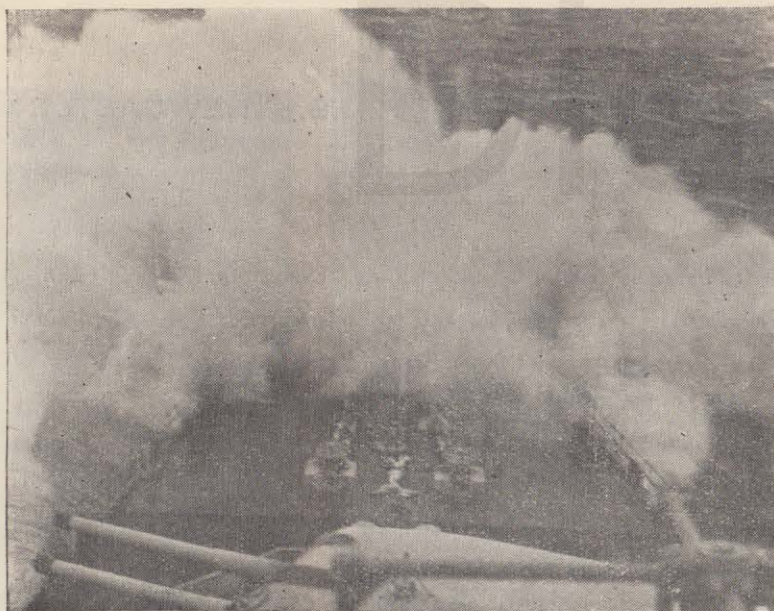
*This has been a commission of changing tasks. A hurried commissioning at Plymouth, though Portsmouth manned; a flying visit to our home port; a work-up at Malta; a fast passage to Korea and a year or so of active operations in war. After a Singapore refit, a gradual reversion to peacetime routine with many miles logged astern as flagship to the Flag Officer 2nd in Command Far East Station, and, finally, the long trip homeward bound via Pearl Harbour, the Panama Canal, Kingston (Jamaica), and — at last — POMPEY.*

*There is no doubt that wherever she has been NEWCASTLE has left a good name behind her, in war, in peace, at work and at play. We can return to enjoy "the fruits of our labours" knowing them to be deserved.*

*No ship can have a successful commission without a general atmosphere of trust and confidence from top to bottom and from bottom to top. We have had this, I hope, in NEWCASTLE and I do not expect to see a better team in a ship. We always think of our last ship as the best. This time it is true.*

*Good luck to you all—and thank you.*

*St. J. R. J. Tyrwhitt*  
CAPTAIN.



## Events of the Commission

On the forenoon of March 3rd 1952 the Admiral Superintendent of H.M. Dockyard, Devonport inspected the ship and the Commissioning Ceremony followed. In the afternoon the ship's company marched from R.N. Barracks and the rest of the day was spent in settling down. There was much to be done in the way of training and trials between then and May 12th when C. in C. Plymouth inspected the ship prior to its departure from Guiz on the 14th. When we arrived in Portsmouth everyone was looking forward to their last runs ashore at their home port and it was no wonder that the ammunitioning, although not treated as an evolution, was completed in extremely short time. Our stay at Pompey concluded with a Children's Party on 17th May and with the ship open to visitors on the 18th, when the ship's Chapel was dedicated. On the 19th we saw the last of Pompey for many months; we soon found that the 19th was to be a dangerous day in any month, when we could expect unpleasant things to happen.

A short pause at Gibraltar gave the Royal Marines a chance to display their fighting qualities, although the demonstration was not relished by the local police, and on the 27th May we arrived at Malta for what was intended to be a two month work up. It was not long before we heard that the next 19th was to see us on our way again and the work-up programme had to be speeded up. The exercising of all departments proceeded at break-neck speed interrupted only by a visit from the C. in C. Mediterranean, Admiral the Earl Mountbatten, K.G., P.C. and (for the Royals) the Queen's Birthday Parade. May 22nd saw us passing through the Suez Canal during which some were able to take advantage of an exchange with the 3rd Battalion, Coldstream Guards and we reached Aden for a one night stand on 26th. Each watch was granted a short period of leave here and one rating apparently found the dust so unbearable that soon after sailing the cry of 'Man Overboard' was heard at sea for the first and last time. The punishment meted out after his return has apparently deterred any others from following his example. We had our first experience of rough weather after leaving Aden and reached Singapore on July 6th looking rather battered. Two days at Singapore, three at Hong Kong, two at Sasebo and off we went to Paengyong-Do for the first time.

## FIRST PATROL

21st July to 29th July

This was our most rugged patrol as the whole parish had to be visited and several bombardments were carried out. It also included the support of a guerilla attack in the Yalu River area mainly by the provision of star shell illumination. It was during this patrol that the First Lieutenant first came to be called 'Yo-Yo' Ellis, as the anchor went up and down at all hours of the day and night. The mainland at Cho-Do had its first taste of fire from our guns and by the speed with which their batteries ceased fire did not much appreciate it.

---

Our return to Sasebo on 30th July saw the first of our rapid transformations from war to peace routine as we picked up Rear Admiral Scott-Moncrieff, then F.O.2, to take him on a visit to Kure. But this was compensated by the fact that we were able to get to Kure which was soon adopted as our home from home in Japan, and on the 8th August we returned to the coast, once again to relieve H.M.S. Belfast.

## SECOND PATROL

9th August to 4th September

It was noticeable that conditions on board were better than on the first patrol, which could be accounted for by the cooler weather and gradual acclimatisation of the ship's company to the somewhat novel conditions imposed by Korean operations. Although a limited number of bombardments were carried out, mainly in support of guerilla forces, there were times when it was possible to do other things, on one occasion involuntarily as we had to put to sea to dodge an approaching typhoon. Two days were spent in the Yellow Sea in company with H.M.S. Ocean while her aircraft carried out offensive patrols against coastal targets. For the first time beach leave was granted at Paengyong-Do and advantage was taken of the flat beach to commence an Inter-part Soccer League. On board indoor games tournaments got into full swing.

From the 5th to 15th September we stayed at Sasebo and then departed for Hong Kong where Rear Admiral Scott-Moncrieff was to be relieved by Rear Admiral Clifford. During this stay at Hong Kong, from 19th to 23rd September, we made our first contact with the 45th Field Regiment who were to entertain us so well both then and in the future, and our one and only Ship's Company Dance was held at Kowloon.

## THIRD PATROL

27th September to 20th October

On relief H.M.S. Belfast sailed South for Hong Kong and to turn over to H.M.S. Birmingham, flying the customary paying off pendant. Lower deck was cleared and Belfast's band replied to our 'We're Dreaming of a White Christmas' by playing 'We're going home for Christmas'. The speedy change over and remarkable speed of the retiring cruiser has been the comment of the 'Old Coasters' ever since. The main highlight of this patrol was the number of visitors to be shown the parish commencing with the Admiral in Charge of the West Coast Blockading Force (our own F.O.2) and followed by the First Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Rhoderick Mc-Grigor. Nevertheless we found time for the usual bombardments and for the usual sporting fixtures both on board and on Paengyong-Do.

On the 21st October we re-embarked F.O.2 to take him to Yokosuka. During our stay there from 23rd to 25th many managed to make their

way to Tokyo while the Admiral fulfilled a large number of engagements with Senior United Nations Officers including the American General Mark W. Clark. We were soon chummy ships with the U.S.S. Mount McKinley on the opposite side of the pontoon and from an observation of the mixture of ratings and enlisted men on the messdecks it was impossible to tell whether you were in an American or British ship. A heavy exercise programme ensued on the way back to Sasebo to drop the Admiral before we set off up the coast again.

## FOURTH PATROL

30th October to 9th November

A quiet patrol. A landing of guerillas that we should have supported had to be cancelled due to heavy swell and we concluded the patrol without a single bombardment having taken place. Remembrance Day was commemorated at anchorage off the enemy coast and it seemed rather strange that this ceremony should occur in such a place.

## SELF REFIT IN KURE

11th November to 2nd December

This was the time when we really got to know Kure and all the possibilities thereof. Everyone learnt to take off their shoes at the door and to sit down on nothing at all. Some went for the week-end to Miyajima and tried to climb the hill, the Royals went to the battle school and climbed over live land mines, others stayed in Kure and saw the sights and also saw Bill Kerr when his show came on board. No-one wanted to return on patrol but it had to happen.

## FIFTH PATROL

4th December to 19th December

It was just as well that winter clothing had been issued while we were at Kure as the weather really began to get cold at times. Into the bargain the Meteorological Officer dealt with a signal without waking himself up and we were assailed without warning by gales associated with a nearby, though weak, typhoon: fortunately the ship only dragged her anchor a very short distance. His only consolation was that even less warn-

ing occurred when a bombardment was due to commence, and there were several.

We were lucky because we were relieved in time to spend Christmas in Hong Kong. H.N.M.S. Piet Hein did not appreciate this because she was lying opposite us at Hong Kong and bore the brunt of all our festive pranks. Somehow she survived and somehow our own ship's company survived the two dinners at the Fleet Club on the next two days. But by the time we had spent both Christmas and New Year at Hong Kong we were only too glad to return to the operational theatre for a rest.

#### SIXTH PATROL

6th January to 21st January

Now we met the really cold weather and winter clothing really came into its own. On several occasions we supplied fire support for friendly forces, and spotting teams were landed to assist our guns. They had a hard time and came under enemy fire, fortunately without casualties, and the description of these events by O.C.R.M. started off what became a regular feature, the intelligence summaries. We had one day wandering round ice flows in the Chodo area to see what it was like, only to find on our return that our usual anchorage at Paengyong-Do had also been invaded by ice. For the first time we tried out exercise "Scramble" and it was due to the confusion that arose that the famous passwords were introduced.

During our next visit to Kure from 26th January to 2nd February we further cemented our friendships at Kure. Not only did our Band concert get ashore and perform for others as well as they had done for us, but we entertained a party of Japanese children on board. This was by special request of B.C.F.K. who had been helped by the Japanese schoolchildren when one of their barracks went up in flames.

#### SEVENTH PATROL

5th February to 2nd March

The long quiet days at Yong-Pyong-Do which enabled all to get up to date. There was at this time a lull in affairs and during this patrol only one bombardment was carried out. Despite the cold weather open air

sports got really under weigh and Draughts and Uckers competitions were also a strong feature. On our way back from this patrol, we found on the anniversary of our commissioning that we had steamed 33,779 miles since we left England.

We spent from the 5th to 8th March at Nagasaki and it was a real pleasure to be at a port that was almost completely free from the civilising effects of American democracy. This was Japan as Japan had really been for a long time—apart from the flatness due to atom bomb devastation. If only we had been there when Madame Butterfly was alive! On our return to Sasebo our ship's concert party gave their first show. It was unfortunate that at the last moment E. A. Horn had to go home on compassionate leave but we were glad to hear on his return that all was well. Despite his absence the rest of the cast put up a creditable show and the Sergeant Major's efforts as compere vice Horn were really wonderful. Lt. Cdr. Stutter's impersonation of a Gob will long be recalled and was to feature, by special request, in later shows. One terrible blow occurred while we are away from the coast—we were beaten by Birmingham's boxing team. Revenge was to come, however.

#### EIGHTH PATROL

21st March to 31st March

This patrol commenced in rather a different way as we commenced by calling at Inchon where we embarked the new Commander of Commonwealth Forces in Korea; he accompanied F.O.2 on a tour of the islands which constituted our parish. Several bombardments were carried out, particularly directed against shore batteries at Paengyong-Do and Yong-Pyong-Do. On March 27th 40 minute guns were fired to honour the passing of Her Late Majesty Queen Mary: it was fortunate that the call for fire that we received that day did not occur until after the commemorative service.

April 3rd, which was celebrated jointly as Good Friday and the Japanese Cherry Blossom Day, occurred while we were at Kure. We spent almost a fortnight at Kure, mostly in company with H.N.M.S. Johann Maurits van Nassau. The two ships got on very well together, although our Deep Sea Rover Scouts had rather a shock when they invited their neighbours to join them on a hike and found that there were so many of our

Dutch comrades who enjoyed such things that they were outnumbered by more than three to one. It was during this visit that our boxing team beat the Army at Kure for the first time.

On April 15th we arrived at Chinhae, the R.O.K. base where there were many sporting and recreational events. Our football team regrettably lost to the Korean Marine Corps but were nevertheless presented with a shield. The demonstration of drill by our Royals was much appreciated by the local populace even though they may not have realised why one members hands were kept so closely clasped to his side. Apart from the sporting and recreational side we were honoured during our stay by a visit from President Singman Rhee.

#### NINTH PATROL

16th April to 3rd May

We were really full of big-shots this time as we had both F.O.2 and C. in C. F.E.S. We carried out the usual tour of the islands and were quite sure that the C. in C. thought that all the bombardments that occurred were specially laid on for his benefit. In actual fact we did not know anything of them ourselves until the calls for fire arrived; it was a mere co-incidence that all the firing occurred while the C. in C. was with us and from then onwards all was quiet and we were able to enjoy ourselves at Paengyong-Do.

#### THE RETIREMENT OF H.M.S. LADYBIRD

"All the birds of the air fell a-sighing and a-sobbing"

Our old friend Ladybird was at last to leave Sasebo. Before we arrived there she made a triumphal tour of Sasebo harbour to show the Americans she still worked; no-one was more surprised than the British. We were detailed to escort her to Hong Kong; a very slow passage which would delay our arrival by several days. However we were determined to be friendly and cheered her out of Sasebo on May 3rd, gave her a good head's start and then proceeded to catch her up. It was not long before she reported a suspected leak and, with bated breath, we offered to escort her back to Sasebo. Much to our relief this offer was not accepted. Commander (E) suddenly found that he had forgotten that we were due for a full power trial and we made Hong Kong in very good time. Whatever the cause of the trouble in Ladybird we didn't mind—We Care Not For Thee Jack!

