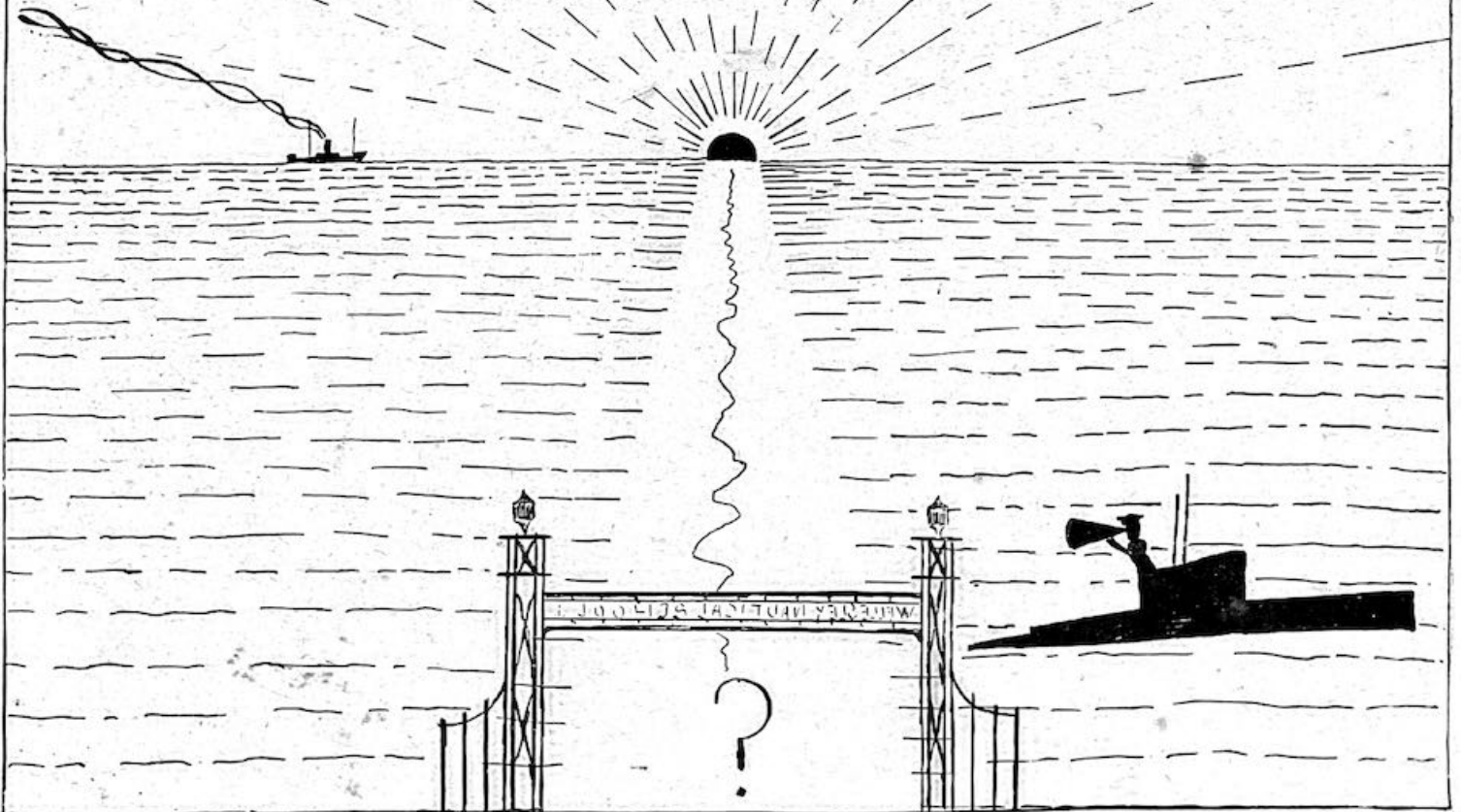


Catherine Hall.

ELFIN ECHOES



No. 10.

1st July, 1940.

Free Issue.



