

in this edition, that careful consideration is given to everything submitted and non-inclusion is not necessarily a reflection upon the quality of the contribution. In order to conform to our size requirements it is essential that some of our copy be held over for future use.

Our printing problems have now been solved by the acquisition of a fine new duplicating machine, generously presented to MARNE by the Gestetner Company.

To the Gestetner Co; to Mr. C.B. Waite, by whose efforts the seemingly insuperable difficulty of transport was overcome, and to the NEWS-REVIEW for making the whole thing possible, BUZZ offers grateful acknowledgments.

Sincere acknowledgments are also due to the Captain for kindly making it possible for BUZZ to possess a home; to our hard-working printing staff, ably led by PRINTERS DEVIL AMOR; to "FRANKO" for the amount of hard work he has uncomplainingly contributed; and to HUGH MIDDLETON who not only designed our cover, but also rendered noble assistance with the tedious task of hectographing.

We launch BUZZ NO. 4. with the hope that you will decide we have learned sufficient lessons from past mistakes to give you something better than before, and also with the hope that you will inundate us with contributions for our coming Birthday Edition.

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EDITORS:

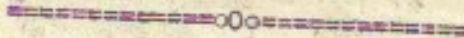
R. P. BANDEY J. A. McCOLGAN.

ART EDITOR:

W. M. DODDS.

PRODUCTION MANAGER:

G. C. FAULKNER.



Got any ...

ROUND THE MESS DECKS

BUZZ CONGRATULATES:-

ALL IN MARNE'S FIRST BATCH OF DECORATIONS.

The Captain...Distinguished Service Order.
Lt. (E) Ball...Distinguished Service Cross.
Lt. Carter...Distinguished Service Cross.

P.O. Vokins...Distinguished Service Medal.
O.A. Swabrick, " " "
C.P.O. Boll, " " "
E.R.A. Mack " " "
A.C. Dutton, " " "

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.

Lieut. J.R. Marigold.
P.O. Marsh.
P.O. Raynor.

Mr. Parker, Gnr "T".
Ldg. Sea. Marchant.
Ldg. Sto. Purvis.

SLAP ON THE BACK:

For three additions to our steadily mounting band of proud parents:
"Jack Dusty" - a son (not so dusty!)
"Lofty" March - a son. (Septimus).
Gunner's Mate - a son (Robin), we could make a pun about that.



o o o o

WELCOME:-

To the many new ratings who seem to have joined the ship in some strength recently.

BUZZ reminds them that it is customary for all newcomers to MARNE to become BUZZ contributors.



FROM 6S MESS:

To Lds. Sto. Price: Congratulations on 'picking up the rate'. We are sorry to lose you - best of luck.



AWAY WHALER:

Having witnessed a certain performance of fairly redent date, BUZZ suggests that the 4" gun crew join the Girl Guides en bloc.

.....

HEY ! DID YOU KNOW ?

The Hobins-Reath sisters, who have dressed and danced their way into the hearts of all their loving shipmates are at present running an Officers' Club.

???

ANY OFFERS:

Who's going to take over the cast-off fashions and old-clothes business when 'MOSES' Hawkins 'Does a flit'.

|||

MELANCHOLY THOUGHT:

Don't those new stanchions look horribly permanent.

ECONOMY'

We hear that 'Robbie' has given up reading in case he wears his nice new glasses out.

... ..

STRANGER IN THE CAMP:

We hear that the First Class Passenger who used to do a lot of Fire Watching in 5 Mess is a Radio Mechanic - whatever that may be!

BUZZ THANKS: -

The big-hearted individual(s) who placed in the Buzzbox one rouble piece; half a biscuit; a bootlace and a Certain Article which brought a deep blush to the chaste cheeks of our editorial staff.

If the person(s) concerned intended to be funny, we assure him that we laughed uproarously.

On the other hand, if he merely misinterpreted the term 'contribution' we thank him for his generosity.

+++

WISE WEDLOCK:

We learn that this intriguing matter has been the subject of many fruity discussions in a certain turret.

Professor Snatchblock regularly translates (?) excerpts from the well-known book of that name to an excited audience.

Paddy B. ynge, currently about to mount the scaffold of Holy Matrimony, noticed rubbing up on "Friendship, Love and Marriage". Surprising this, with his wide practical experience.

EVENING GALLEY CLUB:

Will all members kindly note that the Entrance Pass word is now "REFIT". Armchairs are shortly being provided and the P.O. Cook has been invited to give a series of lectures, commencing with the interesting subject:-

"DUFF'S YOU HAVE MUFFED - AND WHY".



got away

Round the Messdecks (Contd..)

BATTLING "SLIM"

Following an epic battle on the side of the police at L.....l, and a few useful training bouts in the Far North, "SLIM" is thinking of commercialising his right hook by getting a job as a 'chucker-out' after the War.

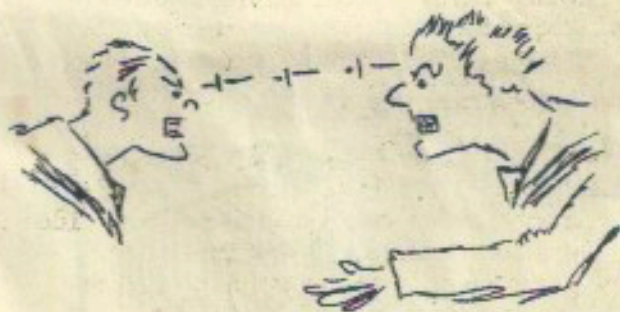


CURIOUS BEHAVIOUR COLUMN.

We've heard of Bread and Cheese as a pick-me-up after a bout with the bottle, but we were surprised to learn that playing cards figure on the P.O.'s Mess Menu after a visit to the Canteen. The Joker is regarded as a special delicacy by a certain humourist.

- Then there's newcomer "Pat", who was about to fill someone in because he had 'never heard of the MARNE', -

- And, of course, the inimitable "ENOCH", who apparently was not born on the foc'sle - it seems he comes from SUFFOLK.



SNIP-SNIP !

Have you seen the wide open spaces in 2 Mess ?

"Bill", with leave in the offing, has bared his comely jaw.

Was it because he thought a beard (?) would cramp his style in the clinches ?



LATEST COMMUNIQUE FROM 5 MESS BATTLEFRONT.

Major attacks have recently developed against the seamen. These have already been repulsed with heavy loss of prestige to the Sparkers. The fight for freedom continues.

Despite their lack of numbers, the seamen's counter-drive against the Sparkers has been prosecuted with the utmost vigour.

"FRANKO's" manoeuvres towards the duff dish have repeatedly been foiled by the vigilance of the SEAMEN DUFF-DISH SENTRIES.

Round the Mess Decks (Contd...)

A RUN ASHORE: With Notes on the Russian Circus.

by Flatfoot.

We cleaned to hit the high-spots. First we were told that we should have to amend our mode of approach in order to dodge the firing-squad, and that to barter cigarettes or nutty (this being referred to as 'bait'), was not advisable.

After ten minutes in the streets of the city we were amazed how easily one could understand the language - SKOLKA ROEBLAY, CHOC CHOC?! seemed to be a much used phrase which put us in possession of funds that gave many the desire to do some painting in red, instead of the usual grey.

But following Jack's practice of moving in herds, many seemed to find their way to the first turning on the right past the Reindeer, where some Russian Bertrum Mills was putting on a show.