We then had ten days "R & R" in Hong Kong, a general period of relaxation interspersed with such fun as returning winter clothing while umbrellas sheltered us from the blazing sun. Soon we were fighting our way through heavy seas in the Formosa Straits on our way back North, and after picking up our Admiral we set off towards the operational area. Our journey was delayed following a distress message from the concrete ship Lady Wolmer and although we were unable to save the ship herself we took off the Captain and crew and salvaged one of their lifeboats. After calling at Inchon we sailed on to our parish with U.S.S. New Jersey under our command.

#### TENTH PATROL

May 15th to June 8th

Off we went to Cho-Do and while we went in to provide a close anti-aircraft guard the New Jersey got going with her bigger guns. Maybe she did not do as much damage as we expected, but that was not her fault: unfortunately for her Congress had placed restrictions on the way in which she fired her guns which put her Gunnery team at a disadvantage. Despite the restrictive affect of firing by guns instead of salvoes her fire was so accurate that we decided we could depend on the devastation she must have produced and two days later we pressed in to carry out a still closer bombardment. The enemy were ready for us and soon commenced to straddle our ship. Our answering fire soon silenced some of the batteries, but so many were taking part that we would not have silenced the lot for some time. Their guns were of comparatively short range compared with ours so we quietly retired out of range and then plastered them at our leisure. A little excitement before the usual beach leave at Paengyong-Do was granted.

---

On June 2nd the ship dressed with masthead flags. A special Coronation Service was held on board after which the Royal Salute was fired. We were disappointed that we were not allowed to fire this salute with shotted guns aimed at the enemy. Anyway the noise of the blanks must have made them wonder what it was about and we believe we were the only ship to honour our Queen in this way within range of enemy guns.

During this period up the coast we prepared our plans for the evacuation of some of the islands following a truce and our O.C.R.M. was lent to Birmingham when she arrived to take over from us so that she would know

what to do. Despite the suggestions of an imminent truce we were not prepared to be caught napping, and although no suggestion has been previously heard that the enemy might use submarines special measures were exercised to see that we were ready for this threat if it materialised.

---

We went straight back to Sasebo, and hardly had our Concert Party made special arrangements to put on a show for H.M.S. Tyne, our fellow Geordie, when we received special orders to proceed again to the coast on June 13th to be ready for the final evacuation.

#### ELEVENTH AND FINAL PATROL

June 13th to June 30th

For some time we, H.M.S. Tyne and H.M.S. Birmingham were strategically placed around the islands ready to cope with the expected signing of the truce and consequent evacuation. We were determined that the Communists would not be allowed to accuse us of a breach of faith in the evacuation of some of the islands by as much as second. When it appeared that an armistice was unlikely H.M.S. Tyne and H.M.S. Birmingham left us on our own, but fully confident of our abilities of carrying on in their absence. Our landing parties received continual exercise and we were all ready to stow cows in the space usually occupied by the Admiral's barge.

---

When we left the area we had good news as to our future. Our passage was delayed due to the necessity of dodging a typhoon but we still managed to stop at Hong Kong and proceed from there to arrive at Singapore in time.

#### THE REFIT AT SINGAPORE

July 17th to September 26th

After a very short experience of living conditions on board ship in the climate of Singapore and a send off show by the Concert Party in which the Andrew's Salts Sisters made their first appearance, all settled down to the many amenities available ashore. In sports and athletics Newcastle went well ahead and everyone made the most of the stay ashore. With the valued assistance of Margaretta Pearse, the wife of one of our

officers, the pantomime "Cinderella" was produced, this time by E.A. Horn who had taken over the direction of the ship's concert party from Lt. Cdr. Stutter. From then our concert party could not look back. We rejoined the ship on September 26th and a few hectic days of checking the equipment after its period of disuse and repair ensued.

---

After a period of working up exercises from Hong Kong we went to Sasebo and were soon taking Rear Admiral Clifford on a last tour of the area before he handed over to his successor. Three days at Kure were very much enjoyed and on October 27th we reached Pusan for the first time. Two brass bands met us on arrival, one American and one Korean. Due to the armistice conditions normal leave as in any other foreign port was not possible, but fortunately the British Army units present entertained us all right royally. It was gathered that their only complaint was that we could not supply them with sufficient guests. The Royal Marine Band caused one of the biggest traffic jams in Pusan by beating the retreat in the city square: the crowds were so great that they spread right across the streets. We continued round the parish, although it was now much reduced and after a call at Inchon we returned to Sasebo on November 10th.

On November 14th we arrived back at Hong Kong and on November 16th Rear Admiral Gladstone assumed the duties of F.O.2. On the 24th November we left again to take our new Admiral on the usual tour during which we visited Sasebo, Yokosuka, Kure, Inchon and Chinhae in addition to the usual West coast islands. The ship arrived back in Hong Kong for Christmas and the New Year which was celebrated heartily by all even though the family atmosphere was still absent. It was over the Christmas and New Year period that our Deep Sea Rover Scouts gave a hand to assist the victims of the Shum Shui Po fire disaster: nevertheless they managed to get their fair share of the festivities. The concert party put on a free show at the China Fleet Club which was a tremendous success and would have been repeated indefinitely had not the ship sailed on 18th January for the North. This time we went directly to Inchon, arriving immediately after a collision between an L.S.T. and an L.S.M. Our boats were sent away to assist in picking up survivors and the Sick Bay did all they could to help. After a quick look round our parish, and a visit to Kure we returned to Hong Kong and prepared for the Admiral's Inspection. Only a few days were available to clean up after a rough passage and several people were caught out on approaching a hardworking man on the quarter-deck and had, after slapping him on the back, hurriedly to change "watcher,

Jack" to "sorry, sir" when they found it was the Commander. Even the weather could not damp the enthusiasm and the inspection went off extremely well despite postponements. March 29th and 30th saw exercises with H.M.S. Birmingham and on March 2nd we commenced exercises with the U.S. 7th Fleet which lasted until March 5th, during which we showed them that British Radar was not to be sniffed at. After a few days at Sasebo we returned to Hong Kong.

We must go to press before the journey home but we are hopefully looking forward to a visit to Pearl Harbour and then to Jamaica, through the Panama Canal. And then, best of all, the sight of Pompey looming through the mist.

---

## Honours and Awards

### D.S.O.

Captain W.F.H.C. Rutherford

### O.B.E.

Captain S.R. Le H. Lombard-Hobson

### M.B.E.

Lieutenant Commander  
B. G. Vann, D.S.C.

Lieutenant Commander  
H. D. Howse, D.S.C.

### B.E.M.

C.E.R.A. D. P. Clark C.P.O. J. McCann C.Y.S. J. W. Andreson

### MENTION IN DESPATCHES

Cdr. (S) M. D. Howell-Davies

Cdr. W. J. M. Teale

Lt. Cdr.(E) D. G. Satotw

C/Sgt. A. R. Sully, R.M.

S.C.P.O.(V) D. J. Burbridge

C.P.O. Wtr. C. A. Gent

C.O.A. W. J. Elsmore

C.E.A. E. H. Toon

Ch. Shpt. A. E. Bouskill

C.P.O.S.M. W. Penfold

P.O. C. B. Errington

---



## PAENGYONG-DO

(To the tune of "Galway Bay")

Have you ever been across the sea to Chodo,  
And seen the falling starshell all aglow?  
Or seen the searchlights playing over Sokto,  
Have you watched the sun go down on Paengyong-do?

For even when we're far away at Kure,  
Straining at the leash to meet the foe;  
We will rise and drink another toast at dinner,  
To the sunset we have missed at Paengyong-do.

And when we take a trip down South to China,  
To visit that fair city we all know;  
As we take a little well earned relaxation,  
We'll be thinking all the time of Paengyong-do.

Then gladly we will all retrace our footsteps  
To that lovely haven rest of Sasebo;  
Knowing well that just a few more miles will take us  
To that well-remembered, well-loved Paengyong-do.

But the time is bound to come in this commission,  
When ships must come and other ships must go;  
When we'll sail and leave some other silly blighter,  
To watch the sun go down o'er Paengyong-do.

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## IN DEFENCE OF MIDDLE WATCHMEN



Sympathy and tenderness should be shown to one who has kept a middle watch. Only he who himself has kept a middle is able to understand wholeheartedly the feeling of a fellow sufferer. The sickly, numb feeling deep in the pit of the stomach, the dry mouth and rasping tongue, the difficulty in swallowing and haziness in sight, leaden limbs and iron-clad feet, the uncontrollable head, drooping this way and now that way.

These are the symptoms, and dreaded they are. They should be recognised and, most of all, understood not only by messmates but especially by he who has the unenviable responsibility of shaking the hands. For it is he who should show the sympathy and tenderness; let him wake others as he may, but to the middle watchmen let him be gentle and kind, ready to give a little relaxing to the iron rule; a fatherly shake, a whispered word, "come on, Jack, breakfast's ready, the tea's wet." Then let him silently withdraw, knowing that, although the watchman may doze off again he will surely awake for he must also keep the forenoon.

Woe to him, however, who with no thought to others, but with driving urge speedily to complete this irksome duty cares not how previous hours were spent by those he is about to shake; but with ear-splitting howl, rude push and shove, a threat to one, another a blow startles back to reality from distant scene all within his perimeter of order. The middle watchman thus awakened, hovering still 'twixt the two dimensions, vaguely wondering why and whence came all the noise, hovers no more as with threatening roar, a dig or two, he is transformed

into a living spring of coiling hate; dagger eyes, teeth clenched tight, stern forbidden words and fists to sides both held by invisible bonds of self control, and all in defence of middle-night hours. To be awakened thus after such a night is enough, believe me, to make any man lose all restraint. Again I say, woe to him who in such a manner would shake a middle watchman, for he will bear for many hours his anger and resentment.

All this I know for, though sad indeed I do relate, I too am a middle watchman.

ON PATROL

Days on patrol	191	Days with steam	
Miles steamed	9,690	on main engines	191
6" rounds fired	1,689	Anchor let go	134 times
4" rounds fired	144	Rounds fired at ship	30 (approx.)



THE HANDS MAY REMAIN IN UNTIL THE RAIN STOPS

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## Life in a Japanese Village

Have you ever observed closely the way in which a Japanese village is run? You would have to be up early to see it all as work starts at 5 o'clock in the morning. First of all let me describe a typical village; about twenty houses grouped together, almost all of wooden construction but perhaps here and there one of brick and tiles, a police station, a few shops, a community hall if it is a large village, a school and a temple or shrine. The last is the most attractive in appearance for if you climb the steps leading to it you will find it completely open and with the bareness of the unpainted wooden walls relieved by paintings of Samurai heroes fighting battles and rescuing damsels in distress. The whole village is surrounded by paddy fields, each about four yards square and connected by a complicated irrigation system. Here and there among these fields

are a few isolated houses. Each house has a small entrance platform on which you can leave your shoes as you enter, and within all is transformed from a filthy hovel to a spotlessly clean, though simply furnished house. Under the house the chickens are kept, and a goat may be tethered outside; at the side of the house, in winter, the firewood is stored under the eaves, providing a ready source of wood for the fire and adding extra thickness to the wall.

The community is run on a system similar to the feudal system of the middle ages. The entire land is owned by one man who probably spends all his time in Tokyo. He allows land to the villagers in return for the farming of the remainder. There will be about eight village elders to administer the village of which the chief has his headquarters in the police station. From this headquarters broadcasts can be made over the entire village and fields, news, announcements, orders and music, a combination of warning telephone and S.R.E. The pine clad hills nearby are probably the property, not of the landowner, but of the village itself and it is from there that the villagers obtain the firewood. Also in the hills a stream will have been dammed to form reservoirs of water for the irrigation system.

At 5 a.m. a siren sounds over the loudspeaker system calling everyone to start work in the landlord's fields, and work continues until 7 p.m. except for a short break at midday. After this time they are free to work in their own fields. Intermittently the voice of the chief will be heard and from time to time music is played while they work. If the day is long work continues after the 7 o'clock siren, but this is mainly on each individual's own fields; daylight is the time for work and work usually continues while there is light. Not all the work is in the fields. At harvest time the rice has to be winnowed. The community by now probably has one or two petrol operated machines, but hand operated machines will also be put to use and in some places the operation will be carried out by hand entirely, tossing up the grain for the wind to blow away the chaff.

Once the landlord's quota of the harvest has been fulfilled the remainder is divided between the landlord and the village. Then once again the fields are prepared for the next planting.



## The Royals of Newcastle

(With apologies to Max Sennet and the Keystone Cops)

Our arrival in Newcastle at Devonport was preceded by a very successful period of detachment training, during which much time was spent in that popular haunt of old sweats and stanchions, "Fred Effords". This was a teashop situated in Henderson Road just outside Eastney Barracks. However the time there was not wasted as more nautical knowledge can be gleaned there in ten minutes than in ten years at sea. (Alright Jack?) On the completion of working up we said our fond farewells and left Portsmouth for foreign waters. On the whole the married men of the detachment bore up very well. In fact, only two collapsed under the strain of hearing "China Nights" and "So long, its been good to see you" played by our very able band, "The Turkey Trotters".

Our first port of call was Gibraltar where, after several rounds of rum and coke, members of the detachment were observed indulging in bouts of fisticuffs with the Gibraltar Police. After the temper of the local population had subsided we eventually gathered our wayward members from the local "Hoosegow" and proceeded on our way, followed by a signal addressed to the ship's company; "If you fight as well in Korea as you have in Gibraltar the war will be over in a few weeks". Malta was our next stop, where we furnished a small contingent to take part in the Queen's Birthday Parade held at Floriana. Many favourable comments were passed on our drill and bearing and also not so favourable ones on the odd shapes and colours of our No. 6 suits (clothing department, Portsmouth please note). It was here where we first noticed something which was to be a continuous source of amusement to us throughout the commission, the Captain of Marines in a white pith helmet.

After leaving Malta we eventually arrived on the Far East Station. On the departure of H.M.S. Belfast who we relieved they wished us a merry Christmas 1952, 1953 and 1954. We hope that there is a possibility of seeing many ex-members of H.M.S. Belfast drowning their sorrows in the China Fleet Club by Christmas 1954. It didn't take us long to get into the swing of patrol routine and "Y" turret put up some very creditable

performances; on one memorable occasion "they were throwing bricks at us".