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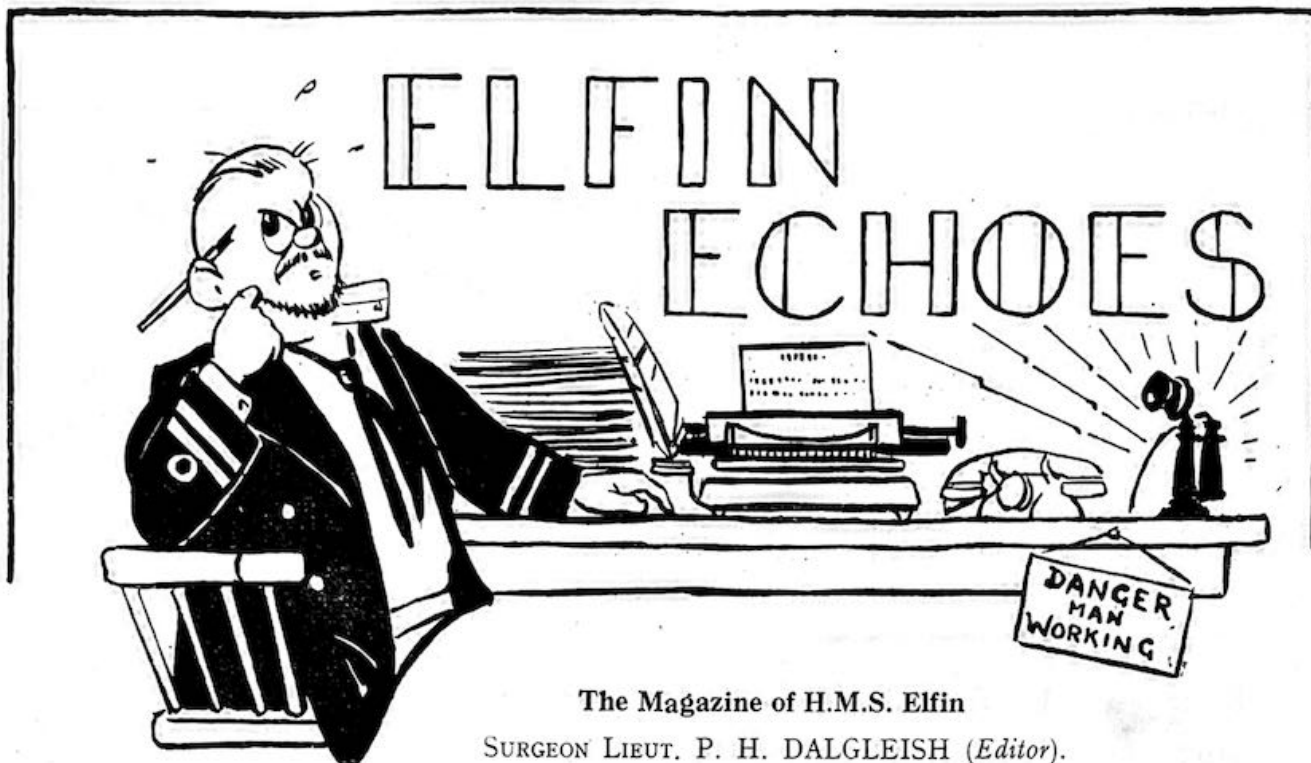
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COMMANDER H. B. WOLLOCOMBE.

LDG. WREN P. SVENDSEN.

No. 10.

1ST JULY, 1940.

Free issue.

EDITORIAL

A Holiday Camp

UNDER present "blitzkrieg" conditions at any moment leave may be stopped and everyone confined to barracks.

The possibility of some place being provided where people could be held together and brought back if necessary was considered, but difficulties immediately arose as to a suitable place.

However, our good friends Capt. and Mrs. Buddle Atkinson of Gallowhill came to our rescue as usual.

We have now a rest camp available for the use of ratings and officers.

Accommodation has been provided for seventeen ratings and seven or eight officers.

The party will be absolutely independent and will victual and look after themselves as they would in a boat. There is a "pub." within reasonable walking distance.

It is proposed that on the return of a boat from sea a party should be made up to go to Gallowhill for a period of about four days. This spell will give an opportunity for complete relaxation under ideal surroundings, and it is hoped that full advantage will be taken of the kindness of Capt. and Mrs. Buddle Atkinson.

Cricket

Possibly due to the curtailing of leave, the demand on the cricket gear during the past few weeks has been phenomenal. We believe that there has been a bit of grousing about the allocation of a pitch to some people.

It must be realised that facilities are very limited and that we have only one "square" to last for another three

months. This being the case, there has to be some restriction on the use of the square. A full-size matting wicket is in course of preparation and it is then hoped that greater facilities will be available. But it must be emphasised that it is necessary to make arrangements for any inter-part matches as early as possible and to let the Sports Officer or P.T.I. know immediately.

With regard to the practice nets, which are also very popular, it has been noted that players are somewhat careless of the gear. This is unfortunate, for with limited funds it is obviously impossible to replace gear which is damaged by sheer carelessness.

The other problem which arises is that those who demand facilities for games are not those, with one or two exceptions, who are willing to give a hand in the preparation of wickets, etc. If a game is worth playing it is worth preparing for, and we would appeal to more players to come forward and give a hand.

Finally, a word or two to the Quarters' team. There is such a thing as the reputation of the ship to be maintained outside; when a match is arranged with an outside team the players are representing the ship and in this capacity the ship is entitled to ask of their best. When such a team is selected it should be the best available, and not be a makeshift because someone who ought to be giving their best has got another date or wants to go ashore on that particular night.

A last word to those who do not play: there are many worse ways of spending a sunny summer evening than watching a game of cricket, and a few words of occasional encouragement from beyond the boundary are always welcome. It is not a hundred miles to the Cricket Ground and it is on the telephone in case of a recall.

BIRD'S LAUNDRIES

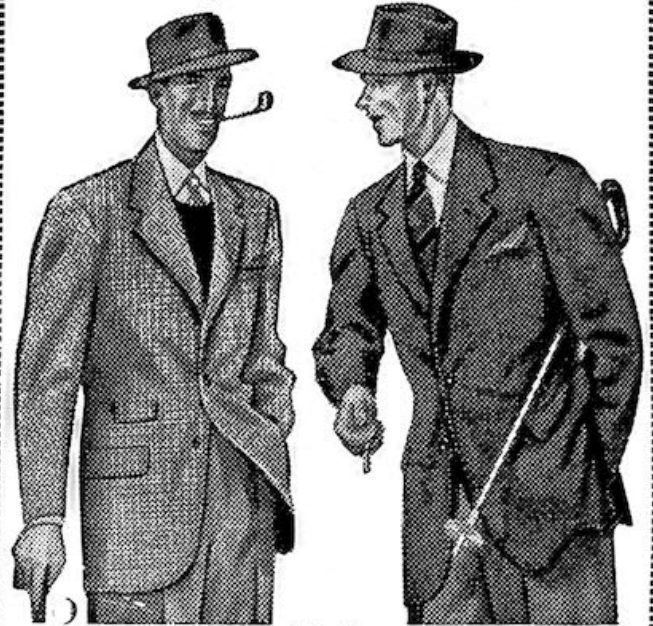
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INTERLUDE

Evening sunlight shining through the leaves of the old oak tree dappled the grass of the river bank with an everchanging pattern of shadow. Overhead a pair of swifts shrilled as they wheeled and turned in pursuit of their evening meal. Above them great fleecy clouds sailed majestically across a sky of palest indigo.