Through not being sure of the time of commencement we secured seats of debatable comfort which enabled us to watch the building filling with struggling humanity, noticeable amongst them several of MARNE's museum pieces.

One of our benedalled old veterans was smoking what was no doubt a cigar, but which smelt rather like a smouldering sock. He was accompanied by a gorgeous blonde who was apparently requiring the extinction of the weed or the presence of the local Fire Brigade.

The show commenced. A fair young thing appeared in the ring, swore like H..l and disappeared with seven wriggles of her snake-like hips.

Soon another gorgeous blonde was slung around by a brutal male, and we thought, "Oh, if only she were victualled in our Mess, how life would change!"

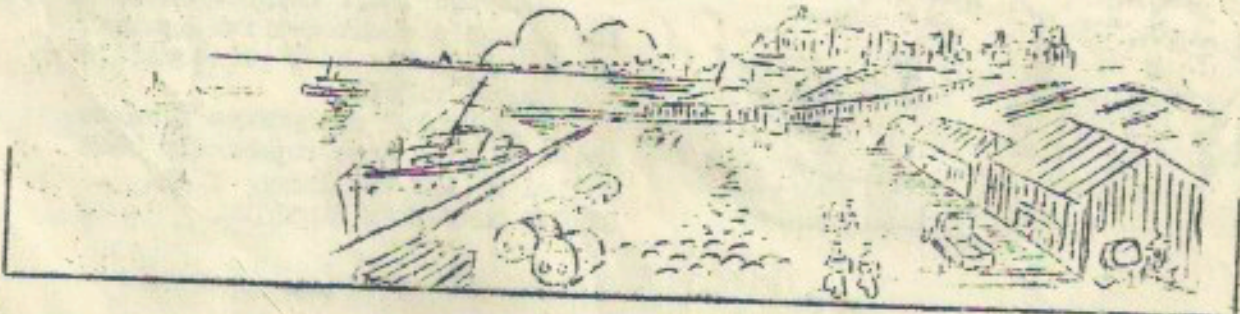
During this term, we noticed the naval personnel present sitting up and taking nourishment, especially the trained lookouts, whose disengaged hands were seeking automatically for binoculars.

The two resident comedians, who slipped in and out at odd moments reminded us of that well-known combination, Hudson and Setchfield.

Further turns which followed put the Evolution whaler's crew to shame at ladder twisting and rope swinging, while the folk-dancing left us with the thought; "How the Hobins and Reath sisters must have longed for just a feel of those beautiful blue-silk panties, and if they could be clad in some, how much brighter the seamen's bathroom would look".

And then, fair readers, back to our little grey home by the wall, via the promenade where we met with the usual breath-taking episode (hundred for two bars!)

Then "TURN IN - GOTOHER CARD!"



4906 003

MEMORY of NARVIK



We had been told we were "going in" next morning. Jerry was lurking in the harbour. Our job was to sink the lot.

Dawn broke cold and clear and though it was the 13th of the month spirits were high for it was to be our first surface action and we were out to avenge the HARRY and her gallant followers who had written a memorable page of naval history a few days before.

To sweep the minefield with T.S.D.S. was our first task and were way ahead of the main force on the way in.

Suddenly an explosion rocked the ship, damaging our screws and rudely disturbing "Tanky", who had been turned in with Domingo, but was now decided to "take one" on the ammunition supply.

Then off to screen the HERSPITE and on to Narvik.

Our aircraft were up and reported five Hun destroyers ahead steaming towards us. Our chance was at hand.

ICARUS opened up as they hove in sight, closely followed by the rest of us. Jerry was drawing close now, and had got the range. The ominous rattle of shrapnel formed a brittle accompaniment to the bark of the big stuff. Hits were scored by both sides.

But this was too much for Jerry. Turning, he made futilely for the shelter of neighbouring fjords, firing torpedoes as he went.

One Jerry destroyer lurking shyly behind a spit of land was quickly polished off by the full blast of our destroyer's fire.

Another Hun was abandoned in mid-stream, buffing furiously, and eventually sank.

Now came our chance to fire torpedoes and our torpedomen, whose sole occupation until now had been collecting shrapnel for souvenirs, polished off Jerry No. 3 with a hit smack in the bows which left him treading water.

During this time some of our "boats" were blasting shipping and shore batteries in Narvik itself. At this stage, we also had the powerful support of "Scarpito's 15", which proved greatly effective against the shore batteries.

But there were still four Jerries skulking up Rombak Fjord, so in we went on our own and took a couple of them on.

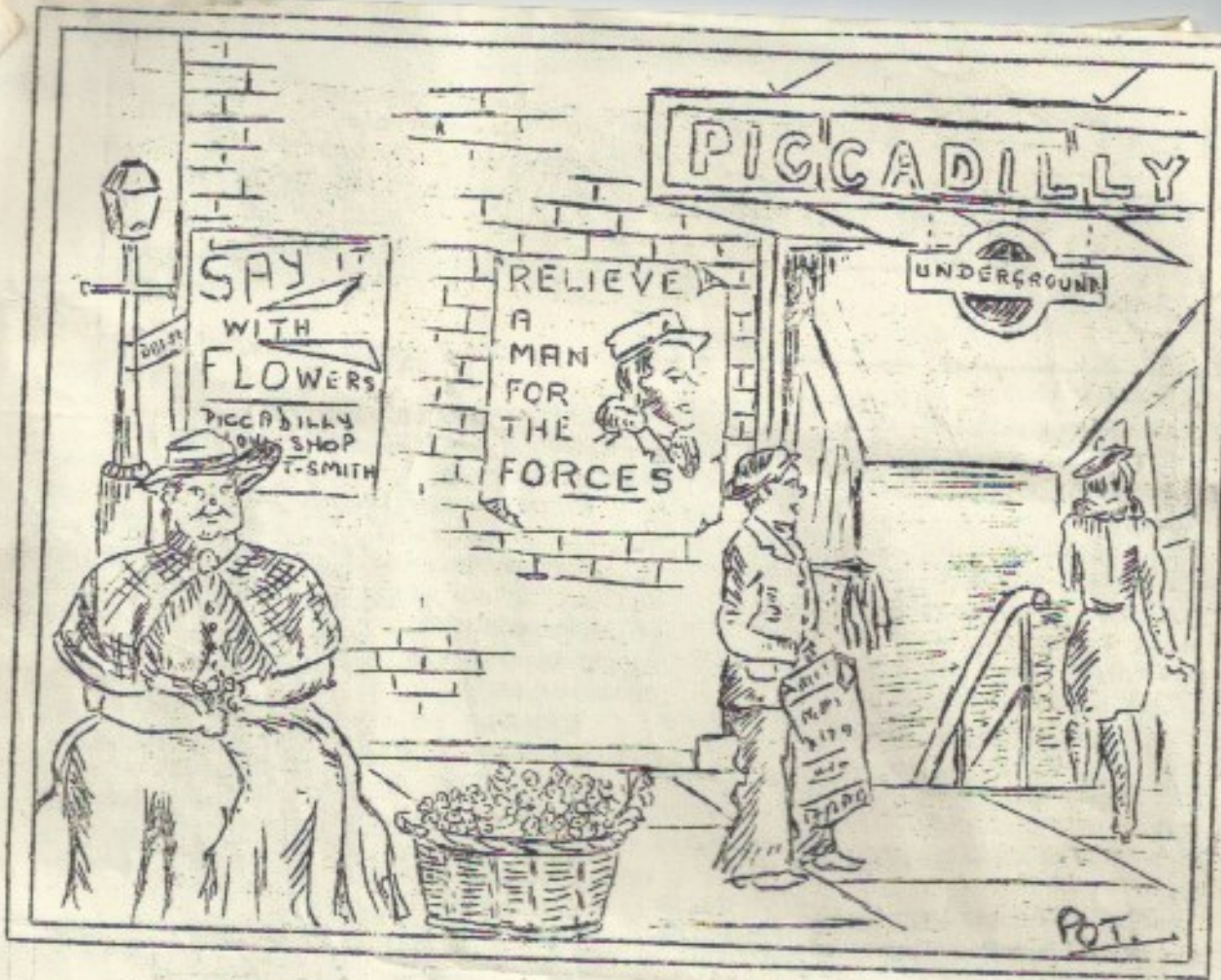
Soon ESKID joined us, both of us manoeuvring in the narrow entrance by our screws.