On route to and from patrols we visited several South Korean ports, one of which being Chinhae, the training depot of the R.O.K. Marine Corps with whom we formed a strong bond of friendship. On request of the authorities ashore we landed a demonstration drill squad which went off quite well under the supervision of our G.I., Colour Sergeant Hales (shades of R.S.M. Brittain, Grenadier Guards). Unfortunately during the demonstration some very unorthodox movements were made including an amusing incident where a corporal almost departed from his trousers, but by a surprising dexterity of hand movements he was able to save himself from embarrassment.

During one of our rest periods, the majority of which were spent in Japan, we were fortunate enough to visit Haramura, the Commonwealth Division battle school. Reports indicated that the "Royals" once again showed the Army that lack of training on board ship does not necessarily mean loss of military efficiency in the field; in fact one platoon was selected to demonstrate the art of platoon attack to the Director of Infantry Training who was on a tour of inspection from the War Office. One of the highlights of our short stay was the breaking of the section night shoot record, this being achieved by Cpl. Jarrett and his section who raised the score from 88 hits to 120. After our brief taste of real soldiering again we returned to the ship very despondent at the thought of resuming our sea service roles of "charladies and waiters".

The following months found us carrying out normal patrol routine, which on the whole was uneventful. On the armistice being signed we bade farewell to our old stamping ground off the West Coast of Korea and returned to our base at Hong Kong. Our few visits to Korea after the hostilities had ceased were made in a showing the flag capacity. A notable experience on one occasion off the coast of China was playing tag with a drifting mine. This proved excellent target practice for the detachment and after firing a few thousand rounds from rifles and a battery of Bren guns it was eventually exploded, much to the delight of Senior Commissioned Gunner "Buck" Taylor who was just about to break open another small arms magazine.

Weeks of hard graft followed to prepare our parts of ship for the Admiral's and F.R.M.O.'s inspections. Excellent progress was made in spite of continuous harassing by Lieutenant Bartleet. On completion of the inspections which went over extremely well, there was a sudden glut of

back-slapping, hand-shaking, recommends and make and mends, which to our dismay petered out after a few days.

This brings us to the time of writing. The sands of time are running out and that very welcome sight of the Nab Tower will soon be looming over the horizon. Before we conclude the article we would like to mention our sporting achievements which included the winning of the league football cup, the darts cup and good positions in the remainder of the ship's sports. One of our outstanding football players, Mne. Davies, has always been a first choice for the Navy eleven and was once selected to play for the Combined Services.—well done, Dave. Hearty congratulations to our popular and well meaning Sergeant Major, Colour Sergeant "Reg" Sully, on his mention in despatches. On the whole it hasn't been too bad a commission, no better than the last and no worse than the next (Roll on my doz.).



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## Ornithology and Aviculture

Apart from the usual sea birds of different varieties which soar and dive in the wake of our ship quite a few land birds have appeared from time to time. One of the first was a yellowish bird which was observed flying round the ship on our way through the Gulf of Aden. I ran on deck armed with "A Handbook of European Birds" by J. Buckhouse. In my haste I dropped it over the side, but not until I had identified the bird as a Golden Oriole, a bird which is comparatively rare in the British Isles and, if seen, is kept very secret by ornithologists and egg collectors. Swallows, thrush and one chaffinch were seen aboard the ship on our way across the Indian Ocean.

Eventually the ship arrived off the coast of Korea. With the much appreciated help of Midshipman Powys-Maurice, who proved an expert on seabirds and wild fowl, the following birds were seen and identified. A Mallard drake, which quite calmly swam up to the midship gangway; Brent Geese which on more than one occasion caused consternation to the look-outs by their close formation flying; Japanese Gull, Common Gull, Herring Gull and Rock Pigeon. The large brown birds which fly and hover in most harbours are Kite-hawks. Though very rare in England, they are found in most parts of the world. The two birds which caused so much slaughter among the swarms of migrating swallows which alighted on the ship on our way to Hong Kong were a cock and hen Peregrine Falcon. An Osprey was also observed last year in Sasebo harbour. This is a large brown-backed hawk which drops like a plummet with wings outstretched, to sink its talons into some unsuspecting fish which has come too close to the surface. Its cry is a shrill "Kitty-kitty-kitty".

Now, of the birds on board. Quite often, in some dark remote corner of the ship, a strange be-whiskered character, looking like a pirate, may be observed with a large bird perched on his shoulder. It is known to aviculturists as an Orange Crested Cockatoo which, when trained, is a good talker and can mimic almost anything. On the topmen's messdeck are two hen canaries, one buff and the other yellow. They were known once as the Cumberland Fancy or the Scottish Canary. This almost caused

a war in the North and so it became known as the Border Canary. Owned by a signalman was a Zebra Finch.

Most foreign birds are bred in England and may be bought there at reasonable prices: a zebra finch at about 10/- per pair, canaries from £15 upwards. Until recently no parrots or cockatoos were allowed to be imported into the British Isles but this ban has been relaxed, though it is not known whether the Orange Crested Cockatoo has been affected by this relaxation.



"HEY! JACK! IVE JUST SCRUBBED THAT RUDDY DECK FOR ADMIRALS INSPECTION!"

## The Chippie's Lament

It was a sad and weary day  
As through 'GUZ' Yard I made my way  
And staggered, like a three-time loser,  
Aboard this - - - - two-slant-funneled cruiser.

When Plymouth Dockyard said 'We're done',  
We found *our* work had just begun,  
So waded in with spirits keen - -  
And found we had no damned machine.

At Pompey, where we stayed a while  
We viewed the set up with a smile,  
The E.A.s, O.A.s, and the 'Tiffies'  
Had make and mends - - but not the chippies!

We sailed for Gib. on 19th May,  
I'll ne'er forget that dreadful day,  
Before we reached our destination - - -  
UPPER BRIDGE GRATINGS! - - Panic Stations!

Then on we sailed, left Gib. behind.  
And thoughts of Malta came to mind,  
But e'er we set foot on the shore - -  
We put in scuttles by the score!

On, on to Singapore we went,  
But we were not on pleasure bent,  
We worked like a crowd of blinkin' wogs,  
All through the day and in the Dogs!

At Sasebo, as is our habit  
We thought we'd like to make some rabbits,  
But that was not for such as we -  
From four to six was E.V.T.!

When to Yokosuka once we sailed  
The Chief came in and loudly wailed,  
"Now look, you horrible, slimy ratings,  
We're going' to make some nice new gratin's.

"The Quarterdeck looks rather bare,  
We'll have one here, - one there - one there,  
So get a move on, look alive!  
They must be done e'er we arrive."

That's how it's been the whole way through,  
But still I know what I shall do,  
When Old Nick gets me in his net,  
Says "Come below! I'll make you sweat!"

I'll look at him quite calm and say,  
"Your hell to me is child's play,  
You won't wear me down to a frazzle,  
I was a Chippy - - IN NEWCASTLE!"



### Most Strenuous Month

July 1952 South of India — Singapore — Hong Kong — Sasebo —  
Paengyong-Do — Yong-Pyong-Do — Kirin-Do — Sokto —  
South of Yalu — Tae-Chong-Do — Yong-Pyong-Do —  
Han River — Paengyong - Do) — Yong - Pyong - Do —  
Sasebo — Shiminoseki Straits — Kure.

MILES STEAMED 6,318 AVERAGE SPEED U/WAY 16 knots  
DAYS AT SEA .....26 UNDER WAY ..... 54% of month  
ROUNDS FIRED IN ANGER 111 — 6", 20 — 4", 18 — starshell  
ROUNDS FIRED IN PRACTICE 244 — 4" 1,035 — 40 mm.

## The Royal Marines Embark

The detailing of a large detachment for Foreign Service is somewhat a problem these days because it entails 80 to 100 men being found and embarked together, whereas odd reliefs for the Commando Brigade and Home Fleet ships can normally be found easily. For this reason and also to allow the Detachment to get together for training, kitting up and a general sort out they are usually detailed about 3 to 4 months before required to embark, and this is done by an official form known as drafting orders, Royal Marines (DORM) which is prepared in Chatham and sent to all units at which members of the detachment are serving. From that moment until the ship has actually left the wall for the last time we find a perpetual state of chaos and the case of Newcastle was no exception.

A date known as commissioning date is given and in our case it was 6th January, 1952. On that day, having returned from Christmas leave I found myself confronted by a mass of official numbers and names and to my horror saw my name at the top of the list. I knew this couldn't be right as old so and so had been detailed in December, but I had not allowed for the fact that I had been sent to barracks in December for Foreign Service and was selected in his place because he "didn't want to go." Maybe I could have done the same, but eventually someone would have 'bought' Newcastle so I stopped the rot at the second fence and, having now completed 22 months of the commission I am glad that I did, because my Foreign Service is now behind me; but at the time it was one of those things which results in a lot of arguing and nattering and my predecessor added more oil to the fire by buying me a drink and wishing me a happy commission!

However somewhere I had to find 84 chaps who would eventually sail from Pompey with me and with this in mind I held my first muster. First the senior N.C.O.'s. Here I drew a blank and received no ayes to the four names I called, which was very alarming as I had relied on receiving some support. On making enquiries I discovered that one had just gone on 14 days deferred Christmas leave, another was still required for an important orderly duty in Plymouth and couldn't be spared just yet, while another couldn't be found as he had a square number in some desolate Boy's Training Establishment. I still hoped that my old stalwart the G.I. would suddenly come round the corner but no luck, and on

making enquiries I found he had just started a new class at the Gunnery School and couldn't be spared due to an acute shortage of instructors.

I was a little luckier with the junior N.C.O.s and discovered I had 3 or 4 with me, but once again had my hopes shattered when I heard they were required for an N.C.O.'s Cadre course, and the only one remaining very politely informed that my list was wrong and he wasn't a corporal at all. And so to those happy, smiling fellows, the Marines. I must admit that on a percentage basis I was much better off than I had hoped for but on more detailed enquiries as to the absentees I found that some were still on Foreign Service leave from the "Superb," others in hospital, some on Gunnery Course, Cooks and Butchers couldn't be spared, and there were those naughty little chaps who had got themselves locked away in Detention Quarters. Having made such a miserable start on what I had hoped would have been my brightest morning I retired to the cubicle that had been allocated as our office and there had my last remaining hopes shattered. I met a particular gentleman who, on being told I was going to Newcastle, asked without fear or shame "Had I been on a ship before?" Memories of China in 1938 and Home Fleet ships even before made me speechless and I only hope he can find a little repentance in his soul, having lived with me for 2 years in Newcastle.

From that morning onwards life began to look brighter each day and having visited the ship on a couple of occasions and met the Naval side we began to feel we were slowly becoming part of an integral unit, but would not be a complete section until we carried our bags and hammocks over the brow, the last severing point of a Marine from his barrack-room four-poster with pillows. Before this was finally achieved we had to spend numerous hours crawling around frozen football grounds practicing the art of soldiering and joining forces with other units and fighting imaginary battles on Saturday, missing our long week-ends. Protests would not be heard, so all were unanimous that the end couldn't come round fast enough. But before this dream came true we had to visit funny Devon and learn a few secrets of Dartmoor. This was cut suddenly by the death of the late King and instead we had to take part in the funeral, which meant extra parade instruction instead of frozen bellies.

After draft leave and a final check up we joined the ship on March 14th and I silently cursed those responsible for giving a Royal so much kit and so little space to keep it. It had no effect however and by dint of patience and perseverance we finally cleared the messdeck sufficiently to allow a free passage round the ship and settled down to the commission on board.

\* \* \*

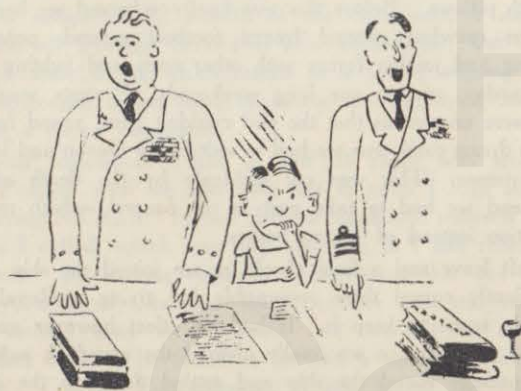
## Operation Nawkward

December 19th, 1953

The "Grey Ghost" slid silently through the waters of the Yellow Sea. "Grey Ghost", a name earned on the coast of Korea because no-one ever saw Newcastle arrive and no-one ever saw her go. They only knew she had been because a trail of boxes and a wooden pinnace canopy gave mute evidence as they floated gaily up and down with the tide. An air of tension had settled on the ship, tension which was more horrifying than a club run to Malta in '42 or the dawn attacks by Ju 87 at Crete in '41.

Deep in the bowels of the ship in a place called HQ1 sat a figure with two and a half rings of gold on his sleeve and a look of fiendish glee on his face: it was the ABCD officer. He is the man who takes a grim delight in inventing all sorts of horrible names like ABCD State 2B, assumed or reverted. Each of these names send certain bods scurrying to places of concealment, there to take down a book marked ABCD Instructions, Part I, (with appendices) and to glance feverishly through its pages. Then to creep back to their stations with a satisfied smirk on their faces. Scattered throughout the ship were the ABCD officer's cronies, each with a secretive look on his features and a stop watch clutched in a grubby. Bostik compound plastered hand. On the G.D.P. was the Gunnery officer, also with a satanic look on his face: we shall come to his crime later.

So the good ship ploughed onwards with her unsuspecting men closed up at their guns and control positions, waiting, waiting for they knew not what. Were they in state 1A, 1B or plan ABC? Would plan B come first or plan A? Or would all come together? The tension grew. Our plans to counteract the obstacles which the ABCD officer would surely put in our way were complete. But we reckoned not with the G.D.P.—the Gunnery officer with the satanic look on his face. Now his evil designs were exposed. At the crucial moment the port director went hurtling at high speed to Red 30, stopped with a shuddering jar and whizzed back in the opposite direction; no doubt that it was in "below control", everything pointed all ways but the right way. Then came the order—Take cover, Take cover.