At the foot of the pool, a yard above where the water curved to fall in a mass of white water on the jagged rocks below, there was a swirl and splash as a trout rose to take a fly.

There came the sound of children's voices from the village across the stream, and the barking of a dog, but these noises were faint by reason of the endless roar of the tumbling water.

The man sighed happily, "Just perfect, isn't it?" His companion nodded and blew a cloud of smoke from between her full lips. It drifted away on the breeze that was so light that it could scarcely be felt fanning the serious face. She was tall but slimly built, and her dark hair fell in a mass of curls on her shoulders. Intensely blue eyes and a high colour, as well as the long shape of her head betokened celtic descent. Her fingers were long and tapering and her ankles slender. She spoke with a lilt that was no more than a suggestion of cadences which rose and fell musically. Her gestures had a bird-like quality about them, and she was, above all, graceful. Her dreamy eyes saw far beyond the stream and the trees which masked the village across the water.

"It would be perfect, darling, if only you had not got to go away to-morrow. It's bad enough to think of the awful wrench of parting, but God knows how I'm going to live until you come home again. It will be a succession of empty days. If only we'd had a child it would have been something to keep me going; as it is . . ."

Her companion stared straight ahead and did not answer. He saw only a destroyer dipping in the swell of the Atlantic, with spray flying over the foc'sle and bridge. He saw a vista of days and nights of long, weary watches, and shipmates hollow-eyed and weary from lack of sleep. He heard again the guns that thundered in Narvik Fjord in the cold, stark northern winter.

He was brown-haired, grey-eyed and broad of shoulder; his face was a deep brown, and fine lines at the corners became more marked when he laughed. He rose from the rug where they were sitting and stretched luxuriously. "Time we were going, old lady. We promised Mum we'd be back early, and it's nearly nine o'clock. I'll give you a hand with the supper things." They talked as they re-packed the picnic basket.

"Another drink?" he asked, as he picked up the cocktail-shaker. "Let's," he pleaded as the woman

looked doubtful. "It's our last night together, and it'll cheer you up."

"All right, John," she assented, "though I'm sure we've had quite as much as is good for us."

He filled two pony glasses with golden-brown fluid and handed her one. "Here's fun, darling," he said. "All the luck in the world," she responded. "And God bring you safely home to me."

"I'll say Amen to that," he replied softly.

Swiftly the basket was packed, and they clambered up the steep bank to the lane above.

The woman wore the blue car rug as a shawl around her shoulders; it matched the blue silk summer frock she was wearing.

As they approached the shining sports car, a quaint little man came trudging along. His clothes were country-made and hung in dilapidated folds about his shrunken figure. His hair was white beneath a cloth cap, and an untidy moustache and a grey stubble made him look unkempt.

"Evening," he said sociably.

"Good evening," answered the tall man as he paused in the act of stowing away the picnic basket.

"How about a drink, Grand-dad?"

He set the basket down as he spoke, and out of it took the cocktail-shaker in which there remained a couple of inches of drink.

The little man shook his head. "Don't reckon much of they new-fangled drinks," he smiled. "If ye'll come to my cottage I'll give summat'll do ye good. I don't mind if I do," he added as an afterthought, setting down his bundle of sticks. He tossed the drink down in one noisy gulp and held out the glass for more as he smacked his lips. "Eighty-four I be," he said in his Devonshire burr, "and it's the first cocktail I've ever tasted. Not bad—not bad at all." The second drink disappeared just as quickly as the first. "Now I'll be getting along," he said. "I'll wait at the garden gate. 'Tis the second on the left, and I'll give ye summat ye've never 'ad afore." He moved off, chuckling to himself.

"Well, what do you know about that!" said the tall man as he settled in the driving-seat.

They watched as the little man ambled out of sight round a bend in the lane, and then followed slowly in bottom gear.

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INTERLUDE—Continued.

"I don't think I'll have any more, darling," said the woman. "I feel almost muzzy as it is. I hope the little man will get back all right; he's probably used to drinking beer. The gin will blow his head off." She laughed as she spoke.

The little man was waiting at the garden gate, and led his visitor into a tiny kitchen, where brass and copper gleamed, and a cat stretched lazily on a rag rug in front of the fire. A wizened little woman put down some sewing and rose as they entered. Her face was stern, but she dropped a curtsy as she said, "Evening. Don't know what ye've been doin' to my John, I'm sure," she grumbled. "Fair mazed 'e be, an' 'tis the first time I've seen un the worse for drink."

"Now, Daisy," chuckled the little man, "don't take on so. Rackon I can carry me liquor like any gentleman. Now do 'e try a drop of this, sir," he said as he handed his visitor a glass of pale amber fluid. "'Tis the best drop o' stuff my missus ever made. Come next Christmas 'twill be better than any drop in the land. Good 'ealth!"