We exchanged torpedoes, one hit being scored on our chum, but Jerry went down with our fish in him.


Soon more of our destroyers arrived and the scrap was quickly over.

It was a swift and effective action. Not one Jerry destroyer got away from that battle. A fitting revenge for the HARRY and her gallant force.

We were glad it was all over but left with a satisfying conviction that the job was well done.



INSIDE THE RED NAVY



At grips with the common enemy in the raw seas of the Far North is the sometimes forgotten Red Fleet. What do we know of this vital pawn on the bloodstained European chess-board? How much do we, its allied counterparts, know of its methods, its training and more important - its efficiency? Very little. Some of us nothing.

To obtain a true conception of the nature and value of this arm of our Ally's fighting strength, let us take a brief glimpse behind the scenes.

It should be remembered that the Soviet Navy is one of the most popular features of contemporary Russian life. Competition to join the ranks is keen, it being considered a great honour to be a Red Navy man.

The present day Red Navy, like our own, consists of a blending of professional sailors with conscripted personnel, but an essential difference lies in the fact that most of the H.O.'s are men who have already served for the term of five years, under the peace-time universal conscription laws.

In the main, it is true to say that the "professionals" are the officers and P.O.'s, while conscripts form the remainder of the personnel.

An important feature of the selection and training of future officers - who are sent to special schools to qualify for the initial rank of Sub-Lieutenant - lies in the fact that such Promotion Schools are open to all regardless of previous educational standards, or indeed of any educational standards at all.

This is because the Soviets, with their customary realism, consider that given the requisite brain

capacity and qualities of leadership there is no reason why any man should not be able to acquire sufficient professional knowledge to qualify him for command.

After a period of five years with junior rank an officer may then, if selected, attend a Naval Academy from which, after an exhaustive course, he emerges as the equivalent of our "Brass Hat".

The same principle is adhered to for lower deck promotions; the step from rating to officer being narrowed down to such an extent that lack of keenness, intelligence and power of leadership constitute the only barriers.

It is of interest to note that ratings desiring promotion must in the first place win the approval and recommendation of their ship's Commissar.

The Commissar may best be described as the "mother" of the ship, in the sense that the Captain is the "father". To him belongs responsibility for the morale of the ship's company and his duties are legion.

Primarily, his function is to assist the Captain by relieving him of all matters connected with the ship's internal administration - thus leaving the Captain free to devote his whole time to navigational and military problems and exercises.

Requests for draft; for promotion; for educational courses, on board or ashore; organisation of sports and cultural activities such as the ship's magazine, concerts and dances, all come within the scope of a Commissar's duties. Moreover he must be prepared to hear complaints or mete out punishment as the case may require.

In the sphere of training, a characteristic feature of the Red Navy is the emphasis laid upon co-operation

with the land forces. The landing operation on the KERCHE PENINSULA and the defence of SEVASTOPOL seem to indicate the great value of such training.

And now what of the achievements of the Red Navy in this war?

The three basic fleets are the Northern, the Baltic and the Black Sea. The Northern fleet consists mainly of submarines, destroyers, torpedo launches and aircraft. This fleet has been able to celebrate heavy blows at the enemy's transports and communications, including the "tin-fishing" of the TIRPITZ.

Its marine and air arms have reportedly destroyed port installations at PETSAMO, VARDU and KIRKONES and are also said to have wrecked many aerodromes.

The Baltic Fleet claims a heavy toll taken of German soldiers and officers, transports and large quantities of armaments at the approaches to Hangö and Tallinn.

It is also reported that the Baltic Fleet air arm has completely wrecked the ports of KOTKI, HELSINKI, TURKU and NAGEL. But by far their greatest achievement, of course, has been the defence of Leningrad, where their fire from ships and the naval fortress of KRONSTAD barred the path to the city and inflicted casualties of over half a million upon the enemy.

The Black Sea Fleet have distinguished themselves by the defence and evacuation of ODESSA and SEVASTOPOL; the attack upon the Roumanian port of CONSTANZA; the destruction of the vital CHERNOVODSKI BRIDGE, and the raids upon the oil-fields of PIBESTI.

Thus it can readily be seen that the Red Navy is a potent and courageous partner in the task of purging Europe.

In conclusion, one of our

recent temporary shipmates gives us the following eye-witness impressions of a short trip on a Russian destroyer.

"On going aboard I was struck by the hospitality of the crew", he writes, "and the ready assistance they gave us with our gear.

Tea (Russian minus lemon) was produced almost at once and bunks (with rather elementary bedding) were placed at our disposal.

Attempts at conversation were frequent as many of the Red Fleet men appear eager to master English, some of them being very fluent. I learned later that many of them were college students.

The ship was fairly well laid out, many of the destroyers being Italian built, and their speed is good. Armament has been revised with the times and guns are numerous.

At sea one was impressed by the constant vigil of all the guns crews, who are, even in harbour, always closed up. They appear to take tremendous pride in their guns.

During air attacks the barrage put up is terrific. They pound away with everything they've got cheerfully regardless of things like range.

On the whole, concludes our eye-witness, I consider them keen and efficient, especially the submarines, which have done fine work in Arctic waters.

Their naval construction appears to place even less emphasis upon creature comforts such as living space and toilet facilities etc. than does our own.

Like the Japanese ships every available inch of space is devoted to armament.

BUZZ concurs with these impressions and feels that, by printing this article, a very small contribution has been made towards a better understanding of our Ally.





KEIGHLEY

BY PETER WATSON

AGE 12

Ahoy boys!

Everyone well?

(All's well). Calling all ships, calling all ships, especially H.M.S. MARNE. Greetings from KEIGHLEY.

I am writing this letter in a classroom with the window-cleaner wash! wash! wash! on the windows with netting securely stuck on (bet you can catch tiddlers in it, as its very strong)!! The sun is shining and the window-cleaner is perspiring and afar the green fields are glowing at this sunny hour.

KEIGHLEY is an ordinary town of some importance. It is in a valley; mill chimneys tower like tall trees above the workpeople's houses; workers are like ants everywhere, walking to work, riding on buses, turning up on ramshackle bicycles but always in time to do their work, helping to drive yet another nail into Hitler's coffin and win Victory.

To look at Keighley people you would think it a smoky town of grimy people and grimy houses, but No! Keighley carries on, despite contin-

ual hardships people have neat tidy houses; the gloom is brightened by the laughter and cheerfulness of its inhabitants. The surrounding hills and meadows provide room and time for people to come and spend a few hours leisure from work.

