

COMBINED OPERATIONS

S.C.C. — A.T.C.

Last holidays an oddly assorted group fell in at Lyttelton. They were cadets from the Christchurch branch of the Sea Cadet Corps, under Lt./Commander Anderson, R.N., and Sub/Lt. Wright, and cadets from No. 17 Squadron, A.T.C., under Flt./Lt. Keyes and F/O. Brown, who were to spend a week-end on Quail Island. They were divided into two mixed parties, one to get out the whalers, and the other to pick up the stores. Trouble started immediately. It seems that in the Navy everything is done at the double. The A.T.C. cadets tried to explain that they followed R.N.Z.A.F. procedure, but the Navy, as the Senior Service, won the day.

The launch "Antipodes" towed the whalers across—the A.T.C., no doubt, were as yet landlubbers and thus not capable of handling the oars. Arriving at Quail Island, gear was stowed and the party divided into port and starboard watches—one A.T.C. and one S.C.C. cadet in each—to stand hourly "tricks" through the night.

A lot of useful work and good fun was crammed into that week-end. In the shooting competition we regretfully admit that our hosts won—we will do better next time. We were taught to tie knots and to sail the two 25ft. whalers. In return, F/O. Brown taught the S.C.C. celestial navigation.

One of the most important things we learnt was how to sleep in a hammock and more especially how to get into it in the first place. W/O. Dyer, S.C.C., showed his opposite number, W/O. Corliss, A.T.C., the correct method. "Just lift yourself up by the beam and then drop down on to it." "Monty" swung up and then down—on to the floor. Sgt. Day foolishly

looked round and followed his example.

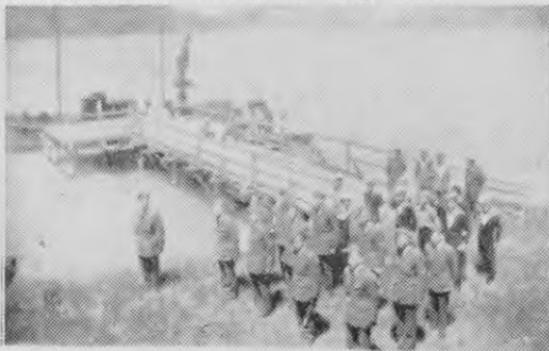
All the cadets who attended, S.C.C. and A.T.C. alike, enjoyed their stay on Quail Island, and we hope that it may be repeated sometime in the future.

And now a word about the S.C.C. itself. Started by the Navy League about 17 years ago, as the Navy League Sea Cadets Corps, the R.N.Z.N. did not take any active interest in it until recently. There are now units stationed at Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin, with a total strength of about 500 cadets.

Quail Island is perhaps the perfect training station. Once used by Scott to acclimatise his dogs before setting off for the Pole, it now holds a large amount of equipment. There is a large "mess deck" with "galley" and "wardroom" attached, a 30 yd. shooting range, a signalling mast with a complete set of international code flags. Three other signalling stations, a 7½ foot sailing dinghy, the two whalers, and two jetties, one large enough to berth a minesweeper.

The cadets attend one parade a week at the Hall in Richmond, Christchurch, which also boasts an excellent supply of equipment. Navigation, seamanship, all forms of signalling, and drill are on the syllabus. Whenever possible, cadets are sent for trips on Navy minesweepers as members of the crew.

Now that it has the support of the R.N.Z.N. the S.C.C. and the A.T.C. are on equal footing. In the friendly rivalry that should result from this, we must see that the Navy is the Senior Service in name alone.



Left: The two whalers being towed across to Quail Island.
Right: Falling in. The S.C.C. under W/O. Dyer, the A.T.C. under W/O. Corliss.