The visitor sipped cautiously. "You're right!" he approved. "It's delicious."

Two more glasses followed the first before he took his leave. He tripped over the wooden slat of the doorway and nearly fell. "Careful, sir," chuckled the little man, and took his arm to lead him down the pathway. Behind them, in the doorway, the little woman stood disapprovingly agaze, her arms akimbo. As the two men lurched and fell into the potato patch, she threw up her hands in gesture of despair and disappeared, slamming the door behind her.

The car drove off amid expressions of goodwill and grating of gears. Two miles further on it pulled into the side of the road. "Take over, darling, will you?" said the driver as his head fell forward on his chest. "Something's happened to me. I just . . . can't think."

* * * * *

In the cottage the wall clock struck midnight, and the little man chuckled as he turned over on his side.

"Nothing to laugh at, I'm sure, John," snorted the little woman who lay beside him. "Nigh sixty-five years we've been married and ye've been behaving like as ye was twenty." She pulled the bedclothes over her head in disgust, but the little man chuckled far into the night. "Sewed 'im up properly to rights I rackon!"

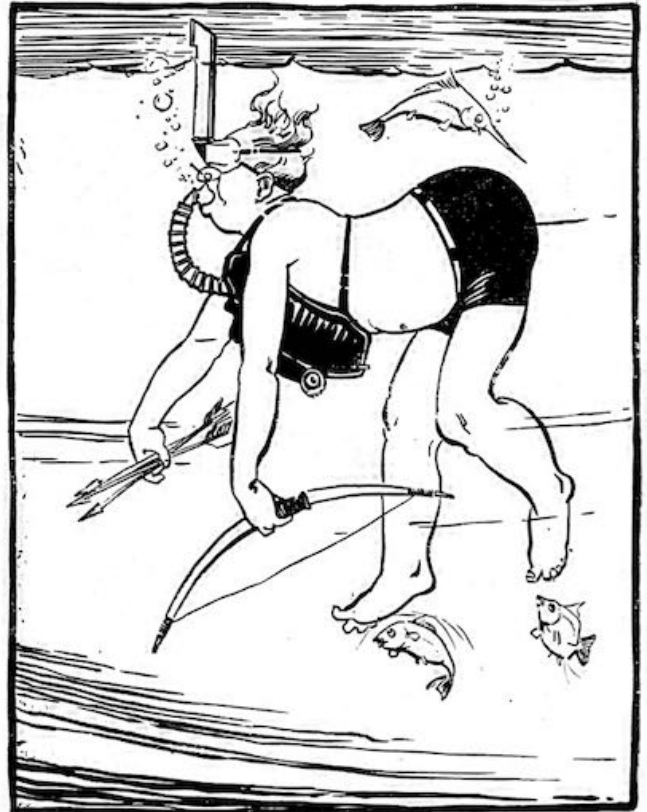
Ode to an Ice 'Ouse

Ours is an Ice 'ouse, ours is!
We have no bugs nor louses;
We don't keep hens,
But we've two or three Wrens,
And a man wot sits and degausses.

Oh, ours is an Ice 'ouse, ours is!
We have no grunts nor grouses,
The Wrens all sing
"Hey ding-a-ding ding"
To the man wot sits and degausses.

Yes, ours is an Ice 'ouse, ours is!
With a Lieutenant brave who rouses
The Wrens to perform
Tasks, to keep them from harm-
Ing the man wot sits and degausses.

My, ours is an Ice 'ouse, ours is!
And the Wrens all regular wows-es.
They're so very magnetic,
He is kept energetic, looking simply pathetic,
Is that man wot sits and degausses.



"The one-man submarine is on its way."

—NEWS ITEM.

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Fry—Moller

The picturesque church of St. Cuthbert's, Blyth, was the scene of the first marriage between members of the Royal Naval Quarters, when Miss Diana Moller became the wife of Lieutenant Alexander Fry, R.N.R., on June 24th.

Guards of honour were formed by the messmates of both bride and groom, and the whole of the proceedings had the enthusiastic support of the Blyth Juveniles.

An impressive ceremony was conducted by the Rev. A. Mann, assisted by Rev. N. Jones.

The duties of best men were ably carried out by Sub-Lieutenant M. Ratcliffe, R.N., and Mrs. Stacey was Matron of Honour.

The bride looked radiant in grey ensemble and carried a bouquet of orchids.

A reception was held on the lawn, and the happy couple were well and truly toasted before leaving for a local honeymoon.

Subsequent proceedings were voted a great success by all, and one opportunist inaugurated a collection for the blind. Nothing more has been heard of this, however, by people who considered themselves as temporarily qualified for the award.

* * * *

A "Base" Ode

It happened on a night in June,
A cricket team came out in tune;
All unconcerned, with grass to shield,
Were lovers in the cricket field.

The hefty batsman hit a "beaut.,"
The sprinting fielder in pursuit,
With consternation soon was filled,
'Spied lovers in the cricket field.

Spectators who were standing near
Upon a dug-out, gave a cheer,
Amazed, that lovers could be thrilled
Contented, in a cricket field.

The "jaunty," hearing all the din,
Called out the guard to rope them in,
The couple, ardour promptly killed,
Retreated from the cricket field.

When we were children we were taught
That there was time and place for aught;
Here's hoping you are never willed
To romance in a cricket field.