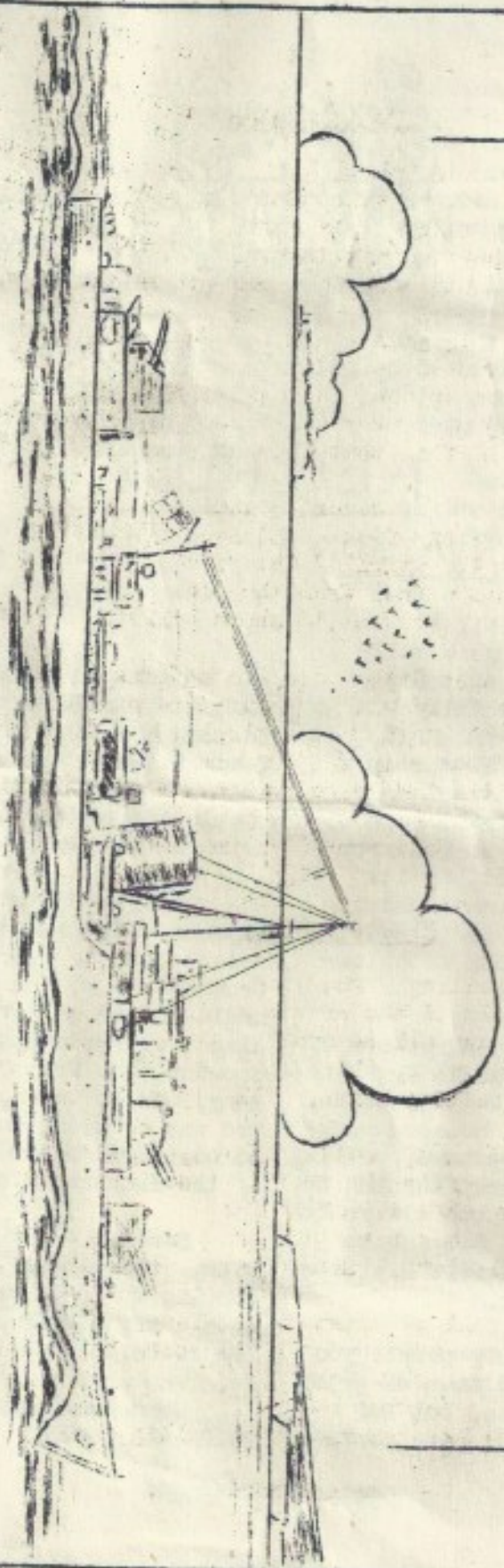
Some important members of Parliament came from Keighley and its neighbourhood. Mr. Lees Smith came from Keighley; he was a Labour man and a member of Parliament. He has also been Postmaster General. Mr. Snowden came from Cowling, seven miles away, and he was a journalist. He too was a strong Labour man in Parliament, and later became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Viscount Snowden.

Here is a joke to finish off with; there were some naval men queuing up to be medically examined, when a big seaman came out saying, "He tells me to gargle with salt-water. No! who's been torpedoed six times".

Good luck, MARNE, for Britain rules the waves.

TOP

H.M.S. MARNE.



BORN 18TH NOVEMBER 1941.

POT.

POOR OLD JOE.

There was an old sailor named Joe,
Who thought that ashore he would go
So he changed his vest
And hurried and dressed
Found his ship then was out in the F..w.



But this sailor named Joe he could swim
So dressed up in his suit so trim,
With a splash and a glide
Joe jumped over the side
Did he find that the water was grim!

He swam for several minutes
Among many fish - and some fillets
With the whirl of the tide
He was washed from the side
And off he went to shore billets.

Ten days later poor Joe was run in
When found with a girl - and some gin
And he heard with a shock
That his ship was in dock
And the lads were on leave - without him.



TEXAS.

-----oO-----

H. O's LAMENT.

Roll along, rolling Marne, roll along.
With each cycle of the screws you'll hear my song
Girls abroad may all be fine
I'll have my girl up the line,
Roll along, rolling Marne, roll along.



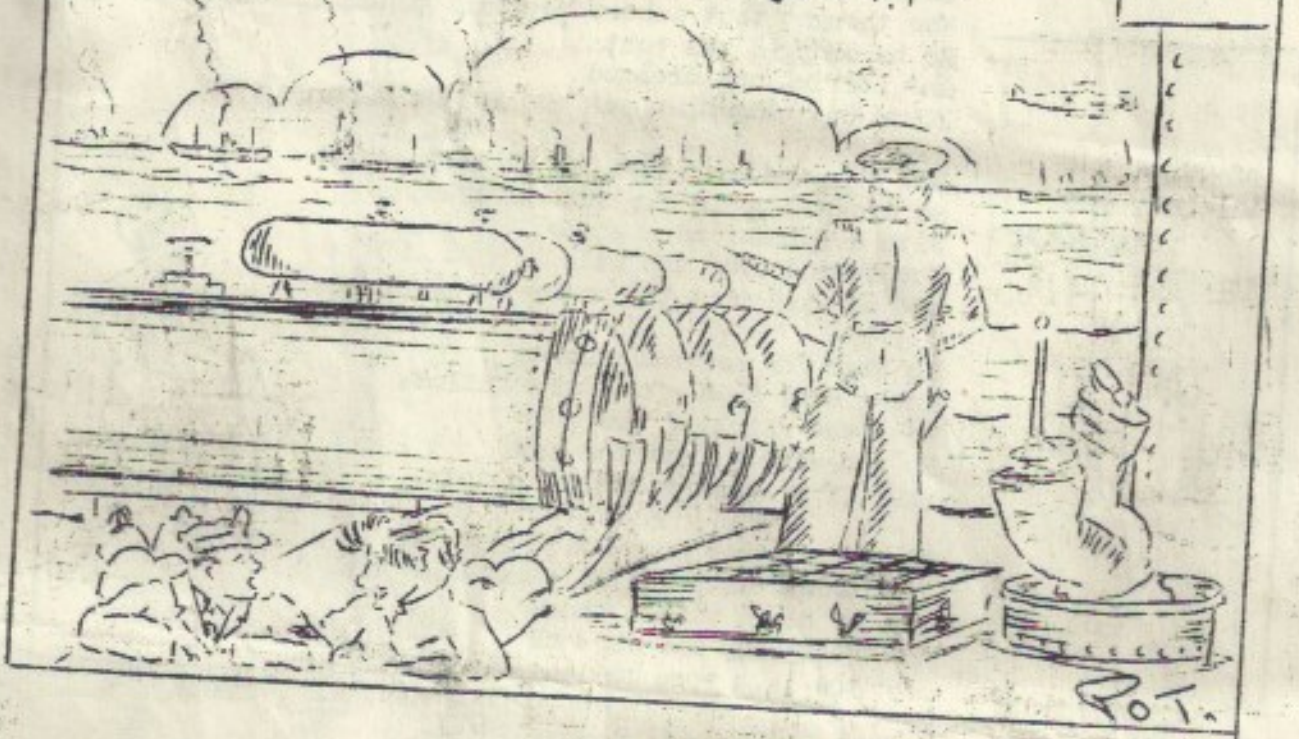
Roll along, rolling Marne, just roll along,
And here's the second verse of my poor song,
Navy life it may be fine
But gimme back that job o'mine,
Roll along, rolling Marne, roll along.



Roll along, rolling Marne, roll along.
But this is where I end my little song.
You can keep the life at sea,
For it's not my cup of tea,
Roll along, rolling Marne, keep rolling on.