Commotion! Panic! Blue and Brown crews jumping like sandhoppers to places of concealment, arms and legs protruding from the rear door of the director, in a short time the outer ship was deserted. Deserted, that is, except for an unhappy stoker mechanic who was running about beating on steel doors, crying sadly "Let me in, let me in", and then in desperation rushing forward and disappearing into the forward funnel casing. But, oh, inside the citadel. Some saboteur had shut the port hatch covers (one of the obstacles already mentioned), 150 men all trying to get down at once. The canteen flat—"Get forward, get forward". "We ain't supposed to go forward". "Never mind get forward". "Open the door then". "It's supposed to stay shut". (Could they all get into the TS?)

### S I L E N C E,

except for a moan from one man who ran down a ladder that some fiend had removed.

"This is the Commander. That wasn't too bad but it took too long." (chuckles from the ABCD parties) "you will now close up again—close up!"

Everybody up the ladders—"Come on up the ladders."

"I can't, the hatch is shut." Never mind, get up there" "Mind my foot!" "\$+5+=! your foot!" "Who shut this +=%\$+3/4 door?" "You can't go out this door, it's supposed to be shut." "Never mind, open the door" "G.D.P., report all positions when closed up." Who's been playing around with these !\$=+=% phones?" "TAKE COVER, TAKE COVER" Fly away down again—"Why are you all in the M.S.O. flat?" "Well it's plan Baker." "No it isn't, it's plan Able." Thunder of boots. "Where are you going?" "To the R.M. messdeck." "No you ain't, get for'ard, get for'ard." Satan looking on with a devilish grin on his face. "This is the Commander, that was very good. Now we shall close up in quick time." "CLOSE UP, CLOSE UP!" Red II, L/Sea Johnson, "Mellor, where did you get to last time." 'I'm sorry, ookey, I rushed up and on my way up they was all coming down again."

The "Grey Ghost" slid onwards: Christmas was coming with big eats in the China Fleet Club. I wonder if that stoker is still in the forward funnel casing—there was a lot of knocking coming from there on December 29th and 30th.

## *Shore Based at Cho-Do*

Although Commonwealth ships were able to identify carrier based aircraft it was impossible to distinguish Communist aircraft from those, largely American, controlled from Cho-Do. When the radar station was asked for identification by radio it frequently took 20 minutes to receive a reply, which in these days of high speed is utterly useless. At this time Cho-Do was being increasingly annoyed by old 1914 type bi-planes which cruised over at night to drop 50lb. bombs. Due to lack of information from ashore the ships were frequently unable to open fire owing to the danger of the engaged aircraft being friendly. Indeed on one occasion the Newcastle fire control system successfully tracked an aircraft, but it took so long to ascertain that it was really hostile that by the time permission to open fire could be given it was well and truly out of range.

To solve the problem two R.P. ratings from Newcastle and two from Birmingham were sent to the Radar station to man the radio communications. With their experience of Naval methods and requirements and with their knowledge of air plotting they were able to see that the necessary information was passed. After a few days of getting acquainted with American ways and customs the new system was working satisfactorily and continued to do so until the time of the cease fire.

The radar site at Chodo being probably the most important of the Korean war made the job a thoroughly interesting one. From it all American shore based aircraft flying over Korea North of the front line were controlled. These included bombing and recce aircraft and the offensive fighter sweeps that usually culminated in the Mig battles near the famous Yalu river. Ratings on watch were able to follow the day by day air war and listen in on each day's kills as they took place.

Apart from watchkeeping the life was not arduous. Accommodation was in tents protected at the walls by double layers of sandbags, with the option, if one felt energetic enough and was staying long enough of digging a bunker. Being matelots no bunkers were dug; it was considered quite sufficient to have a place to "crash". A Korean houseboy fetched water from a well, collected dhobeying if required, and generally looked after the

accommodation. He evidently was paid by the Americans a sum in dollars equal to an A.B.s pay.

The most cordial of relations existed all the time, but there was of course the inevitable big 'ead. Every mess has one and the Americans were no exception. No embarrassment resulted from the difference in pay as there was no-where money could be spent. The necessary "essentials" of life were provided free every ten days and included the following items:—soap, toothpaste, toothbrushes, shaving soap, razor blades, assorted nutty and gum, pipe tobacco, chewing tobacco, and cigarettes (200). Food was generally considered the highlight of the day and reads rather like a C.F.C. special menu. Steak, chicken, turkey, ham, or fried eggs (2) were served every day, plus drinks such as lemon and iced tea, lemonade, iced cocoa, and, of course, coffee. Everyone put on weight and were really sad the first night back when "layer pie" was the dish.

American discipline differs from ours but probably works well for them. To compare the jobs of an R.P. and his American counterpart: for our ratings the job is a non-sub but to the American a full time job, bearing no other responsibilities; the rank of the American was attained upon his knowledge of radar and plotting; an A.B. or L/S R.P.2 possessed the same standard of efficiency as a Technical Sergeant.

When the Newcastle sailed for Singapore at the end of June the stay of our two R.P.s was brought to an end. They returned to the ship and ended what was a very pleasant and novel spell of the commission.

\* \* \* \* \*

## COMMUNICATIONS

Number of signals 43,750. Number of Groups (approx.) 3,500,000  
Sheets of paper used 393,756 (18,187 packets)

## FOOD

Gross weight of food consumed	1,378 tons	Fresh eggs	238,752
Number of meals served	2,004,006	Cost	£72,906
Bread baked	296,000 lbs.	Rum used	51,705 pints

\* \* \* \* \*

During the ship's commission the sailmaker used 3,400 yds. of canvas, enough to completely cover the ship. He also used 60 lbs of twine, sufficient to sew together two pieces of canvas  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles long.

## THE PROMISED LAND

And lo, on hearing the blast of the bugle call known as reveille, which heralded the first light, the multitudes sprang from their sleeping mats with great alacrity. This alacrity issued forth mainly from the fact that a great wrath descended upon them in the guise of a person apparelled as a jossman.

Taking up their straw hats and drawing their kimonos tighter about them, for the dawn was chill, the multitude made all haste to the upper deck to burn incense and offer up incantations to the great gods Asahi, Kirin and San Miguel.

And it came to pass, when they reached the place of prayer, a strange sight met their eyes. Though the sky was overcast a great city appeared before them in the mist.

And lo, a man attired in strange raiment, namely brown overalls and cloth cap, stirring a strange brew in a can over a blowlamp.

"What manner of place is this?" they cried in fear, "and what rules here?"

In strange accents he replied unto them "Lo, verily, this is Pompey and the multitudes offer prayers to a deity known as Brickwoods."

At these revelations smiles came to their countenances and a great sigh issued forth from the multitudes.

The sayings of the prophets Gladstone and Anderson had come to pass, their wanderings on the face of the earth were over and they had reached the promised land.

With joy they regarded each other and a great cry of "Blimey, we're home" issued forth from the multitude.



## *Deep Sea Rover Scouts*

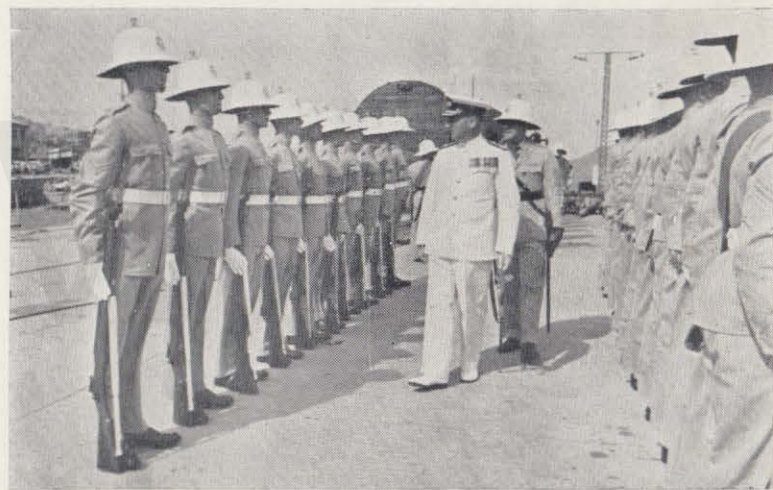
As far as I know this is the first time that an article on the ship's Deep Sea Rover Scouts has ever appeared in a ship's magazine. Of course, like everything else in H.M.S. Newcastle, our Scouts have been more go-ahead than their opposite numbers in any other ship; that is perhaps why they get a mention (another reason is that the editor of this magazine is one himself). Maybe you haven't seen any evidence of their presence on board, maybe you have. Perhaps you don't know who washed up after the children's party in Kure, perhaps you have seen a rather gangly-legged Instructor Lieutenant-Commander wandering around in short khaki pants. But something has been happening all the time.

It would take too long here to detail the Scout Law but it is roughly a set of rules to enable us to follow the teachings of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, with a strong emphasis on service to others. The other aspect of Rover Scouting is an open air life, and that is rather difficult in A.B.C.D. State One Dog. It was six months before our Rovers were able to get ashore on an organised hike but this was immediately compensated by the fact that, even on Paengyong-do they found another Scout, a Korean.

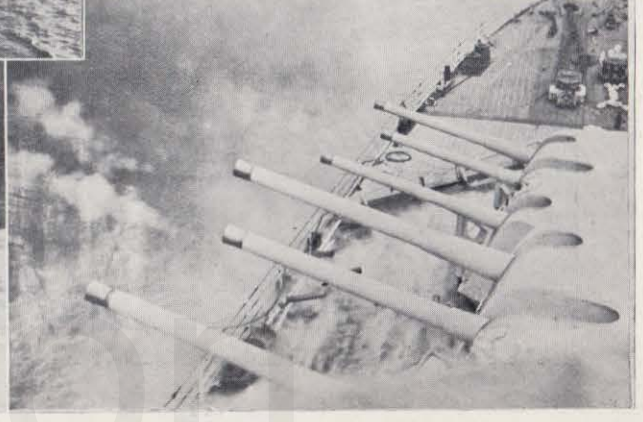
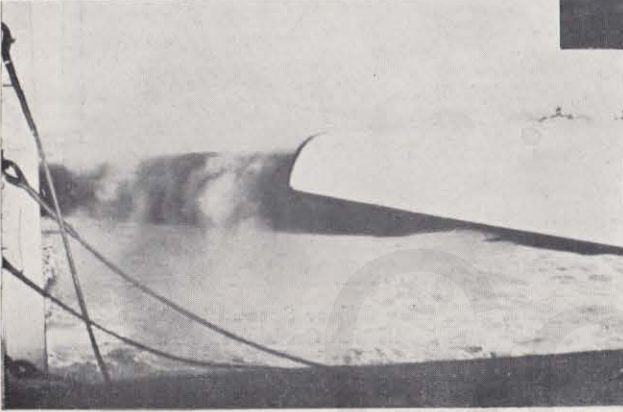
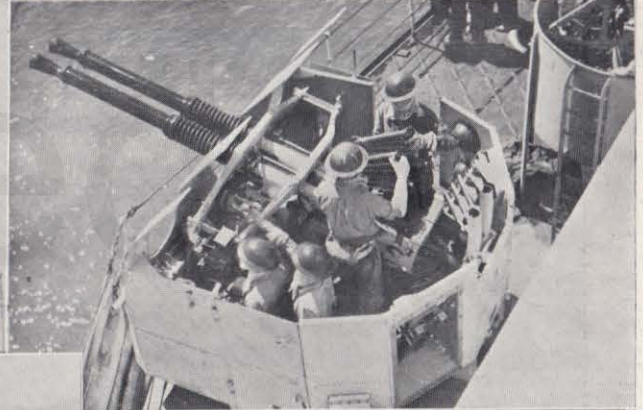
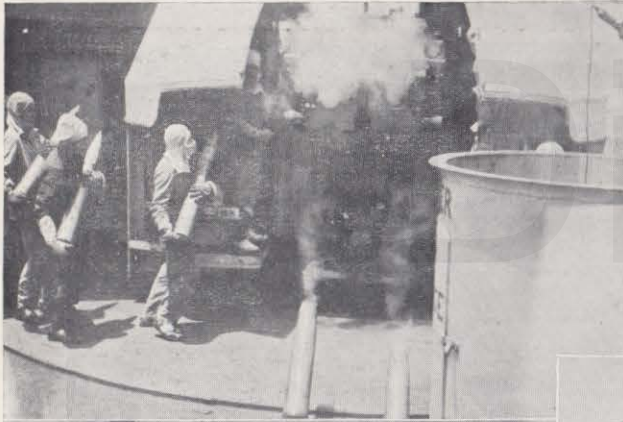
The first real outdoor activity was a camp near Kure. The local Army authorities were rather amazed at the idea of the Navy living under canvas but co-operated magnificently in the way of providing the necessary tentage. Camping in Japan is rather different from camping in England: if you want anything you can't ask for it because no-one understands a word you say. The Japanese were amazingly friendly and showed a marked disregard for the absence of a common lan-



Admiral the Hon. Sir Guy H.E. Russell, C. in C. Far East Station inspecting the ship's company at Cho-Do in October, 1952



Rear Admiral G.V. Gladstone, C.B., Flag Officer Second in Command, For East Station and in Command Fifth Cruiser Squadron inspecting the Royal Marine Guard of Honour.





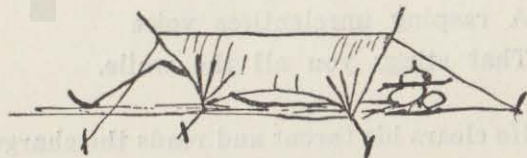
The Andrews Salts Sisters in "East and West"



The Fairy Godmother and her retinue of fairies "Cinderella"

guage. They were all quite content to chat away in their own language and receive answers in English, although neither side knew what the other was talking about. As a result of this a Boy Scout Troop at an orphanage in Hiroshima was contacted and our own Rover Crew have since paid several visits to help at the orphanage, usually with a goodly supply of sweets in their pockets.