Snippets—Sometimes Amusing

Some people think a sailor's life is all wine, women and song. It is not. We haven't heard a new song for months.

"Why Famous Beauty Wept." (*Sunday paper bill.*)
Onions?

A well-known artist says it is easy to tell if a girl has a gift for painting. Shows in her face, no doubt.

An author declares that short girls are just as romantic as tall ones. And yet it is generally a matter of sighs (sorry).

A bigamist is a man who makes the same mistake twice, and an unwelcome guest the best thing going.

Many a dull wife makes a very merry widow.

Etiquette as she is taught: Never break your bread or roll in your soup.

A New York doctor states that smoking dwarfs the body. That being the case, we'd have to carry microscopes in order to recognise some of our "modern" girl friends.



"We've had Herman boarded up like this since the air raids started!"

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AND
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ESTABLISHED BY HIS MAJESTY IN COUNCIL.

The Third Edition, with Additions.

LONDON.

PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCXL. (1740).

PART II.

RULES OF DISCIPLINE AND GOOD GOVERNMENT TO BE
OBSERVED ON BOARD HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS OF WAR.

Article I.

In the First Place, the Commanders of His Majesty's Ships are strictly required to shew in themselves a good Example of Honour and Virtue to their Officers and Men; and next, to be very vigilant in inspecting the Behaviour of all such as are under them, and to discountenance and suppress all dissolute, immoral, and disorderly Practices, and also such as are contrary to the Rules of Discipline and Obedience, and to correct those who are guilty of the same, according to the Usage of the Sea.

Commanders to shew good Examples to their Men, and to punish Vice.

II.

The Commanders of His Majesty's Ships are to take Care, that Divine Service be performed twice a Day on board, according to the Liturgy of the Church of ENGLAND, and a Sermon preached on SUNDAYS, unless bad Weather, or other extraordinary Accidents, prevent it.

Divine Service to be regularly performed.

III.

If any shall be heard to Swear, Curse, or Blaspheme the Name of God, the Captain is strictly required to punish them for every Offence, by causing them to wear a Wooden Collar, or some other shameful Badge of Distinction for so long Time as he shall judge proper. If he be a Commission Officer he shall forfeit One Shilling for each Offence, and a Warrant or Inferior Officer Six Pence. He who is guilty of Drunkenness, if a Seaman, shall be put in Irons until he is sober, but if an Officer, he shall forfeit Two Days Pay.

Punishment of Swearing & etc.

And of Drunkenness.

IV.

Captains not to punish beyond twelve Lashes but to inform against the Offender.

No Commander shall inflict any Punishment upon a Seaman, beyond twelve Lashes upon his bare Back with a Cat of Nine Tails, according to the ancient Practice of the Sea; but if the Fault shall deserve a greater Punishment, he is either to apply to the Commander-in-Chief, or inform the Secretary of the Admiralty, if the Ship is at home, in order to the Offender's being brought to a Court Martial, if it shall be thought proper, and in the mean time he may put him under Confinement.

V.

Not to discharge or punish an Officer, but only suspend him.

The Captain is never, by his own Authority, to discharge a Commission or Warrant Officer, nor to punish or strike him; but if any are disobedient to Command, or behave themselves so ill, that he judges them unfit for their Duty, he may suspend or confine them; and when he comes in the Way of a Commander in Chief, apply to him for holding a Court Martial; otherwise he is to acquaint the Secretary of the Admiralty.

VI.

None under the Captain to punish.

The Officer who commands on board by Accident of the Captain's Absence, (unless he be absent for a Time by Leave) shall not order any Correction, but Confinement; from which however, he is not to release the Offender before the Captain's Return on board, and then give him an Account of the Reasons for his so doing.

VII.

Articles of War to be read once a Month.

The Captain is to cause the Articles of War to be hung up in some publick Places of the Ship, and read to the Ship's Company once a Month.

RULES FOR THE CURE OF SICK OR HURT SEAMEN ON BOARD THEIR OWN SHIPS.

Article I.

A convenient Place to be set apart for Sick Men.

Convenient Room shall be made between Decks in all His Majesty's Ships, for the Reception of sick or hurt Seamen, whither they are to be removed with their Hammacoes and Bedding, when the Surgeon shall advise the same to be necessary.

II.

Persons to attend the Sick.

The Captain is to appoint some of the Ship's Company to attend and serve the sick Men Night and Day by Turns, and to keep the Place clean.

III.

Conveniencies to be made for the sick Men.

The Cooper may, by the Captain's Direction, make out of any old Staves and Hoops, Buckets with Covers, for the necessary Occasions of the sick Men; and if any of them have fractured Bones, or such Ailments as require their lying in Cradles, the Carpenter may make such a Number as shall be necessary.

IV.

Fresh Fish to be caught for the sick Men.

All Ships of War furnished with Fishing-Tackle, being in such Places where Fish is to be had, the Captain, is to employ some of the Company in Fishing, and the Fish which shall be caught, shall be distributed daily to such Persons as are sick, or upon Recovery; and if there be any Surplus, the same shall be distributed by Turns amongst the Messes of the Officers and Seamen, without Favour or Partiality, and GRATIS, without any Deduction of their Allowance of Provisions on that Account.

Caviare Corner

Patrol monotony has been made more bearable by the institution of a couple of crib tournaments. The first a partner competition and the second a six-carded tournament.