====zOXOz====

"WHAT'S UP, ACTION STATIONS?"
"NO. 'ENGINES' HAS GOT HIS GUN!!!"



COME, COME. YOU'VE GOT MORE
THAN YOUR FIVE INCHES"



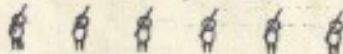
The Things you Say



Yarn swapping:-

A. "It was so cold up there that a lighted match froze, and we couldn't put it out".

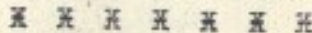
B. "That's nothing. On our last convey the words came out of our mouths in pieces of ice and we had to fry them to see what we were talking about."



Information, please:-

Ldg. Sto. Lofty: "Please, what do dual-purpose guns mean?"

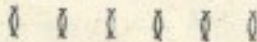
Ldg. Sto. Bogey: "Well, if one misses the other doesn't"



Lash up and stow:-

Sto. P.O: "Hey! you, that's three shakes you've had. How many more do you want!"

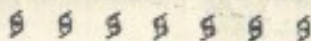
Sto: "How many more have you got left".



Target fall out:-

The order: "Sightsetter, report to T.S. "Target obscured","

Sightsetter: "Turret - T.S. TARGET SECURED."



Chaos in the camp:-

Voice from T.S: "All positions return dishes to galley to prepare dinner"

Turret repeats (nervously): "All dishes return to galley to repair dinner".



Chestnut Corner



Chestnut No. 1. Once upon a time there was a farm labourer named Jan who greatly prided himself on his remarkably long memory. In the evening at the SAUCY SAILOR Jan would entertain his cronies with long and, to tell the truth, rather tedious stories all about his wonderful memory. But one day the Devil, who is well known to frequent such low places as pubs, heard Jan and next day appeared before him, as he was hoeing turnips. "Do you like eggs, Jan?" the Devil asked. "Ay, I do an' all," said Jan, hoeing away.

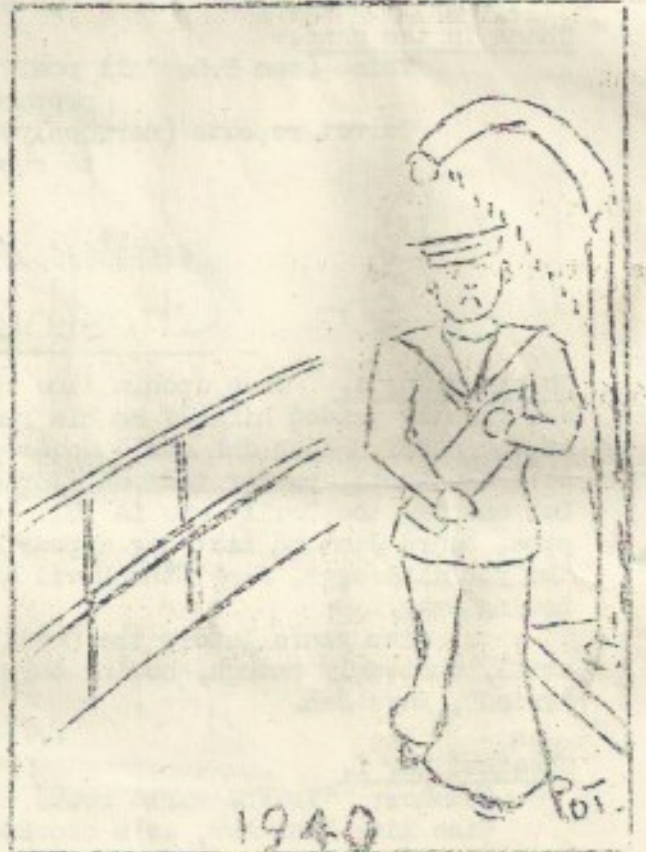
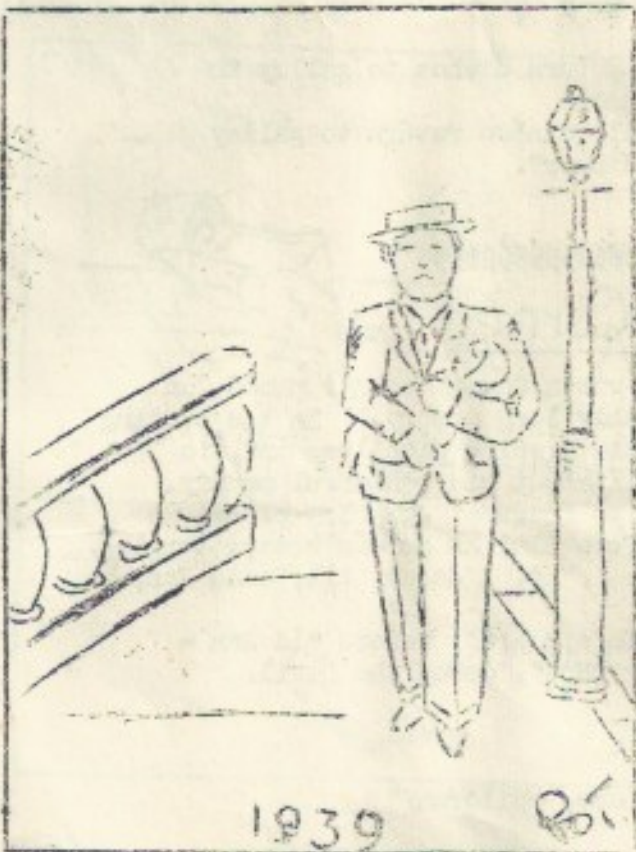
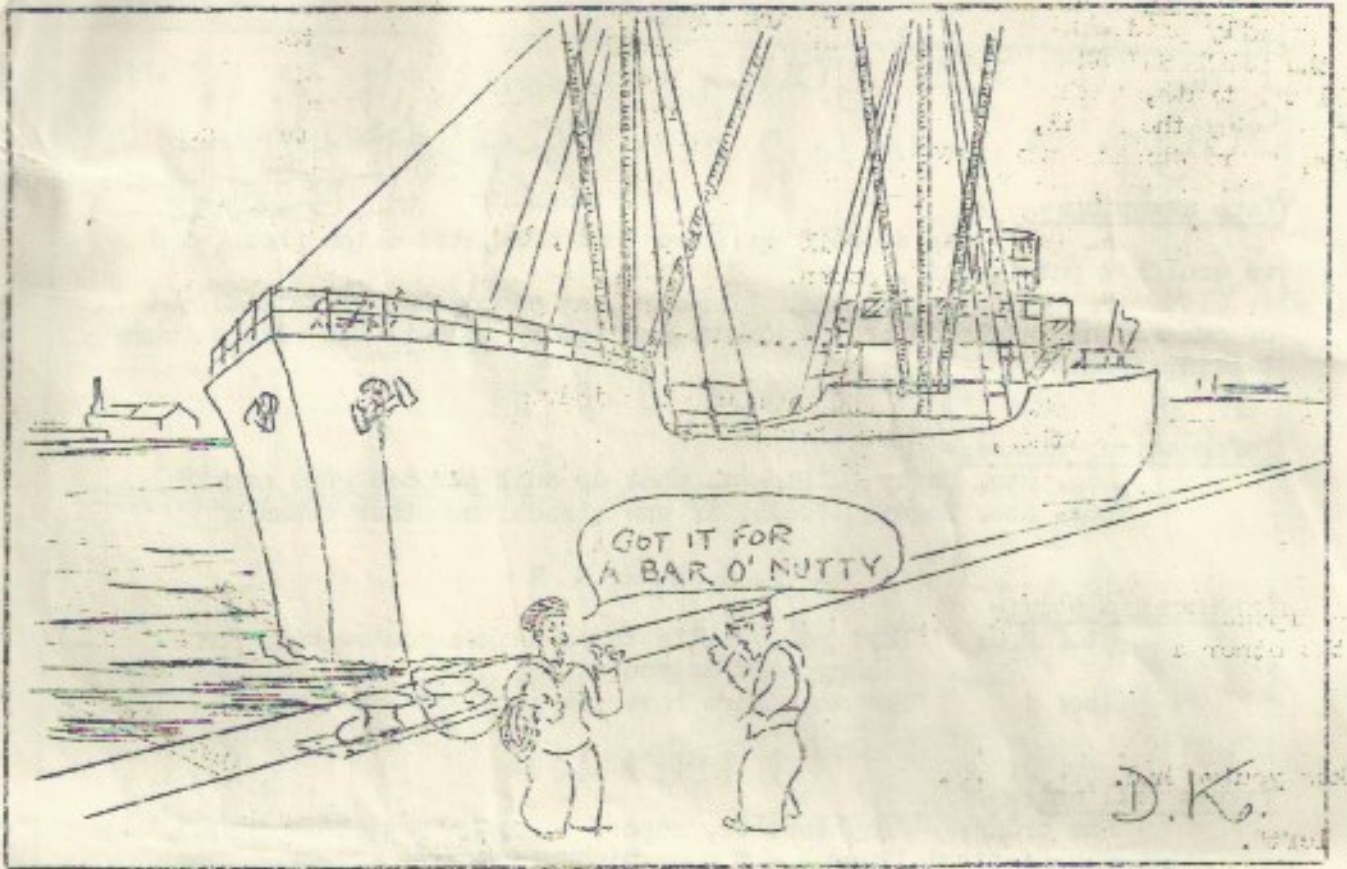
Ten years later, the Devil again appeared, before old Jan - still, curiously enough, hoeing turnips. "How", asked the Devil. "Fried", says Jan.