The Deep Sea Rover Scouts, as members of the Scout Movement have contacts all over the world for there are Scouts everywhere, even in some places where military dictatorship has outlawed the movement, and contacts have been made in Gibraltar, Malta, Aden and Hong Kong as well as Japan and Korea. The best opportunity for service occurred at Hongkong at the time of the Shumshuipo fire disaster. This was at a time when there were several dances and parties to which our Rover Crew were invited and it is rather a compliment to those who have had no active part previously in Scouting that it was not the jollities that produced new members for the crew, but the doing of a real helpful job of work. Even though they may not all be Scouts, apparently our ship's company has the right idea at heart.



## KEYBOARD FLAT

Grave doubts as to my parentage,  
My saneness surely questioned,  
My character defiled,  
My company exiled;

My worth to beast,  
My use to man is estimated none,  
And all my previous errors  
Recounted one by one.

I stand there rooted to the deck,  
My hat in trembling hand,  
My faith in human nature gone,  
My hope for death expands.

What hard cruel eyes the "Jaunty" has,  
What thin sadistic smile,  
A rasping unrelentless voice  
That stings you all the while.

He clears his throat and reads the charge,  
I bow my head with shame,  
'Twas I who dropped the clanger,  
And I must take the blame.

They weighed me off and lashed me up,  
I'm doing fourteen days,  
It could have been avoided  
In many different ways.

You see my "oppo" rings me up  
When we are down below;  
We have a little cackle  
To pass an hour or so.

I was unsuspecting  
When Skipper gave a ring;  
He chose the time my "oppo" does,  
I didn't hear a thing.

Remember, Jack, when using phones  
That Naval things are said,  
Like "Aye, Aye, Sir" and "Roger out",  
Not "What's your trouble, Ted?"



## Royal Marine Band



The arrival of the Band to the ship in Plymouth on 1st May, 1952 was typical of any, or rather every band and can be described in one word—CHAOS. Admittedly the journey from Deal, in Kent, had been anything but exciting, though the sun had tried desperately to find its way through the drizzle. Nevertheless dismal faces were soon to be seen smiling when the Sergeant Major announced that within twenty four hours everybody would be up the line again on the last Long Week End.

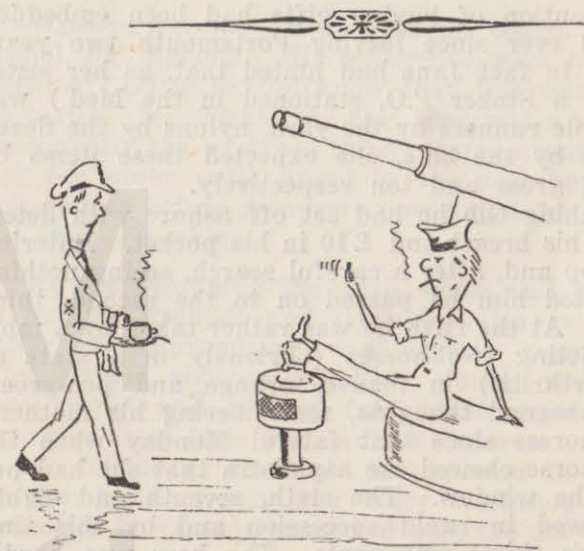
It took only a short while for 'Bandy' to make himself known on the ship, proudly presenting himself smoking on the boat deck with the watchkeepers, or recumbent on the messdeck to the annoyance of the same.

By Malta it became known that the band did not confine their activities to merely Colours and the weekly Wardroom dinner. Several of the ship's company who were present at the Ship's Dance at Pompey realised that the 14 piece Dance Orchestra under the direction of B/Sgt. Ted Russell playing there was in fact their own ship's band. An unofficial fan club was started and on 4th July, 1952, en route from Aden to Singapore, the first Newcastle Band Show was presented to the ship's company on the quarter-deck. This proved to be popular with the Newc's and later to many United Nations Forces in Korea, Japan and even Paengyong-Do, where members waded ashore with instruments held above their heads. The scene bore more resemblance to a commando invasion than to a band going to play.

February '53 brought many changes in the band including the promotion and subsequent drafting of Band Master Leo Arnold, L.R.A.M. Since when it has been learnt that he has attained the rank of Commissioned Bandmaster, on which he is heartily congratulated. Now under the watchful eye of Band Master Langdale the band left the ship for H.M.S. Tamar in preparation for the Hong Kong Coronation ceremonies. June 2nd found them marching the R.M. Detachment from H.M.S. Birmingham through Kowloon and afterwards taking part in 'Splicing the Mainbrace' at Tamar. It is still not known why so many clarinet springs required attention just as a waiter, fully laden with hootch, passed through the rear of the band. The short stay at Tamar proved to be the start of the rot

and for a while Bandy was humping his kit. On the occasion of the ship leaving for Singapore the band was transferred to Tyne, depriving them of those luxuries of Terror, the bathing pool, sports ground and the wet canteen which is said to have the best acoustics of any place for forenoon practice.

From Tyne to Birmingham and a trip to Kobe, happy hunting ground for the band's Baron Stranglers. The highlights were the beating of the retreat by floodlight on the jetty and afterwards at the Country Club. Hence the Barons. It is with deep regret that we leave this station without the chance of paying a return visit. At last we returned to Newcastle and have been able to fulfill many engagements in Hong Kong, including many pleasant hours rehearsing and playing with the Hong Kong Light Orchestra under the baton of Mr. Victor Ardy. This brings to an end a short article—both whalers have now been hoisted and it is quite safe to appear on the upper deck.



AFTER THE ADMIRAL'S INSPECTION WE MAY PUT OUR FEET UP



## RABBITS!

Able Seaman J. Mc. Tickler approached the Mail Office with the feeling that one has when one is settling down for a make and mend just as "G" sounds. The reason for his complacency was simple: he was at last sending home his Rabbits. He wondered if his mother and his girl friend, Jane, would ever appreciate the efforts and energy he had expended in sending these two little black boxes. He doubted it.

The intention of buying gifts had been embedded in his mind ever since leaving Portsmouth two years previously. In fact Jane had hinted that, as her sister (married to a Stoker P.O. stationed in the Med.) was receiving table runners by the yard, nylons by the dozen and lingerie by the bale, she expected these items by the furlong, gross and ton respectively.

On reaching Gib he had set off ashore with determination in his breast and £10 in his pocket. Entering the first shop and, after a careful search, seeing nothing that interested him he passed on to the second, third and fourth. At the fifth he was rather taken by a table runner depicting two horses (obviously in a state of advanced arthritis) in mauve, orange and pea-green, but he had second thoughts, remembering his mother's dislike of horses since that fateful Monday when the milkman's horse chewed the aspidistra that she had put to sun in the window. The sixth, seventh and eighth shops followed in rapid succession and by this time Mc. Tickler's thirst was acute. The beer was hardly started on its errand of mercy when he received a hearty slap on the back, the cause of his discomfort being an old shipmate.

"Good run?" he queried.

"No", replied Mc. Tickler, "Rabbits!"

"It's no good buying rabbits here" avowed his friend, "Malta's the place; can't beat it!"

"That so? . . . What are you having?"

Mc. Tickler returned on board elevated but broke. He had however sent postcards, two in number, marked Gibraltar from the East and Gibraltar from the West. We are sad to relate that this was the case at Malta, Aden, Singapore and Hong Kong, but we must be fair and add that Mc. Tickler was determined to do something drastic in Japan. He did!

"Oh, well" thought Mc. Tickler, "pots of time yet."

Witness our hero staggering on board, not due to alcohol, but Rabbits. His conscience must have worked overtime. Little did he know that this was only half the battle. Mc. Tickler by this time was a spent force, consequently the wretched things loafed around the mess deck for weeks until, urged by the near berserk mess-deck dodger before Admiral's inspection, he commenced part two — packing.

At the beginning the gash shute and galley were his hunting grounds and every box, tin or carton, no matter how unpromising was eagerly pounced upon. After several abortive attempts, during which fingers were spiked and temper frayed, he decided to beg, borrow or steal from more suitable sources. From then on, Mc. Tickler's face could be expected to pop round the door-jamb of any and every workshop and store that might be vaguely connected with the use of hacksaw blades, (broken or otherwise), nails, screws or canvas. The absence of request for wood may be noticed by the more astute reader, but Mc. Tickler had by now such an assortment of lumber in his small caboose (the forward

L.P. Scavenge Pump Space) that there was now no room for him. The afore mentioned caboose, seldom visited and rarely heard of, was several decks below the Watchkeepers mess. Middle watchmen, and on occasions morning watchmen, would see the industrious Mc. Tickler descending the depths loaded with small tins containing black or white paint, and brushes scrounged from the ungracious and desperate A.B.C.D. party, who were wont to hail him with such comments as "Look out! here comes Picasso."

Finally, his nocturnal adventures completed, it only remained for Mc. Tickler to make his peace with the watchkeepers for having interrupted their slumbers many times, but in particular the one occasion when he tripped, and dropped an armful of welding rods and a nearly smooth two foot rasp (which he intended to use as a hammer) just as he was running down the ladder. To add insult to injury his shirt was caught in the light switch, proving beyond doubt that Edison's incandescent light still works. This demonstration was not appreciated at two-thirty in the morning.

What happened as he approached the Mail Office with his two carefully finished parcels? How did he face up to a tot-less but rabbit free future? We must dash away to bargain for an interesting looking box bearing the legend "Baked Beans, Cans, 48."

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### NAAFI

Total cash sales £43,430 Other receipts £10,517.

Largest sales of food. Tinned spaghetti, tinned beans, nutty.

"Say it with flowers" scheme deliveries.

786 to U.K., 1 to Australia, 1 to Aden.



### THE CHAPEL

As a young curate some fourteen years ago, I went to my first church; and when I arrived in my new parish I was told that St. Catherine's was the "big church in the centre of the town". In succeeding appointments the places of worship in which I have served were all landmarks, and quite easily found.

But in February 1952 I had rather a different experience. I was taken by the Commander of H.M.S. Newcastle, from his office in Devonport Dockyard, and shown the compartment allocated for the new chapel on board. I was not wholly new to ships, but you can imagine my consternation when I had to push my way through endless passages strewn with seemingly endless wires and cables of every sort and description; past men using mechanical devices wholly strange to me; up ladders and down ladders, until we eventually arrived at a small compartment which at that time seemed to have nothing to commend it save seven large electric

lamps fitted crazily onto the ceiling. (At that time you may notice, such words as deck and deckhead, and fore and aft were not in my vocabulary; but I found that I soon became accustomed to the terms that sailors use).

In the compartment to which I have referred were five men sitting on five boxes, and I obviously thought that here was the Church Council waiting to help me with the job of getting the chapel ready for us. Of course I was wrong. The gentlemen in question were dockyard maties, who were probably rather annoyed that yet another caboosh was being denied them as the long refit was nearing completion. Nevertheless they proved to be very helpful, and before we left Devonport the chapel was more or less ready.

On Sunday May 18th at Portsmouth, the day before we left England for the Far East, the Chapel was dedicated by the Right Reverend William Launcelot Scott Fleming, Lord Bishop of Portsmouth, and the small compartment became the Chapel of St. Barbara. Since that time it has been a place set apart for the worship of God, and a sanctuary for those who have wished to spend some little time there quietly saying their prayers: I can only hope that the hours of work which have since been put in by the Shipwright Officer and his staff to make the chapel more beautiful has been appreciated by those who have worshipped there.

— — — — —  
✻  
Miles steamed (to 10<sup>th</sup> June 1954) 85,380  
(to 20th April, 1954) 65,250.  
Best Month 6,318. Best Day's Run 496.

Results of bombardments (only 4 detailed reports received)

50 killed, 49 wound, 8 horses, 15 ox-carts, 1 oxen. 1—105 mm gun,  
1—75 mm gun, 1 Barracks (including 18 rifles & 20 burp guns)  
1 enemy attack broken up.

#### HARBOUR MOVEMENTS

Anchor let go 180 times	Secured to buoys 36 times
Anchor let go off Korea 146 times	Went alongside 29 times

#### GUNNERY

6" rounds fired	2,415	Highest rate of fire	51½ rounds
4" rounds fired	2,284	(Royal Marines)	per min.
40 mm rounds fired	11,326		
Saluting charges	220	Sleeves shot down	22

## TALE OF TWO CITIES

From North's cold chill  
To Tropics dazzle,  
Comes a fighting ship, Newcastle;  
At Hong Kong buoy  
The Brum swings round,  
Got her roots right  
In the ground.  
A challenge made  
By modern ways  
That each a game  
Of soccer plays,  
The rivals meet  
On neutral field  
Each determined  
Not to yield;  
A hard fought game  
While hundreds watch  
To see those Brummies  
Meet their match.  
We won the soccer  
The basketball,  
Their rigger team were next to fall;  
The Black and Whites just lost the rest  
But still **we're** certain  
Who is best.  
We must leave now,  
Commission's done,  
So say Goodbye  
To Everyone,  
For those who stay  
And say they're glad  
We think you must  
Be bloomin mad,  
We've had enough  
With lots of fun,  
One year's enough  
For a Rabbit Run.

## A SAILORS GUIDE TO KURE

Before proceeding ashore check that you have the following: paybook, bi-lingual identity card, fags, money, matches (if a baron), will-power by the ton, shock resistor (if taking a taxi into town), and smog mask (if it's winter, and taxis are using charcoal burners for central heating). On reaching the dockyard gate, you can take anyone of the following into town: a taxi (200 Yen), a civilian bus (10 Yen), or an army bus (no Yen). The majority of Matelots take a taxi (when flush), as it saves walking another 20 yards to catch a bus, and it's far more uncomfortable.

At Kure House, where you're bound to get dumped unless you're well up on Kure geography and can name other streets besides Hondori and Nakadori (a knowledge few seem to possess) you have two options; you either go into Kure House, or you don't. If you go in you eat and then leave, unless there is a free Cinema show, and it's blank week, in which case your departure is delayed approximately 90 minutes; if you don't you start your perilous journey down Hondori!

There are three main types of matelots who go ashore in Kure.

1. The bloke who goes ashore to buy rabbits and does,
2. The bloke who goes ashore to buy rabbits, but never makes it, ending up with an empty pocket, and a head full of drums,
3. The bloke who goes ashore with no intention of buying rabbits, but who usually ends up with more than he bargained.