The first was immediately voted a swindle when Barker and Nicholson were picked as partners; this was confirmed when it later became known that they had drawn a bye in the first round. Each match was keenly contested and exciting finishes were the order of the day. The First Lieutenant provided a sensation when he and his partner Doel wanted a few holes to win; the former did some marvellous "pegging" and then found that he had neglected to hold any score in his hand and thus "died in the hole." Was he mortified?

The final was between Mr. Lumby and Heppel and the two "Radio Rats." It was a great match and ended in a victory for the latter pair, as Mr. Lumby failed to pull a nifty 24 out of the bag when it was badly needed.

There was great jubilation when the W/T staff were eliminated in the first round. The competition is still in progress, so further commentary is impossible at present.

The first few days of the patrol were, as usual, noteworthy for our routine "bubble-bursting exercise." But latterly we have achieved more grace.

The other day our uninvited guest, Rupert the Rat, ran from the P.O.'s Mess, where he is quite at home and permanently victualled, even though he must be considered a junior rating, through the Wardroom into the Fore Ends. It is reported that he did not request permission to go for'ard and must now consider himself in the 1st Lieutenant's report.

In closing, we would like to remind the Spare Crew that we shall have a couple of vacancies next trip—early application is advised.

Can a woman talk?

Overheard through a ventilator. (Information likely to help the enemy omitted.)

1ST WREN: And how do we become Leading?

2ND WREN: You have to be promoted to the Captain's Office.

1ST WREN: By the bye, Harry saw us in the Rex last night.

2ND WREN: That's all right. A pint of fours in the Wet Canteen will square it.

1ST WREN: You looked flushed last night; were you rattled?

2ND WREN: Ah no! I told the Q.M. I'd walked from Whitley.

1ST WREN: Has our friend been promoted?

2ND WREN: Oh no! She was dipped to the Office and is now degaussed.

1ST WREN: Is it true — went shopping to Newcastle with 10d.?

2ND WREN: Yes, and it cost him £2.

1ST WREN: Where's your uniform?

2ND WREN: You should know! My ideals are high, though my skirt is short.

1ST WREN: Who is the chief that has a cup of morning tea and his dinner on a tray?

2ND WREN: I haven't seen it on the mess statement yet, so cannot say, but I believe he is extremely popular!

Anon I am, Anon I be,
Alas, Anon I never see.

We wonder

Who steals all the hot water from the galley, causing mental anguish and travail of soul to one of our shipmates?

Who made a crib board ten holes short, during the tournament?

Who was it, with a malevolent gleam in his eye, said, "Do you want that boil cut?"

Whose eyes lit up with anticipation when told he had "19" in his "box"?

Why the Control Room is sometimes referred to as the "torture chamber"?

Who lost a shilling in betting it was a Sparker coming aft to upset the trim?

Who told Heppel charcoal was good for indigestion?

Who said that the ocean was very hilly where we have been?

If a certain best man to be, will be sober enough to find the ring?

What the police are looking for the T.I. and Stoker P.O. for, to compel them to attempt a disguise?

What we should do without R.F.R.'s?

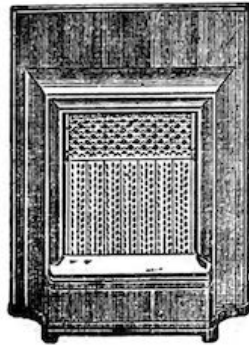
If the editorial staff of the "Elfin Echoes" ever think of a "Wren" wearing anything but undies?

If you have had the patience to read as far as this?

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CRICKET

Base v. R.A.F., Longbenton

The Base lost their second match of the season against a strong R.A.F. side on 6th June.

At the request of the visitors, the game was limited to 25 overs each, a system amusing for the spectators, but which is apt to become reminiscent rather of the Yankee Stadium than of Lords.

When 3 overs had provided but 3 runs, even the less proficient mathematicians demanded action. Base accordingly lost 2 wickets in the next over, and though Engineer-Commander Davis smote the last ball for 4, it would have needed a Cabinet Minister to persuade us that a reverse had not been suffered.

The remaining batsmen, wanting runs in a hurry, merely got themselves out in a hurry, and lacking a Babe Ruth, the innings came to an untimely end. Simpson, with 5 wickets for 17 runs, and Milne, 5 for 24, bowled unchanged.

The R.A.F. innings started no less disastrously, Branmer being run out before they scored and four wickets being down for 14 runs. Then the R.A.F. fighters took charge of the game and won the match by 6 wickets with 9 overs to spare. Fry took 2 wickets for 9 runs in 5 overs.

Scores—		BASE.
	Dalglish, c. Mullins, b. Milne	7
	Noall, b. Simpson	1
	Leitch, b. Simpson	0
	Davis, b. Milne	8
	Dyer, c. Mowman, b. Milne	4
	Sidders, b. Simpson	4
	Archer, b. Simpson	4
	Brady, b. Milne	0
	Hagger, b. Milne	12
	Fry, c. Johnston, b. Simpson	1
	Shepherd, not out	0
	Extras	11
	Total	53

R.A.F.	
Bowman, b. Shepherd	10
Brammer, run out	0
Howard, b. Fry	4
Mullins, b. Fry	0
Brown, not out	13
Thwaites, l.b.w., b. Brady	14
Johnson, b. Davis	4
Milne, not out	7
Extras	3
Total (for 6 wickets)	54

Quarters v. Submarines

The first match played on our own wicket was between Submarines and Quarters. Laurence showed that the grass wicket, still untried, held no terrors, and with the sedate partnership of Leitch, proceeded to put on 50 runs for the first wicket.