...-...-...

Chestnut No. 2.

Teacher: "Is the world round or square, children?"

Wise kid: "Neither, it's crooked".



SCRAN BAG

SCRAPS



We learn from authoritative sources that:-

Quatermasters are to be tethered to their desk, and that the length of tow will not exceed six feet.

All Boatwain's Calls are to be fitted with a recovery wire.

Since the advent of C.W. ratings the demand for "No. 9's", Active Service ratings, for the use of, has fallen considerably (very subtle)

The Chief Boatwains Mate is giving sympathetic consideration to the suggestion that dog watches be worked at sea.

The ship will henceforth be known as "MARTIN II".

Lookouts are to be supplied with megaphones.

Lefty has not yet decided upon the wallpaper for the Topmen's Clubroom.

Ploughs are to be supplied to "B" gun-deck sweepers.

Uncle Fred's cabin may have to close down, owing to rationing of supplies.

It is a good deal safer to commit murder than to be out of the rig of the day, these days.

A record yield of two matchsticks and a cigarette end was picked up, at the last "clean up decks for divisions".

The Seamen are duly appreciative of our much loved G.I.'s gentle efforts to arouse them at 0600 at sea, BUT WHY ONLY ONE MORNING IN THREE ?

A certain C.W. rating would like to know WHY :

Congratulations are due to our Coxteen Assistant on his promotion to the rank of Ordinary Seaman, (very ordinary). At last his "hard" work has been justly rewarded.

It was only a dream

Last night as I lay on my pillow I had a most remarkable dream in which many wierd and wonderful things took place on board H.M.S. MARNE.

First of all, the Captain sent for me and said "As you have possibly heard, we are sailing late tonight and I thought maybe you would be interested to know our destination will be Shanghai; actually I intended sailing for New York but since the Gunner T's Servant has spread the buzz that we are going to Shanghai I'm afraid that I have no option but to obey his orders so Shanghai it is; you can tell all the chaps if you like".

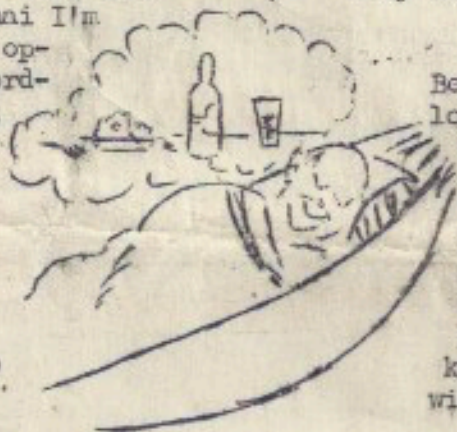
Having finished my chat with the Captain, I was walking along the upper deck wearing a gaily coloured knitted skullcap complete with tassel when "No. 1" appeared, saluted me smartly, and said "That's a nice piece of head-gear, old chap, please tell me where you got it as I should very much like to get one too".

Having informed him that the P.O. Writer had got plenty in the office, I carried on and in passing the galley the P.O. Cook called to me and said, "If you require any hot water for washing, old pal, I've got plenty here you can have".

I duly thanked him, and made my way forrard to draw the daily

rum issue for the mess, and was delighted when "Justice" remarked, "Look here, if you and your mess-mates would care for some extra tots don't hesitate to ask me will you?".

On falling in with Liberty-men the Coxswain said to us "Have a good time and enjoy yourselves; come back whenever you please, it will be O.K. but you might just give me the tip as to whether you'll be very long".



Being a respectable fellow, I returned to the ship about 7 p.m. The Engineer Officer was Officer of the Day, and as I stepped on board he asked me if I would care to step down into the Wardroom and knock back a few pints with him.