Walking down Hondori you first become aware of the multitude of Neon signs and blaring music that greets your eyes and ears; but beware, that's just to numb your senses. It has been roughly estimated by experts that you require more will-power per square yard of pavement in Kure, than any other town in the world! The Japanese merchant, not being content with the mere display of advertisements to attract customers, places Japanese versions of Marilyn Monroe on the sidewalk to throw a half Nelson on you, and coax you into his Beer Hall. If you're new to the place the half Nelson is very seldom needed. There are various things one can do in Kure, hire a motor scooter, have a turkish bath; there are bars, more bars, still more bars, and bars. If you don't care for any of these things, you can go to Hiroshima! The motor scooters are fine, well made, cheap and comfortable. It's a pity there's nothing resembling a road to ride them

on. The turkish baths are excellent, though maybe a little embarrassing to self conscious people, due to the fact that the attendants are female and attractive, though, after they've thumped the living daylight out of you for half an hour on the massage table, you might be inclined to doubt this.

And then the Bars! For those who like a drink in pleasant night club surroundings, with soft lights, sweet music, and late hours there are such places as Maxim's, Domino, Bacchus, Seine, Club C.C. etc. The majority of these are supposed to be Out of Bounds, but no attention is paid to this as all the M.P.'s go to them, when off duty, and consequently they are never raided.

For those who like Beer Halls', there are hundreds, too numerous to name, but all very similar in lay-out; beer, dance floor, music and dames, closing at 11 p.m. It's very plain to see why they are called Beer Halls' as there's hardly a piece of furniture that hasn't been drenched in beer at times; when you've drunk your capacity of beer you throw some at somebody else, ensuring that they have their full capacity.

At the so-called night club, you generally have placed before you what looks like a sausage roll in an oblong basket. The idea is not to eat it (you would find this rather unpleasant and also a trifle tough) but to have a smally wash, not stripping to the waist, just face and hands. The list of drinks available is very entertaining as each drink seems to have derived its name from a different country. There is usually a small dance floor which you might have difficulty in finding, but there are two sure ways.

1. Look where there seem to be more people than usual standing and, on closer inspection, you'll find them shuffling around, trying to make at least one circuit of the other couple before the music stops.

2. The dance floor is usually raised an inch or two higher than the rest of the floor, to let the dancers know when they've left the floor. This is effective, as they usually trip over the edge and fall down, leaving no doubt in their mind that they're off the floor.

From this point you're on your own, as unfortunately the writer is extremely vague as to what happens next though, amazingly enough, he usually finds himself back on board on time, even though sometimes with only a few minutes to spare.

You probably won't find this any help at all, as experience has shown that planning a run ashore in Kure is a pure waste of time; you always do something else. But of one thing you can be sure, you're bound to enjoy yourself



## “THE NEWKS”

But for the Sergeant Major our first Concert Party (picture above) wouldn't have been. It was a very near thing: you see, John P. Horn, our star, had to hurriedly leave for home, and only the last minute advent of the bearded lady saved the day. Possibly what also saved the day was the gallant rendering by No. 1 of “Paengyong-do”, for this was the real success of the evening. From then the Concert Party went from strength to strength and the next show saw the first appearance of those popular and talented stars, “The Andrews Salts Sisters”; they have been a “must” ever since.

The Pantomime at Singapore was possibly the greatest success; since then we have had requests for the scripts of future pantomimes so that others could use them. It was the first show that was put on ashore and was the death knell of shows on board; it is really impossible to perform a really first class show on the few square feet of board available on the quarterdeck. This also showed the first gathering together of the team later to be known as “The Newks”. It was then that J.P.H. first took over the direction of the Concert Party and it has remained under his able direction until now. No longer were performances restricted to our own ship, but constant demands were received from everyone ashore for the “Newcastle” show. Each time the ship arrived at Hong Kong fresh demands were made on their services, from R.N.H., C.F.C., Y.M.C.A., and R.N.P. apart from others.

Rumour has it that there will be a show for our own ship's company some time on the passage home. We are looking forward to it.

PERSONAL	PERSONAL
WANTED. Urgently required, good moustache. Box OCRM 1.	BETTY — Meet me June 10th, Guildhall Steps — Jack.
FOR SALE. 10,000 ton cruiser clean and in good working order. Written proof from recent inspection. Suitable for long cruises away from home.	DOES YOUR HAIR FALL OUT? Antoine de Buffer's Beauty Parlour will remove it all.
Grateful thanks to St. John for favours received.	SEE the World Famous Escapologist “Skipper” in his breath-taking breakship demonstration. Every beak a bite!

## The Case of the Missing 'Bod'

The Duty R.P.O. sat in the Regulating office and thought to himself what a nice quiet duty it was—a change from the usual nightmarish chore of being the village policeman to a community of 800 odd young men. They had gone ashore in their hundreds today, it being pay day, and Jack, being what he is, by normal routine should have returned onboard or been escorted onboard in 'The roaring horrors' vowing to have the R.P.O.'s guts for a necktie. Every other night, even in blank week, it had happened. Why not to-night?

An hour passed and just about 2300 the gangway messenger came galloping up to the door shouting for the Duty R.P.O., the Duty Leading hand and anyone who happened to be available. After a lot of careful questioning and vicious bullying the messenger was restored to a state of sanity and coherence sufficient for the R.P.O. to gain a working knowledge of the cause of the excitement. It transpired that the Royal Military Police had arrived 'en masse' escorting a Black Maria imprisoned in which was something more strong than a lion, more vicious than a Grizzly Bear, more swift than a panther, more deadly than a snake—a matelot who was fighting drunk.

The Duty R.P.O. being an old hand at the game, armed himself with a very business-like torch and a stout hammock-stretcher (used for turning the overhead lights off at pipe down) and having enlisted the aid of the Duty Leading Hand and instructed the office messenger to prepare the cell and to return to the forward gangway with the greatest despatch and alacrity, he sallied forth to receive this demon into custody.

The jetty was alive with activity. The Redcaps were there in their dozens, very smart and uncomfortably alert. The senior member of the patrol (I believe he was a National Service Sergeant) made his report and the R.P.O. asked that the Black Maria be backed up to the gangway. The double doors of the van gave an inkling of what the Bastille must have looked like. It had more locks and bolts, chains and hasps on it than had any cage, strong-box or prison door. There were at least 6 padlocks.

Very cautiously the M.P.'s approached the doors, all the while uttering warnings as to the ferocity of the inmate. The R.P.O. deciding that he should be the one to take the risk stood ready to 'quieten' the offender before

he could make a dash for freedom or do injury to either himself or to the escort. One by one the locks were undone, the escort could be seen edging out of the way. Tension was mounting. The R.P.O. felt a film of sweat on his brow and on the palms of his hands. He uttered a silent prayer, took a firm hold on both torch and hammock-stretcher, signed for the doors to be operated leaped in. For one awful moment he stared into the gloom of the van, eyes probing the darkness and ears cocked for the slightest movement or sound. Nothing moved; the van was empty!

The Officer of the Watch, who until now had stood back waiting for the offender to be conducted onboard, came forward. It was noticed that he no longer carried his telescope under his left arm but was clutching it bludgeon fashion in his right hand. He entered the van, obviously thinking that the R.P.O. must be blind or drunk. He called for a torch and flashed it round the inside of the van. A look of disbelief and then of anger crossed his face. He climbed down uttering unkind words about 'Pongoes' and their d—d silly pranks.

The Military Police, however, were very much upset at the news that their prisoner was not there. As a matter of fact they in turn searched the van, all the while protesting and assuring by all they held dear and sacred that they had apprehended and locked in this very van a drunken sailor and that the doors of the said van had not been opened until arrival at the ship. As a proof they had the rating's particulars, name, number etc.

The R.P.O. asked for the particulars in order that the man could be picked up as he came over the brow, but, to add flames to the already fiercely burning fire of their shame and humiliation, the Military Police were informed that no such rating ever served in H.M.S. Newcastle.

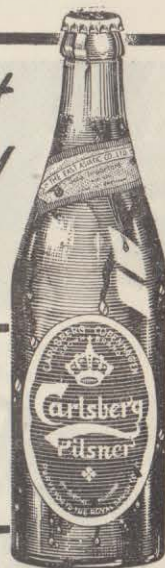
The Redcaps slunk away to their jeeps and to their Black Maria and drove off with grave doubts as to their own sanity and as to the identity of their 'ex-prisoner'.

From a frigate moored at the other side of the jetty a drunken chuckle was heard as a sailor grumbled to himself about opening the windows on army vans.



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popular imported  
**BEER!**

**Carlsberg**



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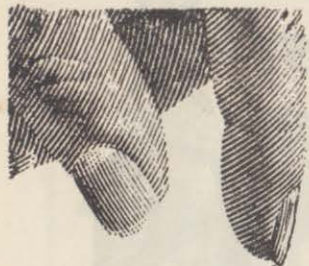
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## Tobacco at Its Best



## FIRE MISSION

This is a story of the Newcastle's Bombardment team. During the war in Korea each ship had its own team of "spotters" who could be landed to control the fire of the ship and though these occasions were rather limited we did manage to land a few times, one of which will always be remembered by those who took part.

This particular excursion took place in the Haeju area, where the enemy had been rather active and it had been decided to give him something back in return. On 13th January, 1953 a party consisting of Captain Wain R.M. (F.O.B.), Cpl. K. Rogers (R/T Operator), Mid. Powys-Maurice, and the L.C.P.L. manned by Cpl. Baldwin, Mnes. Mumford and Brennan, and S.M. Jackson set off for Mu-Do. They were accompanied by Major Gould, S.W.B., an old friend of the Wardroom who was spending his leave with the ship and a U.S.M.C. Lieutenant from Yong-Pyong-Do with an interpreter. Mu-Do is a small island about half a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide just 2,000 yards off the mainland. It was held by United Nations Forces and used, amongst other things, as an Observation Post from which the enemy's gun positions in the cliffs and his activities over a wide area in rear could be seen. The population fluctuated quite considerably but was primarily guerrilla, with a few civilian refugees who eked out a precarious existence on this barren and inhospitable island. The approach to the small rocky beach was across 6 miles of open sea in full view of the enemy and usually produced a violent reaction from his 75mm. guns. The O.C.R.M. had experienced this before and it was therefore arranged that a close watch would be kept on the L.C.P.L. and, if shooting commenced, the ship would immediately engage the enemy batteries.

The day was dull with bright intervals, but it turned out to be the coldest one of the winter (11°F) and a strong North wind blew a rough sea into the bows of the craft as it headed North to Mu-Do from the anchorage. Soon spray was breaking over the bows and freezing on the craft. It was impossible to see through the windscreen, so the window was opened, a most unpopular move as the cabin became filled with icy spray which thoroughly soaked and then froze on the occupants. The craft was well down by the bows but it was assumed that this was caused by a combination of the sea, the weight of ice, and its load. It gradually

became worse and we wondered if she were leaking. Major Gould was rather quiet, and as it became rougher he retired to a corner, a pale icy figure with a look on his face that clearly said he wished he were back in Singapore.

After an hour's run we approached the beach and prepared for a quick disembarkation. It was low water and some difficulty was experienced in finding a landing place; at last a bow line was passed to a local and by using the kedge the nose of the craft was brought close enough for us to clamber ashore. Loaded down with R/T gear, machine carbines, food, maps, etc. the party began to make its way over the large round rocks toward the island proper. We were clad in winter clothing and lifebelts, and the going was difficult as the rocks were slippery with ice. Suddenly things warmed up. There were several loud bangs, water spouted up around the little bay and puffs of smoke appeared amongst the rocks. The enemy had timed it nicely and his gunnery was quite good. The L.C.P.L. took off to look for a better 'ole while the bulky figures increased speed as pieces of rock and shrapnel whistled through the air. No-one bothered to count the rounds, our eyes were fixed on the little tent under the shelter of the cliffs which was the guerrilla headquarters. We reached it safely, with the shells still falling, saw that the L.C.P.L. was still in one piece and dived inside. A few moments later a dull boom told us that Newcastle was on the ball and retaliation was in the air. The first salvo landed and, much to our relief, the enemy stopped firing.

After short conference we made our way to the top of the hill and set up the O.P., taking advantage of what little cover there was to shelter from the bitter wind. The L.C.P.L. meantime had anchored and from above it was obvious that she had a bow full of water. The crew commenced baling out and removing the thick layer of ice which covered the whole boat. This task took virtually the complete day and they won full marks for their fortitude in a wet and cold boat with no means of keeping warm and with so unpleasant a job to do.

The R/T set was soon set up and once we were in contact with the ship the shooting started. Various enemy gun and troop positions were worked over with satisfying results and during the lunch break we watched aircraft from the U.S.M.C. Checkerboard Squadron of U.S.S. Baedong Straits have a go. They adjusted the ship's fire and then went in themselves with bombs, napalm, and cannon fire. Lunch was cold, but all the pleasures of a picnic was lost as everything was too cold, frozen quite hard in fact. Fortunately we had been provided with a small pack containing spirituous comfort and this was passed around to warm the inner man.

Towards 1500 the wind and sea began to get really nasty and we were ordered to return to the ship. After firing a few more salvos at the enemy guns we said goodbye to the guerrillas and re-embarked in the L.C.P.L., leaving behind at least one large fire burning on the mainland. One might think that this is the end of the story, but not so. The sea was dead astern, in large lumps, and once again the bows commenced to assume a down position. Suddenly we found ourselves on the crest of a large sea and before we knew what was happening we were surfing downwards. The whole of the forward deck disappeared, the water swept higher and higher, up the windows and around the edge of the cabin and it was not until the engine had been put smartly into astern that we stopped playing submarines. It was an unpleasant moment and we were not surprised to find our U.S.M.C. friend halfway up the ensign staff at the end of it. Cautiously we resumed our way and at last secured alongside the ship having been away 7¼ hours. The boat was hoisted inboard where we discovered a large gash in the bows which had been the cause of our head down trim. But we had got back safely, a hot cup of tea laced with rum was waiting for us and our messmates were eager to hear our stories. What damage we had inflicted we never knew, our only casualty was a case of frost bite, but we reckoned that at least some of the 136 rounds that were fired that day must have done some damage — if only to an ox-cart.