The outfield is still better equipped for dalliance than

run-getting, and potential fours have a human weakness for becoming twos in the long grass. A total of 98 runs was therefore highly respectable.

The Quarters also opened steadily, though with less violence. The opening pair put on 43 runs, and the fourth wicket took the score to 60. Lieutenant Lumby then introduced general conscription and the innings closed for 88 runs, while the wicket-keeper, who would have been next to bowl, was still apprehensively experimenting with his arms.

SUBMARINES.

Leitch, st. Dyer, b. Moore	17
Laurence, c. Cadman, b. Moore	43
Lumby, c. Moore, b. Fry	9
Coomb, b. Moore	0
Noall, b. Fry	6
Archer, l.b.w., b. Burge	1
Richards, c. Fry, b. Moore	0
Hiscock, run out	10
Larcombe, b. Dalglish	4
Martin, b. Burge	6
Nicholson, not out	2
Total	98

QUARTERS.

Dalglish, c. and b. Hiscock	20
Dyers, c. and b. Coomb	19
Burge, c. and b. Hiscock	0
Rudd, c. —, b. Archer	13
Fry, c. Noall, b. Archer	2
Hagger, l.b.w., b. Larcombe	11
Brady, l.b.w., b. Larcombe	3
Moore, c. —, b. Larcombe	0
Cadman, b. Richard	7
Lisgow, c. —, b. Noall	4
Shepherd, not out	0
Extras	9
Total	88

Base v. A Blyth XI.

The return game with Blyth on Wednesday last produced a good finish to a match which had appeared well lost.

The Base batting again broke down and Engineer-Commander Davis claimed 41 of 73 runs scored.

Lieutenant Lumby provided the element of frightfulness which is so essential a factor of modern strife, and with the Blyth batsmen ruminative upon the probable reaction of W. G. Grace to a mesalliance of navy cap and cream shorts, Fry took 8 wickets for 18 runs, most of them clean bowled.

It was a splendid performance and nearly won the match, Blyth passing our total with only one wicket in hand.

Owing to the foresight of the Captain of the side, who has recently experienced a run of bad luck, the score book was left behind, and detailed scores for this match are therefore not available.

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Other Match

Quarters v. "Sturgeon"

"STURGEON"

Barker, c. Sidders, b. Noall	2
Williams, st. Dalgleish, b. Shepherd	4
Laurence, b. Coomb	57
Lumby, c. Shepherd, b. Noall	23
Rowe, b. Noall	3
Garlick, c. Burge, b. Hackney	3
Meeke, b. Burge	2
Larcombe, st. Dalgleish, b. Archer	2
Harfitt, not out	3
Campbell, b. Archer	0
Extras	7
<hr/> Total	<hr/> 107

QUARTERS.

Dalgleish, b. Lumby	0
Rudd, b. Campbell	0
Burge, c. Lumby, b. Campbell	1
Sidders, c. Baker, b. Lumby	1
Dyer, c. Meeke, b. Lumby	5
Noall, b. Lumby	1
Coomb, run out	0
Archer, not out	15
Trickey, run out	1
Shepherd, b. Rowe	0
Hackney, b. Larcombe	3
Extras	11
<hr/> Total	<hr/> 38

Solutions to problems in last issue

The Honest Milkman

Strange as it may seem, the milk-water was in the same proportion as the water-milk mixture, i.e., 24 to 1. Further transfers of liquid may be made, but the proportions of the two mixtures would always be similar.

All the Digits

The two answers are:—

1,738	1,963
4	4
<hr/> 6,952	<hr/> 7,852

A Short Story

The following conversation was recently heard "Somewhere in England":—

FIRST VOICE: "Good morning, Chief, what can I serve you with?"

SECOND VOICE: "I want a three-quarter steel bolt, three inches long."

A three-minute silence punctuated by heavy breathing, then:

FIRST VOICE (hopefully): "I haven't a three-quarter one, but will these two three-eighth ones do?"

Ebb Tide

The day serene, its tepid pace doth run,
The hours in slow procession wend their way,
Then night with gorgeous velvet cloaks the sun,
And I me on my couch do thankful lay.

Then deep, deep pleasant sleep enfolds my all.
No fearsome ghostly nightmares crowd my head,
Through countless time and distant space I fall,
No wordly torments fear—for I am dead.



"Don't look, but didn't she have a parachute just now."

KEEP IT DARK

In Town and round about

The Dance on Wednesday, June 5th, was the usual success. It is rather late to report this, but it doesn't matter, for no one ever reads this, anyway.

The hall was crowded—in fact, it was very crowded. And it was hot. It was a pity that, owing to the restriction on leave, fewer ratings than usual were present, nevertheless “a good time was had by all.”

It was a great pity, too, that a certain officer had the misfortune to lose his spectacles. Whether the taking of them was intended as a joke or as Fifth Column activity, it was a dirty trick, for they were obviously of no use to anyone but their rightful owner, and the loss of them must have spoilt the evening for him.