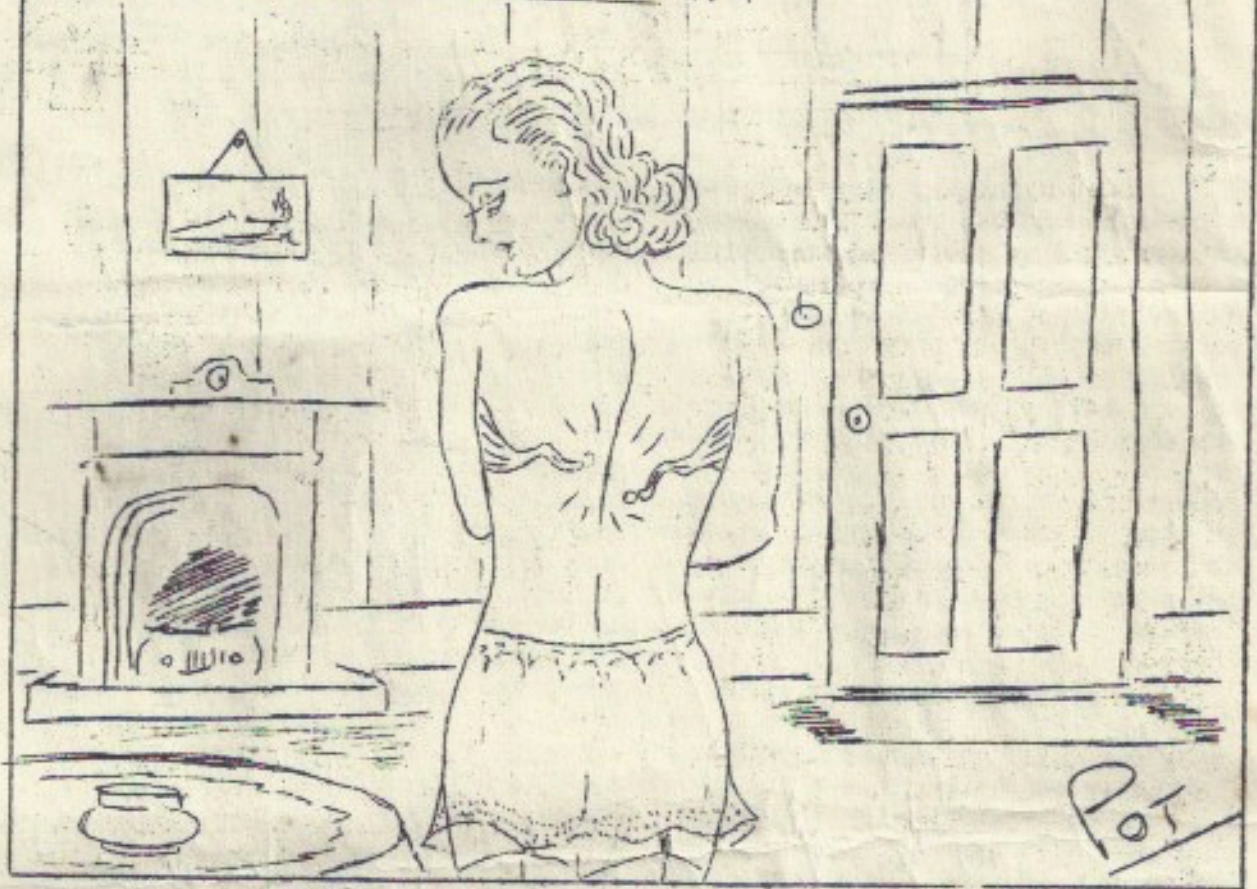
On entering the Wardroom, I was delighted to see our former No.1. and the Coxswain drinking a loving-cup together over a friendly game of chess.

The climax came, however, when the Captain cleared lower deck and said "Well boys, I did intend sailing tonight, but as there is a holl of a gald blowing, I've decided to put it off until tomorrow, but so that you won't be disappointed I've invited a number of "Wrens" to come on board for the night, so you'll be able to amuse yourselves, won't you chums?"

Then I woke up, much to my disgust!!

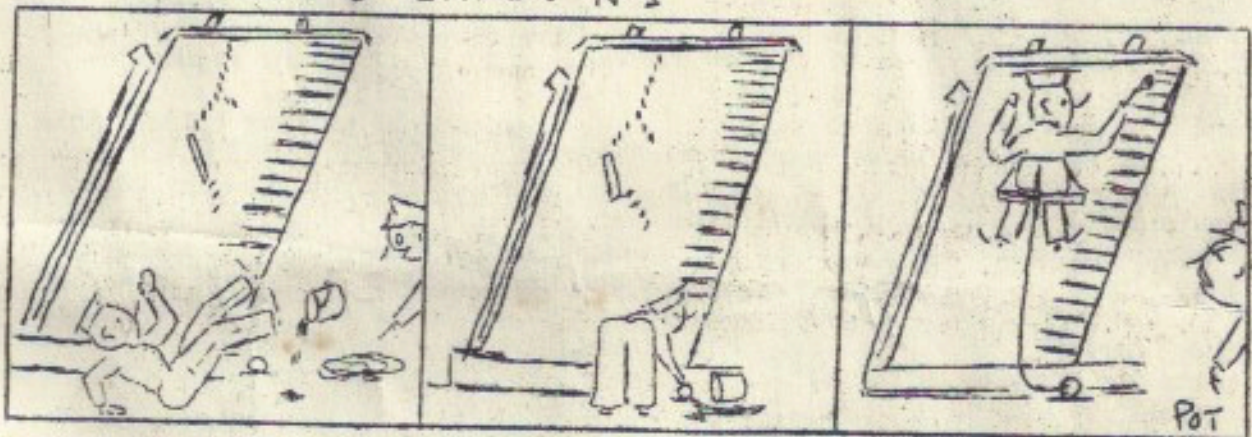
H.N.W.

NAVAL TERMS ILLUSTRATED N°4



"SLACK AWAY THE BREAST."

ADVENTURES OF "JAKE". N°1





THE FIREMEN'S REST



The illuminating article in the last issue of BUZZ which described the function of the S.D.C. as being a café for the 'bunting tossers', demonstrated admirably the misconception prevailing among tyros like myself. I had always imagined it to be a sort of nursery - somewhere for Signalmen to curl up like kittens and sleep all day. Which just goes to prove how misled one can be. In view of this, it is quite probable that similar mistaken ideas may exist regarding the true purpose of the Engine Room Branch and the machinery spaces.

For the benefit of the uninformed members of the ship's company - such people as the Wardroom and C.W. candidates - perhaps I should explain that the Engine Room Branch consists of E.R.M.'s, S.D.C.'s and deckmen who do the work - viz, the KING'S FIREMEN, (God bless 'em). Not forgetting, of course, their fairy god-father, the Chief Stoker.

First, the Boiler Rooms. These are two large compartments situated beneath the funnel and, as the name implies, each contains a boiler. They are not usually considered of much use, except that they help to fill in the Stokers' spare time by providing vast surfaces to paint and bright work to keep clean.

The main function of the boilers is to provide heat with which to dry one's dhobeying. In addition, the steam generated helps to drive the ship along.

The Engine Room, or the "Bicycle Shop" as it is usually called, supports the torpedo tubes and the searchlight platform. Down below, the social amenities are without equal anywhere else in the ship. The atmosphere is that of a well-run club, peaceful and soothing. It is only necessary to shout at the top of one's voice to make oneself heard. Waiters in the form of

second-class 'buffs' dispense tea and cocoa at the appropriate times, and endless variety of a 'musical' nature is supplied by the wheelhouse playing with the revolution telegraph. Also, telephonic communication is provided in several parts of the ship.

This rendezvous has become so popular that the Engineer Officer himself often visits it to slake his thirst, thus provoking resentment and hostile glances from the junior club members, particularly as he occupies the centre of the luxurious carpet to imbibe what they, the junior members, consider to be their own personal prerogative in the way of refreshment.

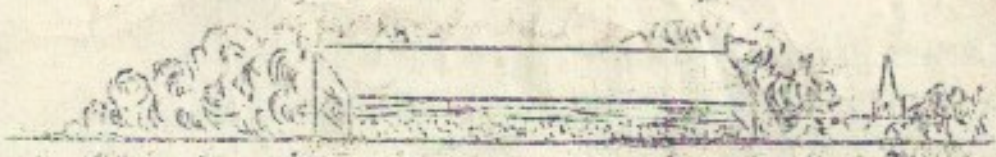
Actually, of course, the E.O.'s presence as a compliment to the rearrangement, since it proves conclusively that the service in the Engine Room is superior to that of the Ward Room.

Just aft of the Engine Room, nestling snugly beneath the 4" gun platform, is the Gear Room. I feel certain that this compartment remains shrouded in mystery for some of the ship's company, and perhaps a word or two of enlightenment may clear up any doubts regarding its usefulness.

Contrary to popular belief, this ship is not supplied with water from the mains. Did you know, my dear ship-mate, that the water you waste with such reckless abandon is manufactured, pint by laborious pint? And that you use it to the tune of nearly nine tons per day?