25TH DECEMBER, 1953 AT 2315

## THE FEEDING OF THE 50,000

"And they sat down in ranks, by hundreds, and by fifties."

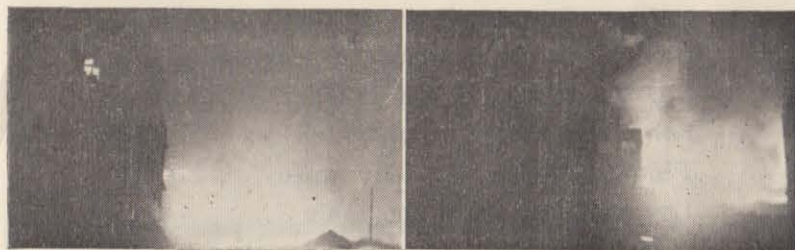
And they did all eat, and were filled. (St. Mark, VI, 40 & 42)

On the evening of Christmas Day, 1953, three villages in the Shum-shuipo area of Kowloon were destroyed by fire and over fifty thousand people were rendered homeless. An appeal was made over Hong Kong Radio for voluntary workers both on Boxing Day and the next day, Sunday. Unfortunately this appeal was not heard in "Newcastle" until Sunday morning when the telegraphist told the Schoolie and the Schoolie told the Commander and the Commander told the Captain and all the Deep Sea Rover Scouts got off Divisions. (If you join the D.S.R.S. you may get off Divisions one day). A rapid change into Rover Scout uniform was executed and the Rover Crew set out for Kowloon. A little difficulty was found at first in discovering the place to go but eventually the Relief Centre at Boundary Street was reached just before the crowds were let in.

At first things were far from well organised but it did not take long for the Scouts (many of them local Chinese) and the Rovers (of which our ship's were the largest contingent) to put that right. Unfortunately, after they had all been arranged in neat seated queues the Social Welfare workers changed their minds and decided that they wanted half of them on the other side of the field and before long stragglers were drifting everywhere. By midday the organisation had got into its stride and two separate organisations were at work. On one side of the field, registration where large queues waited patiently, sitting in rows by hundreds, while schoolboys and Girl Guides issued them with ration and temporary relief cards: this work was slow and laborious and at the end of the day many of the guides were unable to straighten their fingers due to cramp. On the other side the precious food tickets were produced, punched, record made of the number of meals, and rice, vegetables and "Herrings in" served. (That's how the Army gets rid of its "Herrings in"). A large amount of this work was carried out by the Scouts and Rovers and Rovers who were soon covered in rice, "Herrings in" (I came back stinking), and blisters (from the ticket punches). At the same time other Scouts, supervised by the Rovers, assisted the Wardens of the Civil Aid Service in keeping order. Considerable assistance was at times required, particularly as the Police

restricted their duties entirely to the maintenance of order outside the field. Our own Crew were twice instrumental in getting a wild scramble into order before it became a complete riot.

At about five o'clock that day's feeding was over and all returned home. But an emissary from the Commodore, Hong Kong was waiting on board (the duty staff officer) to find out what had happened, as the Commodore had been telephoned asking for further help during the week from the Deep Sea Rover Scouts. A signal was drafted, to be sent by the Commodore that evening, asking all ships to make their D.S.R.S. available. The last paragraph had to be hastily reworded as it originally read "Newcastle's Deep Sea Rover crew . . . will act as Guides!" Fortunately this was changed and blue skirts did not have to be borrowed from the Concert Party.



As the week progressed from Sunday to Thursday the general situation gradually became more regularised and the drafting to the site of more Army and Police slowly took the weight off the Scouts. Additional jobs did not help, but most soon became accustomed to changing white tickets for pink, stamping pink tickets with blue characters and issuing yellow tickets to those who had the wrong sort of white tickets so that they could exchange the yellow tickets for the right sort of white tickets. After Thursday Newcastle's Deep Sea Rover Scouts pulled out, except for three who had been specially asked to help in the medical tent, these three remaining until Sunday, helping mainly with dressings while the Nurses did the treatments. The idea of giving them distinct and separate jobs is believed to have originated from someone who noticed the attraction of our Rovers to the Nurses, one Rover, by Thursday, being almost swathed from head to foot in bandages.

If any of you think that this sort of thing is a good way of getting out of Divisions etc., take a tip from one of our Rover Crew who was so tired when he got back on New Year's Eve to change before going to a party that he slept right through to New Year's Day, missing everything.

## *Kure*

Hidden City of the Nine Hills  
Visited by ship two funnel,  
Pull alongside pretty smartly,  
Belching smoke create impression,  
Jack ashore to see the geishas,  
Officers too — all catch three-wheelers,  
Bashing heads against the deckhead,  
Oh, the agony of the journey,  
All big potholes, mighty tricky;  
Find the place of wishy washy,  
Lay you flat upon the table  
Muscle females pound and pat you,  
Look with awe at Big Chief Boughey,  
Hearing voices cloaked in symbol,  
Cherry-san, poppa-san, Lefty-san, Soo-san,  
Then with green stripes even L-san,  
Maybe its another wardroom!  
All feel fit like heap big chieftain,  
Away temptation — empty tummy,  
Sit round table mighty lowly,  
Stories told, they're even lower,  
Geishas sing and play at games,  
Matchbox, music, samisan,  
Bring in food and charcoal fire,  
Oh, the joys of Sukiyaki,

Eat all strange with twigs from tree,  
Natives call them all same chopstick,  
Belly full of food most tasty  
Swill it down with hot saki,  
Head begin to swim so pleasant,  
Oh! beware, the sun dips low.  
Leave the place of food and pleasure  
Have big pow-wow — what's the question?  
Return to wigwam? Further pleasures?  
Count your wompum — not enough of,  
Catch threewheeler, feel no pain;  
Morning after — off again.

## IN MEMORIAM



### OLD COMRADES

In happy memory of the seventy two ratings left behind as we sail for home. No longer with us, we will forget them quickly.

“I care not for thee, Jack, I'm in a position of pre-eminent satisfaction.”

## THE DOINGS OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

Throughout the commission the Medical Department have been kept extremely busy. The onslaught with needles and syringes commenced very early, whilst in the Mediterranean, when it was decreed that everyone (including the Sick Berth Staff) should be inoculated against Yellow Fever. A short while after, when we arrived on the Far East Station, the needles were sharpened once more for an attack with Anti-Cholera vaccine as well as Anti-Typhus vaccine; and all the members of the ship's company were delighted to learn that this performance would be repeated every six months. In consequence, we set up our stall in the Forw'd waist on numerous occasions and received the smiles and profuse thanks of each member of the ship's company in turn as he produced his S. 43a for the Doctor's autograph. Having passed through this gruelling test of ability to bear pain and still come up for more the ship's company was now ready to face the foe.

During those 'hectic' and 'nerve racking' periods on patrol off the West Coast of Korea we found ourselves dealing with sick and wounded Koreans as well as American and Commonwealth personnel. The first Korean 'casualty' we deal with was a woman from Taechong-Do with a sewing machine needle embedded in her wrist. A highlight of that particular patrol period was the landing of a U.S.N. helicopter on our quarter-deck to take off our hands a Korean soldier who had been transferred to us from the Dutch destroyer H.N.M.S. Piet Hein suffering from shrapnel wounds.

In January, 1953 whilst anchored off Taechong-Do a Korean fisherman was brought to us for opinion and advice. His hand had been amputated by a Korean doctor a few weeks previously. After further treatment by us he was taken ashore the next day on a stretcher, well wrapped in blankets against the bitter cold and borne by four of our seamen who trudged over some pretty rough ground to reach the patient's home. When his wife emerged from their dwelling to greet him the patient jumped off the stretcher and with a wave of his good hand to the bearers, vanished indoors with her, leaving our sailors scratching their heads in perplexity and wondering how their burden had suddenly acquired such considerable health and strength.

More serious than this was the case of Ensign Song Sam Yong of the R.O.K. Marine whose home incidentally was on a small island called

Nei Dang Do. He was R.O.K. liaison officer attached to the Dutch corvette H.N.M.S. Johann Maurits Van Nassau. He had been shot through the lung by guerillas when approaching the beach one night in the Dutch ship's boat. A Dutch sailor was fatally wounded at the same time.

Whilst our doctors were operating on the Korean Officer we received a signal from H.M.A.S. Anzac for medical aid declaring she had a rating with acute appendicitis. 'NEWCASTLE' proceeded at once to rendezvous with Anzac and to our relief that patient, after examination, was found not to be requiring operation. Our Korean casualty made a good recovery from his wound and was soon able to inflate a meteorological balloon.

True to say 'Coming events cast their shadows before', and enough it was not long before we were required to perform an appendix operation, and yet another. The first patient being a R.O.K. sailor who was transferred to us from H.M.S. SPARROW late one night. The operation was performed immediately and 72 hours later he could be seen walking about the Sick Bay, this being the modern treatment following that kind of operation (of course it was some days before he was able to scrub the Sick Bay out.) The next operation of this nature was on a young stoker mechanic of our own ship's company.

One very tragic incident occurred whilst on patrol in June '53, when two Korean boys; Shim Tea Hong and his cousin Shim Sam Shim, both aged 14 years, were brought to us on improvised litters from Taechong-Do. They had been wounded by a rifle grenade which they had found. Despite a hard fought battle by our Doctors which waged for six hours both boys succumbed to their injuries, which were very severe. The following is an extract from the report of the incident made by the Korean liaison officer.

'At about 1600 yesterday Shim Tea Hong has picked up a rifle grenade in sand of seaside. When Shim T.H. and another four childs were playing with it because they didn't know what it is, and it is very strange to them, happen the accident. Then two childs was heavy wounded and another light wounded. After about two hours the wounded child was operated on by R.O.K. assistant doctor live in the island, but as two childs was serious he could not operate on them himself and they were taken here (NEWCASTLE) by R.O.K. boat as soon as get first aid medical treatment. Taechong island's people and their father said me with tears that he don't know how we can thank you for R.N. Newcastle's great kindness'.

These and many other less serious incidents too numerous to mention, served to keep us busy whilst on patrol.

Like everyone else, the preparation for Admiral's Inspection brought the usual trials and tribulations and paint pots and brushes were always in evidence, so, if anyone was handed a half ounce dose of white paint, well all I can say is that Mist. Bismuth looks very good when applied to the bulkheads.



## Why Be In Pain?

SEE

### DOW & MAIN

Do your eyes close when you sleep?  
Have you toes on your feet?  
Are your lungs full of air?  
Do you suffer from over-feeding?  
Do you feel you want to sign on?

ONE VISIT ONLY AND WE'LL FIX YOU



## SOCCER

Efforts to form a steady No. 1 team at Devonport were of little avail, trials, leaves and runs ashore preventing trial matches. It wasn't till the ship reached Singapore that the first real match was played with disastrous results — 5-1 down to the 6th M.S.F. Operational duties made any training impossible but we did manage to play 22 matches before the refit of which 13 were won. At Kure in December '52 we were introduced to our first taste of the rock hard Japanese gravel pitches in a game against the R.M.P., the first of many encounters we enjoyed against that powerful team.

The clash between Newcastle and Birmingham was avoided until January '53 when the ships were together for the first time. First blood to Newcastle with a 5-2 victory, a decision which was quickly reversed a week later.

On the sands of Paengyong-Do, the P.T.I.'s home made pitch turned out to be a god-send for training and selection, so much so that at Chinhae we were able to give of our best against the R.O.K. Military Academy only to lose after a hectic 90 minutes. So then to Singapore where the lush turf and open spaces worked wonders on the team and eleven players became at last a team. After an initial defeat by the Terror side the team settled down, new players came up through the second team and before leaving Singapore the initial defeat was handsomely reversed.

The autumn of '53 saw us around Hong Kong for longer spells and matches were arranged with teams from ships, and from the Army in the New Territories. Then away again for another tour of Sasebo, Nagasaki, Yokohama, Chinhae and Kure. At Kure progress of the teams was demonstrated by the fact that now our second eleven was able to draw with our old friends the R.M.P. At Chinhae a further and better game was played against the R.O.K. Military Academy, the match being marked by an impressive plaque presentation ceremony and provision of a generous supply of free beer by our American allies.

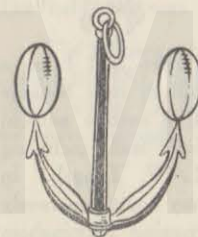
And so back to Hong Kong for Christmas and the last few months of football, for us our best period. A splendid game against Kitchee, a topnotch Hong Kong club was only narrowly lost and a train of "needle" matches culminated in the decider with Birmingham. We were fortunate to obtain the use of the Hong Kong Club's magnificent stadium and right well we used it. In a cup final atmosphere with both ship's bands playing and both ship's companies roaring themselves hoarse we got home 2-1, but not without some trepidation.

A glance at the record sheet shows that we have not been beaten by a ship's team since July '53; the reason for our success lies in the enthusiasm of the players themselves and the fact that they are always prepared to train and listen to a word of advice. It would be iniquitous to name individual outstanding players as all have pulled their weight and played brilliant games. We have been fortunate in having the services of C.R.E.A. Smith and P. O. Shortland as trainers and to a great extent the team's prowess is attributable to their untiring efforts.

The following have played for the 1st XI:— \*Johnson, \*Davis, \*Latham, \*Beck, Pettigrew, \*Wrench, \*Robertson, Morrison, James, \*Horwood, Woodlands, Baldwin, \*Shortland, \*Firth, Bradshaw and \*Connel. Those marked with an asterisk have played for Navy teams.



## RUGBY FOOTBALL



Our first season was not a great success due to lack of training and regular matches during patrols, although we managed to level the score against Birmingham to 1-1. The '53-'54 season started at Singapore where, despite the climate, training could be taken seriously. Recovering from an initial defeat we went on to win 6 matches in a row before injuries weakened the team. By this time a stout-hearted and very successful second team had been founded from which reserves could be called.