* * * *

By the time this appears in print, the first marriage from the Dogs' Home will have taken place. This leads to all sorts of possibilities! It might be helpful if a matrimonial bureau were started, to give helpful advice to those about to take the plunge. How nice it would be for the bride-to-be to hear lectures on “How and where to furnish.” Instructions might also be given on the correct use of the tin-opener, etc. We might also have some old pamphlets reprinted, and present each bride with one—I would suggest, for example, “Hints to Mess Caterers.” Or what about “101 Ways of Serving Corned Beef”? We could go further. Couldn't the W.S.O. (who doesn't really have much to do) prepare a standard Wedding Breakfast Menu? You know—Jellied Veal and Submarine Comforts.

* * * *

The Dogs' Home grows apace. Apart from the shortage of building sites, everything is fine. So long as the Office of Works doesn't decide to scrap all existing buildings and start again from scratch, the probable date of completion is known within a year or two. Of one thing we are not certain. We do not know whether Messrs. Alder Gofton are being incorporated into the Royal Navy, or vice versa. Which brings us to the possible uses of the Dogs' Home after the war. If not taken back by the Home Office as an industrial school, where each boy could have at least three cabins, it could be used as a holiday camp. Thus the walls would continue to re-echo to the happy, carefree laughter of a contented, nay, delighted, tenantry!

* * * *

Some doubt appears to exist as to the use and work of the Attack Teacher. It seems that certain Wrens were labouring under the delusion (a) that it is intended to teach blondes how to get their man, or (b) that it is intended to teach backward sailors the correct method of approach to the said blondes. A little thought would have shown how silly such ideas are. In the first case, those mentioned at (a) require no tuition, and where could anyone be found to teach them anything? In the second, there are no backward sailors. Even if there were, they would soon be dragged forward.

THE SNOOP.

Seen about the Quarters

Highlight on Latest Sports Fashions



A tasteful ensemble in yellow and black stripes—navy-blue breeches, with socks of an equally contrasting colour. The finished result is positively devastating, you fellows!

Query.

Navy Regulation Kit? If so, what nationality?

Bridal Sweet Motto

WARNING.

BEWARE OF CARELESS TALK.

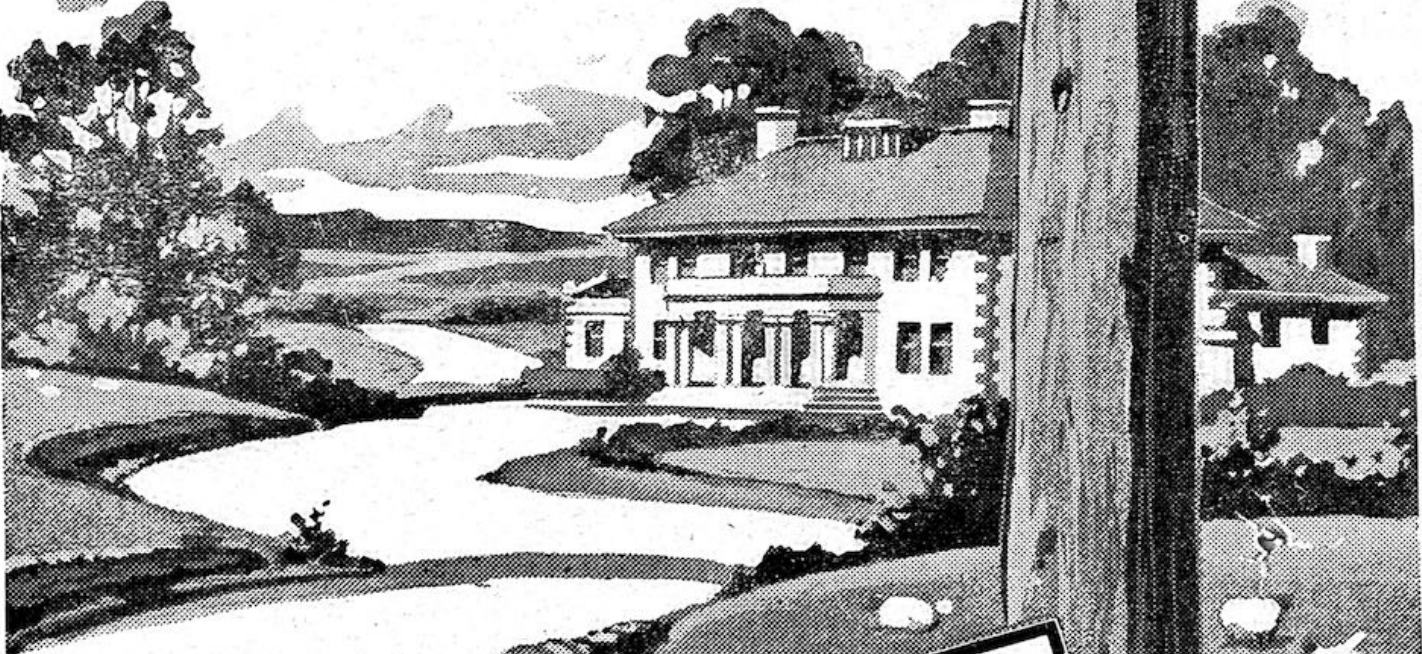
HUSH. HUSH. HUSH.

THERE MAY BE A JERRY UNDER
THE BED.

Tennis

Arrangements have been made for the use of the courts of the Blyth Cricket and Tennis Club, Plassey Road. There are at present two hard courts but three grass courts will be brought into use later. The courts will be available daily from 1000. Will those wishing to take advantage of the courts sign the book in the Guard Room **before** going to play. This will not guarantee a vacant court but it will make it possible to have some idea of the number of people likely to be wanting a game.

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