The Gear Room contains, among other things, two delicate pieces of machinery that make all this water for you; two machines as temperamental as film stars, coaxed and nursed with loving care by two hairy-armed Stokers (don't our s's look funny in print?)

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FOOTBALL REVIEW BY F.C.B.

Recent weeks have afforded a number of opportunities for the ship's team to reveal its skill, or lack, and a number of keen and enjoyable games have been played.

Of the seven matches played, since the last edition of BUZZ, five have been won and two lost, which two defeats were a great disappointment since both were at the hand (or should I say, feet), of the MARTIN, against whom we particularly desired to be successful. More about these two games will be given after mention has been made of the five successes.

The first of these was against a shore team from our haven of rest, during the picnic at the Great Five Week Pennine, and our 2 - 0 victory was a fair reflection of the play, which, however, was spoiled to some extent by a boisterous wind and heavy rain.

The LAMBERTON team was beaten by the only goal scored in a game of missed chances, for whilst ALLISTON in our goal leaned against the upright and enjoyed a "make-and-mend", our forwards spent their time at the other end hitting the woodwork or the goal-keeper. LAMBERTON's goal-keeper was the hardest worked and best player on the field.

Two easy victories, 7 - 1 and 11 - 0, were gained against Merchant Navy teams, despite the magnificent play of their huge centre-half, who made valiant efforts to make up for the deficiencies of the remainder.

The second of these two games was a personal triumph for PAUL THORNTON, Harro's centre-forward, whose speedy, quick-thinking play and

"first-time" shooting gave him 7 goals.

The last match played was a clear-cut 3 - 0 victory over the BLUNCKEY. This match was characterised by good teamwork and first-time passing; a new goal-keeper, PRICE, proved himself a very capable deputy for ALLISTON. He was quick, handled cleanly, and brought off a fine save from a penalty in the first half.

It was also in this game that "GINGER" MIDDEN nearly lost his nickname when a really good goal was disallowed.

The two defeats by the MARTIN were bitter blows. Both games were hard fought, as the scores, 3 - 4, and 3 - 5, indicate.

In the first game, MARNE was short of THORNTON and MIDDEN, both of whom were sorely missed.

The play was fast and clever, MARTIN inside forwards being particularly outstanding and dangerous, though their work was neutralised to a great extent by the MAJNE defenders, NICHOLSON and WOODCOCK being outstanding, throughout the game.

When MARNE equalised towards the end, to make it 3-all, a draw seemed probable, but MARTIN scored a 4th in the last minute.

In the second game, ALLISTON, MIDDEN and BROWN were unable to play.

MARTIN had played a stiff game the previous day, but showed no sign of it, and definitely deserved the 5 - 3 victory, though a slackening up towards the end might have proved disastrous for them.

To compare the two sides, both

Football Review (Contd..)

are fairly evenly matched: Martin's forward line is the better balanced and is more dangerous, there being more plan and combination about it, plus some very effective interchanging of positions between inside and outside men: on the other hand, Marne's defence (in spite of the 8 goals in two games) is the safer of the two. Let's hope another game will soon be played.

Not many changes have occurred in the team's personnel, and as a result the players now know each other's methods. One can hardly put into words the regret felt for the loss of KIRKBY, for his pleasant and quiet companionship, his enthusiasm and eagerness and spirit with which he played. He is much missed by all who knew him.

Much of the team's success is due to the worth of ALLISTON in goal, in whom all have confidence. PERCIVAL and BROWN have been the regular backs, the former coming into the side on his arrival in the ship to take the place of ALLENDEEN.

He has never been out of the side since.

The half-back line has been the strength of the team; WOODCOCK, NICHOLSON and SIMPSON, strong in defence and in support of the forwards, fast and tireless too. SIMPSON has now moved into the forward line, and F.ULKNER has taken over his former position.

F.ULKNER has played in every game since joining the side, either at back of half-back, and has established his place at left-half now.

The forward line has seen the most changes, mainly in the outside positions; injuries having caused some trouble. The present line of SHEATH, MADDEN, THORNTON, PRATT and SIMPSON is formidable enough, with its two fast wingers and three clever inside men.

THORNTON has scored many goals having received excellent support from MADDEN and PRATT, two players with similar yet in some ways widely different, styles of play.

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The following have represented MARNE 1st XI.

ALLISTON, STUBBINGTON, BROWN, PERCIVAL, NICHOLSON, F.ULKNER, SHEATH, WOODCOCK, PRATT, KIRKBY, SIMPSON, BONYNGE, WALTERS, THORNTON.

We give below a Table of First Team results on going to press.

PLAYED	WON	LOST	DRAWN	FOR	AG. INST
14	9	3	2	42	17

The Manager, Trainer and everything else rolled into one, JOCK FERGUSON, is to be thanked for and congratulated upon his efforts to arrange matches whenever possible, and in addition, has been a regular supporter and critic - - despite the great counter-attraction of a frothy glass.



Family Portrait

Naval history, no less than the larger issues of world events, has an interesting way of repeating itself.

The process of repetition can be traced in many small ways, apart from solemn matters with high-sounding names like Strategy and Tactics.

Take the names and lives of ships.

Were some unfortunate to be subjected to a sort of inverted "Rip Van Winkle" act, and were to wake up aboard a Home Fleet destroyer in the year - 1916, shall we say, he would find plenty of familiar names to keep him company; tho' he would find them borne by craft of curious aspect judged by the standards of '42.

As early as 1916 the "M's" were there, as ever in the stickiest of partiss.

They were brand new in 1914, and no doubt as advanced in design then as we regard ourselves now.

To keep them company they had the "F's", including a "Fortune" and a "Foxhound", and many other predecessors of our present 'chums'.

Our own ancestor, MARNE I was born at Clydebank, and was quite large for those days, being over a thousand tons.

We should probably smile at her appearance now. With her low freeboard and three thin funnels she must have looked rather like a huge cigar with three matchsticks stuck in the middle.

Her impressive armament comprised three four-inch guns; one pom-pom, which, faithful to the usual practice of early models of such guns probably quite often refrained from "pomming" - and a solitary machine-gun.

Those were the days of big flotillas. Marne I had 17 other boats with her in the 11th, and in the battle of Jutland she, like her present young descendant, unhesitatingly took on a bunch of enemy cruisers, with the assistance of Kempenfelt and others of the 11th.

It cannot be discovered whether the Hun proved on that occasion to be as shy as the Macaroni Mariners who recently showed us the shape of their sterns, but we can safely assume that they treated our ancestor with respect.

Marne I also anticipated us by picking up a load of survivors. But this time, curiously enough, the boat was on the other foot. The mine-sunken victim was the battleship King Edward VII, who might almost be described as the K.G.V. of the last war. There was a heavy sea running at the time and Marne's Captain was mentioned in despatches for the skilful handling of his ship.

It is 1918 and a critical period of the war when we hear of Marne again.

The U-boats were, as ever, striving to shatter our Atlantic life-line and sinkings were assuming alarming proportions when Marne I struck a blow in the right direction by destroying U.B.124 off the north coast of Ireland. It is to be hoped that on this occasion also she was anticipating her descendant.

The tinge of sadness which always pervades the passing of a ship was attended by a twist of whimsicality, for Marne I.

In 1921, after only six years of brief but hard-worked life, she was sold, still presumably full of fight, to a German firm, of all people, and was broken up at Hamburg.



The ideas for these cartoons were supplied by O.S. Flanders and "Mac". Have you got any ideas? Pot