Travelling North to more congenial temperatures several enjoyable games were played against Japanese teams who, although not experienced in top class football, played a fast clean game (to say nothing of the entertainment afterwards). Returning to Hong Kong we continued a most successful season culminating in a resounding victory over Birmingham, and the winning of the 7-a-side knock-out Shield.

Many of the matches played during the commission will be remembered for one reason or another: the games in the New Territories against our friends the Artillery Regiments have always been hard fought in the friendliest spirit, and their hospitality was a byword. Close games with the Consort, a West Country ship, which could be relied on to make our teams work hard for a victory (with luck). Rugged games with Tyne and Commonwealth ships in which we usually met our match because of their combination of vigorous and unorthodox play.

We have been most fortunate in having as our trainer and adviser Surg. Cdr. Wyatt who together with P.O.S.M. Bramley (52-53), C.P.O.S.M. Rimmer (53-54), and the Captain of the team formed a selection committee; Lt(E) Dexter captained the team until December 1952 after which Inst. Lt. Boughey took over. Regular players with the First Fifteen were:—Savage, Jones, Dellar, Wall, Hamilton, Henderson, \*Dexter, Tate, Briston, Collins, Teasey, Sands, \*Brogden, Warn, Cowx, Bates, \*Boughey, Ainsworth, \*Wright, \*Bramley, \*Hopkin, Cook, Doughty, \*Bradby. (\* represented Navy teams)



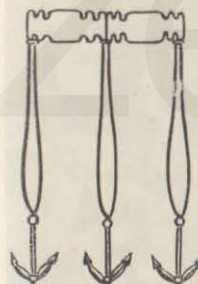
## BASKET BALL



Although from the beginning of the commission there had been a nucleus of enthusiasts, a regular playing team was difficult to raise because of the demands of other sports. In Singapore, however, a certain amount of practice was possible on an outdoor court and a Navy team including 5 Newcastle players had a successful match against R.A.F. Tengah. In Hong Kong the team did well in several games on an Army court generously loaned to us, but undoubtedly the climax was the game against Birmingham on the Y.M.C.A. court in Kowloon which we finally won by the odd point. Of 11 games 4 were won, 6 lost and one drawn, the drawn match being played one very hot afternoon in the New Territories when the thought of cool beer held more appeal than 5 more minutes of basket ball.

The following played for the ship:—Hind, Charles, Loney, Short, Lewis, Jones, S.J., Jones, P.W., Cooper, Forster, Bird, Savage and Gibbs.

## Cricket



A good start was made at Malta with an opening win against Glory and a draw with Striker. Our part in the War in Korea intervened and thirteen months elapsed before a match could be played on anything approaching a wicket. Singapore gave us a chance to start cricket again and, although we had little success, a good team was built up which showed its strength when the ship returned to Hong Kong.

The batting has always been an uncertain quality but keen fielding has made us a strong attacking side. The record of won 7, lost 5, drawn 2 hardly does justice to the side's potentialities. Our cricket has certainly not lacked variety as we have played on grass, matting and rubber, not to mention a hockey field, a baseball ground and even the sands on Paengyong-Do.

The best match was against the Dockyard at Singapore which the latter won in the last over after our declaration at 147 for 6. Perhaps our best success was in running through a reputedly good side for 13. The hat trick was performed once by P.O. Shortland against Defender.

The following have played for the Navy at Singapore or Hong Kong:—Commander(S), Sub Lt. Walton, P. O. Shortland and P. O. Hollingsworth, while Lt. Cdr(L) Barker and S. M. Jackson have represented the Navy Seconds.

## CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

Our first venture in this sport was a Sasebo when we entered 5 teams of 20 men for the Inter-ship competition on September 15th 1952. We were narrowly beaten into second place by the Ladybird team which had opportunities of training not available to our own team due to patrol duties. In November we entered the Kure Road Relay in which each man in an 15 strong team had to run one mile; we were the only entry from the Navy among teams from all over Japan and did well to finish 8th.



## Hockey

The first game on the station was played at Sasebo after our first patrol, and many stiff muscles afterwards showed how unfit we were. Soon the team reached peak form, and during the Kure refit we had period of seven wins in nine days. A regular feature on each visit to Kure was the game against "J" R.B.D., where the Army always provided a good game and, of our five encounters, there were won and one drawn. At Hong Kong Chief Yeoman Andreson and Lt. Cdr. Pearse played for the Navy against Macao; Lt. Hopkin was also chosen but couldn't play due to a Rigger injury.

At Singapore the local league was entered on the understanding that Brum would take our place when we left. We began with a flying start winning all the first games against Kranji, Terror, and the Minesweeping Flotilla; Brum has completed the good work by winning all the games that she played. We also competed for the Knock-out cup and having

beaten Simbang, their first defeat of the season, we came to grief against the Royal Malayan Navy.

Following Singapore there has been a long run of defeats, broken only by wins against Sydney and the Army at Pusan. The final blow fell with an 'orrible 'ammering by Brum: the score we dare not print.

Interpart and Divisional Hockey has been keenly contested all through the commission with communications showing the rest of us the way home.

The following appeared regularly for the 1st XI:—

Lt. Cdr. Pearse	E.R.A. Hinde	L.R.E.M. Scott
C.Y.S. Andreson	Lt. Backhouse	Mid. Collins
Lt.(S) Hopkin	E.M. Legge	Mid. Waugh
P.O. Errington	Lt. Bartleet, R.M.	Lt. Wallerstein
P.O. Hambridge	Mne. Savage	L/Wtr. Dimmock



Little opportunity occurred for water polo until we reached Singapore, but both at Singapore and later our team has only been beaten by one ship, Comus; in July by 2-7, August 2-4 and September 4-6. This last match put us out of the Knock Out Competition which Comus subsequently won. In the Inter-service Swimming Gala at Singapore 4 members of our team played for the Navy side which so dramatically defeated the R.A.F. to give the Navy a narrow win in the whole competition. They were Lt. Cdr. Pearse, C.P.O. Garver and A.B.s Wensley and Lovelock. The following appeared regularly for the team: Pearse, Garner, Wensley, Phillips, Lovelock, Backhouse and Sharples.

On August 27th a swimming gala was held for which even a torrential downpour could not damp the general enthusiasm. The standard was high and we went on to win the R.N. Championship, at Singapore and provided a strong nucleus for the Navy team which won the Inter-services Championship for the first time for many years.

## BOXING



Despite difficulties our boxing enthusiasts have put on 4 first-class shows. Training facilities have been limited and it has needed much will-power to turn out on a cold evening for a few rounds sparring when tombola and cinema provided rival attractions.

Our first contest was against Birmingham, when we lost to our fitter opponents; however P.O. Charters, S.M.

Robinson and A.B. Corbyn gave very good accounts of themselves. At Kure in '53 we fought an Army team winning by 7 bouts to 4 before a large crowd. In Singapore we promoted an open air contest between individual boxers from Consort, Comus, Alert and the 6th M.S.S. The 12 contests included 6 entries from Newcastle; of these P.O. Charters, A.B.'s Corbyn, Fayers and Nightingale did well to win but A.B. Rudge had a gruelling fight in the heavyweight division to lose on points, while A.B. Finney provided entertainment in his own inimitable style.

Our last promotion was a return match with the Army in December '53 for which they prepared for weeks. The evening started badly when A.B. Radford lost narrowly on points, S.M. Hayward met a strong opponent and the fight was stopped in the 2nd round, A.B. Nightingale was matched against a very experienced fighter and his fight was also stopped in the 2nd round. A.B. Fayers and P.O. Charters restored our hopes with powerful and confident boxing while P.O. Shortland, fresh out of retirement, used an immaculate straight left to level the scores. A.B. Corbyn gave us the lead for the first time in a hard fought contest and S.M. Robinson clinched the 5-3 victory with some sound boxing.

Behind the scenes hard work was done by C.P.O. Moseley, P.O. Shortland and Cpls. Howe and Bird and the Royal Marine Band helped to make the evenings resounding successes.

## THE DATE LINE

You get plenty of time to think in cells and I just sat and thunk. I thunk about this and I thunk about that but mostly I just thunk. And pretty soon it came to the point when the only thing I could thunk about was when I was going to get out. And then I began to think real hard. If I was thinking right, when I started my ten days there was three days to go before as how we crossed the date line and when that happened tomorrow was yesterday or today was the day before or something like that. I give a bit of a yell at that and my own private flunkey he goes and hears it and takes a peep to see as how I'm alright.

"Hey, bootneck" I says, "I wants to see the R.P.O." I says, or words to that effect.

"Go and take a running jump at yourself" he says, or words to that effect.

"I got my rights," I says, "and I wants to see the ruddy R.P.O. And none of your swearing at me either" I says, "I got my rights I have".

Well after a long time, 'cos it was tot time when I first thought of this, along comes the R.P.O. a-muttering away to himself about sea lawyers and so on and I ups to him and says to him, I says, "When do I get out of here?" Cor, you should have heard him then, one of the finest bits of language I've heard from an R.P.O. yet and I've been in and out of Regulating Offices since I was an Ordinary Seaman and should know if anyone. "I'm serious" I says, "You see it's as how we cross the date line while I'm in here and I wants to know if I do the same day twice whether it counts once or twice to my ten".

"Go and ask the M.A.A." he says.

"O.K.", I says, "just let me out and I'll go and ask him" and he was so taken aback at that he got half way through unlocking the door before the bootneck reminds him where I am. Anyway off goes the R.P.O.

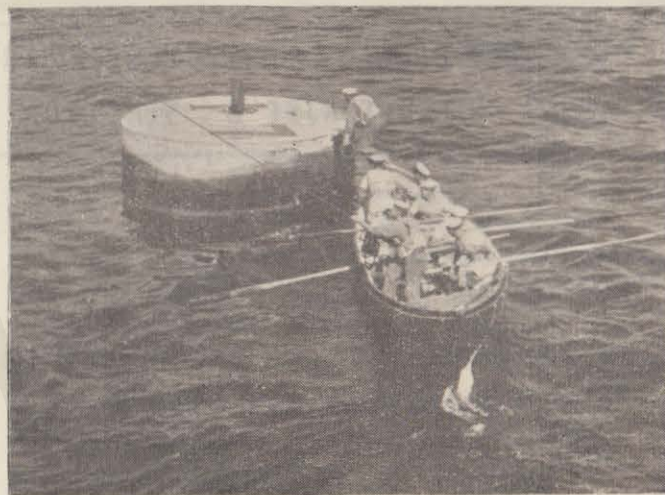
and after another long time along he comes back with the M.A.A., the O.O.W., the D.X.O. and Leo the dog just for good measure all the whole gang of them and the O.O.W. he says to me "Well, my man, I understand you are having some trouble with dates. We have gone into this very carefully and we have worked out that if you have ten days cells starting on the 5th you come out on the 14th" and the D.X.O. he says "Quite, quite". So I counts that up on my fingers, allowing one extra for the date line and it comes to ten fingers and a toe which I draws the attention of the gang to. Then they has a hurried confabulation and the O.O.W. he gets hiding behind the M.A.A. who tells me that I has to wait till the 14th because the book of rules says he has to add nine to the date and the book of rules don't say nothing about date lines even though they had them in Nelson's day and if I didn't like it I'd have to lump it or words to that effect. So I ups and says I wants to see the Commander.

Well they really gets weaving that time and before you can say knife there was the Commander seeing as how it was nearly 6 o'clock and the officers wanted their gin, particular as the R.P.O. had been breathing run all over them and making them thirsty like. And the Commander he hears what I has to say and then he asks to see the book of rules and he has a decko and looks at me and says he's sorry which I bet he isn't and as how the book of rules don't say nothing about date lines and I'll have to stay in till 14th whether I like it or not. So I asks to see the Captain. Well by the time the Captain comes the buzz has got round a bit and you can't get into the flat for bodies all waiting to see what happens next so when the Captain comes they has to have a bugler going in front to clear the way and there they all are right outside my cell, my flunkey, the R.P.O., M.A.A., O.O.W., D.X.O., Cdr., Bugler, and Captain, not forgetting Leo the dog who was getting trod on left right and centre. And the Captain he hears all about it and he has a decko at the book of rules and sends for the Secretary to bring him Q.A. & A.I. and a copy of Courtmartial procedure and the P.M.O. 'cos he's feeling faint for lack of air there's so many bcds parked in the flat now and in the end he gives me the same ruddy answer and I says as how I don't think it's right and would like to see the Admiral only we hadn't got one on board just then so the Captain says as how he'll send a signal to

Admiralty and find out from them what they have to say about date lines and if I don't like their answer I can lump it, or words to that effect.

Well I don't really know what happened then except I heard from one of the sparkers that they sent the signal top secret priority and eventually came back with the answer and they says that they have only found one case like it before when Drake sailed round and he gave the bloke the choice of doing the extra day or having keelhauling instead and I could have the same choice.

That's why I'm still in cells.



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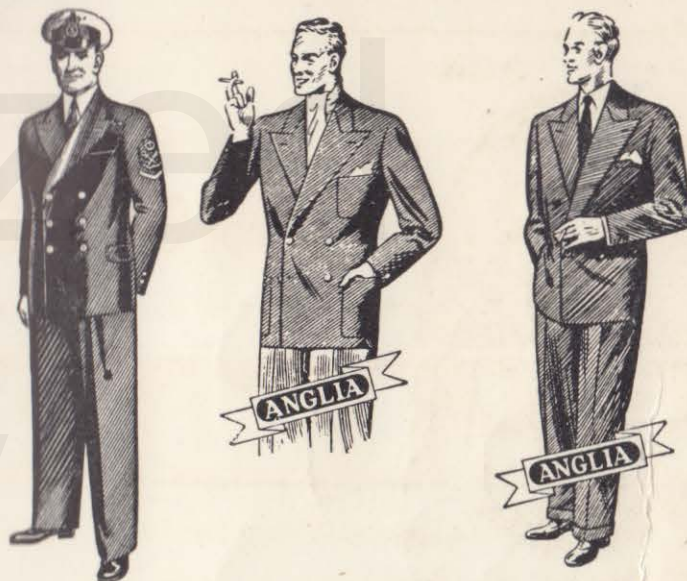
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