

QUIBERON QUILL

HELLO, LONG TIME NO SEE!

No doubt you have all thought it was QUIBERON who paid off instead of our "two ugly sisters".

However, having been patched up, worked up and occasionally a little bit fed-up, we are once again off to sample the varied delights of the Mystic East.

The frequency of Quib's appearance on the Strategic Reserve Station can only be explained, we think, by the fact (sic) that "we have been asked for again"!

Makes one wonder if there is a Far East Roster like Manning's Sea/Shore.

Was going to talk about highlights of the last few months, but ugh—that's mostly ancient history by now. The comings and goings in bodies has been a predominant feature though, and a change of faces is always refreshing.

We did a spot of work off Sydney and J.B., (and at times, hard yakka), which resulted in the Admiral walking around, giving us a short talk, and then the thumbs up sign to our new Captain, Lt. Cdr. P. M. Rees, to take us off to do our best.

Departure from Sydney on July 9 was of the subdued variety—no farewell bands

variety—no farewell bands this time, but a fair sprinkling of wives, families, sweethearts and a few of the more casual acquaintances.

Perhaps "Big Brother" VEN-DETTA'S (Captain Stephenson), two day respite robbed the occasion of some of its grandeur.

Stopovers at Townsville and Darwin were the usual brief, but hectic affairs.

MELVILLE organised a busy day's sporting activities, with combined QUIBERON/VEN-DETTA playing against Navy/Army in golf, cricket, squash, soccer, etc.

The Captain of QUIBERON, Lieutenant Commander P. M. Rees, R.A.N., with some of the guests at the party given by QUIBERON to children while in Townsville.

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Most popular game of the programme however, was easily the softball versus the Wrens.

What with the Darwin Show and Rodeo commencing the day we arrived and a large R.A.A.F. contingent up for EXERCISE, the old frontier town was really jump-

frontier town was really jumping that night.

The above average number of zombies sighted onboard early Friday morning was another excellent testimonial to that ever so pure Darwin water—mixed with a few hops, etc., it's really palatable.

'Til Singapore then, enjoy that Southern winter, you lucky people.

AROUND THE SHIP

The publicity surrounding our 21st birthday celebrations with its cake cutting ceremony helped solve yet another question onboard. Not only did we establish who was our youngest member—Ord. Turner—but, (and newspapers never lie), the old grey beard went to our Coxswain.

There is no truth in the rumour that wheels are being fitted to a chair in his mess.

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One of the young Ords. had a real nightmare the other evening; kept hearing noises

like a Victa Motor Mower racing up and down the F.X.

ing up and down the F.X.

Quietly crept up top in the middle of the night to catch the Phantom Mower, but to his surprise, found nary a soul.

Better luck next time, Kevin.

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Would like to bid farewell to L.R.E.M. Haren and L.E.M. Orford, who have left us for CERBERUS and Petty Officer's Courses.

Well, Mike, I don't know what the ship will do now when welding is required up the mast, and Jack, I don't know what a certain A.B. will do for Divisions now.

Best of luck in the future, fellows.

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One of our Leading Cooks (O) has also departed, bound for the Big White Elephant. We know you were keen to sail with us for the Far East Station, Bungy, but better luck next time, son, you'll make it some day.

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The position of S.R.E. Switcher On was not advertised for in the Chief's Mess on the departure of Chippy Hammond to WATERHEN in early July.

to WATERHEN in early July.

Most inmates think he did far too good a job to ever be replaced, so the position will remain vacant and, as most hope, the equipment unused.

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What a plaintive cry was heard from the Quarterdeck the other day as a certain TAS C.P.O. screamed:— "Stop the screws, you're chewing up my mortars."

No harm done I believe, though the Chief still has that ashen pallor, or is it only a cold?

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LOST. One CHAN TUCK Lightweight Special (HK \$12). Last seen disappearing over the side at 1320 off J.B.

Any C.D. finding, please return to Reg. C.P.O. Reward offered.

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Have heard tell there's a 5BX class starting in the Chief's Mess. Nothing too abnormal about that, except the favoured starting time, which I understand is 0100.

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Representations have been

Representations have been made to Supply Officer to allocate a portion of one of his stores to a certain E.R.A., so that he can stow his supply of "play lunch" for the voyage north.

This ritual of eating is matched only by the figure it produces.

Whilst in Townsville, H.M.A.S. QUIBERON was host to 30 children from the outback who have never seen the coast before. Seen above is Ord. Seaman Bevin Headridge, of Dinmore, Queensland, showing one of the children around the ship.

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Our new Buffer, P.O. Hans Christian McGhee, is firmly encosed in the "Throne of the Upper Deck", still kept in the old Diving Store, now that C.P.O. Darby Munro has departed.

The same corpulent Leading Seaman remains court jester.

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A usually reliable shipboard spokesman has emphatically denied that QUIBS is to be converted to a helo carrier in the near future.

the near future.

"The sudden influx of aviation personnel just prior to the ship's departure from Sydney, is merely routine drafting," he said.

Meanwhile, Number One, Lt. Cdr. van Gelder, has a small Air Department to report at Divisions, with Lieuts. Debus and Kennall, and Naval Airmen Batchelor and O'Connor making up the ranks.

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Wasn't long before our new Doc., Surg. Lt. Tom Cahill, saw his first flying fish—at rather point blank range.

Ship was steaming along the Cape York coast during one of those balmy tropical moonlit nights.

In a flash all was confusion in the darkness of a 3 Deck Cabin around 0200.

Our slumbering medico was rudely awakened when struck by an Unidentified Flying Object.

However, a wee bit of fluorescent light on the subject showed it to be nothing other than—a Fish, Flying, Stranded, unlucky enough to strike an open scuttle in mid-flight.

flight.

Bad luck, Doc., after the tremors it caused, could at least have been big enough for breakfast.

While in Townsville QUIBERON played host to 30 boys and girls from one of Queensland's Bush Homes.

These homes are subsidised by the Government and their purpose is to bring children from the outback of Queensland to the coast for six weeks' holidays.

As many of these children had never seen, let alone been on an R.A.N. ship, they received a guided tour of QUIBERON.

On completion of the tour they were escorted to the Seaman's Mess where they were "treated" to ice creams, soft drinks and sweets.

This proved the best part of the afternoon, for the children who soon made short work of their "treat".



